

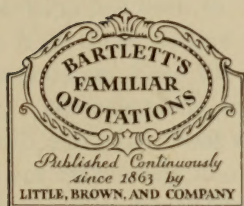
Ulrich Middeldorf

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

A COLLECTION OF PASSAGES, PHRASES,
AND PROVERBS TRACED TO THEIR
SOURCES IN ANCIENT AND
MODERN LITERATURE

BY
JOHN BARTLETT

TENTH EDITION
REVISED AND ENLARGED BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE



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New York City

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PREFACE TO THE TENTH EDITION.

“BARTLETT’S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS” has long since been accepted as indispensable to every scholar and to every writer; it is a book for every library and every household. Embodying years of labor and research on the part of its author, “Familiar Quotations” passed through nine editions, each enlarged, and attained a sale of three hundred thousand copies before Mr. Bartlett’s death in 1905 at the age of eighty-five. Unrevised for twenty-three years, it has still remained the best book of the kind, though a considerable body of apothegms have been knocking for admittance to its classic hall of fame.

In this new edition the main body of John Bartlett’s compilation, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, has been left practically unchanged; the chief purpose of the revision has been to incorporate in the work quotations from those writers whose place in literature has been achieved since the issue of the Ninth Edition in 1891. The selections from Poe, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and other “best writers of their day” have been filled out extensively, and many new authors are represented by passages which have met with the seal of popular approval and are distinctly worthy of perpetuation. In this way the book has been greatly enriched. The attempt has been made not to admit anything which John Bartlett’s impeccable judgment would have rejected. It is not always easy for Elisha to wear the

mantle of Elijah; but it is Elisha's business to carry on his predecessor's work in the same spirit.

A collection of all possible quotations which would satisfy that multitudinous race of folk who apply to the almost omniscient editors of "Notes and Queries" columns for aid in tracing the origin of some favorite quotation, half forgotten, would have to be as big as the Encyclopedia. In the Tenth Edition of "Familiar Quotations" the aim has been to maintain the high literary standard set by its predecessors, and ephemeral quotations will not be found included in its pages. The present editor hopes that a book which has given so much pleasure and proved so useful in the past may still find favor with those interested in the best things in literature.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

Boston, July, 1914

PREFACE TO THE NINTH EDITION.

“Out of the old fieldes cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,”
And out of the fresh woodes cometh al these new flowres here.

THE small thin volume, the first to bear the title of this collection, after passing through eight editions, each enlarged, now culminates in its ninth, — and with it, closes its tentative life.

This extract from the Preface of the fourth edition is applicable to the present one: —

“It is not easy to determine in all cases the degree of familiarity that may belong to phrases and sentences which present themselves for admission; for what is familiar to one class of readers may be quite new to another. Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language, and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection. Still, it has been thought better to incur the risk of erring on the side of fulness.”

With the many additions to the English writers, the present edition contains selections from the French, and from the wit and wisdom of the ancients. A few passages have been admitted without a claim to familiarity, but solely on the ground of coincidence of thought.

I am under great obligations to M. H. MORGAN, Ph. D., of Harvard University, for the translation of Marcus Aurelius, and for the translation and selections from the Greek tragic writers. I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. DANIEL W. WILDER, of Kansas, for the quotations from Pilpay, with contributions from Diogenes Laertius, Montaigne, Burton, and Pope's Homer; to Dr. WILLIAM J. ROLFE for quotations from Robert Browning; to Mr. JAMES W. MCINTYRE for quotations from Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, and Tennyson. And I have incurred other obligations to friends for here a little and there a little.

It gives me pleasure to acknowledge the great assistance I have received from Mr. A. W. STEVENS, the accomplished reader of the University Press, as this work was passing through the press.

In withdrawing from this very agreeable pursuit, I beg to offer my sincere thanks to all who have assisted me either in the way of suggestions or by contributions; and especially to those lovers of this subsidiary literature for their kind appreciation of former editions.

Accepted by scholars as an authoritative book of reference, it has grown with its growth in public estimation with each reissue. Of the last two editions forty thousand copies were printed, apart from the English reprints. The present enlargement of text equals three hundred and fifty pages of the previous edition, and the index is increased with upwards of ten thousand lines.

JOHN BARTLETT.

CAMBRIDGE, March, 1891.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE		PAGE
ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN	818	BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES	721
ADAMS, CHARLES FRANCIS	648	PHILIP JAMES, <i>note</i>	714
ADAMS, JOHN	429	BAILLIE, JOANNA	862
JOHN, <i>note</i>	529, 530	BALFOUR, ARTHUR J.	828
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY	312, 458	BANCROFT, GEORGE, <i>note</i>	531, 598
ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER	630	BANGS, JOHN K.	845
ADDISON, JOSEPH	297	BARBAULD, MRS.	433
ADY, THOMAS	870	BARÈRE, BERTRAND	990, 1050
ÆSCHINES	1002	BARHAM, R. H.	864
ÆSCHYLUS	881	BARKER, THEODORE L.	869
AGRICOLA, <i>note</i>	872	BARLOW, GEORGE	828
AIDÈ, CHARLES H.	777	BARNFIELD, RICHARD	175
AKENSIDE, MARK	391	BARR, MATTHIAS	856
ALANUS DE INSULIS, <i>note</i>	5	BARRETT, EATON, S.	864
ALDEN, HENRY M.	803	BARRINGTON, GEORGE	445
ALEXANDER, CECIL F.	726	BARROW, ISAAC, <i>note</i>	299
ALGER, W. R., <i>note</i>	644	BARRY, MICHAEL J.	716
ALDRICH, JAMES	694	BASHFORD, HENRY H.	855
ALDRICH, THOMAS B.	798	BASSE, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	179
ALI BEN TALEB	953	BAXTER, RICHARD	858
ALLEN, ELIZABETH A.	783	BAYARD, CHEVALIER, <i>note</i>	21
ALLEN, WILLIAM	865	BAYLE, PETER, <i>note</i>	621
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM	770	BAYLY, T. HAYNES	588
ALPHONSO THE WISE	954	BEATTIE, JAMES	428
AMELIA, PRINCESS	864	BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER	197
AMES, FISHER, <i>note</i>	283	<i>note</i>	638
AMIEL, HENRI F.	994	BEAUMONT, FRANCIS	196
ARCHILOCHUS, <i>note</i>	216	BEAUMONT, JOHN, <i>note</i>	478
ARIOSTO, <i>note</i>	552	BEE, BERNARD E.	1052
ARISTIDES, <i>note</i>	438	BEERS, ETHEL L.	766
ARISTOPHANES, <i>note</i>	917	BELL, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	330
ARISTOTLE, <i>note</i>	267, 1045	BELLAMY, G. W.	868
ARKWRIGHT, PELEG	818	BELLINGHAUSEN, VON MÜNCH	992
ARMSTRONG, JOHN	860	BENJAMIN, PARK	660
ARNIM AND BRENTANO, <i>note</i>	639	BENTHAM, JEREMY	1048
ARNOLD, GEORGE	786	BENTLEY, RICHARD	284
ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN	782	BENTON, THOMAS H.	1050
ARNOLD, MATTHEW	752	BERKELEY, BISHOP	312
ARNOLD, SAMUEL J., <i>note</i>	388	BERNERS, JULIANA, <i>note</i>	182
ARRIANUS, <i>note</i>	890	BERRY, DOROTHY, <i>note</i>	484
ATHENÆUS	952	BERTAUT, JEAN, <i>note</i>	100
AUSTIN, ALFRED	797	BERTIN, MADEMOISELLE, <i>note</i>	1003
AVONMORE, LORD, <i>note</i>	531	BETTELHEIM, A. S., <i>note</i>	170
BACON, FRANCIS	164	BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC	427
BACON, LADY ANNE, <i>note</i>	7	BLACKER, COLONEL	598
		BLACKMORE, RICHARD, <i>note</i>	871

	PAGE		PAGE
BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM	392	BURNS, ROBERT	446
BLAIR, ROBERT	354	BURTON, ROBERT	185
BLAMIRE, SUSANNA	861	ROBERT, <i>note</i>	903
BLANCHARD, LAMAN,	611, 865	BUSSY DE RABUTIN, <i>note</i>	286
BLAND, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	192	BUTLER, SAMUEL	209
BOBART, JACOB, <i>note</i>	874	SAMUEL, <i>note</i>	361
BODINUS, <i>note</i>	418	BUTLER, WILLIAM A.	763
BODLEY, SIR THOMAS	368	BUTTS, MARY F.	857
BOETHIUS, <i>note</i>	648	BYRD, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	22
BOILEAU	985	BYROM, JOHN	351
BOKER, GEORGE H.	756	BYRON, LORD	539
BOLINGBROKE	304		
BONER, JOHN H.	823	CALHOUN, JOHN C.	529
BOOTH, BARTON	306	CALLIMACHUS	496
BORBONIUS, <i>note</i>	321	CALVERLEY, CHARLES S.	778
BOURDILLON, FRANCIS W.	833	CAMPBELL, LORD, <i>note</i>	418, 528
BRACON	1049	CAMPBELL, THOMAS	512
BRAINARD, JOHN G. C.	578	CAMDEN, WILLIAM	870
BRAINARD, MARY G.	808	CAMBRONNE	1002
BRAMSTON, JAMES	352	CANNING, GEORGE	464
BREEN, H. H., <i>note</i>	409	CAREW, THOMAS	200
BRERETON, JANE	312	CAREY, HENRY	285
BRETON, NICHOLAS, <i>note</i>	33	CARLETON, WILL	825
BRIDGES, ROBERT	822	CARLYLE, THOMAS	580
BRIGHT, JOHN	700	CARMAN, BLISS	844
BROMLEY, ISAAC H.	784	CARNEY, JULIA, A. F.	760
BRONTË, EMILY	725	CARPENTER, JOSEPH E.	715
BROOKE, LORD	35	CARROLL, LEWIS	781
BROOKS, PHILLIPS	791	CARRUTHERS, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	528
BROUGH, ROBERT B.	768	CARY, ALICE	748
BROUGHAM, LORD	527	CARY, PHEBE	758
LORD, <i>note</i>	426	CATINAT, MARSHAL, <i>note</i>	926
BROWN, JOHN	380	CATULLUS, <i>note</i>	306
BROWN, THOMAS E.	777	CAWEIN, MADISON J.	849
BROWN, TOM	286	CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH	859
BROWNE, CHARLES F.	787	CERVANTES	970
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS	217	<i>note</i>	894
BROWNE, WILLIAM	201	CHAMBERLAIN, JOSEPH	799
BROWNELL, HENRY H.	748	CHANNING, WILLIAM E.	725
BROWNING, ELIZABETH B.	657	CHAPMAN, GEORGE	35
ELIZABETH B., <i>note</i>	736	CHARLES L., <i>note</i>	398
BROWNING, ROBERT	703	CHARRON, <i>note</i>	317
ROBERT, <i>note</i>	691, 768	CHASE, SALMON P.	652
BRYAN, WILLIAM J.	843	CHAUCER, GEOFFREY	1
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	572	CHERRY, ANDREW	453
BRIDGES, SAMUEL E.	862	CHESTERFIELD, EARL OF	352
BUCHANAN, ROBERT W.	816	CHILD, LYDIA MARIA	610
BUCKE, RICHARD M.	804	CHIVERS, THOMAS H.	635
BUFFON, <i>note</i>	186	CHOATE, RUFUS	598
BULFINCH, SAMUEL G., <i>note</i>	488	CHORLEY, HENRY F.	652
BUNN, ALFRED	561	CHRISTY, DAVID	1046
BUNNER, HENRY C.	834	CHURCH, BENJAMIN, <i>note</i>	513
BUNSEN, CARL JOSIAS, <i>note</i>	956	CHURCHILL, CHARLES	412
BUNYAN, JOHN	265	CIBBER, COLLEY	295
BURCHARD, SAMUEL D.	866	COLLEY, <i>note</i>	294
BURKE, EDMUND	407	CICERO	891
BURNAND, FRANCIS C.	809	<i>note</i>	890
BURNET, GILBERT, <i>note</i>	629	CLARENDON, EDWARD HYDE	255

	PAGE		PAGE
CLARKE, JOHN, <i>note</i>	568	DARWIN, CHARLES	663
CLARKE, MACDONALD	591	DARWIN, ERASMUS	424
CLAY, HENRY, <i>note</i>	505	ERASMUS, <i>note</i>	426
CLEMENS, SAMUEL L.	795	DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM	217
CLEVELAND, GROVER	804	DAVIDSON, JOHN	839
GROVER, <i>note</i>	624	DAVIE, ADAM, <i>note</i>	21
CLOUGH, ARTHUR H.	726	DAVIES, SCROPE	868
ARTHUR H., <i>note</i>	675	DAVIES, SIR JOHN	175
COCHRANE, ALFRED	849	DAVIS, JEFFERSON	866
CODRINGTON, CHRISTOPHER, <i>note</i>	295	DAVIS, THOMAS O.	714
COKE, SIR EDWARD	24	DE BENSERADE, ISAAC	980
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY	585	DEBRETT, JOHN, <i>note</i>	432
COLERIDGE, MARY E.	844	DECATUR, STEPHEN	863
COLERIDGE, S. TAYLOR	498	DE CAUX, <i>note</i>	396
S. TAYLOR, <i>note</i>	481	DEFFAND, MADAME DU	987
COLESWORTHY, DANIEL C.	696	DEFOE, DANIEL	286
COLLINS, MORTIMER	765	DEKKER, THOMAS	181
COLLINS, WILLIAM	389	DE LA FERTÉ, <i>note</i>	430
COLMAN, GEORGE	454	DE LIGNE	989
GEORGE, <i>note</i>	934	DE L'ISLE, JOSEPH R.	990
COLTON, C. C.	863	DEMODOCUS, <i>note</i>	400
CONGREVE, WILLIAM	294	DE MORGAN, <i>note</i>	290
WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	675	DEMOSTHENES	1047
CONSTABLE, HENRY, <i>note</i>	484	DE MUSSET, ALFRED	993
CONSTANT, HENRY B.	992	DENHAM, SIR JOHN	257
COOK, ELIZA	724	DENMAN, LORD	527
COOLIDGE, SUSAN	824	DENNIS, JOHN	282
COOPER, J. FENIMORE, <i>note</i>	586	DE QUINCEY, <i>note</i>	365
CORNUEL, MADAME, <i>note</i>	926	DIBDIN, CHARLES	436
COTTON, NATHANIEL	362	DIBDIN, THOMAS	863
COWLEY, ABRAHAM	260	DICKENS, CHARLES	701
COWPER, WILLIAM	413	DICKINSON, JOHN	426
CRABBE, GEORGE	443	DICKMAN, FRANKLIN J., <i>note</i>	599
CRAIK, D. M. M.	765	DIDACUS STELLA, <i>note</i>	185
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER P.	715	DIODORUS SICULUS, <i>note</i>	1001
CRANFIELD, <i>note</i>	210	DIAGENES LAERTIUS	943
CRASHAW, RICHARD	258	DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS, <i>note</i>	304
CRAPO, W. W.	1051	DIONYSIUS THE ELDER	886
CRAWFORD, ANNE	861	DIBRAELI, BENJAMIN	624
CRISTYNE, <i>note</i>	12	BENJAMIN, <i>note</i>	617
CROCKETT, DAVID	1044	DIX, JOHN A.	865
CROCKETT, INGRAM	837	DOANE, WILLIAM C., <i>note</i>	693
CROKER, JOHN W., <i>note</i>	284	DOBSON, HENRY A.	815
CROSBY, FRANCES J. V.	750	DODDRIDGE, PHILIP	359
CROSS, MARIAN E.	729	DODGE, MARY A.	809
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN	537	DODGE, MARY M.	810
CURRAN, JOHN P.	1047	DODGSON, CHARLES L.	781
CURTIS, GEORGE W.	758	DODSLEY, ROBERT	859
CURTIUS, QUINTUS, <i>note</i>	25	DOLE, CHARLES F.	826
		DOMETT, ALFRED	699
D'ABRANTES, DUC	992	DONNE, JOHN	177
D'ABRANTES, MADAME, <i>note</i>	904	DORR, JULIA C.	764
DALRYMPLE, SIR JOHN, <i>note</i>	550	DOUDNEY, SARAH	819
DANCE, CHARLES	865	DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW	756
DANIEL, SAMUEL	39	DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN	573
DANTE	955	DRAYTON, MICHAEL	40
DANTON, <i>note</i>	28, 1000	DRENNAN, WILLIAM	1047
DARMESTERER, AGNES M. F. R.	837	DRUMMOND, THOMAS	582

	PAGE		PAGE
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM	196	FOSS, SAM W.	839
WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	170	FOSTER, STEPHEN C.	764
DRYDEN, JOHN	267	FOUCHÉ, JOSEPH	991
JOHN, <i>note</i>	732	FOURNIER, <i>note</i>	310, 1048
DU BARTAS	966	FOX, CHARLES J., <i>note</i>	364
DUFFERIN, LADY	637	FOX, JOHN, <i>note</i>	484
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE	1001, 1050	FRANCIS THE FIRST	999
DU MAURIER, GEORGE L.	789	FRANCK, RICHARD, <i>note</i>	305
DUNCOMBE, LEWIS, <i>note</i>	459	FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN	359
D'URFEY, <i>note</i>	348	FRANKLIN, KATE	868
DWIGHT, JOHN S.	716	FRÉNEAU, PHILIP	443
DWIGHT, TIMOTHY	862	FRÈRE, J. HOOKHAM	462
DYER, EDWARD	22	FROTHINGHAM, RICHARD, <i>note</i>	360
DYER, JOHN	358	FULLER, MARGARET W.	857
DYER —	860	FULLER, THOMAS	221
		THOMAS, <i>note</i>	484
EASTWICK, <i>note</i>	437		
EATON, DORMAN B.	1051	GAGE, THOMAS, <i>note</i>	495
EDGEWORTH, MARIA, <i>note</i>	283	GARNETT, RICHARD	793
EDWARDS, RICHARD	21	GARRICK, DAVID	387
EDWARDS, THOMAS	859	GARRISON, WILLIAM L.	633
EDWIN, JOHN	439	GARTH, SAMUEL	295
ELIOT, GEORGE	729	SAMUEL, <i>note</i>	181
ELLIOT, JARED	392	GASCOIGNE, GEORGE, <i>note</i>	10
ELLIOTT, JANE	393	GAUTIER, THEOPHILE, <i>note</i>	780
ELLIS, GEORGE, <i>note</i>	175	GAY, JOHN	347
ELLIS, HENRY	863	GETTY, REV. DR., <i>note</i>	673
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	614	GIBBON, EDWARD	430
RALPH WALDO, <i>note</i>	511, 960	GIBBONS, THOMAS	860
EMMET, ROBERT	863	GIFFORD, RICHARD	393
ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN	747	GILBERT, WILLIAM S.	799
EPICTEUS	928	GILDER, RICHARD W.	821
ERASMUS, <i>note</i>	3, 5, 216, 906	GILFILLAN, ROBERT	596
ÉSTIENNE, HENRI, <i>note</i>	379	GILMAN, CHARLOTTE P. S.	843
EURIPIDES	883	GLADSTONE, WILLIAM E.	693
EURIPIDES, <i>note</i>	277, 897, 999	GOETHE, WOLFGANG VON	989
EVERETT, DAVID	459	<i>note</i>	638, 645, 674
EVERETT, EDWARD	571	GOLDSMITH, OLIVER	394
		OLIVER, <i>note</i>	310, 602
FABER, FREDERICK W.	717	GOOGE, BARNABY	5, 7
FANSHAWE, CATHERINE M.	862	GORDON, ADAM L.	783
FARQUHAR, GEORGE	305	GORGAS, <i>note</i>	581
FÉNELON, <i>note</i>	353	GOSSE, EDMUND	814
FERRIAR, JOHN	456	GOSSON, STEPHEN, <i>note</i>	917
FIELD, EUGENE	830	GOWER, JOHN, <i>note</i>	13
FIELD, NATHANIEL	858	GRAFTON, RICHARD	870
FIELDING, HENRY	362	GRANGER, JAMES, <i>note</i>	395
FIELDS, JAMES T.	723	GRANT, ANNE	862
FINCH, FRANCIS M.	766	GRANT, ULYSSES S.	752
FITZ-GEFFREY, CHARLES, <i>note</i>	305	GRAVES, RICHARD	860
FITZGERALD, EDWARD	664	RICHARD, <i>note</i>	295
FLETCHER, ANDREW	281	GRAY, THOMAS	381
FLETCHER, JOHN	183	GREELEY, HORACE	698
FLETCHER, PHINEAS, <i>note</i>	327	GREEN, MATTHEW	354
FOOTE, SAMUEL	391	GREENE, ALBERT G.	610
FORD, JOHN	858	GREENE, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	190
FORDYCE, JAMES	391	GRESWELL, <i>note</i>	332
FORTESCUE, JOHN	7	GREVILLE, MRS.	389

	PAGE		PAGE
GRIFFIN, GERALD	611	HOLCROFT, THOMAS	861
GUALTIER, PHILIPPE, <i>note</i>	64	HOLLAND, JOSIAH G.	730
GUARINI, <i>note</i>	495	JOSIAH G., <i>note</i>	732
		HOLLAND, SIR RICHARD	38
HABINGTON, WILLIAM	515	HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL	688
HAKEWILL, GEORGE	869	OLIVER WENDELL, <i>note</i> 644,	698
GEORGE, <i>note</i>	169	HOME, JOHN	392
HALE, EDWARD E.	867	HOOD, THOMAS	591
HALIBURTON, THOMAS C.	586	HOOKER, JOSEPH	866
HALL, BISHOP	182	HOOKER, RICHARD	31
HALL, ROBERT	457	HOOPER, ELLEN STURGIS	719
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE	561	HOPKINS, CHARLES, <i>note</i>	589
HALLIWELL, JAMES O.	1045	HOPKINSON, JOSEPH	465
JAMES O., <i>note</i>	610	HORACE	892
HAMILTON, ALEXANDER, <i>note</i>	532	HORNE, BISHOP	1045
HAMILTON, EUGENE L.	824	HORNE, RICHARD H.	622
HAMILTON, GAIL	809	HOUSMAN, ALFRED E.	842
HAMMOND, J. H.	636	HOVEY, RICHARD	846
HANNAH, J., <i>note</i>	22	HOWARD, SAMUEL	860
HARDY, THOMAS	815	HOWARTH, ELLEN C.	766
HARE, JULIUS, <i>note</i>	268	HOWE, JULIA W.	747
HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN	39	HOWELL, JAMES, <i>note</i>	191, 208, 589
HARRIS, JOEL C.	828	HOWELLS, WILLIAM D.	809
HARRISON, WILLIAM	870	HOWITT, MARY	629
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET	813	HOYLE, EDMUND	1053
FRANCIS BRET, <i>note</i>	649	HUME, DAVID	1046
HARVEY, STEPHEN	858	DAVID, <i>note</i>	604
HAWKER, ROBERT	862	HUNT, G. W.	867
HAWKER, ROBERT S., <i>note</i>	873	HUNT, LEIGH	536
HAY, JOHN	810	HURD, RICHARD	861
HAYES, EDWARD, <i>note</i>	598	HURDIS, JAMES	454
HAYES, RUTHERFORD B.	755	HUTCHESON, FRANCIS	1048
HAYNE, PAUL H.	776	HUXLEY, THOMAS H.	762
HAZLITT, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	887, 895		
HEATH, LEONARD	623	IBSEN, HENRIK,	995
HEBER, REGINALD	535	HENRIK, <i>note</i>	705
HEGGE, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	181	INGALLS, JOHN J.	785
HEMANS, FELICIA D.	569	INGELOW, JEAN	749
HÉNAULT, <i>note</i>	325	INGERSOLL, ROBERT G.	784
HENDYNG, <i>note</i>	7	INGRAM, JOHN K.	866
HENLEY, WILLIAM E.	828	IRVING, WASHINGTON	536
HENRY, MATHEW	282		
HENRY, PATRICK	429	JACKSON, ANDREW	458
HENSHAW, JOSEPH	263	JACKSON, HELEN H.	779
HERBERT, GEORGE	204	JAMES, G. P. R.	866
HERODOTUS, <i>note</i>	882, 999	JAMES, PAUL M.	528
HERRICK, ROBERT	201	JEFFERSON, THOMAS	434
HERVEY, THOMAS K.	622	JEFFERYS, CHARLES	636
HESIOD	878	JERROLD, DOUGLAS	612
HEWITT, ABRAM S.	1051	JOHNSON, ANDREW	866
HEYWOOD, JOHN	8	JOHNSON, SAMUEL	365
HEYWOOD, THOMAS	194	SAMUEL, <i>note</i>	185, 294, 897
HILL, AARON	313	JONES, SIR WILLIAM	437
HILL, ROWLAND	863	JONSON, BEN	177
HINKSON, KATHARINE T.	845	JUVENAL	907
HIPPOCRATES	886		
HOBBS, THOMAS	200	KEATS, JOHN	574
HOFFMAN, CHARLES F	633	KEBLE, JOHN	569

	PAGE		PAGE
KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE	686	LOCKHART, JOHN G., <i>note</i>	427, 490
KEMBLE, J. P.	445	LOGAN, JOHN	438
KEMPIS, THOMAS A	7	LOGAU, FRIEDRICH VON	979
KEN, THOMAS	278	LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.	638
KENNEY, JAMES	864	HENRY W., <i>note</i>	622
KENRICK, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	450	LOVELACE, RICHARD	259
KENYON, JAMES B.	829	LOVER, SAMUEL	590
KEPLER, JOHN	858	LOWE, JOHN	861
KEY, FRANCIS S.	517	LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	731
KEY, T. H., <i>note</i>	560	JAMES RUSSELL, <i>note</i>	721
KING, BENJAMIN F.	838	LOWTH, ROBERT	860
KING, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	217	LUCRETIVS	892
KINGLAKE, JOHN A.	1052	LUDGATE, JOHN, <i>note</i>	5
KINGSLEY, CHARLES	727	LUTHER, MARTIN	956
KIPLING, RUDYARD	851	LYLY, JOHN	31
KNIGHT, CHARLES, <i>note</i>	643	LYTTELTON, LORD	377
KNOLLES, RICHARD, <i>note</i>	267	LYTTON, SIR E. BULWER	630
KNOTT, JAMES P.	814	LYTTON, EDWARD	779
KNOWLES, JAMES S.	864		
KNOX, WILLIAM	561	MACAULAY, THOMAS B.	599
KOTZEBUE, VON	991	T. B., <i>note</i>	332, 635, 1048
		MACCALL, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	719
LA FONTAINE	983	MACDONALD, GEORGE	759
LAMB, CHARLES	508	MACKAY, CHARLES	718
CHARLES, <i>note</i>	274	MACKINTOSH, JAMES	457
LAMONT, DANIEL S.	1051	JAMES, <i>note</i>	291
LANDOR, WALTER S.	511	MACKLIN, CHARLES	350
LANG, ANDREW	822	MACLEOD, NORMAN	702
LANGFORD, G. W.	869	MADDEN, SAMUEL	314
LANGHORNE, JOHN	427	MAETERLINCK, MAURICE	997
LANIER, SIDNEY	817	MAHON, LORD	1052
LATHROP, GEORGE P.	832	LORD, <i>note</i>	364, 474
LARCOM, LUCY	765	MALTHUS, <i>note</i>	663
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD	980	MANNERS, LORD JOHN	726
<i>note</i>	964	MARCUS AURELIUS	935
LAYARD, AUSTEN H.	724	MARCY, WILLIAM L.	864
LEAR, EDWARD	702	MARKHAM, EDWIN	833
LECKY, WILLIAM E. H.	810	MARKHAM, GERVASE, <i>note</i>	187
LEE, HENRY	445	MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER	40
LEE, NATHANIEL	281	MARMION, SHAKERLY, <i>note</i>	171
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD	850	MARTIAL	908
LEGARE, JAMES M.	755	MARTIN, HENRI, <i>note</i>	999
LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP, <i>note</i>	379	MARVELL, ANDREW	262
LELAND CHARLES G.	759	MARZIALS, THEODORE	831
LEMON, MARK	662	MASON, WILLIAM	393
LE SAGE	986	MASSEY, T. GERALD	771
L'ESTRANGE, ROGER	858	MASSINGER, PHILIP	194
LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN, <i>note</i>	979,	MCLENNAN, ISAAC	634
<i>note</i>	1001	MCLEOD, FIONA	837
LIGNE, PRINCE DE	989	MCMASTER, JOHN B., <i>note</i>	435
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM	660	MAULE	1049
LINLEY, GEORGE	596	MEE, WILLIAM	868
LINSCHOTEN, HUGH VAN	1053	MELCHIOR, <i>note</i>	171
LIVY, <i>note</i>	13	MENANDER, <i>note</i>	390, 899, 1038
LOYD, DAVID, <i>note</i>	310	MERCIER, <i>note</i>	1000
LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK	750	MEREDITH, GEORGE	771
FREDERICK, <i>note</i>	720	MEREDITH, OWEN	779
LOCKHART, JOHN G.	865	MERRICK, JAMES	390

	PAGE		PAGE
MEURIER, GABRIEL, <i>note</i>	80	NEWMAN, JOHN H.	607
MICHELANGELO	955	NEWTON, ISAAC	278
MICKLE, WILLIAM J.	426	NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH W.	997
MIDDLETON, THOMAS	172	NOEL, THOMAS	599
MILLER, CINCINNATUS H.	817	NOEL, RODEN B. W.	788
MILLER, WILLIAM	695	NORRIS, JOHN	281
MILMAN, HENRY HART	564	NORTHBROOKE, <i>note</i>	17
MILNES, RICHARD M.	664	NORTON, CAROLINE E. S.	653
MILTON, JOHN	223	NOYES, ALFRED	854
JOHN <i>note</i>	881		
MIMNERMUS	885	O'HARA, KANE	860
MINER, CHARLES	528	O'HARA, THEODORE	866
MITCHELL, DONALD G.	774	O'KEEFE, JOHN	861
MITCHELL S. WEIR	774	O'KELLEY, CAPTAIN	1047
MOIR, GEORGE M.	596	OLDHAM, JOHN	366
MOLIÈRE	983	OLD TESTAMENT	1004
MONNOYE, BERNARD DE LA, <i>note</i>	400	OLDYS, WILLIAM	859
MONTAGU, MARY WORTLEY	350	OMAR KHAYYÂM	954
MARY WORTLEY, <i>note</i>	461	<i>note</i>	657, 666, 681, 683, 849
MONTAIGNE	960	O'MEARA, BARRY E.	863
MONTGOMERY, JAMES	496	O'REILLY, JOHN B.	820
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT	635	ORRERY, ROGER B., <i>note</i>	258
MONTROSE, MARQUIS OF	257	ORTIN, JOB, <i>note</i>	359
MOODY, WILLIAM V.	850	O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR W. E.	819
MOORE, CLEMENT C.	527	OTWAY, THOMAS	280
MOORE, EDWARD	377	OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS	193
MOORE, GEORGE	835	OVID	893
MOORE, THOMAS	518	OXENSTIERN, <i>note</i>	195
THOMAS, <i>note</i>	644		
MORE, HANNAH	437	PAINÉ, ROBERT TREAT	863
MORE, SIR THOMAS, <i>note</i>	30, 100	PAINÉ, THOMAS	431
MORELL, THOMAS, <i>note</i>	281	THOMAS, <i>note</i>	633
MORGAN, M. H.	1052	PALEY, WILLIAM	861
MORLEY, JOHN	812	PALGRAVE, FRANCIS T.	762
MORRIS, CHARLES	432	PANAT, CHEVALIER DE	1003
MORRIS, GEORGE P.	609	PARACELBUS, <i>note</i>	970
MORRIS, SIR LEWIS	785	PARDOE, JULIA	867, 1052
MORRIS, WILLIAM	789	PARKER, EWARD H.	757
MORTON, THOMAS	457	PARKER, MARTYN	176
MOSS, THOMAS	433	PARKER, THEODORE	694
MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM	587	PARNELL, THOMAS	305
MOULTON, LOUISE C.	794	PARSONS, THOMAS W.	741
MUHLENBERG, WILLIAM A.	587	PASCAL	984
MÜNSTER, ERNST F.	999	<i>note</i>	169
MURPHY, ARTHUR	393	PATMORE, COVENTRY K. D.	757
MYERS, FREDERICK W. H.	819	PAYNE, J. HOWARD	568
		PEELE, GEORGE	24, 184, 530
NADAUD, GUSTAVE	993	PERCIVAL, JAMES G.	580
NAIRNE, LADY	458	PERCY, THOMAS	404
NANCY, LORD	866	PERRY, NORA	781
NAPIER, SIR W. F. P.	537	PERRY, OLIVER H.	864
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	1003	PERSIUS, <i>note</i>	188, 305
NAPOLEON, LOUIS	1002	PETRARCH, <i>note</i>	295
NASH, THOMAS	1053	PHÆDRUS	901
NEAVES, LORD CHARLES	605	PHILIPS, JOHN	859
NELSON, HORATIO	446	PHILLIPS, AMBROSE	859
NEWBOLT, HENRY J.	846	PHILLIPS, CHARLES	865
		PHILLIPS, WENDELL	699

	PAGE		PAGE
PHILOSTRATUS, <i>note</i>	179	RASPE, <i>note</i>	925
PIATT, SARAH M. B.	803	RAVENSCROFT, THOMAS	869
PIERPONT, JOHN	538	RAY, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	216
PILPAY	877	READ, THOMAS B.	751
PINCKNEY, CHARLES C.	861	REALF, RICHARD	788
PINCKNEY, EDWARD C.	608	RHODES, WILLIAM B.	388
Piozzi, MADAME, <i>note</i>	560, 992	RICHARDS, AMELIA B., <i>note</i>	533
PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM	364	RILEY, JAMES W.	833
PITT, WILLIAM	453	ROBINSON, MARY	862
PITT, WILLIAM (THE YOUNGER)	510	ROBINSON, EDWIN A.	851
PLATO, <i>note</i>	317	ROCHE, JAMES J.	826
PLAUTUS	886	ROCHESTER, EARL OF	279
PLAYFORD, JOHN	870	ROGERS, SAMUEL	455
PLINY THE ELDER	902	ROLAND, MADAME	990
PLINY THE YOUNGER	934	ROOSEVELT, THEODORE	840
PLUTARCH	908	ROSCOMMON, EARL OF	278
<i>note</i>	903	ROSEBERY, EARL OF	827
POE, EDGAR A.	654	ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.	776
POLLOK, ROBERT	597	ROSSETTI, DANTE G.	769
POMFRET, JOHN	289	ROSTAND, EDMOND	998
POMPADOUR, MADAME DE, <i>note</i>	205	ROUSSEAU	988
POPE, ALEXANDER	314	ROWE, NICHOLAS	301
ALEXANDER, <i>note</i>	988	ROYDON, MATHEW	23
POPE, WALTER	858	RUMBOLD, RICHARD	868
PORTER, HORACE	867	RUSKIN, JOHN	746
PORTER, MRS. DAVID	869	RUSSELL, GEORGE W.	855
PORTEUS, BEILBY	425	RUSSELL, W. S.	1052
POTTER, HENRY C.	795	RYAN, RICHARD	586
POWELL, SIR JOHN	278		
PRÆD, WINTHROP M.	608	SAINTE AUGUSTINE	953
PRIESTLEY, JOSEPH	1050	SAINTE SIMON, <i>note</i>	189
PRIMROSE, ARCHIBALD P.	827	SALA, GEORGE A., <i>note</i>	463
PRIOR, JAMES, <i>note</i>	412	SALES, SAINT FRANCIS DE, <i>note</i>	372
PRIOR, MATTHEW	287	SALIS, VON	991
PROCLUS, <i>note</i>	926, 1003	SALLUST, <i>note</i>	167
PROCTER, ADELAIDE A.	760	SALVANDY, COMTE DE	1003
PROCTER, BRYAN W.	538	SANDYS, SIR EDWIN, <i>note</i>	314
PROUDFIT, DAVID L.	818	SANGSTER, MARGARET E.	811
PUBLIUS SYRUS	894	SARGENT, EPES	714
<i>note</i> ,	920	SAVAGE, RICHARD	354
PULTENEY, WILLIAM	859	SAXE, JOHN G.	719
		SCARRON, <i>note</i>	216
QUARLES, FRANCIS	203	SCHELLING, <i>note</i>	999
QUINCY, JOSIAH, JR.	436	SCHIDONI	979
QUINCY, JOSIAH	505	SCHILLER	990
QUINTILIAN	907	SCOTT, SIR WALTER	487
QUITARD, <i>note</i>	176	SIR WALTER, <i>note</i>	1044
		SCOTT, WINFIELD	864
RABELAIS	956	SEAMAN, OWEN	845
<i>note</i>	944, 949, 955	SEARS, EDMUND H.	695
RACINE, <i>note</i>	391, 890	SEBASTIANI, GENERAL	1001
RADCLIFFE, ANN	456	SEDAINE, MICHEL J.	989
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER	25	SEDLEY, CHARLES	859
RAMSAY, ALLAN	859	SELDEN, JOHN	194
RANDALL, H. S.	1051	SELVAGGI, <i>note</i>	271
RANDALL, JAMES R.	813	SENECA	900
RANKE, LEOPOLD, <i>note</i>	956	<i>note</i>	960
RANSFORD, EDWIN	632	SÉVIGNÉ, MADAME DE, <i>note</i>	926, 987

	PAGE		PAGE
SEWALL, HARRIET W.	731	SPRAGUE, CHARLES	564
SEWALL, JONATHAN M.	439	STAËL, MADAME DE, <i>note</i>	174, 999
SEWARD, THOMAS, <i>note</i>	189	STEDMAN, EDMUND C.	785
SEWARD, WILLIAM H.	606	STEELE, SIR RICHARD	297
SEWELL, GEORGE	859	STEERS, FANNY	868
SHAFTESBURY, EARL OF, <i>note</i>	581	STEPHEN, J. K.	867
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM	42	STERNE, LAURENCE	378
WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	773, 896, 967, 968, 969, 970, 974	STERNHOLD, THOMAS	23
SHARMAN, JULIAN, <i>note</i>	12	STEVENS, GEORGE A.	860
SHARP, WILLIAM	837	STEVENSON, ROBERT L.	829
SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD	838	STILES, EZRA	1051
GEORGE BERNARD, <i>note</i>	658	STILL, BISHOP	22
SHEFFIELD	279	STODDARD, RICHARD H.	763
SHELLEY, PERCY B.	564	STOLBERG, CHRISTIAN, <i>note</i>	503
PERCY B., <i>note</i>	602	STORY, JOSEPH	863
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM	379	STORY, WILLIAM W.	745
SHERES, SIR HENRY, <i>note</i>	13	STOUGHTON, WILLIAM	266
SHERMAN, WILLIAM T.	867	STOWE, HARRIET B.	700
SHERIDAN, HELEN S.	637	STOWELL, LORD	437
SHERIDAN, R. BRINSLEY	440	SUCKLING, SIR JOHN	256
SHIRLEY, JAMES	209	SUETONIUS, <i>note</i>	307
SHORTHOUSE, JOSEPH H.	791	SUMNER, CHARLES	1051
SIDNEY, ALGERNON	264	SUTTNER, BARONESS VON	868
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP	34	SWIFT, JONATHAN	289
SILIUS ITALICUS, <i>note</i>	207	JONATHAN, <i>note</i>	982
SIMS, GEORGE R.	827	SWINBURNE, ALGERNON C.	804
SIRMOND, JOHN	979	ALGERNON C., <i>note</i>	711
SISMONDI	999	SYMONDS, JOHN A.	814
SKELTON, JOHN	8	TABB, JOHN B.	824
SMART, CHRISTOPHER	363	TACITUS	933
SMILES, SAMUEL	720	<i>note</i>	904, 912
SMITH, ADAM	1050	TALFOURD, THOMAS N.	579
SMITH, ALEXANDER	775	TANEY, ROGER B.	863
SMITH, BELLE E.	838	TATE AND BRADY	1043
SMITH, CAPTAIN JOHN, <i>note</i>	495	TAYLOR, BAYARD	761
SMITH, EDMUND, <i>note</i>	333	TAYLOR, HENRY	606
SMITH, HORACE	517	TAYLOR, JANE AND ANN	534
SMITH, JAMES	510	TAYLOR, JEREMY, <i>note</i>	169, 193
SMITH, SAMUEL F.	654	TAYLOR, JOHN	858
SMITH, SEBA	568	JOHN, <i>note</i>	20
SMITH, SYDNEY	459	TEMPLE, SIR WILLIAM	266
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS	392	TENNYSON, ALFRED	665
SMYTH, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	391	ALFRED, <i>note</i>	721, 771, 774
SOCRATES, <i>note</i>	63	TERENCE	888
SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	314	TERTULLIAN	942
SOPHOCLES	882	THACKERAY, W. M.,	696, <i>note</i> 800
SORBIENNE, <i>note</i>	286	THAXTER, CELIA	792
SOUTH, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	310	THAYER, ERNEST L.	856
SOUTHERNE, THOMAS	282	THAYER, WILLIAM R.	842
SOUTHEY, ROBERT	506, 1045	THEOBALD, LOUIS	352
SOUTHWELL, ROBERT, <i>note</i>	22	THEOCRITUS, <i>note</i>	349
SPARKS, JARED, <i>note</i>	903	THEOGNIS	880
SPENCER, HERBERT	773	THOMAS, FREDERICK W.	652
HERBERT, <i>note</i>	663	THOMSON, JAMES	355
SPENCER, WILLIAM R.	464	THOMPSON, FRANCIS	841
SPENSER, EDMUND	27	THOMPSON, JAMES M.	821
SPOFFORD, HARRILT P.	797	THOREAU, HENRY D.	722

	PAGE		PAGE
THORNBURY, GEORGE W.	768	WARD, THOMAS	1049
THORPE, ROSE H.	831	WARTON, THOMAS	403
THRALE, MRS.	432	WASHINGTON, GEORGE	425
THUCYDIDES, <i>note</i>	912	WATERMAN, NIXON	842
THURLOW, LORD	426	WATSON, WILLIAM	840
TIBULLUS, <i>note</i>	106	WATTS, ISAAC	301
TICKELL, THOMAS	313	WEBB, CHARLES H.	792
TILLOTSON, JOHN	266	WEBSTER, DANIEL	529
TILTON, THEODORE	793	WEBSTER, JOHN	180
TITUS, COLONEL, <i>note</i>	352	WELBY, AMELIA B.	867
TOBIN, JOHN	463	WELLINGTON, DUKE OF	463
TOLOWIEZ, <i>note</i>	953	WELLS, WILLIAM V.	1050
TOLSTOI, COUNT	996	WESLEY, CHARLES	860
TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS M., <i>note</i>	432	WESLEY, JOHN	359
TOURNEUR, CYRIL	34	WHETSTONE, GEORGE, <i>note</i>	14
TOWNLEY, JAMES	380	WHEWELL, WILLIAM	169
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN T.	766	WHITE, HENRY KIRKE, <i>note</i>	602
TRUMBULL, JOHN	439	WHITMAN, SARAH H. P.	613
TUCKER, DEAN	1050	WHITMAN, WALT	741
TUKE, SAMUEL	858	WALT, <i>note</i>	745
TUPPER, MARTIN F.	695	WHITTIER, JOHN G.	649
TUSSER, THOMAS	20	WHYTE-MELVILLE, GEORGE J.	750
TWAIN, MARK	795	WIGHT, REZIN A.	1046
UHLAND, JOHANN L.	992	WILCOX, ELLA W.	835
UNKNOWN AUTHORS	893	WILDE, OSCAR F. O.	836
USTERI, J. M.	991	WILDE, RICHARD H.	865
VALERIUS MAXIMUS, <i>note</i>	807	WILLARD, EMMA	864
VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN	870	WILLIAMS, HELEN M.	862
VAN BUREN, MARTIN, <i>note</i>	364	WILLIAMS, ROGER	208
VANDYK, H. S.	865	WILLIAMS, THEODORE C.	835
VAN DYKE, HENRY	834	WILLIS, NATHANIEL P.	723
HENRY, <i>note</i>	748	NATHANIEL P., <i>note</i>	586
VARRO, <i>note</i>	167	WILSON, ALEXANDER	1052
VAUGHAN, HENRY	263	WILSON, JOHN, <i>note</i>	558
VAUVENARGUES	989	WINSLOW, EDWARD, <i>note</i>	283
VEGETIUS, <i>note</i>	425	WINTER, WILLIAM	802
VENNING, RALPH	262	WINTHROP, JOHN	858
VILLON	955	WINTHROP, ROBERT C.	687
VIRGIL, <i>note</i>	185, 893, 906	WITHER, GEORGE	199
VOLNEY, <i>note</i>	602	WOLCOT, JOHN	431
VOLTAIRE	986	WOLFE, CHARLES	563
<i>note</i>	890	WOLFE, JAMES	861
VOSS, J. H., <i>note</i>	1003	WOODWORTH, SAMUEL	537
WADE, J. A.	605	WOOLSEY, SARAH C.	824
WALKER, WILLIAM	265	WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM	465
WALLACE, HORACE B., <i>note</i>	361	WOTTON, SIR HENRY	174
WALLACE, WILLIAM R.	731	WROTHER, MISS	869
WALLER, EDMUND	219	WYCHERLEY, WILLIAM, <i>note</i>	452
WALPOLE, HORACE	389	YALDEN, THOMAS, <i>note</i>	181
HORACE, <i>note</i>	602	YEATS, WILLIAM B.	848
WALPOLE, SIR ROBERT	304	YONGE, NICHOLAS, <i>note</i>	897
WALTON, IZAAK	206	YOUNG, EDWARD	306
WARBURTON, THOMAS	1051	YOUNG, SIR JOHN, <i>note</i>	177
WARNER, WILLIAM	38	ZAMOYSKI, JAN	1002
WARD, ARTEMUS	787	ZANGWILL, I.	848
WARD, MARY A.	832	ZOUCH, THOMAS, <i>note</i>	209

ANONYMOUS BOOKS CITED.

	PAGE
ANNALS OF SPORTING	1047
BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA, <i>note</i>	282
BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA, <i>note</i>	347
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER	1042
BRITISH PRINCES	871
CUPID'S WHIRLIGIG, <i>note</i>	446
DEUTSCHE RECHTS ALTERTHÜMER	1050
DRUNKEN BARNABY'S FOUR JOURNEYS	1048
ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, <i>note</i>	970
GESTA ROMANORUM	988
HEALTH TO THE GENTLE PROFESSION OF SERVING-MEN, <i>note</i>	360
HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF COURTENAY, <i>note</i>	988
LETTERS OF JUNIUS	874
MARRIAGE OF WIT AND WISDOM	1051
MENAGIANA, <i>note</i>	979
NEW ENGLAND PRIMER	872
PIERRE PATELIN, <i>note</i>	957
REGIMEN SANTITATIS SALERNITANUM, <i>note</i>	293
RETURN FROM PARNASSUS	870
SPECTATOR	1049
THE BIBLE	1004
THE EXAMINER, MAY 31, 1829, <i>note</i>	313
THE MOCK ROMANCE, <i>note</i>	217
THE NATION, <i>note</i>	532
THE SKYLARK	1046
WHEELER'S MAGAZINE, <i>note</i>	876

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328-1400.

(From the text of *Tyrwhitt*.)

- WHANNE that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote.
Canterbury Tales. Prologue. Line 1
- And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages. *Line 9.*
- And of his port as meke as is a mayde. *Line 69.*
- He was a veray parfit gentil knight. *Line 72.*
- He coude songes make, and wel endite. *Line 95.*
- Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly.
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe. *Line 122.*
- A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also. *Line 287.*
- For him was lever han at his beddes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre. *Line 295.*

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

Canterbury Tales. Prologue. Line 310.

Nowher so besy a man as he ther n' as,

And yet he semed besier than he was.

Line 323.

His studie was but litel on the Bible.

Line 440.

For gold in phisike is a cordial;

Therefore he loved gold in special.

Line 445.

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder.

Line 493.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf, —

That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.

Line 498.

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,

He taught; but first he folwed it himselve.

Line 529.

And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.¹

Line 565.

Who so shall telle a tale after a man,

He moste rehearse, as neighe as ever he can,

Everich word, if it be in his charge,

All speke he never so rudely and so large;

Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,

Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.

Line 733.

For May wol have no slogardie a-night.

The seson priketh every gentil herte,

And maketh him out of his slepe to sterte.

The Knightes Tale. Line 1044.

That field hath eyen, and the wood hath ears.²

Line 1524.

Up rose the sonne, and up rose Emelie.

Line 2275.

¹ In allusion to the proverb, "Every honest miller has a golden thumb."

² Fieldes have eies and woodes have eares. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part ii. chap. v.*

Wode has erys, felde has sigt. — *King Edward and the Shepherd, MS Circa 1300.*

Walls have ears. — HAZLITT: *English Proverbs, etc. (ed. 1869) p. 446.*

Min be the travaille, and thin be the glorie.

Canterbury Tales. The Knightes Tale. Line 3408.

To maken vertue of necessite.¹

Line 3044.

And brought of mighty ale a large quart.

The Milleres Tale. Line 3497.

Ther n' is no werkman whatever he be,
That may both werken wel and hastily.²

This wol be done at leisure parfitylly.³

The Marchantes Tale. Line 585.

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.⁴

The Reves Prologue. Line 3880.

The grettest clerkes ben not the wisest men.

The Reves Tale. Line 4051.

So was hire joly whistle wel ywette.

Line 4153.

In his owen grese I made him frie.⁵

Line 6069.

And for to see, and eek for to be seie.⁶

The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6134.

¹ Also in *Troilus and Cresseide*, line 1587.

To make a virtue of necessity. — SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2. MATTHEW HENRY: *Comm. on Ps. xxxvii.* DRYDEN: *Palamon and Arcite.*

In the additions of Hadrianus Julius to the *Adages* of Erasmus, he remarks, under the head of *Necessitatem edere*, that a very familiar proverb was current among his countrymen, — “*Necessitatem in virtutem commutare*” (To make necessity a virtue).

Laudem virtutis necessitati damus (We give to necessity the praise of virtue). — QUINTILIAN: *Inst. Orat. i. 8. 14.*

² Haste makes waste. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs, part i. chap. ii.*

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 357.*

³ Ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty. — PLUTARCH: *Life of Pericles.*

⁴ E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires. — GRAY: *Elegy, Stanza 23.*

⁵ Frieth in her own grease. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbs, part i. chap. xi.*

⁶ To see and to be seen. — BEN JONSON: *Epithalamion, st. iii. line 4.* GOLDSMITH: *Citizen of the World, letter 71.*

Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ (They come to see; they come that they themselves may be seen). — OVID: *The Art of Love, i. 99.*

I hold a mouses wit not worth a leke,
That hath but on hole for to sterten to.¹

Canterbury Tales. The Wif of Bathes Prologue. Line 6154

Loke who that is most vertuouus alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman.

The Wif of Bathes Tale. Line 6695.

That he is gentil, that doth gentil dedis.²

Line 6752.

This flour of wifly patience.

The Clerkes Tale. Part v. Line 8797.

They demen gladly to the badder end.

The Squieres Tale. Line 10538.

Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone,
That shall eat with a fend.³

Line 10916.

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuouus withal.

The Frankeleines Prologue. Line 10998.

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.

The Frankeleines Tale. Line 11789.

Full wise is he that can himselven knowe.⁴

The Monkes Tale. Line 1449.

¹ Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is which never entrusts his life to one hole only. — PLAUTUS : *Truculentus*, act iv. sc. 4.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

POPE : *Paraphrase of the Prologue*, line 298.

² Handsome is that handsome does. — GOLDSMITH : *Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. i.

³ Hee must have a long spoon, shall eat with the devill. — HEYWOOD : *Proverbes*, part ii. chap. v.

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil. — SHAKESPEARE : *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. 3.

⁴ Thales was asked what was very difficult ; he said, "To know one's self." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS : *Thales*, ix.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.

POPE : *Epistle ii. line 1.*

Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.¹

Canterbury Tales. The Nonnes Preestes Tale. Line 15058.

But all thing which that shineth as the gold
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told.²

The Chanones Yemannes Tale. Line 16430.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine and kepen wel thy tonge.

The Manciples Tale. Line 17281

The proverbe saith that many a smale maketh a grate.³

Persones Tale,

Of harmes two the lesse is for to cheese.⁴

Troilus and Creseide. Book ii. Line 470.

Right as an aspen lefe she gan to quake.

Line 1291

For of fortunes sharpe adversite,
'The worst kind of inortune is this, —
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember whan it passed is.

Book iii. Line 1625.

¹ Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.*

² Tyrwhitt says this is taken from the *Parabolæ* of ALANUS DE INSULIS, who died in 1294, — Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum (Do not hold everything as gold which shines like gold).

All is not golde that outward shewith bright. — LYDGATE: *On the Mutability of Human Affairs.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem. — SPENSER: *Faerie Queene, book ii. canto viii. st. 14.*

All that glisters is not gold. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 7.* GOOGE: *Eglogs, etc., 1563.* HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.*

All is not gold that glisteneth. — MIDDLETON: *A Fair Quarrel, verse 1*
All, as they say, that glitters is not gold. — DRYDEN: *The Hind and the Panther.*

Que tout n'est pas or c'on voit luire (Everything is not gold that one sees shining). — *Li Diz de freire Denise Cordelier, circa 1300.*

³ Many small make a great. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part 1. chap. xi.*

⁴ Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. — THOMAS À KEMPIS: *Imitation of Christ, book ii. chap. xii.* HOOKER: *Polity, book v. chap. lxxv.*

Of two evils I have chose the least. — PRIOR: *Imitation of Horace*

E duobus malis minimum eligendum (Of two evils, the least should be chosen). — ERASMUS: *Adages.* CICERO: *De Officiis, iii. 1.*

He helde about him alway, out of drede,
A world of folke.

Canterbury Tales. Troilus and Creseide. Book iii. Line 1721

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.¹

Book iv. Line 435.

Eke wonder last but nine deies never in toun.² *Line 525.*

I am right sorry for your heavinesse. *Book v. Line 146.*

Go, little booke! go, my little tragedie! *Line 1798.*

Your duty is, as ferre as I can gesse.

The Court of Love. Line 178.

The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,³

Th' assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering.

The Assembly of Fowles. Line 1.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere;

And out of old bookes, in good faithe,

Cometh al this new science that men lere. *Line 22.*

Nature, the vicar of the Almighty Lord. *Line 379.*

O little booke, thou art so unconning,

How darst thou put thy-self in prees for drede?

The Flower and the Leaf. Line 59.

Of all the floures in the mede,

Than love I most these floures white and rede,

Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.

Prologue of the Legend of Good Women. Line 41.

That well by reason men it call may

The daisie, or els the eye of the day,

The emprise, and floure of floures all. *Line 183.*

For iii may keep a counsel if twain be away.⁴

The Ten Commandments of Love.

¹ Went in at the tone eare and out at the tother. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes, part ii. chap. ix.*

² This wonder lasted nine daies. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes, part ii. chap. i.*

³ *Ars longa, vita brevis* (Art is long: life is brief). — HIPPOCRATES: *Aphorism i.*

⁴ Three may keepe counsayle, if two be away. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes part ii. chap. v.*

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380-1471.

Man proposes, but God disposes.¹

Imitation of Christ. Book i. Chap. 19.

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.²

Chap. 23.

Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen.³

Book iii. Chap. 12.



JOHN FORTESCUE. Circa 1395-1485.

Moche Crye and no Wull.⁴ *De Laudibus Leg. Angliæ. Chap. x.*

Comparisons are odious.⁵ *Chap. xix.*

¹ This expression is of much greater antiquity. It appears in the *Chronicle of Battel Abbey*, p. 27 (Lower's translation), and in *The Vision of Piers Ploughman*, line 13994. ed. 1550.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. — *Proverbs xvi. 9.*

² Out of syght, out of mynd. — GOOGE: *Eglogs. 1563.*

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

Lord BROOKE: *Sonnet lvt.*

Fer from eze, fer from herte,

Quoth Hendyng.

HENDYNG: *Proverbs, MSS. Circa 1320.*

I do perceive that the old proverbis be not alwaies trew, for I do finde that the absence of my Nath. doth breede in me the more continuall remembrance of him. — *Anne Lady Bacon to Jane Lady Cornwallis, 1613.*

On page 19 of *The Private Correspondence of Lady Cornwallis*, Sir Nathaniel Bacon speaks of the *owolde proverbe*, "Out of sighte, out of mynde."

³ See Chaucer, page 5.

⁴ All cry and no wool. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 852.*

⁵ CERVANTES: *Don Quixote* (Lockhart's ed.), part ii. chap. i. LYLY: *Euphues, 1580.* MARLOWE: *Lust's Dominion, act iii. sc. 4.* BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. 3.* THOMAS HEYWOOD: *A Woman killed with Kindness* (first ed. in 1607), act i. sc. 1. DONNE: *Elegy, viii.* HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.* GRANGE: *Golden Aphrodite.*

Comparisons are odorous. — SHAKESPEARE: *Much Ado about Nothing, act iii. sc. 5.*

JOHN SKELTON. *Circa* 1460–1529.

There is nothyng that more dyspleaseth God,
Than from theyr children to spare the rod.¹

Magnyfycence. Line 1954.

He ruleth all the roste.² *Why Come ye not to Courte. Line 198.*

In the spight of his teeth.³ *Colyn Cloute. Line 939.*

He knew what is what.⁴ *Line 1106.*

By hoke ne by croke.⁵ *Line 1240.*

The wolfe from the dore. *Line 1531.*

Old proverbe says,

That byrd ys not honest

That fyleth hys owne nest.⁶ *Poems against Garnesche.*

JOHN HEYWOOD.⁷ *Circa* 1565.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,

As sages in all times assert;

The happy man's without a shirt. *Be Merry Friends.*

¹ He that spareth the rod hateth his son. — *Proverbs xiii. 24.*

They spare the rod and spoyle the child. — RALPH VENNING: *Mysteries and Revelations* (second ed.), p. 5. 1649.

Spare the rod and spoil the child. — BUTLER: *Hudibras*, pt. ii. c. i. l. 843.

² Rule the rost. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes*, part i. chap. v.

Her that ruled the rost. — THOMAS HEYWOOD: *History of Women.*

Rules the roast. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho*, act ii. sc. 1. SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI*, act i. sc. 1.

³ In spite of my teeth. — MIDDLETON: *A Trick to catch the Old One*, act i. sc. 2. FIELDING: *Eurydice Hissed.*

⁴ He knew what's what. — BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part i. canto i. line 149.

⁵ In hope her to attain by hook or crook. — SPENSER: *Faerie Queene*, book iii. canto i. st. 17.

⁶ It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne nest. — HEYWOOD: *Proverbes*, part ii. chap. v.

⁷ The *Proverbes* of John Heywood is the earliest collection of English colloquial sayings. It was first printed in 1546. The title of the edition of 1562 is, *John Heywoodes Woorkes. A Dialogue conteynyng the number of the effectuall proverbes in the English tounge, compact in a matter concernyng two maner of Maryages*, etc. The selection here given is from the edition of 1874 (a reprint of 1598), edited by Julian Sharman.

Let the world slide,¹ let the world go;
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
 If I can't pay, why I can owe,
 And death makes equal the high and low.

Be Merry Friends.

All a green willow, willow,
 All a green willow is my garland.

The Green Willow.

Haste maketh waste.

Proverbs. Part i. Chap. ii.

Beware of, Had I wist.²

Ibid.

Good to be merie and wise.³

Ibid.

Beaten with his owne rod.⁴

Ibid.

Look ere ye leape.⁵

Ibid.

He that will not when he may,
 When he would he shall have nay.⁶

Chap. iii.

The fat is in the fire.⁷

Ibid

¹ Let the world slide. — *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 101 (1420). SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew*, *induc. 1.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money*, *act v. sc. 2.*

² A common exclamation of regret occurring in Spenser, Harrington, and the older writers. An earlier instance of the phrase occurs in the *Towneley Mysteries*.

³ 'Tis good to be merry and wise. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho*, *act i. sc. 1.* BURNS: *Here's a health to them that's awa'.*

⁴ don fust

C'on kint souvent est-on batu.

(By his own stick the prudent one is often beaten.)

Roman du Renart, circa 1300.

⁵ Look ere thou leap. — In *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557; and in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Of Wiving and Thriving.* 1573.

Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leapt. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON: *Eastward Ho*, *act v. sc. 1.*

Look before you ere you leap. — BUTLER: *Hudibras*, *pt. ii. c. ii. l. 502.*

⁶ He that will not when he may,
 When he will he shall have nay.

BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *pt. iii. sec. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5.*

He that wold not when he might,
 He shall not when he wolda.

The Baffled Knight. PERCY: *Reliques*

⁷ All the fatt's in the fire. — MARSTON: *What You Will.* 1607

When the sunne shineth, make hay.

Proverbes. Part i. Chap. iii.

When the iron is hot, strike.¹

Ibid.

The tide tarrieth no man.²

Ibid.

Than catch and hold while I may, fast binde, fast finde.³

Ibid.

And while I at length debate and beate the bush,

There shall steppe in other men and catch the burdes.⁴

Ibid.

While betweene two stooles my taile goe to the ground.⁵

Ibid.

So many heads so many wits.⁶

Ibid.

Wedding is destiny,

And hanging likewise.⁷

Ibid.

¹ You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 262.

Strike whilst the iron is hot. — RABELAIS: *book ii. chap. xxxi.* WEBSTER: *Westward Hoe. Tom A'Lincolne.* FARQUHAR: *The Beaux' Stratagem, iv. 1.*

² Hoist up saile while gale doth last,

Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL: *St. Peter's Complaint. 1595.*

Nae man can tether time or tide. — BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter.*

³ Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 5.*

Also in *Jests of Scogin. 1565.*

⁴ It is this proverb which Henry V. is reported to have uttered at the siege of Orleans. "Shall I beat the bush and another take the bird?" said King Henry.

⁵ Entre deux arcouns chet cul à terre (Between two stools one sits on the ground). — *Les Proverbes del Vilain, MS. Bodleian. Circa 1303.*

S'asseoir entre deux selles le cul à terre (One falls to the ground in trying to sit on two stools). — RABELAIS: *book i. chap. ii.*

⁶ As many men, so many minds. — TERENCE: *Phormio, ii. 3.*

As the saying is, So many heades, so many wittes. — QUEEN ELIZABETH: *Godly Meditacyon of the Christian Sowle. 1548.*

So many men so many mindes. — GASCOIGNE: *Glass of Government.*

⁷ Hanging and wiving go by destiny. — *The Schole-hous for Women. 1541.* SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice, act 2. sc. 9.*

Marriage and hanging go by destiny; matches are made in heaven. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. 2, mem. 5, subs. 5.*

Happy man, happy dole. ¹	<i>Proverbes. Part i. Chap. iii.</i>
God never sends th' mouth but he sendeth meat.	<i>Chap. iv.</i>
Like will to like.	<i>Ibid.</i>
A hard beginning maketh a good ending.	<i>Ibid.</i>
When the skie falth we shall have Larkes. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
More frayd then hurt.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Feare may force a man to cast beyond the moone. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
Nothing is impossible to a willing hart.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The wise man sayth, store is no sore.	<i>Chap. v.</i>
Let the world wagge, ⁴ and take mine ease in myne Inne. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
Rule the rost. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
Hold their noses to grinstone. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
Better to give then to take. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
When all candles bee out, all cats be gray.	<i>Ibid.</i>
No man ought to looke a given horse in the mouth. ⁹	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ Happy man be his dole. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives*, act iii. sc. 4; *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2. BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part i. canto iii. line 168.

² Si les nues tomboyent esperoyt prendre les alouettes (If the skies fall, one may hope to catch larks). — RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.*

³ To cast beyond the moon, is a phrase in frequent use by the old writers. LYLY: *Euphues*, p. 78. THOMAS HEYWOOD: *A Woman Killed with Kindness*.

⁴ Let the world slide. — SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew*, ind. 1; and, Let the world slip, ind. 2.

⁵ Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry IV.* act iii. sc. 2.

⁶ See Skelton, page 8. SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry VI.* act i. sc. 1. THOMAS HEYWOOD: *History of Women*.

⁷ Hold their noses to the grindstone. — MIDDLETON: *Blurt, Master-Constable*, act iii. sc. 3.

⁸ It is more blessed to give than to receive. — *Acts. xx. 35.*

⁹ This proverb occurs in Rabelais, book i. chap. xi.; in *Vulgaria Stambriigi*, circa 1510; in Butler, part i. canto i. line 490. Archbishop Trench says this proverb is certainly as old as Jerome of the fourth century, who, when some found fault with certain writings of his, replied that they were free-will offerings, and that it did not behove to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I perfectly feele even at my fingers end. ¹	<i>Proverbes. Part 5. Chap. vi.</i>
A sleeveless errand. ²	<i>Chap. vii.</i>
We both be at our wittes end. ³	<i>Chap. viii.</i>
Reckeners without their host must reckon twice.	<i>Ibid.</i>
A day after the faire. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
Cut my cote after my cloth. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
The neer to the church, the further from God. ⁶	<i>Chap. ix.</i>
Now for good lucke, cast an old shooe after me.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Better is to bow then breake. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
It hurteth not the toung to give faire words. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
Two heads are better then one.	<i>Ibid.</i>
A short horse is soone currid. ⁹	<i>Chap. x.</i>
To tell tales out of schoole.	<i>Ibid.</i>
To hold with the hare and run with the hound. ¹⁰	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ RABELAIS: *book iv. chap. liv.* At my fingers' ends. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 3.*

² The origin of the word "sleeveless," in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful research. It is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleeveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleeveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the *Testament of Love*. — SHARMAN.

³ At their wit's end. — *Psalm cvii. 27.*

⁴ THOMAS HEYWOOD: *If you know not me, etc., 1605.* TARLTON: *Jests, 1611.*

⁵ A relic of the Sumptuary Laws. One of the earliest instances occurs, 1530, in the interlude of *Godly Queene Hester*.

⁶ Qui est près de l'église est souvent loin de Dieu (He who is near the Church is often far from God). — *Les Proverbes Communs. Circa 1500.*

⁷ Rather to bowe than breke is profitable;
Humylite is a thing commendable.

The Morale Proverbs of Cristyne; translated from the French (1390) by Earl Rivers, and printed by Caxton in 1478.

⁸ Fair words never hurt the tongue. — JONSON, CHAPMAN, MARSTON. *Eastward Ho, act iv. sc 1.*

⁹ FLETCHER: *Valentinian, act ii. sc. 1.*

¹⁰ HUMPHREY ROBERT: *Complaint for Reformation, 1572.* LYLly: *Euphues, 1579* (Arber's reprint), p. 107.

- She is nether fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.¹
Proverbs. Part i. Chap. x.
- All is well that endes well.² *Ibid.*
- Of a good beginning cometh a good end.³ *Ibid.*
- Shee had seene far in a milstone.⁴ *Ibid.*
- Better late than never.⁵ *Ibid.*
- When the steede is stolne, shut the stable durre.⁶ *Ibid.*
- Pryde will have a fall;
- For pryde goeth before and shame commeth after.⁷ *Ibid.*
- She looketh as butter would not melt in her mouth.⁸
Ibid.
- The still sowe eats up all the draffe.⁹ *Ibid.*
- Ill weede growth fast.¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹ Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring. — SIR H. SHERES: *Satyr on the Sea Officers*. TOM BROWN: *Aeneas Sylvius's Letter*. DRYDEN: *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*.

² Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit (If the end be well, all will be well). — *Gestæ Romanorum. Tale lxxii.*

³ Who that well his warke beginneth,
 The rather a good ende he winneth.

GOWER: *Confessio Amantis*.

⁴ LYLly: *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 288.

⁵ TUSSEr: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, An Habitation Enforced*. BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress*. MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries, Matthew xxi*. MURPHY: *The School for Guardians*.

Potius sero quam nunquam (Rather late than never). — LIVY: *iv. ii. 11*.

⁶ Quant le cheval est emblé donke ferme fols l'estable (When the horse has been stolen, the fool shuts the stable). — *Les Proverbes del Vilain*.

⁷ Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. — *Proverbs xvi. 18*.

Pryde goeth before, and shame cometh behynde. — *Trentise of a Gallant, Circa 1510*.

⁸ She looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth. — SWIFT: *Polite Conversation*.

⁹ 'Tis old, but true, still swine eat all the draff. — SHAKESPEARE: *Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv. sc. 2*.

¹⁰ Ewyl weed ys sone y-growe. — *MS. Harleian, circa 1490*.

An ill weed grows apace. — CHAPMAN: *An Humorous Day's Mirth*.

Great weeds do grow apace. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III. act ii. sc. 4*.
 BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Coxcomb, act iv. sc. 4*.

It is a deere collop That is cut out of th' owne flesh. ¹	<i>Proverbes. Part i. Chap. x.</i>
Beggars should be no choosers. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
Every cocke is proud on his owne dunghill. ³	<i>Chap. xi.</i>
The rolling stone never gathereth mosse. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
To robbe Peter and pay Poule. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
A man may well bring a horse to the water, But he cannot make him drinke without he will.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Men say, kinde will creepe where it may not goe. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
The cat would eate fish, and would not wet her feete. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
While the grasse groweth the horse starveth. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ God knows thou art a collop of my flesh. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry VI. act v. sc. 4.*

² Beggars must be no choosers. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady, act v. sc. 3.*

³ pet coc is kene on his owne mixenne. — *pe Ancren Riwle. Circa 1250.*

⁴ The stone that is rolling can gather no moss. — TUSSEY: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

A rolling stone gathers no moss. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 524.* GOSSON: *Ephemerides of Phialo.* MARSTON: *The Fawn.*

Pierre volage ne queult mousse (A rolling stone gathers no moss). — *De l'hermite qui se désespéra pour le larron que ala en paradis avant que lui, 13th century.*

⁵ To rob Peter and pay Paul is said to have derived its origin when, in the reign of Edward VI., the lands of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to raise money for the repair of St. Paul's in London.

⁶ You know that love

Will creep in service when it cannot go.

SHAKESPEARE: *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iv. sc. 2.*

⁷ Shakespeare alludes to this proverb in *Macbeth*: —

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Cat lufat visch, ac he nele his feth wete. — *MS. Trinity College, Cambridge, circa 1250.*

⁸ Whylst grass doth grow, oft sterves the seely steede. — WHETSTONE: *Promos and Cassandra. 1578.*

While the grass grows —
The proverb is something musty.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act iii. sc. 4.*

Better one byrde in hand than ten in the wood. ¹	<i>Proverbs. Part i. Chap. xi.</i>
Rome was not built in one day.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Yee have many strings to your bowe. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
Many small make a great. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
Children learne to creepe ere they can learne to goe.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Better is halfe a lofe than no bread.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Nought venter nought have. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
Children and fooles cannot lye. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
Set all at sixe and seven. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
All is fish that comth to net. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
Who is worse shod than the shoemaker's wife? ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
One good turne asketh another.	<i>Ibid.</i>
By hooke or crooke. ⁹	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ An earlier instance occurs in Heywood, in his "Dialogue on Wit and Folly," circa 1530.

² Two strings to his bow. — HOOKEV: *Polity, book v. chap. lxxx.* CHAPMAN: *D'Ambois, act ii. sc. 3.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part iii. canto i. line 1.* CHURCHILL: *The Ghost, book iv.* FIELDING: *Love in Several Masques sc. 13.*

³ See Chaucer, page 5

⁴ Naught venture naught have. — TUSSEK: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. October Abstract.*

⁵ 'T is an old saw, Children and fooles speake true. — LYLly: *Endymion.*

⁶ Set all on six and seven. — CHAUCER: *Canterbury Tales and Cresseide, book iv. line 623;* also *Turneley Mysteries*

At six and seven — SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV. act ii. sc. 2.*

⁷ All's fish they get that cometh to net. — TUSSEK: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. February Abstract.*

Where all is fish that cometh to net. — STEELE: *Steele Glas. 1575.*

⁸ Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself. — HARRISON: *Anatomy of Melancholy. Discov'ritus to the Reader.*

⁹ This phrase derives its origin from the custom of certain manors where tenants are authorized to take fire-bote *by hooke or by crooke*; that is, so much of the underwood as may be cut with a crook, and so much of the loose timber as may be collected from the boughs by means of a hook. One of the earliest instances of this proverb occurs in John Ascholle's *Controversia Tracts, circa 1370*. — See Skelton, page 8. RABELAIS: *book v. chap. xiii.* DU BARTAS: *The Map of Man.* SPENSER: *Fairy Queene, book iii. canto 1. st. 17.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Women Pleas'd, act i. sc. 3.*

- She frieth in her owne grease.¹ *Proverbes. Part i. Chap. xvi*
- Who waite for dead men shall goe long barefoote. *Ibid.*
- I pray thee let me and my fellow have
A haire of the dog that bit us last night.² *Ibid.*
- But in deede,
A friend is never knowne till a man have neede. *Ibid.*
- This wonder (as wonders last) lasted nine daies.³
Part ii. Chap. i.
- New brome swepth cleene.⁴ *Ibid.*
- All thing is the woorse for the wearing. *Ibid.*
- Burnt child fire dredth.⁵ *Chap. ii.*
- All is not Gospell that thou doest speake.⁶ *Ibid.*
- Love me litle, love me long.⁷ *Ibid.*
- A fooles bolt is soone shot.⁸ *Chap. iii.*
- A woman hath nine lives like a cat.⁹ *Chap. iv.*
- A peny for your thought.¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹ See Chaucer, page 3.

² In old receipt books we find it invariably advised that an inebriate should drink sparingly in the morning some of the same liquor which he had drunk to excess over-night.

³ See Chaucer, page 6.

⁴ Ah, weil I wot that a new broome sweepeth cleane — LYLY : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 89.

⁵ Brend child fur dredth,
Quoth Hendyng.

Proverbes of Hendyng. MSS.

A burnt child dreadeth the fire. — LYLY : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 319.

⁶ You do not speak gospel. — RABELAIS : *book i. chap. xiii.*

⁷ MARLOWE : *Jew of Malta, act iv. sc. 6* BACON : *Formularies.*

⁸ Sottes bolt is sone shote. — *Proverbes of Hendyng. MSS.*

⁹ It has been the Providence of Nature to give this creature nine lives instead of one. — PILPAY : *The Greedy and Ambitious Cat, fable iii.* B. C.

¹⁰ LYLY : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 80.

You stand in your owne light.	<i>Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. iv.</i>
Though chaunge be no robbry.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Might have gone further and have fared worse.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The grey mare is the better horse. ¹	<i>Ibid.</i>
Thre may keepe counsayle, if two be away. ²	<i>Chap. v.</i>
Small pitchers have wyde eares. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
Many hands make light warke.	<i>Ibid.</i>
The greatest Clerkes be not the wisest men. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
Out of Gods blessing into the warme Sunne. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
There is no fire without some smoke. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
One swallow maketh not summer. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
Fieldes have eies and woods have eares. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
A cat may looke on a King.	<i>Ibid.</i>

¹ *Pryde and Abuse of Women. 1550. The Marriage of True Wit and Science.* BUTLER : *Hudibras, part ii. canto i. line 698.* FIELDING : *The Grub Street Opera, act ii. sc. 4.* PRIOR : *Epilogue to Lucius.*

Lord Macaulay (*History of England, vol. i. chap. iii.*) thinks that this proverb originated in the preference generally given to the gray mares of Flanders over the finest coach-horses of England. Macaulay, however, is writing of the latter half of the seventeenth century, while the proverb was used a century earlier.

² See Chaucer, page 6.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away. — SHAKESPEARE. *Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 2.*

³ Pitchers have ears. — SHAKESPEARE : *Richard III. act ii. sc. 4.*

⁴ See Chaucer, page 3.

⁵ Thou shalt come out of a warme sunne into Gods blessing. — LYL : *Euphues.*

Thou out of Heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun.

SHAKESPEARE : *Lear, act ii. sc. 2.*

⁶ Ther can no great smoke arise, but there must be some fire. — LYL : *Euphues* (Arber's reprint), p. 153.

⁷ One swallowe proueth not that summer is neare. — NORTHBROOKE *Treatise against Dancing. 1577.*

⁸ See Chaucer, page 2.

It is a foule byrd that fyleth his owne nest.¹

Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. v.

Have yee him on the hip.²

Ibid.

Hee must have a long spoone, shall eat with the devill.³

Ibid.

It had need to bee

A wylie mouse that should breed in the cats eare.⁴

Ibid.

Leape out of the frying pan into the fyre.⁵

Ibid.

Time trieth troth in every doubt.⁶

Ibid.

Mad as a march hare.⁷

Ibid.

Much water goeth by the mill

That the miller knoweth not of.⁸

Ibid.

He must needs goe whom the devill doth drive.⁹

Chap. vii.

Set the cart before the horse.¹⁰

Ibid.

¹ See Skelton, page 8.

² I have thee on the hip. — SHAKESPEARE : *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1 ; *Othello*, act ii. sc. 7.

³ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁴ A hardy mouse that is bold to breede
In cattis eeris.

Order of Foles. MS. circa 1450.

⁵ The same in *Don Quixote* (Lockhart's ed.), part i. book iii. chap. iv. BUNYAN : *Pilgrim's Progress*. FLETCHER : *The Wild-Goose Chase*, act iv. sc. 3.

⁶ Time trieth truth. — *Tottel's Miscellany*, reprint 1867, p. 221.

Time tries the troth in everything. — TUSSEER : *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Author's Epistle*, chap. i.

⁷ I saye, thou madde March hare. — SKELTON : *Replycation against certayne yong scolers*.

⁸ More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.

SHAKESPEARE : *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. sc. 7.

⁹ An earlier instance of this proverb occurs in Heywood's *Johan the Husbande. 1533*.

He must needs go whom the devil drives. — SHAKESPEARE : *All's Well hat Ends Well*, act i. sc. 3. CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*, part i. book iv. chap. iv. GOSSON : *Ephemerides of Phialo*. PEELE : *Edward I*.

¹⁰ Others set carts before the horses. — RABELAIS : *book v. chap. xxii*.

- The moe the merrier.¹ *Proverbes. Part ii. Chap. vii.*
- To th' end of a shot and beginning of a fray.² *Ibid.*
- It is better to be
- An old man's derling than a yong man's werling. *Ibid.*
- Be the day never so long,
- Evermore at last they ring to evensong.³ *Ibid.*
- The moone is made of a greene cheese.⁴ *Ibid.*
- I know on which side my bread is buttred. *Ibid.*
- It will not out of the flesh that is bred in the bone.⁵
Chap. viii
- Who is so deafe or so blinde as is hee
That wilfully will neither heare nor see ?⁶ *Chap. ix.*
- The wrong sow by th' eare.⁷ *Ibid.*
- Went in at the tone eare and out at the tother.⁸ *Ibid.*
- Love me, love my dog.⁹ *Ibid.*

¹ GASCOIGNE: *Roses*, 1575. *Title of a Book of Epigrams*, 1608. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady*, act i. sc. 1; *The Sea Voyage*, act i. sc. 2.

² To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast. — SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry IV. act iv. sc. 2.*

³ Be the day short or never so long,
At length it ringeth to even song.

Quoted at the Stake by George Tankerfield (1555).
Fox: *Book of Martyrs*, chap. vii. p. 346.

⁴ *Jack Jugler*, p. 46. RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.* BLACKKLOCH: *Hatchet of Heresies*, 1565. BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part ii. canto iii. line 265.

⁵ What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh. — PILPAY: *The Two Fishermen*, fable xiv.

It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. — JONSON: *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. 1.

⁶ None so deaf as those that will not hear. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries. Psalm lviii.*

⁷ He has the wrong sow by the ear. — JONSON: *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁸ See Chaucer, page 6.

⁹ CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears*, 1612.

A proverb in the time of Saint Bernard was, Qui me amat, amet et canem meum (Who loves me will love my dog also). — *Sermo Primus.*

- An ill winde that bloweth no man to good.¹
Proverbes. Part i. Chap. ix
- For when I gave you an inch, you tooke an ell.² *Ibid*
- Would yee both eat your cake and have your cake? ³
Ibid.
- Every man for himselfe and God for us all.⁴ *Ibid*
- Though he love not to buy the pig in the poke.⁵ *Ibid.*
- This hitteth the naile on the hed.⁶ *Chap. xi.*
- Enough is as good as a feast.⁷ *Ibid.*



THOMAS TUSSER. *Circa 1515–1580.*

- God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat.⁸
Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry
- Except wind stands as never it stood,
 It is an ill wind turns none to good.
A Description of the Properties of Wind.
- At Christmas play and make good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.
The Farmer's Daily Diet.

¹ *Falstaff*. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pistol Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.

SHAKESPEARE: *2 Henry IV. act v. sc. 3.*

² Give an inch, he'll take an ell. — WEBSTER: *Sir Thomas Wyatt*.

³ Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it? — HERBERT: *The Sise*.

⁴ Every man for himself, his own ends, the devil for all. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. i. mem. iii.*

⁵ For buying or selling of pig in a poke. — TUSSER: *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. September Abstract.*

⁶ You have there hit the nail on the head. — RABELAIS: *bk. iii. ch. xxxi.*

⁷ *Dives and Pauper, 1493.* GASCOIGNE: *Poesies, 1575.* POPE: *Horace, book i. Ep. vii. line 24.* FIELDING: *Covent Garden Tragedy, act v. sc. 1.* BICKERSTAFF: *Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.*

⁸ God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks. — JOHN TAYLOR: *Works, vol. vi. p. 85 (1630).* RAY: *Proverbs.* GARRICK: *Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Such mistress, such Nan,
Such master, such man.¹

*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry
April's Abstract.*

Who goeth a borrowing
Goeth a sorrowing.

June's Abstract.

'T is merry in hall
Where beards wag all.²

August's Abstract.

Naught venture naught have.³

October's Abstract.

Dry sun, dry wind;
Safe bind, safe find.⁴

Washing



RICHARD EDWARDS. *Circa 1523–1566.*

The fallyng out of faithfull frends is the renyung of loue.⁵
The Paradise of Dainty Devices.

¹ On the authority of M. Cimber, of the Bibliothèque Royale, we owe this proverb to Chevalier Bayard: "Tel maitre, tel valet."

² Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.

Life of Alexander, 1312.

This has been wrongly attributed to Adam Davie. There the line runs,—
Swithe mury hit is in halle,
When burdes waiven alle.

³ See Heywood, page 15.

⁴ See Heywood, page 10. SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*, act ii. sc. 5.

⁵ The anger of lovers renews the strength of love. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 24.*

Let the falling out of friends be a renewing of affection. — LYL: *Euphues.*

The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii. sec. 2.

Amantium iræ amoris integratiost (The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love). — TERENCE: *Andria*, act iii. sc. 5.

EDWARD DYER. *Circa* 1540–1607.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such present joys therein I find,
 That it excels all other bliss
 That earth affords or grows by kind :
 Though much I want which most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

MS. Rawl. 85, p. 17.¹

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
 I little have, and seek no more :
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich with little store :
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I have ; they pine, I live.

Ibid

BISHOP STILL (JOHN). 1543–1607.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.

Gammer Gurton's Needle.² Act ii.

¹ There is a very similar but anonymous copy in the British Museum. Additional MS. 15225, p. 85. And there is an imitation in J. Sylvester's Works, p. 651. — HANNAH : *Courtly Poets*.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That God and Nature hath assigned.
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

BYRD : *Psalmes, Sonnets, etc.* 1588.

My mind to me an empire is,
 While grace affordeth health.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1560–1595) : *Loo Home*.

Mens regnum bona possidet (A good mind possesses a kingdom). — SENECA : *Thyestes, ii.* 380.

² Stated by Dyce to be from a MS. of older date than *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. See Skelton's Works (Dyce's ed.), vol. i. pp. vii–x, note.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

Gammer Gurton's Needle. Act ii

THOMAS STERNHOLD. *Circa 1549.*

The Lord descended from above
 And bow'd the heavens high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
 Full royally he rode;
 And on the wings of all the winds
 Came flying ail abroad.

A Metrical Version of Psalm cix

MATHEW ROYDON. *Circa 1586.*

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
 A full assurance given by lookes,
 Continuall comfort in a face
 The lineaments of Gospell bookes.

An Elegie; or Friend's Passion for his Astrophill.¹

Was never eie did see that face,
 Was never eare did heare that tong,
 Was never minde did minde his grace,
 That ever thought the travell long;
 But eies and eares and ev'ry thought
 Were with his sweete perfections caught. *Ibid.*

¹ This piece (ascribed to Spenser) was printed in *The Phoenix' Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. Todd has shown that it was written by Mathew Roydon.

SIR EDWARD COKE. 1549-1634.

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.

First Institute.

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. . . . The law, which is perfection of reason.¹

Ibid.

For a man's house is his castle, *et domus sua cuique tutissimum refugium.*²

Third Institute. Page 162.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence as for his repose.

Semayne's Case, 5 Rep. 91.

They (corporations) cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls.

Case of Sutton's Hospital, 10 Rep. 32.

Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign.

Debate in the Commons, May 17, 1628.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on Nature fix.³

Translation of lines quoted by Coke



GEORGE PEELE. 1552-1598.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.

Sonnet. Polyhymnia.

¹ Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason. — SIR JOHN POWELL: *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2 *Ld. Raym. Rep. p. 911.*

² *Pandects, lib. ii. tit. iv. De in Jus vocando.*

³ Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

Sir WILLIAM JONES.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
 And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.

Sonnet. Polyhymnia

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
 Concludes with Cupid's curse:
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray gods, they change for worse!

Cupid's Curse



SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1552-1618.

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd.

Fain would I, but I dare not; I dare, and yet I may not;
 I may, although I care not, for pleasure when I play not.

Fain Would I

Passions are likened best to floods and streams:
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.¹

The Silent Lover.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words, though ne'er so witty:
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Ibid.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless arrant:
 Fear not to touch the best.
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

The Lie.

¹ Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labi (The deepest rivers flow with the least sound). — Q. CURTIUS, vii. 4. 13.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. — SHAKESPEARE: ?
Henry VI. act iii. sc. 2.

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay.¹

Verses to Edmund Spenser.

Cowards [may] fear to die ; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.

On the snuff of a candle the night before he died.— Raleigh's
Remains, p. 258, ed. 1661.

Even such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust ;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust !

Written the night before his death.— Found in his
Bible in the Gate-house at Westminster.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell ?

Poem.

If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be ?²

Ibid.

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be ?

Ibid.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.³

[History] hath triumphed over time, which besides it
nothing but eternity hath triumphed over.

Historie of the World. Preface.

O eloquent, just, and mightie Death ! whom none could
advise, thou hast perswaded ; what none hath dared,
thou hast done ; and whom all the world hath flattered,

¹ Methought I saw my late espoused saint. — MILTON: *Sonnet xxiii.*

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne. — WORDSWORTH: *Sonnet.*

² If she be not so to me,

What care I how fair she be ?

GEORGE WITHER: *The Shepherd's Resolution.*

³ Written in a glass window obvious to the Queen's eye. " Her Majesty, either espying or being shown it, did under-write, ' If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all ' " — FULLER: *Worthies of England, vol. i. p. 419.*

thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawne together all the farre stretchèd greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Book v. Part 1.



EDMUND SPENSER. 1553-1599.

Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my
song.¹ *Faerie Queene. Introduction. St. 1*

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine.
Book i. Canto i. St. 1.

O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread! *St. 6.*

The noblest mind the best contentment has. *St. 35.*

A bold bad man.² *St. 37.*

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place. *Canto iii. St. 4.*

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!³
Canto viii. St. 1.

As when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,⁴
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing. *St. 11.*

Entire affection hateth nicer hands. *St. 40.*

¹ And moralized his song. — POPE: *Epistle to Arbuthnot. Line 340.*

² This bold bad man. — SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VIII. act ii. sc. 2.*
MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, act iv. sc. 2.*

³ Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto iii. line 1.*

⁴ "Milky Mothers," — POPE: *The Dunciad, book ii. line 247.* SCOTT: *The Monastery, chap. xxviii.*

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullēin mind.

Faerie Queene. Canto ix. St. 35.

No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

Book ii. Canto vi. St. 12.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these Creatures bace?

Canto viii. St. 1.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!

St. 2

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound.

Canto xiii. St. 70.

Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,¹
In hope her to attain by hook or crook.²

Book iii. Canto i. St. 17.

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,³

And her conception of the joyous Prime. *Canto vi. St. 3.*

Roses reū and violets blew,

And all the sweetest flowres that in the forrest grew.

St. 6.

Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold.⁴

Canto xi. St. 54.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

Book iv. Canto ii. St. 32.

¹ Through thick and thin. — DRAYTON: *Nymphidiæ*. MIDDLETON: *The Roaring Girl*, act iv. sc. 2. KEMP: *Nine Days Wonder*. BUTLER: *Hudibras*, part i. canto ii. line 370. DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, part ii. line 414. POPE: *Dunciad*, book ii. COWPER: *John Gilpin*.

² See Skelton, page 8.

³ The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Psalm cx. 3*, *Book of Common Prayer*.

⁴ De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace (Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness). — DANTON: *Speech in the Legislative Assembly*, 1792.

For all that Nature by her mother-wit¹
 Could frame in earth. *Faerie Queene. Book iv. Canto x St. 21.*
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.
Book v. Canto ii. St. 43.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
 How can he mercy ever hope to have ?² *St. 42.*

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne ;
 For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed
 As by his manners. *Book vi. Canto iii. St. 1.*

For we by conquest, of our souveraine might,
 And by eternall doome of Fate's decree,
 Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright.
Book vii. Canto vi. St. 33.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.
An Hymne in Honour of Beautie. Line 132.

For all that faire is, is by nature good ;³
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood. *Line 139.*

To kerke the narre from God more farre,⁴
 Has bene an old-sayd sawe ;
 And he that strives to touche a starre
 Oft stombles at a strawe.
The Shepheardes Calender. July. Line 97

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.

.

¹ Mother wit. — MARLOWE : *Prologue to Tamberlaine the Great, part 4.*
 MIDDLETON : *Your Five Gallants, act i. sc. 1.* SHAKESPEARE : *Taming
 of the Shrew, act ii. sc. 1.*

² Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. — *Matthew v. 7.*

³ The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good. — SHAKESPEARE : *Measure for Measure, act iii. sc. 1.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 12.

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;¹
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !

Mother Hubberds Tale. Line 895

What more felicitie can fall to creature
 Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
 And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature.

Muipotmos: or, The Fate of the Butterflie. Line 209.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 To see all things, but not my love to see.

Daphnaida, v. 407.

Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
 Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take.²

Amoretti, lxx.

I was promised on a time
 To have reason for my rhyme ;
 From that time unto this season,
 I received nor rhyme nor reason.³

Lines on his Promised Pension.⁴

¹ Eat not thy heart ; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares. — PLUTARCH : *Of the Training of Children.*

But suffered idleness

To eat his heart away.

BRYANT : *Homer's Iliad, book i. line 319.*

² Take Time by the forelock. — THALES (of Miletus). 636-546 B. C.

³ Rhyme nor reason. — *Pierre Patelin*, quoted by Tyndale in 1530. *Farce du Vendeur des Lieures*, sixteenth century. PEELE : *Edward I.* SHAKESPEARE : *As You Like It. act iii. sc. 2* ; *Merry Wives of Windsor, act v. sc. 5* ; *Comedy of Errors, act ii. sc. 2.*

Sir Thomas More advised an author, who had sent him his manuscript to read, "to put it in rhyme." Which being done, Sir Thomas said, "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

⁴ FULLER : *Worthies of England, vol. ii. p. 379.*

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands.

Epithalamion. Line 223

RICHARD HOOKER. 1553–1600.

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that
 her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony
 of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her
 homage, — the very least as feeling her care, and the
 greatest as not exempted from her power.

Ecclesiastical Polity. Book i.

That to live by one man's will became the cause of all
 men's misery.

Book i.

JOHN LYLY. *Circa* 1553–1601.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses: Cupid paid.
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows:
 Loses them too. Then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin:
 All these did my Campaspe win.
 At last he set her both his eyes:
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?

Cupid and Campaspe. Act iii. Sc. 5.

How at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morne not waking til she sings.¹

Cupid and Campaspe. Act v. Sc. 1

Be valyaunt, but not too venturous. Let thy attyre
bee comely, but not costly.²

Euphues, 1579 (Arber's reprint), page 39.

Though the Camomill, the more it is trodden and
pressed downe the more it spreadeth.³

Page 46.

The finest edge is made with the blunt whetstone.

Page 47.

I cast before the Moone.⁴

Page 78.

It seems to me (said she) that you are in some brown
study.⁵

Page 80.

The soft droppes of rain perce the hard marble; ⁶ many
strokes overthrow the tallest oaks.⁷

Page 81.

He reckoneth without his Hostesse.⁸ Love knoweth
no lawes.

Page 84.

Did not Jupiter transforme himselfe into the shape of
Amphitrio to embrace Alcæna; into the form of a swan
to enjoy Leda; into a Bull to beguile Io; into a showre
of gold to win Danae? ⁹

Page 93.

¹ Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise.

SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline, act ii. sc. 3.*

² Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy.

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.*

³ The camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 11.

⁵ A brown study. — SWIFT: *Polite Conversation.*

⁶ Water continually dropping will wear hard rocks hollow. — PLUTARCH: *Of the Training of Children.*

Stillicidi casus lapidem cavat (Continual dropping wears away a stone).
LUCRETIUS: *i. 314.*

⁷ Many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

SHAKESPEARE: *3 Henry VI. act ii. sc. 1.*

⁸ See Heywood, page 12.

⁹ Jupiter himself was turned into a satyr, a shepherd, a bull, a swan, a golden shower, and what not for love. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sec. ii. mem. i. subs. 1.*

Lette me stande to the maine chance.¹

Euphues, 1579 (Arber's reprint), page 104.

I mean not to run with the Hare and holde with the
Hounde.²

Page 107.

It is a world to see.³

Page 116.

There can no great smoke arise, but there must be
some fire.⁴

Euphues and his Euphæbus, page 153.

A clere conscience is a sure carde.⁵

Euphues, page 207.

As lyke as one pease is to another.

Page 215.

Goe to bed with the Lambe, and rise with the Larke.⁶

Euphues and his England, page 229.

A comely olde man as busie as a bee.

Page 252.

Maydens, be they never so foolyshe, yet beeing fayre
they are commonly fortunate.

Page 279.

Where the streame runneth smoothest, the water is
deepest.⁷

Page 287.

Your eyes are so sharpe that you cannot onely looke
through a Milstone, but cleane through the minde.

Page 289.

I am glad that my Adonis hath a sweete tooth in his
head.

Page 308.

A Rose is sweeter in the budde than full blowne.⁸

Page 314.

¹ The main chance. — SHAKESPEARE: *1 Henry VI. act i. sc. 1.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.* DRYDEN: *Persius, satire vi.*

² See Heywood, page 12.

³ 'T is a world to see. — SHAKESPEARE: *Taming of the Shrew, act ii. sc. 1.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 17.

⁵ This is a sure card. — *Thersytes, circa 1550.*

⁶ To rise with the lark and go to bed with the lamb. — BRETON: *Court and Country, 1618 (reprint, page 182).*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed. — HURDIS: *The Village Curate.*

⁷ See Raleigh, page 25.

⁸ The rose is fairest when 't is budding new. — SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake, canto iii. st. 1.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554–1586.

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.

Defence of Poesy.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.

Ibid.

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

Ibid.

High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.¹

Arcadia. Book i.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.²

Ibid.

Many-headed multitude.³

Book ii.

My dear, my better half.

Book iii.

Fool! said my muse to me, look in thy heart, and write.⁴

Astrophel and Stella, i.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.⁵

Ibid. Second Song.



CYRIL TOURNEUR. Circa 1600.

A drunkard clasp his teeth and not undo 'em,
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.⁶

The Revenger's Tragedy. Act iii. Sc. 1.

¹ Great thoughts come from the heart. — VAUVENARGUES: *Maxim cxxvii.*

² He never is alone that is accompanied with noble thoughts. — FLETCHER: *Love's Cure, act iii. sc. 3.*

³ Many-headed multitude. — SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus, act ii. sc. 3.*

This many-headed monster, Multitude. — DANIEL: *History of the Civil War, book ii. st. 13.*

⁴ Look, then, into thine heart and write. — LONGFELLOW: *Voices of the Night. Prelude.*

⁵ Quoted by Shakespeare in *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

⁶ Distilled damnation. — ROBERT HALL (in Gregory's "Life of Hall").

LORD BROOKE. 1554-1628.

O wearisome condition of humanity !

Mustapha. Act v. Sc. 4

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.¹

Sonnet lvi.



GEORGE CHAPMAN. 1557-1634.

None ever loved but at first sight they loved.²

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

An ill weed grows apace.³

An Humorous Day's Mirth.

Black is a pearl in a woman's eye.⁴

Ibid.

Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair
 In that she never studied to be fairer
 Than Nature made her ; beauty cost her nothing,
 Her virtues were so rare.

All Fools. Act i. Sc. 1.

I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun,
 Causing a spring of virtues where he shines.

Ibid.

Cornelia. What flowers are these ?

Gazetta. The pansy this.

Cor. Oh, that 's for lovers' thoughts.⁵

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
 Hath divers ways to advance her followers :
 To some she gives honour without deserving,
 To other some, deserving without honour.⁶

Act v. Sc. 1

¹ See Thomas à Kempis, page 7.

² Who ever loved that loved not at first sight ? — MARLOWE : *Hero and Leander.*

I saw and loved. — GIBBON : *Memoirs, vol. i. p. 106.*

³ See Heywood, page 13.

⁴ Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes. — SHAKESPEARE : *Two Gentlemen of Verona, act v. sc. 2.*

⁵ There is pansies, that 's for thoughts. — SHAKESPEARE : *Hamlet, act iv. sc. 5.*

⁶ Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. — SHAKESPEARE : *Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 5.*

Young men think old men are fools; but old men
know young men are fools.¹ *All Fools. Act v. Sc. 1.*

Virtue is not malicious; wrong done her
Is righted even when men grant they err.
Monsieur D'Olive. Act i. Sc. 1.

For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,
One passion doth expel another still.² *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words.
The Gentleman Usher. Act iv. Sc. 1.

To put a girdle round about the world.³
Bussy D'Ambois. Act i. Sc. 1.

His deeds inimitable, like the sea
That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
Nor prints of precedent for poor men's facts. *Ibid.*

So our lives
In acts exemplary, not only win
Ourselves good names, but doth to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.⁴ *Ibid.*

Who to himself is law no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Each natural agent works but to this end, —
To render that it works on like itself. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

¹ Quoted by Camden as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf. It is now in many peoples' mouths, and likely to pass into a proverb. — RAY: *Proverbs* (Bohn ed.), p. 145.

² One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 2.

³ I'll put a girdle round about the earth. — SHAKESPEARE: *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1.

⁴ Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life*.

'T is immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven.

Conspiracy of Charles, Duke of Byron. Act i. Sc. 1

Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.

Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron. Act iii. Sc. 1

He is at no end of his actions blest
Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Words writ in waters.¹

Revenge for Honour. Act v. Sc. 2.

They 're only truly great who are truly good.² *Ibid.*

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.³ Light
gains make heavy purses. 'T is good to be merry and
wise.⁴

Eastward Ho.⁵ Act i. Sc. 1.

Make ducks and drakes with shillings. *Ibid*

Only a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on 't, in the world, than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [Virginia]; for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.⁶

Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹ Here lies one whose name was writ in water. — *Keats's own Epitaph.*

² To be noble we 'll be good. — *Winifreda (Percy's Reliques).*

'T is only noble to be good. — TENNYSON: *Lady Clara Vere de Vere, stanza 7.*

³ The same in Franklin's *Poor Richard.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 9.

⁵ By Chapman, Jonson, and Marston.

⁶ This is the famous passage that gave offence to James I., and caused the imprisonment of the authors. The leaves containing it were cancelled and reprinted, and it only occurs in a few of the original copies. — RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD.

Enough's as good as a feast.¹ *Eastward Ho. Act iii. Sc. 2*

Fair words never hurt the tongue.² *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Let pride go afore, shame will follow after.³ *Ibid.*

I will neither yield to the song of the siren nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile nor the howling of the wolf. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

As night the life-inclining stars best shows,
So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.

Epilogue to Translations.

Promise is most given when the least is said.

Musæus of Hero and Leander.

WILLIAM WARNER. 1558-1609.

With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red :
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.

Albion's England. Book viii. chap. xli. stanza 53

We thinke no greater blisse then such
To be as be we would,
When blessed none but such as be
The same as be they should.

Book x. chap. lix. stanza 68.

SIR RICHARD HOLLAND.

O Douglas, O Douglas!
Tendir and trewe.

The Buke of the Howlat.⁴ Stanza xxxi.

¹ *Dives and Pauper (1493).* GASCOIGNE: *Memoris (1575).* FIELDING: *Covent Garden Tragedy, act ii. sc. 6.* BICKERSTAFF: *Love in a Village, act iii. sc. 1.* See Heywood, page 20.

² See Heywood, page 12.

³ See Heywood, page 13.

⁴ The allegorical poem of *The Howlat* was composed about the middle of the fifteenth century. Of the personal history of the author no kind of information has been discovered. Printed by the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON. 1561-1612.

'Treason doth never prosper : what 's the reason ?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.¹

Epigrams. Book iv. Ep. 5



SAMUEL DANIEL. 1562-1619.

As that the walls worn thin, permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.²

History of the Civil War. Book iv. Stanza 84.

Sacred religion! mother of form and fear.

Musophilus. Stanza 57.

And for the few that only lend their ear,
That few is all the world.

Stanza 97.

This is the thing that I was born to do.

Stanza 100

And who (in time) knows whither we may vent

The treasure of our tongue ? To what strange shores

This gain of our best glory shall be sent

T' enrich unknowing nations with our stores ?

What worlds in the yet unformed Occident

May come refin'd with th' accents that are ours ?³

Stanza 163

Unless above himself he can

Erect himself, how poor a thing is man !

To the Countess of Cumberland. Stanza 12.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,

Brother to Death, in silent darkness born.

To Delia. Sonnet 51.

¹ Prosperum ac felix scelus

Virtus vocatur

(Successful and fortunate crime is called virtue).

SENECA : *Herc. Furens*, ii. 250

² The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

WALLER : *Verses upon his Divine Poesy*

³ Westward the course of empire takes its way. — BERKELEY : *On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563-1631.

Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had.

(Said of Marlowe.) *To Henry Reynolds, of Poets and Poesy.*

For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain. *Ibid.*

The coast was clear.¹ *Nymphidia.*

When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.
Ideas. An Allusion to the Eaglets. lxi.



CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1565-1593.

Comparisons are odious.² *Lust's Dominion. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

I'm armed with more than complete steel, —
The justice of my quarrel.³ *Ibid.*

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight? ⁴
Hero and Leander.

Come live with me, and be my love;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

¹ SOMERVILLE: *The Night-Walker.*

² See Fortescue, page 7.

³ Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKESPEARE: *Henry VI. act iii. sc. 2.*

⁴ The same in Shakespeare's *As You Like It.* Compare Chapman, page 35.

By shallow rivers, to whose falls ¹
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.

Ibid.

Infinite riches in a little room. *The Jew of Malta. Act i.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness. *Ibid.*

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent
than the dove ; ² that is, more knave than fool. *Act ii*

Love me little, love me long. ³ *Act iv.*

When all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven. *Faustus.*

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss !
Her lips suck forth my soul : ⁴ see, where it flies !

Ibid

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. *Ibid.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough, ⁵
That sometime grew within this learnèd man. *Ibid.*

¹ To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals ;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.

SHAKESPEARE : *Merry Wives of Windsor. act iii.*
sc. i. (Sung by Evans).

² Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. — *Matthews*
x. 16.

³ See Heywood, page 16.

⁴ Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips.

TENNYSON : *Fatima, stanza 3.*

⁵ O, withered is the garland of the war !
The soldier's pole is fallen.

SHAKESPEARE : *Antony and Cleopatra, act iv. sc. 15.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564-1616.

(From the text of Clark and Wright.)

I would fain die a dry death. *The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an
acre of barren ground. *Ibid.*

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Sc. 2.*

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind. *Ibid.*

Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Ibid.*

My library
Was dukedom large enough. *Ibid.*

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom. *Ibid.*

From the still-vexed Bermoothes. *Ibid.*

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently. *Ibid.*

Fill all thy bones with aches. *Ibid.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist. *Ibid.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange. *Ibid.*

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance.

The Tempest. Act i. Sc. 2.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair a house,

Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Ibid.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A very ancient and fish-like smell.

Sc. 2.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.

Ibid.

Fer. Here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

He that dies pays all debts.

Sc. 2.

A kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Sc. 3.

Deeper than e'er plummet sounded.

Ibid.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,

Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

With foreheads villanous low.

Ibid.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown my book.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie.

Ibid.

Merrily, merrily shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Ibid.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act i. Sc. 1.

I have no other but a woman's reason :

I think him so, because I think him so.

Sc. 2.

O, how this spring of love resembleth

The uncertain glory of an April day !

Sc. 3.

And if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face,¹ or a weathercock on a steeple.

Ibid

She is mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Sc. 4.

He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

Sc. 7.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,

There is no music in the nightingale.

Ibid.

A man I am, cross'd with adversity.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Is she not passing fair ?

Sc. 4.

How use doth breed a habit in a man !²

Act v. Sc. 4.

O heaven ! were man

But constant, he were perfect.

Ibid.

Come not within the measure of my wrath.

Ibid.

I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1.

All his successors gone before him have done 't ; and
all his ancestors that come after him may.

Ibid.

¹ As clear and as manifest as the nose in a man's face. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part iii. sect. 3, memb. 4, subsect. 1.*

² Custom is almost second nature. — PLUTARCH: *Preservation of Health*

It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act i. Sc. 1.

Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.

Ibid.

Mine host of the Garter.

Ibid.

I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Ibid.

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt.¹

Ibid.

O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Sc. 3.

“Convey,” the wise it call. “Steal!” foh! a fiew for the phrase!

Ibid.

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

Ibid.

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Ibid.

Thou art the Mars of malcontents.

Ibid.

Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Sc. 4.

We burn daylight.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

There's the humour of it.

Ibid.

Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.

Ibid.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Sc. 2.

This is the short and the long of it.

Ibid.

Unless experience be a jewel.

Ibid.

Like a fair house, built on another man's ground.

Ibid.

We have some salt of our youth in us.

Sc. 3.

¹ Familiarity breeds contempt. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 640.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.¹

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act iii. Sc. 2.

What a taking was he in when your husband asked
who was in the basket! *Sc. 3.*

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! *Sc. 4.*

Happy man be his dole! *Ibid.*

I have a kind of alacrity in sinking. *Sc. 5.*

As good luck would have it.² *Ibid.*

The rankest compound of villanous smell that ever
offended nostril. *Ibid.*

A man of my kidney. *Ibid.*

Think of that, Master Brook. *Ibid.*

Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

In his old lunes again. *Sc. 2.*

So curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever. *Ibid.*

This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd
numbers. . . . There is divinity in odd numbers, either
in nativity, chance, or death. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'²
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. *Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 1*

¹ What the dickens! — THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Edward IV. act iii. sc. 1.*

² As ill luck would have it. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, pt. i. bk. i. ch. ii*

He was ever precise in promise-keeping.

Measure for Measure. Act i. Sc. 2.

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home.

Sc. 3.¹

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.

Sc. 4.¹

A man whose blood

Is very snow-broth ; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

Ibid.¹

He arrests him on it ;

And follows close the rigour of the statute,

To make him an example.

Ibid.¹

Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win

By fearing to attempt.

Ibid.¹

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.

Ibid.

This will last out a night in Russia,

When nights are longest there.

Ibid.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?

Sc. 2

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,

Become them with one half so good a grace

As mercy does.²

Ibid.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;

And He that might the vantage best have took

Found out the remedy. How would you be,

If He, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you as you are ?

Ibid.

¹ Act i. Sc. 5, in White, Singer, and Knight.

² Compare Portia's words in *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 1.

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.

Measure for Measure. Act ii. Sc. 2

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Ibid.

But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

Ibid.

That in the captain 's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Ibid.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Sc. 4.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

A breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences.

Ibid.

Palsied eld.

Ibid.

The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Ibid

The cunning livery of hell.

Ibid

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.

Ibid.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death. *Measure for Measure. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good.¹
Ibid.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. *Ibid.*

There, at the moated grange, resides this dejected
Mariana.² *Ibid.*

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side! *Sc. 2*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again, bring again;
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain.³

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Every true man's apparel fits your thief. *Sc. 2*

We would, and we would not. *Sc. 4*

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. *Act v. Sc. 1*

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning. *Ibid.*

My business in this state
Made me a looker on here in Vienna. *Ibid.*

¹ See Spenser, page 29.

² "Mariana in the moated grange,"—the motto used by Tennyson for the poem "Mariana."

³ This song occurs in *Act v. Sc. 2* of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, with the following additional stanza:—

Hide, O, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

- They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad. *Measure for Measure. Act v. Sc. 1*
- What 's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine. *Ibid.*
- The pleasing punishment that women bear.
The Comedy of Errors. Act i Sc. 1
- A wretched soul, bruised with adversity. *Act ii. Sc 1.*
- Every why hath a wherefore.¹ *Sc. 2.*
- Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Act iii. Sc. 1.
- One Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
 A mere anatomy. *Act v. Sc. 1.*
- A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living-dead man. *Ibid.*
- Let 's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Ibid.*
- He hath indeed better bettered expectation.
Much Ado about Nothing. Act i. Sc. 1.
- A very valiant trencher-man. *Ibid.*
- He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat. *Ibid.*
- What, my dear Lady Disdain ! are you yet living ? *Ibid.*
- There 's a skirmish of wit between them. *Ibid.*
- The gentleman is not in your books. *Ibid.*
- Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again ? *Ibid.*
- Benedick the married man. *Ibid.*
- He is of a very melancholy disposition. *Ibid.*
- He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that
 hath no beard is less than a man. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*
- As merry as the day is long. *Ibid.*
- I have a good eye, uncle ; I can see a church by day-
 light. *Ibid.*

¹ For every why he had a wherefore. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i canto i. line 132.*

Speak low if you speak love.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things

Save in the office and affairs of love :

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues ;

Let every eye negotiate for itself

And trust no agent.

Ibid.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but
little happy, if I could say how much.

Ibid.

Lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new
doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the pur-
pose.

Sc. 3.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever, —

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Ibid.

Sits the wind in that corner ?

Ibid.

Shall quips and sentences and these paper bullets of
the brain awe a man from the career of his humour ?
No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would
die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were
married.

Ibid.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,¹ he
is all mirth.

Sc. 2.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Ibid.

Are you good men and true ?

Sc. 3.

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ; but
to write and read comes by nature.

Ibid.

The most senseless and fit man.

Ibid.

¹ From the crown of his head to the sole of the foot. — PLINY : *Natural History*, book vii. chap. xvii. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Honest Man's Fortune*, act ii. sc. 2. MIDDLETON : *A Mad World*, etc.

You shall comprehend all vagrom men.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act iii. Sc. 3

2 *Watch.* How if a' will not stand ?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go ; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. *Ibid.*

Is most tolerable, and not to be endured. *Ibid.*

If they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. *Ibid.*

The most peaceable way for you if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company. *Ibid.*

I know that Deformed. *Ibid.*

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man. *Ibid.*

I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I. *Ibid.*

Comparisons are odorous. *Sc. 5.*

If I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship. *Ibid.*

A good old man, sir ; he will be talking : as they say, When the age is in the wit is out. *Ibid.*

O, what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do, not knowing what they do ! *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal ! *Ibid.*

I never tempted her with word too large,
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love. *Ibid.*

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes. *Ibid.*

For it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. *Much Ado about Nothing. Act iv Sc. 2.*

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life,
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life
Into the eye and prospect of his soul. *Ibid.*

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better
than false knaves ; and it will go near to be thought so
shortly. *Sc. 2.*

The eftest way. *Ibid.*

Flat burglary as ever was committed. *Ibid.*

Condemned into everlasting redemption. *Ibid.*

O, that he were here to write me down an ass ! *Ibid.*

A fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two
gowns and every thing handsome about him. *Ibid.*

Patch grief with proverbs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Men

Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel. *Ibid.*

Charm ache with air, and agony with words. *Ibid.*

'T is all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Ibid.*

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently. *Ibid.*

Some of us will smart for it.

Much Ado about Nothing. Act v. Sc. 1.

I was not born under a rhyming planet.

Sc. 2.

Done to death by slanderous tongues.

Sc. 3.

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,
Study to break it and not break my troth.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act i. Sc. 1.

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile.

Ibid.

Small have continual plodders ever won

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights

That give a name to every ~~fixed~~ star

Have no more profit of their shining nights

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Ibid.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;¹

But like of each thing that in season grows.

Ibid.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.

Ibid.

A high hope for a low heaven.

Ibid.

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called
supper.

Ibid.

That unlettered small-knowing soul.

Ibid.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy
more sweet understanding, a woman.

Ibid.

Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit
thee down, sorrow!

Ibid.

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three
ages since; but I think now 't is not to be found.

Sc. 2.

The rational hind Costard.

Ibid.

¹ For "mirth," White reads *shews*; Singer, *shows*.

Devise, wit ; write, pen ; for I am for whole volumes
in folio.

Love's Labour's Lost, Act i. Sc. 2.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms :
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

Act ii. Sc. 1

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

Ibid.

Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Ibid.

By my penny of observation.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

The boy hath sold him a bargain, — a goose.

Ibid.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.

Ibid

A very beadle to a humorous sigh.

Ibid.

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid ;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

Ibid.

A buck of the first head.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a
book ; he hath not eat paper, as it were ; he hath not
drunk ink.

Ibid.

Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Ibid

You two are book-men.

Ibid.

Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Ibid.

These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished
in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mel-
lowing of occasion.

Ibid.

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye ?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself.

Sc. 3.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act iv. Sc. 3.

As sweet and musical

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;¹
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Ibid.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.

Ibid.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than
the staple of his argument.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Priscian! a little scratched, 't will serve.

Ibid.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and
stolen the scraps.

Ibid.

In the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude
call the afternoon.

Ibid.

They have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Sc. 2.

Let me take you a button-hole lower.

Ibid.

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole
of discretion.

Ibid.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Ibid.

When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men.

Ibid.

¹ Musical as is Apollo's lute. — MILTON: *Comus*, line 78.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.

Love's Labour's Lost. Act v. Sc. 2.

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn¹
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act i. Sc. 1.

For aught that I could ever read,²
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ibid.*

O, hell! to choose love by another's eyes. *Ibid.*

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That in a spleen unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion. *Ibid.*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind. *Ibid.*

Masters, spread yourselves. *Sc. 2.*

This is Ereles' vein. *Ibid.*

I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. *Ibid.*

I am slow of study. *Ibid.*

That would hang us, every mother's son. *Ibid.*

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will
roar you, an 't were any nightingale. *Ibid.*

A proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day. *Ibid.*

The human mortals. *Act ii. Sc. 1.³*

The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music. *Ibid.*

¹ Maidens withering on the stalk. — WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk*, stanza 1.

² "Ever I could read," — Dyce, Knight, Singer, and White.

³ Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

And the imperial votaress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act ii. Sc. 1.¹

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes.²

Ibid.

My heart

Is true as steel.³

Ibid.⁴

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
 Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.

Ibid.⁵

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Bless thee, Bottom ! bless thee ! thou art translated.

Ibid.

Lord, what fools these mortals be !

Sc. 2.

So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition.

Ibid.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

Ibid.

I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what
 dream it was.

Ibid.

The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath
 not seen,⁵ man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to
 conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.

Ibid.

¹ Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

² See Chapman, page 36.

³ Trew as steele. — CHAUCER : *Troilus and Cresseide*, book v. line 831.

⁴ Act ii. sc. 2 in Singer and Knight.

⁵ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. — *1 Corinthians*, ii. 9.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
 Are of imagination all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
 That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act v. Sc. 1.

For never anything can be amiss,
 When simpleness and duty tender it. *Ibid.*

The true beginning of our end.¹ *Ibid.*

The best in this kind are but shadows. *Ibid.*

A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience. *Ibid.*

This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go
 near to make a man look sad. *Ibid.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve. *Ibid.*

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place. *The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Now, by two-headed Janus,
 Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time. *Ibid.*

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Ibid.*

You have too much respect upon the world:
 They lose it that do buy it with much care. *Ibid.*

¹ I see the beginning of my end. — MASSINGER: *The Virgin Martyr*
 act iii. sc. 3.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano, —
 A stage, where every man must play a part ;
 And mine a sad one. *The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ? *Ibid.*

There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond. *Ibid.*

I am Sir Oracle,
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark ! *Ibid.*

I do know of these
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing. *Ibid.*

Fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion. *Ibid.*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than
 any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of
 wheat hid in two bushels of chaff : you shall seek all
 day ere you find them, and when you have them, they
 are not worth the search. *Ibid.*

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the selfsame flight
 The selfsame way, with more advised watch,
 To find the other forth ; and by adventuring both,
 I oft found both. *Ibid.*

They are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they
 that starve with nothing. *Sc. 2.*

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but compe-
 tency lives longer. *Ibid.*

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do,
 chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages
 princes' palaces.¹ *Ibid.*

¹ For the good that I would I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that
 I do. — *Romans vii. 19.*

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 2.

He doth nothing but talk of his horse. *Ibid.*

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. *Ibid.*

When he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. *Ibid.*

I dote on his very absence. *Ibid.*

My meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. *Sc. 3.*

Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves. *Ibid.*

I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? *Ibid.*

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation, and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate. *Ibid.*

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose. *Ibid.*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! *Ibid.*

Many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me. *Ibid.*

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Ibid.*

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine. *Ibid.*

Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness. *Ibid.*

For when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend? *Ibid.*

O father Abram ! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! *The Merchant of Venice. Act i. Sc. 3*

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The young gentleman, according to Fates and Desti-
nies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such
branches of learning, is indeed deceased; or, as you
would say in plain terms, gone to heaven. *Sc. 2.*

The very staff of my age, my very prop. *Ibid.*

It is a wise father that knows his own child. *Ibid.*

An honest exceeding poor man. *Ibid.*

Truth will come to sight; murder cannot be hid long.
Ibid.

In the twinkling of an eye. *Ibid.*

And the vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife. *Sc. 5.*

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind ! *Sc. 6.*

Must I hold a candle to my shames ? *Ibid.*

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit. *Ibid.*

All that glisters is not gold.¹ *Sc. 7.*

Young in limbs, in judgment old. *Ibid.*

Even in the force and road of casualty. *Sc. 9.*

¹ See Chaucer, page 5

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.¹

The Merchant of Venice. Act ii. Sc. 9.

If my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.

Ibid.

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?

Ibid.

The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Ibid.

Makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music.²

Sc. 2

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

Ibid.

in law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But being season'd with a gracious voice
Obscures the show of evil?

Ibid.

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue in his outward parts.

Ibid.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea.

Ibid.

The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

Ibid.

¹ See Heywood, page 10.

² I will play the swan and die in music. — *Othello, act v. sc. 2.*

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,

Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

King John, act v. sc. 7.

There, swan-like, let me sing and die. — BYRON: *Don Juan, canto iii. st. 86.*

You think that upon the score of fore-knowledge and divining I am infinitely inferior to the swans. When they perceive approaching death they sing more merrily than before, because of the joy they have in going to the God they serve. — SOCRATES: *In Phaedo. 77.*

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ;
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn.¹ *The Merchant of Venice. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
 That ever blotted paper ! *Ibid.*

The kindest man,
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies. *Ibid.*

Thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into
 Charybdis, your mother.² *Sc. 5.*

Let it serve for table-talk. *Ibid.*

A harmless necessary cat. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

What ! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice ?
Ibid.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
 Meetest for death : the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground. *Ibid.*

I never knew so young a body with so old a head. *Ibid.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest :
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown ;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

¹ It is better to learn late than never. — PUBLIUS SYRUS : *Maxim* 864.

² Incidis in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim (One falls into Scylla in seeking to avoid Charybdis). — PHILIPPE GUALTIER : *Alexandreis*, book v. line 301. Circa 1300.

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. *The Merchant of Venice. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel ! *Ibid.*

Is it so nominated in the bond ?¹ *Ibid.*

'T is not in the bond. *Ibid.*

Speak me fair in death. *Ibid.*

An upright judge, a learned judge ! *Ibid.*

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
 Now, infidel, I have you on the hip. *Ibid.*

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word. *Ibid.*

You take my house when you do take the prop
 That doth sustain my house ; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

He is well paid that is well satisfied. *Ibid.*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here we will sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
 There 's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Act v. Sc. 1*

I am never merry when I hear sweet music. *Ibid.*

¹ " It is not nominated in the bond." — White.

The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus.
 Let no such man be trusted.

The Merchant of Venice. Act v Sc. 1.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world. *Ibid.*

How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise and true perfection ! *Ibid.*

This night methinks is but the daylight sick. *Ibid.*

These blessed candles of the night. *Ibid.*

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
 Of starved people. *Ibid.*

We will answer all things faithfully. *Ibid.*

Fortune reigns in gifts of the world.

As You Like It. Act 1, Sc. 2

The little foolery that wise men have makes a great
 show. *Ibid.*

Well said : that was laid on with a trowel. *Ibid.*

Your heart's desires be with you ! *Ibid.*

One out of suits with fortune. *Ibid.*

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. *Ibid.*

My pride fell with my fortunes. *Ibid.*

Cel. Not a word ?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog. *Sc. 3.*

O, how full of briers is this working-day world ! *Ibid.*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. *Ibid.*

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
 As many other mannish cowards have. *Ibid.*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 1.

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. *Ibid.*

“ Poor deer,” quoth he, “ thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.” *Ibid.*

Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens. *Ibid.*

And He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! *Sc. 3.*

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood. *Ibid.*

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. *Ibid.*

O, good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion. *Ibid.*

Ay, now am I in Arden : the more fool I. When I was
at home I was in a better place ; but travellers must be
content. *Sc. 4.*

I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my
shins against it. *Ibid.*

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me. *Sc. 5.*

I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool. *Sc. 7.*

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms.

As You Like It: Act ii. Sc. 7.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock :
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags."

Ibid.

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale.¹

Ibid.

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.

Ibid

Motley 's the only wear.

Ibid.

If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

Ibid.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

Ibid.

The " why " is plain as way to parish church.

Ibid

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast.

Ibid.

True is it that we have seen better days.

Ibid.

¹ The same in *The Taming of the Shrew*, act iv. sc. 1; in *Othello*, act iii. sc. 1; in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 4; and in *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7. RABELAIS: book v. chap. iv.

And wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger. *Ibid.*

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.¹
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard ;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. *Ibid.*

¹ The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and Nature do with actors fill.

THOMAS HEYWOOD : *Apology for Actors. 1612.*

A noble farce, wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the whole vast universe serves for a theatre. — MONTAIGNE : *Of the most Excellent Men.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude.

As You Like It. Act ii. Sc. 7.

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

It goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? *Ibid.*

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends. *Ibid.*

This is the very false gallop of verses. *Ibid.*

Let us make an honourable retreat. *Ibid.*

With bag and baggage. *Ibid.*

O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping. *Ibid.*

Answer me in one word. *Ibid.*

I do desire we may be better strangers. *Ibid.*

Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. *Ibid.*

Every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it. *Ibid.*

Neither rhyme nor reason.¹ *Ibid.*

I would the gods had made thee poetical. *Ibid.*

Down on your knees,

And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love. *Sc. 5.*

It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

I have gained my experience. *Ibid.*

¹ See Spenser, page 30

I had rather have a fool to make me merry than
experience to make me sad. *As You Like It. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. *Ibid.*

I'll warrant him heart-whole. *Ibid.*

Good orators, when they are out, they will spit. *Ibid.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have
eaten them, — but not for love. *Ibid.*

Can one desire too much of a good thing? ¹ *Ibid.*

For ever and a day. *Ibid.*

Men are April when they woo, December when they
wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky
changes when they are wives. *Ibid.*

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. *Sc. 2.*

Chewing the food ² of sweet and bitter fancy. *Sc. 3.*

It is meat and drink to me. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

“So so” is good, very good, very excellent good; and
yet it is not; it is but so so. *Ibid.*

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man
knows himself to be a fool. *Ibid.*

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways. *Ibid.*

No sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but
they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner
sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner
knew the reason but they sought the remedy. *Sc. 2.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through
another man's eyes! *Ibid.*

Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all
tongues are called fools. *Sc. 4.*

¹ Too much of a good thing. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book*
i. chap. vi.

² “Cud” in Dyce and Staunton.

An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.

As You Like It. Act v. Sc. 4

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house;
as your pearl in your foul oyster. *Ibid.*

The Retort Courteous; . . . the Quip Modest; . . .
the Reply Churlish; . . . the Reproof Valiant; . . . the
Countercheck Quarrelsome; . . . the Lie with Circum-
stance; . . . the Lie Direct. *Ibid.*

Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If. *Ibid.*

Good wine needs no bush.¹ *Epilogue.*

What a case am I in. *Ibid.*

Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard
Conqueror. *The Taming of the Shrew. Induc. Sc. 1.*

Let the world slide.² *Ibid.*

I'll not budge an inch. *Ibid.*

As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were, nor no man ever saw. *Sc. 2.*

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

There's small choice in rotten apples. *Ibid.*

Nothing comes amiss; so money comes withal. *Sc. 2.*

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs. *Ibid.*

And do as adversaries do in law, —
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. *Ibid.*

Who wooed in haste, and means to wed at leisure.³
Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹ You need not hang up the ivy branch over the wine that will sell. —
PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 968.

² See Heywood, page 9. BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money.*

³ Married in haste, we may repent at leisure. — CONGREVE: *The Old Bachelor, act v. sc. 1.*

And thereby hangs a tale.

The Taming of the Shrew. Act iv. Sc. 1.

My cake is dough.

Act v. Sc. 1.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled, —
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.

Sc. 2.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

Ibid.

'T were all one

That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it.

All's Well that Ends Well. Act i. Sc. 1.

The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.

Ibid.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.

Ibid.

Service is no heritage.

Sc. 3.

He must needs go that the devil drives.¹

Ibid.

My friends were poor but honest.

Ibid.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught.

Sc. 2.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.

Sc. 3.

They say miracles are past.

Ibid.

All the learned and authentic fellows.

Ibid.

A young man married is a man that's marr'd.

Ibid.

Make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Sc. 4

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

Act iii. Sc. 5

¹ See Heywood, page 18.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *All's Well that Ends Well. Act iv. Sc. 3.*

Whose words all ears took captive. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear. *Ibid.*

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.¹ *Ibid.*

All impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy. *Ibid.*

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet. *Ibid.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound²
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour ! *Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 1.*

I am sure care's an enemy to life. *Sc. 3.*

At my fingers' ends.³ *Ibid.*

Wherefore are these things hid ? *Ibid.*

Is it a world to hide virtues in ? *Ibid.*

One draught above heat makes him a fool ; the second
mads him ; and a third drowns him. *Sc. 5*

We will draw the curtain and show you the picture. *Ibid.*

'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. *Ibid.*

¹ How noiseless falls the foot of time !— W. R. SPENCER : *Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

² " Like the sweet south " in Dyce and Singer. This change was made at the suggestion of Pope.

³ See Heywood, page 12

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
 And make the babbling gossip of the air
 Cry out. *Twelfth Night. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know. *Act ii. Sc. 3.*

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty. *Ibid.*

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more
 natural. *Ibid.*

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you ?
Ibid.

Sir To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous,
 there shall be no more cakes and ale ?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i'
 the mouth too. *Ibid.*

My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour. *Ibid.*

These most brisk and giddy-paced times. *Sc. 4*

Let still the woman take
 An elder than herself : so wears she to him,
 So sways she level in her husband's heart :
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are. *Ibid.*

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent. *Ibid.*

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
 Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age. *Ibid.*

Duke. And what's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought.
 And with a green and yellow melancholy
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.

Twelfth Night. Act ii. Sc. 4

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too.

Ibid.

An you had any eye behind you, you might see more
 detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Sc. 5

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some
 have greatness thrust upon 'em.

Ibid.

Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it
 shines everywhere.

Act iii. Sc. 1

Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of his lip!

Ibid.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Ibid

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write
 with a goose-pen, no matter.

Sc. 2

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Sc. 4

Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

Ibid

'T is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan.

Ibid.

This is very midsummer madness.

Ibid.

What, man! defy the Devil: consider, he is an enemy
 to mankind.

Ibid.

If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn
 it as an improbable fiction.

Ibid.

More matter for a May morning.

Ibid.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.

Ibid.

An I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in
 fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have chal-
 lenged him.

Ibid.

¹ Act iii. Sc. 5 in Dyce

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something.

Twelfth Night. Act iii. Sc. 4.¹

Out of the jaws of death.²

Ibid.¹

As the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, That that is, is.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Ibid.

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Act v. Sc. 1.

For the rain it raineth every day.

Ibid.

They say we are

Almost as like as eggs.

The Winter's Tale. Act i. Sc. 2.

What's gone and what's past help
Should be past grief.

Act iii. Sc. 2

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.

Act iv. Sc. 3.³

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Ibid

O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength, — a malady

¹ Act iii. sc. 5 in Dyce.

² Into the jaws of death. — TENNYSON: *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, stanza 3.

In the jaws of death. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes*, second week, first day, part iv.

³ Act iv. sc. 2 in Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White.

Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. *The Winter's Tale. Act iv. Sc. 4.*

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea,² that you might ever do
Nothing but that. *Ibid.*

I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure
they are true. *Ibid.*

To unpathed waters, undreamed shores. *Ibid*

Lord of thy presence and no land beside.
King John. Act i. Sc. 1

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter ;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names. *Ibid*

For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smack of observation. *Ibid.*

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth. *Ibid.*

For courage mounteth with occasion. *Act ii. Sc. 1*

I would that I were low laid in my grave :
I am not worth this coil that 's made for me. *Ibid*

Saint George, that swunged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door. *Ibid.*

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she ;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. *Ibid*

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! *Ibid.*

Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad. *Sc. 2.*

¹ Act iv. Sc. 3 in Dyce, Knight, Singer, Staunton, and White

² Like a wave of the sea. — *James i. 6.*

³ Act ii. Sc. 2 in Singer, Staunton, and Knight.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

King John. Act iii. Sc. 1.¹

Here I and sorrows sit ;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. *Ibid.¹*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward !
Thou little valiant, great in villany !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety. *Ibid.*

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs. *Ibid*

That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions. *Ibid*

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form. *Sc. 4.*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale ✓
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ibid*

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.² *Ibid.*

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up. *Ibid.*

How now, foolish rheum ! *Act iv. Sc. 1*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess. *Sc. 2.*

¹ Act ii. Sc. 2 in White.

² When fortune flatters, she does it to betray. — PUBLIUS SYRUS
Maxim 278

And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.¹

King John. Act iv. Sc. 2.

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand. *Ibid.*

Make haste ; the better foot before. *Ibid.*

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news. *Ibid.*

Another lean unwashed artificer. *Ibid.*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done ! *Ibid.*

Mocking the air with colours idly spread. *Act v. Sc. 1*

'T is strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,²
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest. *Sc. 7.*

Now my soul hath elbow-room. *Ibid.*

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror. *Ibid.*

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. *Ibid.*

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.
King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1.

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire. *Ibid.*

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet. *Sc. 3.*

Truth hath a quiet breast. *Ibid.*

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. *Ibid.*

¹ Qui s'excuse, s'accuse (He who excuses himself accuses himself). — GABRIEL MEURIER : *Trésor des Sentences. 1530-1601.*

² See page 63, note 2.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 3.

The tongues of dying men
 Enforce attention like deep harmony. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,
 As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
 Writ in remembrance more than things long past. *Ibid*

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands, —
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Ibid

The ripest fruit first falls. *Ibid.*

Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor. *Sc. 3.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines. *Sc. 2.*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm off from an anointed king. *Ibid.*

O, call back yesterday, bid time return ! *Ibid.*

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. *Ibid.*

And nothing can we call our own but death
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 2

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall — and farewell king!

Ibid.

He is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war.

Sc. 3.

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave.

Ibid.

Gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
 And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
 Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

A mockery king of snow.

Ibid.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious.

Act v. Sc. 2.

As for a camel

To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.¹

Sc. 5.

So shaken as we are, so wan with care.

King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.

In those holy fields

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.

Ibid.

Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of
 the moon.

Sc. 2.

Old father antic the law.

Ibid.

¹ It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. — MATT. xix. 24.

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.

King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2.

Thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. *Ibid.*

And now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. *Ibid.*

'T is my vocation, Hal ; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Ibid.*

He will give the devil his due.¹ *Ibid.*

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee. *Ibid.*

If all the year were playing holidays, To sport would be as tedious as to work. *Ibid.*

Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took 't away again. *Sc. 3.*

And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility. *Ibid.*

God save the mark. *Ibid.*

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier. *Ibid.*

¹ THOMAS NASH ; *Have with you to Saffron Walden.* DRYDEN : *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

Ibid.

I know a trick worth two of that.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me
love him, I'll be hanged.

Sc. 2.

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a
month, and a good jest for ever.

Ibid.

Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

Ibid.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.

Sc. 3.

Brain him with his lady's fan.

Ibid.

A Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.

Sc. 4.

A plague of all cowards, I say.

Ibid.

There live not three good men unchanged in England;
and one of them is fat and grows old.

Ibid.

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague
upon such backing!

Ibid.

I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Ibid.

I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have
paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what,
Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call me horse.
Thou knowest my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore
my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Ibid.

Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green.

Ibid.

Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. *Ibid.*

I was now a coward on instinct. *Ibid.*

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me! *Ibid.*

What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? *Ibid.*

A plague of sighing and grief! It blows a man up like a bladder. *Ibid.*

In King Cambyses' vein. *Ibid.*

That reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years. *Ibid.*

Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *Ibid.*

Play out the play. *Ibid.*

O, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! *Ibid.*

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

I am not in the roll of common men. *Ibid.*

Glen. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them? *Ibid.*

While you live, tell truth and shame the devil!¹ *Ibid.*

I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers. *Ibid.*

But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. *Ibid.*

A deal of skimble-skamble stuff. *Ibid.*

¹ BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit without Money*, act iv. sc. 1. SWIFT: *Mary the Cookmaid's Letter*.

Exceedingly well read. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act iii. Sc. 1*

A good mouth-filling oath. *Ibid.*

A fellow of no mark nor likelihood. *Sc. 2,*

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. *Ibid.*

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church
is made of, I am a pepper-corn. *Sc. 3*

Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil
of me. *Ibid.*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? *Ibid.*

Rob me the exchequer. *Ibid.*

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

That daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass. *Ibid.*

All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer. *Ibid.*

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship. *Ibid.*

The cankers of a calm world and a long peace. *Sc. 2.*

A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had
unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies.
No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march
through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the

villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves. *King Henry IV. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 2.*

Food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better. *Ibid.*

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast¹
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. *Ibid.*

I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on,—how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour; what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon. And so ends my catechism. *Ibid.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. *Sc. 4.*

This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. *Ibid.*

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! *Ibid.*

I could have better spared a better man. *Ibid.*

The better part of valour is discretion.² *Ibid.*

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword. *Ibid.*

¹ See Heywood. page 19.

² It show'd discretion the best part of valour. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *A King and no King, act ii. sc. 3.*

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he. But we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4.

I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly. *Ibid.*

Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt.

Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

Ibid.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.

Sc. 2.

A rascally yea-forsooth knave.

Ibid.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.

Ibid.

We that are in the vaward of our youth.

Ibid.

For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems.

Ibid.

It was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common.

Ibid.

I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ibid.

If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.

Ibid.

Who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply.

Ibid.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection.¹

Sc. 3.

¹ Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? — *Luke xv. 28.*

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 3.

Past and to come seems best ; things present worst.

Ibid.

A poor lone woman.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Ibid.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

Ibid.

Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week.

Ibid.

I do now remember the poor creature, small beer.

Sc. 2.

Let the end try the man.

Ibid.

Thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

Ibid.

He was indeed the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

Sc. 3.

Aggravate your choler.

Sc. 4.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse ! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

With all appliances and means to boot.

Ibid.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Ibid.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

Sc. 2.

Accommodated ; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated ; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated, — which is an excellent thing.

Ibid.

Most forcible Feeble.

Ibid.

We have heard the chimes at midnight.

King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

A man can die but once.

Ibid.

Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring :
when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a
forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it
with a knife.

Ibid.

We are ready to try our fortunes

To the last man.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

I may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,
"I came, saw, and overcame."

Sc. 3.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

Sc. 4.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

Sc. 5.¹

Commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.

Ibid.¹

A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-
shaws, tell William cook.

Act v. Sc. 1.

His cares are now all ended.

Sc. 2.

Falstaff. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.²

Sc. 3.

A foutre for the world and worldlings base !

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Ibid.

Under which king, Bezonian ? speak, or die !

Ibid.

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention !

King Henry V. Prologue.

Consideration, like an angel, came

And whipped the offending Adam out of him. *Act i. Sc. 1.*

¹ Act iv. Sc. 4 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

² See Heywood, page 20.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody. — *Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 5.*

Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter: that when he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still.

King Henry V. Act i. Sc. 1

Base is the slave that pays.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Even at the turning o' the tide.

Sc. 3.

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of
 green fields.

Ibid.

As cold as any stone.

Ibid.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
 As self-neglecting.

Sc. 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger:

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

Ibid.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start.

Ibid.

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Sc. 2.

Men of few words are the best men.

Ibid.

I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen.

Sc. 6.

You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare
 eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Sc. 7.1

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.

† Act iii. Sc. 6 in Dyce.

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face ;
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,¹
 Give dreadful note of preparation.

King Henry V. Act iv. Prologue.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out. *Sc. 1.*

Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's
 soul is his own. *Ibid.*

That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun. *Ibid.*

Who with a body filled and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread. *Ibid.*

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep. *Ibid.*

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive. *Sc. 3*

This day is called the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian. *Ibid.*

Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth² as household words, —
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester, —
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. *Ibid.*

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. *Ibid.*

There is a river in Macedon ; and there is also more-
 over a river at Monmouth ; . . . and there is salmons
 in both. *Sc. 7*

¹ With clink of hammers closing rivets up. — CIBBER : *Richard III.*
Altered, act v. sc. 3.

² "In their mouths" in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

An arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! *King Henry V. Act iv. Sc. 8.*

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *Act v. Sc. 1.*

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear. *Ibid.*

All hell shall stir for this. *Ibid.*

If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. *Sc. 2.*

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 1.

Haleyon days. *Sc. 2.*

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,—
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

Delays have dangerous ends.¹ *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. *Act v. Sc. 3.*

Main chance.² *Part II. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face. *Sc. 3.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.³
Act iii. Sc. 1

¹ All delays are dangerous in war. — DRYDEN: *Tyrannic Love, act i. sc. 1.*

² Have a care o' th' main chance. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part ii. canto ii.*
Be careful still of the main chance. — DRYDEN: *Persius, satire vi.*

³ See Raleigh, page 25; Lyly, page 33.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
 And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.¹

King Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

He dies, and makes no sign. *Sc. 3.*

Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
 And let us all to meditation. *Ibid.*

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves
 sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten
 hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.
Sc. 2.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an
 innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parch-
 ment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? *Ibid.*

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the
 bricks are alive at this day to testify it. *Ibid.*

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of
 the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas,
 before, our forefathers had no other books but the score
 and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and,
 contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast
 built a paper-mill. *Sc. 7.*

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
 Within whose circuit is Elysium
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy!
Part III. Act i. Sc. 2.

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
Act ii. Sc. 1.

¹ See Marlowe, page 40.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Didst thou never hear

That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy always was it for that son

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?

Ibid.

Warwick, peace,

Proud setter up and puller down of kings !

Act iii. Sc. 3

A little fire is quickly trodden out ;

Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Act iv. Sc. 5

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Act v. Sc. 6

Now is the winter of our discontent

Made glorious summer by this sun of York,

And all the clouds that loured upon our house

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;

And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;

I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;

I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,

Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable

That dogs bark at me as I halt by them. —

Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun.

King Richard III Act i. Sc. 1

To leave this keen encounter of our wits *Sc. 2.*

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ? *Ibid.*

Framed in the prodigality of nature. *Sc. 2.*

The world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.¹
Sc. 3

And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of² holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil. *Ibid.*

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days. *Sc. 4.*

Lord, Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems. *Ibid*

A parlous boy. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*

¹ For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. — POPE : *Essay on Criticism*, part iii. line 66.

² "Stolen forth" in White and Knight.

- So wise so young, they say, do never live long.¹
King Richard III. Act iii. Sc. 1.
- Off with his head !² *Sc. 4.*
- Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod to tumble down. *Ibid.*
- Even in the afternoon of her best days. *Sc. 7.*
- Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*
- Their lips were four red roses on a stalk. *Sc. 3.*
- The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom. *Ibid.*
- Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. *Sc. 4.*
- Tetchy and wayward. *Ibid.*
- An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. *Ibid.*
- Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we marched on without impediment. *Act v. Sc. 2.*
- True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Ibid.*
- The king's name is a tower of strength. *Sc. 3.*
- Give me another horse : bind up my wounds. *Ibid.*
- O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me ! *Ibid.*
- My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain. *Ibid.*
- The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn. *Ibid.*
- By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers. *Ibid.*

¹ A little too wise, they say, do ne'er live long.—MIDDLETON: *The Phœnix, act i. sc. 1.*

² Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!—CIBBER: *Richard III (altered), act iv. sc. 3.*

The selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.
King Richard III. Act v. Sc. 3.

A thing devised by the enemy.¹ *Ibid.*

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field. *Sc. 4.*

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! *Ibid.*

Order gave each thing view. *King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 1.*

No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. *Ibid.*

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. *Ibid.*

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. *Ibid.*

'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. *Sc. 2.*

The mirror of all courtesy. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This bold bad man.² *Sc. 2.*

'T is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Sc. 3.*

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

'T is well said again,
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. *Sc. 2.*

¹ A weak invention of the enemy. — CIBBER: *Richard III. (altered), act v. sc. 3.*

² See Spenser, page 27.

And then to breakfast with

What appetite you have. *King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more. *Ibid.*

Press not a falling man too far ! *Ibid.*

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again. *Ibid.*

A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. *Ibid.*

A load would sink a navy. *Ibid.*

And sleep in dull cold marble. *Ibid.*

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.

King Henry VIII. Act iii. Sc. 2

I charge thee, fling away ambition :

By that sin fell the angels.

Ibid.

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !

Ibid.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my king, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Ibid.

A royal train, believe me.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :

Give him a little earth for charity !

Sc. 2.

He gave his honours to the world again,

His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Ibid.

So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !

Ibid.

He was a man

Of an unbounded stomach.

Ibid.

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues

We write in water.¹

Ibid.

¹ For men use, if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble ; and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste. — SIR THOMAS MORE : *Richard III. and his miserable End.*

All your better deeds

Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Philaster, act v. sc. 3*

L'injure se grave en métal ; et le bienfait s'escrit en l'onde.

(An injury graves itself in metal, but a benefit writes itself in water.)

JEAN BERTAUT. *Circa 1611*

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading ;
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.

King Henry VIII. Act iv. Sc. 2.

Yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely.

Ibid.

After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Ibid.

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures.

Act v. Sc. 2.

'T is a cruelty
 To load a falling man.

Sc. 3.¹

You were ever good at sudden commendations.

Ibid.¹

I come not
 To hear such flattery now, and in my presence.

Ibid.²

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

Ibid.¹

Those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour.

Sc. 5.²

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations.

Ibid.

A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

Ibid.

I have had my labour for my travail.³

Troilus and Cressida. Act i. Sc. 1.

¹ Act v. Sc. 2 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

² Act v. Sc. 4 in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

³ Labour for his pains. — EDWARD MOORE : *The Boy and his Rainbow.*

Labour for their pains. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote. The Author's Preface.*

Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy.¹ *Troilus and Cressida. Act i. Sc. 3.*

The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come. *Ibid.*

Modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. *Act ii. Sc. 2.*

The common curse of mankind, — folly and ignorance.
Sc. 3.

All lovers swear more performance than they are able,
 and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vow-
 ing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less
 than the tenth part of one. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. *Sc. 3.*

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. *Ibid.*

And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. *Ibid.*

And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air. *Ibid.*

His heart and hand both open and both free ;
 For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows ;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.
Act iv. Sc. 5.

The end crowns all,
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it. *Ibid.*

Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and none
 less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather
 eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously
 surfeit out of action. *Coriolanus. Act i. Sc. 3.*

¹ Unless degree is preserved, the first place is safe for no one. — PUBLIUS
 SYRUS : *Maxim 1042.*

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Coriolanus. Act ii. Sc. 1.

A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber
in 't.¹

Ibid.

Many-headed multitude.²

Sc. 3.

I thank you for your voices: thank you:
Your most sweet voices.

Ibid.

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? Mark you
His absolute "shall"?

Act iii Sc. 1.

Enough, with over-measure.

Ibid.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder.

Ibid.

That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war.

Sc. 2.

Serv. Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

Act iv. Sc. 5.

A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Ibid.

Chaste as the icicle

That 's curdied by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Act v. Sc. 3.

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. Boy!

Sc. 6.³

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Titus Andronicus. Act i. Sc. 2.

¹ When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.

RICHARD LOVELACE: *To Althea from Prison*, ii

² See Sidney, page 34.

³ Act v. sc. 5 in Singer and Knight.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
 What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
 Than wots the miller of ; ¹ and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive. *Titus Andronicus. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The eagle suffers little birds to sing. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

The weakest goes to the wall. *Romeo and Juliet. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *Ibid.*

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peered forth the golden window of the east. *Ibid.*

As is the bud bit with an envious worm
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. *Ibid.*

Saint-seducing gold. *Ibid.*

He that is strucken blind cannot forget
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. *Ibid.*

One fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish. ² *Sc. 2.*

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story. *Sc. 3.*

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase. *Sc. 4.*

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you !
 She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep. *Ibid.*

Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers. *Ibid.*

¹ See Heywood, page 18.

² See Chapman, page 36.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
 And sleeps again.

Romeo and Juliet. Act i Sc. 4

True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Ibid.

For you and I are past our dancing days.¹

Sc. 5.

It seems she hangs² upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.

Ibid.

Shall have the chinks.

Ibid.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Ibid.

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
 When King Cophetua loved the beggar maid!

Act ii. Sc. 2.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Sc. 2. 3

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Ibid. 4

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Ibid. 4

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

Ibid. 4

For stony limits cannot hold love out.

Ibid. 4

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye

Than twenty of their swords.

Ibid. 4

¹ My dancing days are done. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 3.

² Dyce, Knight, and White read, "Her beauty hangs."

³ Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

⁴ Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs.¹ *Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 2.²*

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Ibid.²*

The god of my idolatry. *Ibid.²*

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "It lightens." *Ibid.²*

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet. *Ibid.²*

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears ! *Ibid.²*

Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. *Ibid.²*

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes by action dignified. *Sc. 3.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie. *Ibid.*

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears. *Ibid.*

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye. *Sc. 4.*

The courageous captain of complements. *Ibid.*

¹ Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter (Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers). — TIBULLUS, iii. 6, 49.

² Act ii. sc. 1 in White.

One, two, and the third in your bosom.

Romeo and Juliet. Act ii. Sc. 4.

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !

Ibid.

I am the very pink of courtesy.

Ibid.

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk,
and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in
a month.

Ibid.

My man's as true as steel.¹

Ibid.

These violent delights have violent ends.

Sc. 6.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Ibid.

Here comes the lady ! O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.

Ibid.

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of
meat.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

A word and a blow.²

Ibid.

A plague o' both your houses !

Ibid.

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a
church-door ; but 't is enough, 't will serve.

Ibid.

When he shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Sc. 2.

Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !

Ibid.

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !

Ibid.

¹ True as steel. — CHAUCER : *Troilus and Creseide*, book v. Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. sc. 2.

² Word and a blow. — DRYDEN : *Amphitryon*, act i. sc. 1. BUNYAN : *Pilgrim's Progress*, part i.

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe.

Romeo and Juliet. Act iii. Sc. 3.

They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

Ibid.

The damned use that word in hell.

Ibid.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.

Ibid.

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Ibid.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.

Sc. 5.

Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.

Ibid.

All these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Ibid.

Villain and he be many miles asunder.

Ibid.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

Ibid.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne.

Act v. Sc. 1.

I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells.

Ibid.

Meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.

Ibid.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.

Ibid.

Famine is in thy cheeks.

Ibid.

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law.

Ibid.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ibid.

The strength

Of twenty men.

Ibid.

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

Sc. 3.

Her beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.

Romeo and Juliet. Act v. Sc. 3.

Beauty's ensign yet

Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Ibid.

Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace!

Ibid.

But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on.

Leaving no tract behind.

Timon of Athens. Act i. Sc. 1.

Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, — honest
water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.

Sc. 2.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself;

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond.

Ibid.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

Ibid.

Every room

Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

'T is lack of kindly warmth.

Ibid.

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sc. 5.

We have seen better days.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

Sc. 3.

I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From general excrement: each thing's a thief.

Ibid.

Life's uncertain voyage.

Act v. Sc. 1.

As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.

Julius Cæsar. Act 1. Sc. 1

The live-long day.

Ibid.

Beware the ides of March.

Sc. 2.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

Ibid.

“Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?” Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow.

Ibid.

Help me, Cassius, or I sink !

Ibid.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

Ibid.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Ibid.

Conjure with 'em, —
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !

Ibid.

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Ibid.

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Julius Cæsar. Act i. Sc. 2.

He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. *Ibid.*

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything. *Ibid.*

But, for my own part, it was Greek to me. *Ibid.*

'T is a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost ¹ round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection. *Ibid.*

A dish fit for the gods. *Ibid.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered. *Ibid.*

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound. *Ibid.*

¹ " Utmost " in Singer.

With an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. *Julius Cæsar. Act ii. Sc. 1*

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops¹
That visit my sad heart. *Ibid.*

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded ? *Ibid.*

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol. *Sc. 2*

These things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them. *Ibid.*

When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. *Ibid.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Ibid.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament. *Ibid.*

Et tu, Brute ! *Ibid.*

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown ! *Ibid.*

The choice and master spirits of this age. *Ibid.*

¹ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart. — GRAY: *The Bard. i. 3, line 12.*

Though last, not least in love.¹ *Julius Cæsar. Act iii. Sc. 1*

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times. *Ibid.*

Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war. *Ibid.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent that you may hear. *Sc. 2.*

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome
more. *Ibid.*

Who is here so base that would be a bondman? *Ibid.*

If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for
a reply. *Ibid.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones. *Ibid.*

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men. *Ibid.*

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Ibid.*

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. *Ibid.*

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence. *Ibid.*

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. *Ibid.*

See what a rent the envious Casca made. *Ibid.*

This was the most unkindest cut of all. *Ibid.*

¹ Though last not least. — SPENSER: *Colin Clout, line 444.*

Great Cæsar fell

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

Julius Cæsar. Act iii. Sc. 2

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not. *Ibid.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man. *Ibid.*

I only speak right on. *Ibid.*

Put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ibid.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith. *Act iv. Sc. 2*

You yourself

Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm. *Sc. 3*

The foremost man of all this world. *Ibid.*

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Ibid.

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say " better " ?

Ibid.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.

Ibid.

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts :
Dash him to pieces !

Ibid.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Ibid.

All his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote.

Julius Cæsar. Act iv. Sc. 3.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

Ibid.

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Ibid.

The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity.

Ibid.

Brutus. Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Ibid.

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Act v. Sc. 1.

Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Ibid.

O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !

Ibid.

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

Sc. 3.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

Sc. 5.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, " This was a man ! "

Ibid.

1 *W.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?

2 *W.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 1

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Ibid

Banners flout the sky.

Sc. 2.

Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Dwindle, peak, and pine. *Ibid.*

What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't ? *Ibid.*

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not. *Ibid.*

Stands not within the prospect of belief. *Ibid.*

The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. *Ibid.*

The insane root
That takes the reason prisoner. *Ibid.*

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence. *Ibid.*

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. *Ibid.*

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature. Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings. *Ibid.*

Nothing is
But what is not. *Ibid.*

If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me. *Ibid.*

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. *Ibid.*

Nothing in his life

Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 4

There 's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.

Ibid.

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Ibid.

Yet do I fear thy nature ;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.

Sc. 5.

What thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win.

Ibid.

That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose.

Ibid.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't.

Ibid.

Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Ibid.

This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Sc. 6.

The heaven's breath

Snells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

Ibid

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch

With his surcease success ; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
 We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
 We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips.

Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7

Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
 And falls on the other.

Ibid

I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Ibid

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
 Like the poor cat i' the adage.¹

Ibid.

I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more is none.

Ibid.

Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere.

Ibid.

Macb. If we should fail ?

Lady M.

We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we 'll not fail.

Ibid.

¹ See Heywood, page 14.

Memory, the warder of the brain. *Macbeth. Act i. Sc. 7.*

There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Shut up
In measureless content. *Ibid.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain? *Ibid.*

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going. *Ibid.*

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead. *Ibid.*

Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout. *Ibid.*

The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Ibid.*

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. *Sc. 2.¹*

The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. *Ibid.¹*

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. *Ibid.¹*

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep!" the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,

¹ Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce, Staunton, and White.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast. *Macbeth. Act ii. Sc. 2.¹*

Infirm of purpose ! *Ibid.¹*

'Tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. *Ibid.¹*

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red. *Ibid.¹*

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Sc. 3.²*

Dire combustion and confused events
 New hatch'd to the woful time. *Ibid.²*

Tongue nor heart
 Cannot conceive nor name thee ! *Ibid.²*

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece !
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
 The life o' the building ! *Ibid.²*

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of. *Ibid.²*

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? *Ibid.²*

There's daggers in men's smiles. *Ibid.²*

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. *Sc. 4.³*

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
 Thine own life's means ! *Ibid.*

I must become a borrower of the night
 For a dark hour or twain. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

¹ Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce, Staunton, and White.

² Act ii. sc. 1 in Dyce and White ; Act ii. sc. 2 in Staunton.

³ Act ii. sc. 2 in Dyce and White ; Act ii. sc. 3 in Staunton.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 1*

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. *Ibid*

Mur. We are men, my liege.

Mac. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men. *Ibid.*

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world. *Ibid.*

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't. *Ibid*

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard ; what 's done is done. *Sc. 2*

We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it. *Ibid*

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well :
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further. *Ibid.*

In them Nature's copy 's not eterne. *Ibid.*

A deed of dreadful note. *Ibid*

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. *Ibid*

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill. *Ibid*

Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn. *Sc. 3*

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. *Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 2*

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! *Ibid.*

Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me. *Ibid.*

The air-drawn dagger. *Ibid.*

The time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. *Ibid.*

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table. *Ibid.*

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with! *Ibid.*

A thing of custom, — 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time. *Ibid.*

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger, —
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. *Ibid.*

Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! *Ibid.*

You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder. *Ibid.*

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? *Ibid.*

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. *Ibid.*

- Macb.* What is the night ?
L. Macb. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macbeth. Act iii. Sc. 4.
- I am in blood
 Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er. *Ibid.*
- My little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. *Sc. 5.*
- Double, double toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*
- Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog. *Ibid.*
- By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.
 Open, locks,
 Whoever knocks ! *Ibid.*
- How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags ! *Ibid.*
- A deed without a name. *Ibid.*
- I'll make assurance double sure,
 And take a bond of fate. *Ibid.*
- Show his eyes, and grieve his heart :
 Come like shadows, so depart ! *Ibid.*
- What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Ibid.
- I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antic round.¹ *Ibid.*
- The weird sisters. *Ibid.*
- The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it. *Ibid.*
- When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors. *Sc. 2*

¹ Let the air strike our tune,
 Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.

MIDDLETON : *The Witch*, act v. sc. 2

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Macbeth. Act iv. Sc. 3

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Ibid.

Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ibid.

Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

Ibid.

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop ?

Ibid.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.

Ibid

O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue.

Ibid

The night is long that never finds the day.

Ibid

Out, damned spot ! out, I say !

Act v. Sc. 1

Fie, my lord, fie ! a soldier, and afeard ?

Ibid.

Yet who would have thought the old man to have had
so much blood in him ?

Ibid.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little
hand.

Ibid.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear.

Sc. 3.

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obédience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but in their stead
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Ibid.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it.

Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 3

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. *Ibid.*

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come!" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. *Sc. 5*

My fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors. *Ibid.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, cut, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. *Ibid*

I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane." *Ibid.*

I gin to be aweary of the sun. *Macbeth. Act v. Sc. 5.*

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. *Ibid.*

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. *Sc. 6.*

I bear a charmed life. *Sc. 8.¹*

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope. *Ibid.¹*

Live to be the show and gaze o' the time. *Ibid.¹*

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
Ibid.¹

For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart. *Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 1.*

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state. *Ibid.*

Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week. *Ibid.*

This sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day. *Ibid.*

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets. *Ibid.*

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. *Ibid.*

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. *Ibid.*

¹ Act v. Sc. 7 in Singer and White.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir¹ abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hamlet. Act 1. Sc. 2

So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.²

Ibid.

The memory be green.

Sc. 2.

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,³
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.

Ibid.

The head is not more native to the heart.

Ibid.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Ibid.

All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ibid.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black.

Ibid.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Ibid.

'Tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd.

Ibid.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

¹ "Can walk" in White.

² "Eastern hill" in Dyce, Singer, Staunton, and White.

³ "One auspicious and one dropping eye" in Dyce, Singer, and Staunton.

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Hamlet. Act i Sc. 2

That it should come to this!

Ibid.

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly.

Ibid.

Why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on.

Ibid.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Ibid.

A little month.

Ibid.

Like Niobe, all tears.

Ibid.

A beast, that wants discourse of reason.

Ibid.

My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules.

Ibid.

It is not nor it cannot come to good.

Ibid.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 Or ever I had seen that day.

Ibid.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Ibid.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Ibid.

Season your admiration for a while

Ibid.

In the dead vast and middle of the night.

Ibid.

Arm'd at point exactly, cap-a-pe.¹

Ibid.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ibid.

¹ "Armed at all points" in Singer and White.

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 2.

Ham. His beard was grizzled, — no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ibid

Let it be tenable in your silence still.

Ibid.

Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

Ibid.

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve.

Ibid.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Ibid.

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute.

Sc. 3.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Ibid.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.¹

Ibid.

Give thy thoughts no tongue.

Ibid.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops² of steel.

Ibid

¹ And may you better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser.

BURNS : *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

² "Hooks" in Singer.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
 Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 3.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all : to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Ibid.

Springes to catch woodcocks.

Ibid.

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows.

Ibid.

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence.

Ibid.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Sc. 4.

But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honoured in the breach than the observance.

Ibid.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd.

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous,¹ and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 4.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee.

Ibid.

My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Ibid.

Unhand me, gentlemen.
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
 Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Ibid.

Ibid.

I am thy father's spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,²
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand an end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:³
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

Sc. 5

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself⁴ in ease on Lethe wharf.

Ibid.

¹ And makes night hideous. — POPE: *The Dunciad*, book iii. line 166.

² "To lasting fires" in Singer.

³ "Porcupine" in Singer and Staunton.

⁴ "Rots itself" in Staunton.

O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

Ibid

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon.

Ibid

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Ibid

Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Ibid

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Ibid

While memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.

Ibid

Within the book and volume of my brain.

Ibid

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables; — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

Ibid

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the
grave
To tell us this.

Ibid

Every man has business and desire,
Such as it is.

Ibid

Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on — you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Ibid.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet. Act i. Sc. 5

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Ibid.*

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ibid.*

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right! *Ibid.*

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

This is the very ecstasy of love. *Ibid.*

Brevity is the soul of wit.¹ *Sc. 2*

More matter, with less art. *Ibid.*

That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;
And pity 't is 't is true. *Ibid*

Find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause. *Ibid*

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love. *Ibid.*

To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man
picked out of ten thousand. *Ibid.*

Still harping on my daughter. *Ibid.*

Pol. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words. *Ibid.*

They have a plentiful lack of wit. *Ibid.*

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. *Ibid.*

On fortune's cap we are not the very button. *Ibid*

¹ A short saying oft contains much wisdom. — SOPHOCLES: *Aletes, frag. 99*

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking
makes it so. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

A dream itself is but a shadow. *Ibid.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks. *Ibid.*

This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile
promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look
you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical
roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other
thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of
vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in
reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving
how express and admirable! in action how like an angel!
in apprehension how like a god! *Ibid.*

Man delights not me: no, nor woman neither. *Ibid*

There is something in this more than natural, if phi-
losophy could find it out. *Ibid.*

I know a hawk from a handsaw. *Ibid.*

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst
thou! *Ibid.*

One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well. *Ibid.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality. *Ibid.*

The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was
caviare to the general. *Ibid.*

They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time:
after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than
their ill report while you live. *Ibid*

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape
whipping? *Ibid*

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? *Ibid.*

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab. *Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.*

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.¹ *Ibid.*

The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Abuses me to damn me. *Ibid.*

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. *Ibid.*

With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. *Act iii. Sc. 1*

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make

¹ See Chaucer, page 5.

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels¹ bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Hamlet. Act 4, Sc 1

Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd. *Ibid.*

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. *Ibid.*

I am myself indifferent honest. *Ibid.*

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
 not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go. *Ibid.*

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God
 has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. *Ibid.*

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword. *Ibid.*

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers! *Ibid.*

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. *Ibid.*

O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Ibid.*

¹ "Who would these fardels" in White.

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. *Ibid.*

To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature. *Ibid.*

The very age and body of the time his form and pressure. *Ibid.*

Though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. *Ibid.*

Not to speak it profanely. *Ibid.*

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably. *Ibid.*

First Play. We have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. *Ibid.*

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal. *Ibid.*

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. *Ibid.*

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. *Ibid.*

They are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee. — Something too much of this.

Hamlet. Act iii Sc. 2.

And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy.

Ibid.

Here's metal more attractive.

Ibid.

Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit
 of sables.

Ibid.

There's hope a great man's memory may outlive his
 life half a year.

Ibid.

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Ibid.

This is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Ibid.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Ibid.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown.

Ibid.

The lady doth protest¹ too much, methinks.

Ibid.

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Ibid.

The story is extant, and writ in choice Italian.

Ibid.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

So runs the world away.

Ibid.

'Tis as easy as lying.

Ibid.

It will discourse most eloquent music.

Ibid.

¹ "Protests" in Dyce, Singer, and Staunton.

Pluck out the heart of my mystery. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 2.*

Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?
Ibid.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape
of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale. *Ibid.*

They fool me to the top of my bent. *Ibid.*

By and by is easily said. *Ibid.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world. *Ibid*

I will speak daggers to her, but use none. *Ibid*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. *Sc. 3*

Like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. *Ibid.*

'T is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature. *Ibid.*

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe! *Ibid.*

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May. *Ibid*

About some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't. *Ibid*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below :
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 3

Dead, for a ducat, dead !

Sc. 4

And let me wring your heart ; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

Ibid.

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.

Ibid.

False as dicers' oaths.

Ibid.

A rhapsody of words.

Ibid

What act

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ibid.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill, —
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Ibid.

At your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble.

Ibid.

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire : proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Ibid

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Ibid

A king of shreds and patches. *Hamlet. Act iii. Sc. 4.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. *Ibid.*

How is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy? *Ibid.*

This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in. *Ibid.*

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. *Ibid.*

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come. *Ibid.*

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this. *Ibid.*

Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature. *Ibid.*

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. *Ibid.*

For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar. *Ibid.*

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.¹ *Act iv. Sc. 3.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king,
and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. *Ibid.*

¹ Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases. — HIPPOCRATES: *Aphorism i.*

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unused.

Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 4

Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake.

Ibid.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Sc. 5.

We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Ibid.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
 All in the morning betime.

Ibid.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes.

Ibid.

Come, my coach! Good night, sweet ladies; good night.

Ibid.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions.

Ibid.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
 That treason can but peep to what it would.

Ibid

Nature is fine in love, and where 't is fine,
 It sends some precious instance of itself
 After the thing it loves.

Ibid

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; . . . and
 there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Ibid

You must wear your rue with a difference. There's a
 daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered.

Ibid.

His beard was as white as snow,
 All flaxen was his poll.

Ibid'

A very riband in the cap of youth.

Sc. 7

That we would do,
 We should do when we would.

Ibid'

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.¹

Hamlet. Act iv. Sc. 7.

Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

Ibid.

1 Clo. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death
shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Act v. Sc. 2.

There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners.

Ibid.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it.

Ibid.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business?

Ibid.

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ibid.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Ibid.

A politician, . . . one that would circumvent God.

Ibid.

Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where
be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks?

Ibid.

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's
dead.

Ibid.

How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the
card, or equivocation will undo us.

Ibid.

The age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant
comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.

Ibid.

¹ Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave. — HERRICK: *Sorrows Succeed.*

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;

They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night iii line 63*

And woe succeeds to woe. — POPE: *The Iliad. book xvi. line 139.*

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.*

To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole? *Ibid.*

'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so. *Ibid.*

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. *Ibid.*

Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! ¹ *Ibid.*

A ministering angel shall my sister be. ² *Ibid.*

Sweets to the sweet: farewell! *Ibid.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave. *Ibid.*

Though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous. *Ibid.*

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. *Ibid.*

¹ And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, xviii.

² A ministering angel thou. — SCOTT: *Marmion*, canto vi. st. 30.

Nay, an' thou 'lt mouth,

I 'll rant as well as thou.

Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Ibid.

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.¹

Sc. 2

I once did hold it, as our statist do,

A baseness to write fair.

Ibid.

It did me yeoman's service.

Ibid.

The bravery of his grief did put me

Into a towering passion.

Ibid.

What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Ibid.

The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we
could carry cannon by our sides.

Ibid.

'T is the breathing time of day with me.

Ibid.

There 's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will
be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness
is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what

is 't to leave betimes?

Ibid.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Ibid.

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

Ibid.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Ibid.

This fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest.

Ibid.

Report me and my cause aright.

Ibid.

¹ But they that are above
Have ends in everything.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Maid's Tragedy*,
act v. sc. 4.

- I am more an antique Roman than a Dane. *Hamlet. Act v. Sc. 2.*
- Absent thee from felicity awhile. *Ibid.*
- The rest is silence. *Ibid.*
- Although the last, not least. *King Lear. Act i. Sc. 1.*
- Nothing will come of nothing. *Ibid.*
- Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes. *Ibid.*
- I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not. *Ibid.*
- A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not. *Ibid.*
- Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides. *Ibid.*
- As if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly
compulsion. *Sc. 2.*
- That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in;
and the best of me is diligence. *Sc. 4.*
- Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! *Ibid.*
- Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. *Ibid.*
- Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below. *Act ii. Sc. 4.*
- Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. *Ibid.*
- Necessity's sharp pinch! *Ibid.*
- Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! *Ibid.*
- Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Act iii. Sc. 2.
- I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness. *Ibid.*

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.

King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 2.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths
in a glass. *Ibid.*

Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice. *Ibid.*

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning. *Ibid.*

Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that. *Sc. 4.*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? *Ibid.*

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. *Ibid.*

Out-paramoured the Turk. *Ibid.*

'T is a naughty night to swim in. *Ibid.*

The green mantle of the standing pool. *Ibid.*

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year. *Ibid.*

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.¹ *Ibid.*

Poor Tom's a-cold. *Ibid.*

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban. *Ibid.*

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. *Ibid.*

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

Sc. 6

¹ The prince of darkness is a gentleman. — SUCKLING: *The Goblins*

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail. *King Lear. Act iii. Sc. 6.*

I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course. *Sc. 7.*

The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst." *Ibid.*

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. *Sc. 3.*

Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice. *Sc. 6.*

Nature's above art in that respect. *Ibid.*

Ay, every inch a king. *Ibid.*

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten
my imagination. *Ibid.*

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.
Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon
yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places;
and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief? *Ibid.*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. *Ibid.*

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. *Sc. 7.*

Pray you now, forget and forgive. *Ibid.*

Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. *Act v. Sc. 3*

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us. *King Lear. Act v. Sc. 3.*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, — an excellent thing in woman. *Ibid.*

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer. *Ibid.*

That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 1.*

The bookish theoretic. *Ibid.*

'T is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. *Ibid.*

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. *Ibid.*

Whip me such honest knaves. *Ibid.*

I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. *Ibid.*

You are one of those that will not serve God, if the
devil bid you. *Ibid.*

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation. *Sc. 2*

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,¹
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used

¹ Though I be rude in speech. — 2 Cor. xi. 6

Their dearest action in the tented field,
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love. *Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.*

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
 Still question'd me the story of my life,
 From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have passed.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field,
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent foe
 And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
 And portance in my travels' history;
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak, — such was the process;
 And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear¹
 Would Desdemona seriously incline. *Ibia.*

And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
 She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful;
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man; she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,

¹ "These things to hear" in Singer.

I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

Othello. Act i. Sc. 3.

I do perceive here a divided duty. *Ibid.*

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief. *Ibid.*

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down. *Ibid.*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind. *Ibid.*

Put money in thy purse. *Ibid.*

The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
 shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. *Ibid.*

Framed to make women false. *Ibid.*

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens. *Act ii. Sc. 1*

For I am nothing, if not critical. *Ibid*

I am not merry ; but I do beguile
 The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. *Ibid*

She that was ever fair and never proud,
 Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud. *Ibid*

She was a wight, if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion ! *Ibid.*

You may relish him more in the soldier than in the
 scholar. *Ibid*

If after every tempest come such calms,
 May the winds blow till they have waken'd death !

Ibid

Egregiously an ass. *Othello. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. *Sc. 3.*

Potations pottle-deep. *Ibid.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear, —
With that he called the tailor lown.¹ *Ibid.*

Silence that dreadful bell : it frights the isle
From her propriety. *Ibid.*

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure. *Ibid.*

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter. *Ibid.*

Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine. *Ibid.*

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery. *Ibid.*

Reputation, reputation, reputation ! Oh, I have lost
my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself,
and what remains is bestial. *Ibid.*

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name
to be known by, let us call thee devil ! *Ibid.*

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths
to steal away their brains ! *Ibid.*

Cas. Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredi-
ent is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar crea-
ture, if it be well used. *Ibid.*

How poor are they that have not patience ! *Ibid.*

¹ Though these lines are from an old ballad given in Percy's *Reliques*, they are much altered by Shakespeare, and it is his version we sing in the nursery.

Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
 Chaos is come again.¹ *Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

Speak to me as to thy thinkings,
 As thou dost ruminatè, and give thy worst of thoughts
 The worst of words. *Ibid.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
 Who steals my purse steals trash ; 't is something,
 nothing ;
 'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he that filches from me my good name
 Robs me of that which not enriches him
 And makes me poor indeed. *Ibid.*

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy !
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on. *Ibid.*

But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly² loves !
Ibid.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough. *Ibid.*

To be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolv'd. *Ibid.*

If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I 'ld whistle her off and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune. *Ibid.*

I am declined
 Into the vale of years. *Ibid.*

¹ For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
Venus and Adonis.

² "Fondly" in Singer and White ; "soundly" in Staunton.

O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses.

Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

Ibid.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou owedst yesterday.

Ibid.

I swear 't is better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little.

Ibid.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Ibid.

O, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner, and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Ibid.

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof.

Ibid.

No hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on.

Ibid.

On horror's head horrors accumulate.

Ibid.

Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe.

Ibid.

But this denoted a foregone conclusion.

Othello. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues !

Ibid.

Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.

Ibid.

Our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Sc. 4.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

They laugh that win.¹

Ibid.

But yet the pity of it, Iago ! O Iago, the pity of it,
Iago !

Ibid.

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Sc. 2.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.

Ibid.

But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger² at !

Ibid.

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin.

Ibid.

O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er
been born.

Ibid.

O Heaven, that such companions thou 'ldst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world !

Ibid.

¹ CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*, part ii. chap. i.

² "His slow and moving finger" in Knight and Staunton.

- 'T is neither here nor there. *Othello. Act iv. Sc. 3.*
- It makes us or it mars us. *Act v. Sc. 1.*
- Every way makes my gain. *Ibid.*
- He hath a daily beauty in his life. *Ibid.*
- This is the night
- That either makes me or fordoes me quite. *Ibid.*
- And smooth as monumental alabaster. *Sc. 2.*
- Put out the light, and then put out the light:
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore
 Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relume. *Ibid.*
- So sweet was ne'er so fatal. *Ibid.*
- Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
 Had stomach for them all. *Ibid.*
- One entire and perfect chrysolite. *Ibid.*
- Curse his better angel from his side,
 And fall to reprobation. *Ibid.*
- Every puny whipster. *Ibid.*
- Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
 And he retires. *Ibid.*
- I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice. Then, must you speak
 Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdu'd eyes,
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum. *Othello. Act v. Sc. 2*

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus. *Ibid*

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Antony and Cleopatra. Act i. Sc. 1.

On the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. *Sc. 2.*

This grief is crowned with consolation. *Ibid.*

Give me to drink mandragora. *Sc. 5.*

Where's my serpent of old Nile ? *Ibid.*

A morsel for a monarch. *Ibid.*

My salad days,

When I was green in judgment. *Ibid.*

Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Small to greater matters must give way. *Sc. 2.*

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water ; the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description. *Ibid.*

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety *Ibid.*

I have not kept my square ; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. *Sc. 3*

'T was merry when
 You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew up. *Antony and Cleopatra. Act ii. Sc. 5.*

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
 Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne ! *Sc. 7.*

Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
 Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
 Than gain which darken; him. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

He wears the rose
 Of youth upon him. *Sc. 13*

Men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. *Ibid.*

To business that we love we rise betime,
 And go to 't with delight. *Act iv. Sc. 4.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
 That means to be of note, begins betimes. *Ibid.*

The shirt of Nessus is upon me. *Sc. 12.*

Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish ;
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't. *Sc. 14.*

That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water. *Ibid.*

Since Cleopatra died,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour that the gods
 Detest my baseness. *Ibid.*

I am dying, Egypt, dying. *Sc. 15.*

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.¹

Antony and Cleopatra. Act iv. Sc. 15.

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.

Ibid.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping.

Act v. Sc. 2.

If there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming.

Ibid.

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.

Ibid.

I have
Immortal longings in me.

Ibid.

Lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.

Cymbeline. Act i. Sc. 4.

Hath his bellyful of fighting.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily.

Sc. 2.

The most patient man in loss, the most coldest that
ever turned up ace.

Sc. 3.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,²
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise.

Ibid.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

Sc. 5.

Some griefs are medicinable.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

Sc. 3.

¹ See Marlowe, page 41.

² See Lyly, page 32.

So slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling. *Cymbeline. Act iii. Sc. 3*

The game is up. *Ibid*

No, 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. *Sc. 4.*

Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him :
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion. *Ibid*

It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness. *Ibid.*

I have not slept one wink. *Ibid.*

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. *Ibid.*

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. *Sc. 6.*

An angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon ! *Ibid*

Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys. *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

And put
My clouted brogues from off my feet. *Ibid.*

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust. *Ibid.*

O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister. *Act v. Sc 5*

Like an arrow shot
From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at. *Pericles. Act i. Sc. 1.*

3 Fish. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
Venus and Adonis. Line 145.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. *Line 1019.*

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light. *Line 1027.*

For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
Lucrece. Line 1006.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime. *Sonnet in.*

And stretched metre of an antique song. *Sonnet xvii*

But thy eternal summer shall not fade. *Sonnet xviii.*

The painful warrior famoused for fight,¹
After a thousand victories, once foil'd,
Is from the books of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd. *Sonnet xxv*

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Sonnet xxx.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen. *Sonnet xxxiii.*

My grief lies onward and my joy behind. *Sonnet 1*

¹ "Worth" in White.

Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet. *Sonnet lii*

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live. *Sonnet liv.*

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme. *Sonnet lv*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ? *Sonnet lxxv.*

And art made tongue-tied by authority. *Sonnet lxxvi.*

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ibid.*

The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air. *Sonnet lxxz.*

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, —
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
Sonnet lxxiii.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live — such virtue hath my pen —
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.
Sonnet lxxxi.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing.
Sonnet lxxxvii.

Do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow. *Sonnet xc*

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything. *Sonnet xxviii.*

Still constant is a wondrous excellence. *Sonnet cv.*

And beauty, making beautiful old rhyme. *Sonnet cvi.*

My nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Sonnet cxii.*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments : love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Sonnet cxvii.*

'T is better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being ;
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing. *Sonnet cxxti.*

No, I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own. *Ibid.*

That full star that ushers in the even. *Sonnet cxxzii.*

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep.
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passion in his craft of will.

A Lover's Complaint. Line 120.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear. *Ibid. Line 288.*

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.
The Passionate Pilgrim. vii.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together. *Ibid. xii.*

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught? *Ibid. xix.*

Cursed be he that moves my bones. *Shakespeare's Epitaph.*

FRANCIS BACON. 1561-1626.

(Works: Spedding and Ellis).

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

Maxims of the Law. Preface.

Come home to men's business and bosoms.

Dedication to the Essays, Edition 1625.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

Of Truth.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other.

Of Death.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.

Of Revenge.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that "The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

Of Adversity.

It is yet a higher speech of his than the other, "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the security of a god."

Ibid.

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New.

Ibid.

Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

Ibid.

Virtue is like precious odours, — most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.¹

Of Adversity.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

Of Marriage and Single Life.

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.²

Ibid.

Men in great place are thrice servants, — servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

Of Great Place.

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill."

Of Boldness.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.³

Of Goodness.

The remedy is worse than the disease.⁴

Of Seditions.

¹ As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

GOLDSMITH: *The Captivity*, act i.

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.

ROGERS: *Jacqueline*, stanza 3.

² BURTON (quoted): *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part iii. sect. 2, memb. 5 subsect. 5.

³ Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes:
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

POPE: *Essay on Man*, ep. i. line 125

⁴ There are some remedies worse than the disease. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 301.

I had rather believe all the fables in the legends and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.

Of Atheism.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.¹

Ibid.

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel.

Of Travel.

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration but no rest.²

Of Empire.

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world; as to say, "The world says," or "There is a speech abroad."

Of Cunning.

There is a cunning which we in England call "the turning of the cat in the pan;" which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him.

Ibid.

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less.

Ibid

It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are; but howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man.

Of Seeming Wise.

¹ Who are a little wise the best fools be. — DONNE : *Triple Fool*.

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion. — FULLER : *The Holy State. The True Church Antiquary*.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. — POPE : *Essay on Criticism. part ii. line 15.*

² Kings are like stars : they rise and set ; they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

SHELLEY : *Hellas*

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic. A man's own observation, what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

Of Regimen of Health.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

Of Discourse.

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination,¹ their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions.

Of Custom and Education.

Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.²

Of Fortune.

If a man look sharply and attentively, he shall see Fortune; for though she is blind, she is not invisible.³

Ibid.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business.

Of Youth and Age

Virtue is like a rich stone, — best plain set.

Of Beauty.

God Almighty first planted a garden.⁴

Of Gardens.

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes, like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air.

Ibid.

¹ Of similar meaning, "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought." See Shakespeare, page 90.

² Every man is the architect of his own fortune. — PSEUDO-SALLUST: *Epist de Rep. Ord. ii. 1.*

His own character is the arbiter of every one's fortune. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 283.*

³ Fortune is painted blind, with a muffer afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind. — SHAKESPEARE: *Henry V. act iii. sc. 6.*

⁴ God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

COWLEY: *The Garden, Essay v*

God made the country, and man made the town.

COWPER: *The Task, book i. line 749.*

Divina natura dedit agros, ars humana ædificavit urbes (Divine Nature gave the fields, human art built the cities). — VARRO: *De Re Rustica, iii. 1.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Of Studies.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. *Ibid.*

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Ibid.*

The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men is the vicissitude of sects and religions.¹ *Of Vicissitude of Things.*

Books must follow sciences, and not sciences books.

Proposition touching Amendment of Laws.

Knowledge is power. — Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.² *Meditationes Sacræ. De Hæresibus.*

Whence we see spiders, flies, or ants entombed and preserved forever in amber, a more than royal tomb.³

Historia Vitæ et Mortis; Sylva Sylvarum, Cent. i. Exper. 100.

When you wander, as you often delight to do, you wander indeed, and give never such satisfaction as the curious time requires. This is not caused by any natural defect, but first for want of election, when you, having a large and fruitful mind, should not so much labour what to speak as to find what to leave unspoken. Rich soils are often to be weeded. *Letter of Expostulation to Coke.*

¹ The vicissitude of things. — STERNE: *Sermon xvi.* GIFFORD: *Contemplation.*

² A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. — *Proverbs xxiv. 5.*

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force. — JOHNSON: *Rasselas, chap. xiii.*

³ The bee enclosed and through the amber shown,
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.

MARTIAL: *book iv. 32, vi. 15* (Hay's translation)
I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.

HERRICK: *On a Fly buried in Amber*
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms.

POPE: *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, line 169.*

“Antiquitas sæculi juvenus mundi.” These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we account ancient *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backward from ourselves.¹

Advancement of Learning. Book i. (1605.)

For the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate. *Ibid.*

The sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before.² *Book ii.*

It [Poesy] was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind. *Ibid.*

¹ As in the little, so in the great world, reason will tell you that old age or antiquity is to be accounted by the farther distance from the beginning and the nearer approach to the end, — the times wherein we now live being in propriety of speech the most ancient since the world's creation. — GEORGE HAKEWILL: *An Apologie or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World. London, 1627.*

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it? — PASCAL: *Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.*

It is worthy of remark that a thought which is often quoted from Francis Bacon occurs in [Giordano] Bruno's “Cena di Cenere,” published in 1584: I mean the notion that the later times are more aged than the earlier. — WHEWELL: *Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, vol. ii. p. 193. London, 1847.*

We are Ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of the times.

TENNYSON: *The Day Dream. (L'Envoi.)*

² The sun, though it passes through dirty places, yet remains as pure as before. — *Advancement of Learning* (ed. Dewey).

The sun, too, shines into cesspools and is not polluted. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS, *Lib. vi. sect. 63.*

Spiritualis enim virtus sacramenti ita est ut lux: etsi per immundos transeat, non inquinatur (The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light: although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted). — SAINT AUGUSTINE: *Works, vol. iii., In Johannis Evang. cap. i. tr. v. sect. 15.*

The sun shineth upon the dunghil, and is not corrupted. — LYLly: *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit* (Arber's reprint), p. 43.

The sun reflecting upon the mud of strands and shores is unpolluted in his beam. — TAYLOR: *Holy Living, chap. i. p. 3.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sun beam. — MILTON: *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Sacred and inspired divinity, the sabaoth and port of
all men's labours and peregrinations.

Advancement of Learning. Book ii.

Cleanness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a
due reverence to God.¹

Ibid.

States as great engines move slowly.

Ibid.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.²

The World.

Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in dust.

Ibid.

What then remains but that we still should cry
For being born, and, being born, to die?³

Ibid.

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charita-
ble speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages.

From his Will.

My Lord St. Albans said that Nature did never put
her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and
therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty
heads.⁴

Apothegms. No. 17.

¹ Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness. — JOHN WESLEY (quoted):
Sermon xcii. On Dress.

According to Dr. A. S. Bettelheim, rabbi, this is found in the Hebrew
fathers. He cites Phinehas ben Yair, as follows: "The doctrines of religion
are resolved into carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness
into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into
cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness," — literally, next to godliness.

² Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span. — BROWNE: *Pastoral ii.*

Our life is but a span. — *New England Primer.*

³ This line frequently occurs in almost exactly the same shape among the
minor poems of the time: "Not to be born, or, being born, to die." — DRUM-
MOND: *Poems, p. 44.* BISHOP KING: *Poems, etc. (1657), p. 145.*

⁴ Tall men are like houses of four stories, wherein commonly the upper-
most room is worst furnished. — HOWELL (quoted): *Letter i. book i. sect. ii.*
(1621.)

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many
stories high. — FULLER: *Andronicus, sect. vi. par. 18, 1.*

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 161*

Like the strawberry wives, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest were little ones.¹

Apothegms. No. 54.

Sir Henry Wotton used to say that critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes.

No. 64.

Sir Amice Pawlet, when he saw too much haste made in any matter, was wont to say, "Stay a while, that we may make an end the sooner."

No. 76.

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appears to be best in four things, — old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.²

No. 97.

Pyrrhus, when his friends congratulated to him his victory over the Romans under Fabricius, but with great slaughter of his own side, said to them, "Yes; but if we have such another victory, we are undone."³

No. 193.

Cosmus, Duke of Florence, was wont to say of perfidious friends, that "We read that we ought to forgive our enemies; but we do not read that we ought to forgive our friends."

No. 206.

Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

No. 247.

¹ The custom is not altogether obsolete in the U. S. A.

² Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest? Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest. — WEBSTER: *Westward Hoe*, act ii. sc. 2.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet. — SELDEN: *Table Talk. Friends.*

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read! — Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appeared to be best in these four things. — MELCHIOR: *Floresta Española de Apothegmas o sentencias*, etc., ii. 1, 20.

What find you better or more honourable than age? Take the preheminnence of it in everything, — in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree. — SHAKERLEY MARMION (1602-1639): *The Antiquary.*

I love everything that's old, — old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine. — GOLDSMITH: *She Stoops to Conquer*, act i.

³ There are some defeats more triumphant than victories. — MONTAIGNE: *Of Cannibals*, chap. xxx.

THOMAS MIDDLETON. — — — 1626.

- As the case stands.¹ *The Old Law. Act ii. Sc. 1.*
- On his last legs. *Act v. Sc. 1.*
- Hold their noses to the grindstone.²
Blurt, Master-Constable. Act iii. Sc. 3.
- I smell a rat.³ *Ibid.*
- A little too wise, they say, do ne'er live long.⁴
The Phoenix. Act i. Sc. 1.
- The better day, the better deed.⁵ *Act iii. Sc. 1.*
- The worst comes to the worst.⁶ *Ibid.*
- 'T is slight, not strength, that gives the greatest lift.⁷
Michaelmas Term. Act iv. Sc. 1.
- From thousands of our undone widows
One may derive some wit.⁸
A Trick to catch the Old One. Act i. Sc. 2.
- Ground not upon dreams; you know they are ever con-
trary.⁹ *The Family of Love. Act iv. Sc. 3.*
- Spick and span new.¹⁰ *Ibid.*
- A flat case as plain as a pack-staff.¹¹ *Act v. Sc. 3.*

¹ As the case stands. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries, Psalm cxix.*

² See Heywood, page 11.

³ I smell a rat. — BEN JONSON: *Tale of a Tub, act iv. Sc. 3.* BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 281.*

I begin to smell a rat. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, book iv. chap. x.*

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 97.

⁵ The better day, the worse deed. — HENRY: *Commentaries, Genesis iii.*

⁶ Worst comes to the worst. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book iii. chap. v.* MARSTON: *The Dutch Courtezan, act iii. sc. 1.*

⁷ It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize. — POPE: *The Iliad, book xxiii. line 383.*

⁸ Some undone widow sits upon mine arm. — MASSINGER: *A New Way to pay Old Debts, act v. sc. 1.*

⁹ For drames always go by contraries. — LOVER: *The Angel's Whisper.*

¹⁰ Spick and span new. — FORD: *The Lover's Melancholy, act i. sc. 1.* FARQUHAR: *Preface to his Works.*

¹¹ Plain as a pike-staff. — *Terence in English (1641).* BUCKINGHAM: *Speech in the House of Lords, 1675.* *Gil Blas* (Smollett's translation), *book xii. chap. viii.* BYROM: *Epistle to a Friend.*

Have you summoned your wits from wool-gathering ?

The Family of Love. Act v. Sc. 3.

As true as I live.

Ibid.

From the crown of our head to the sole of our foot.¹

A Mad World, my Masters. Act i. Sc. 3.

That disease

Of which all old men sicken, — avarice.²

The Roving Girl. Act i. Sc. 1.

Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.

Ibid.

There is no hate lost between us.³

The Witch. Act iv. Sc. 3.

Let the air strike our tune,

Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.⁴

Act v. Sc. 2

Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,

Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.⁵

Ibid.

All is not gold that glisteneth.⁶

A Fair Quarrel. Act v. Sc. 1.

As old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous
English poet.

More Dissemblers besides Women. Act i. Sc. 4.

'T is a stinger.⁷

Act iii. Sc. 2.

The world's a stage on which all parts are played.⁸

A Game at Chess. Act v. Sc. 1.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 51.

² So for a good old gentlemanly vice,

I think I must take up with avarice.

BYRON : *Don Juan, canto i. stanza 216.*

³ There is no love lost between us. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote, book iv. chap. xxiii.* GOLDSMITH : *She Stoops to Conquer, act iv.* GARRICK : *Correspondence, 1759.* FIELDING : *The Grub Street Opera, act i. sc. 4.*

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 123.

⁵ These lines are introduced into *Macbeth, act iv. sc. 1.* According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one." Collier says, "Doubtless it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare." Dyce says, "There seems to be little doubt that 'Macbeth' is of an earlier date than 'The Witch.'"

⁶ See Chaucer, page 5.

⁷ He 'as had a stinger. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Wit without Money, act iv. sc. 1.*

⁸ See Shakespeare, page 69.

Turn over a new leaf.¹ *Anything for a Quiet Life. Act iii. Sc. 3.*

My nearest

And dearest enemy.² *Act v. Sc. 1.*

This was a good week's labour. *Sc. 3.*

How many honest words have suffered corruption since
Chaucer's days! *No Wit, no Help, like a Woman's. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

By many a happy accident.³ *Sc. 2.*

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1568-1639.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!
The Character of a Happy Life.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend. *Ibid*

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.⁴ *Ibid*

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light;
You common people of the skies, —
What are you when the moon⁵ shall rise?
On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.⁶

¹ *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Servingmen (1598).* Turn over a new leaf. — DEKKER: *The Honest Whore, part ii. act i. sc. 2.* BURKE: *Letter to Mrs. Hariland.*

² See Shakespeare, page 128.

³ A happy accident. — MADAME DE STAËL: *L'Allemagne, chap. xv.* CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, book v. part ii. chap. lvii.*

⁴ As having nothing, and yet possessing all things. — *2 Corinth. vi. 10.*

⁵ "Sun" in *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (eds. 1651, 1654, 1672, 1685).

⁶ This was printed with music as early as 1624, in Est's "Sixth Set of Books," etc., and is found in many MSS. — HANNAH: *The Courtly Poets.*

He first deceased ; she for a little tried
To *live* without him, liked it not, and died.

Upon the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.

I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff.

Preface to the Elements of Architecture.

Hanging was the worst use a man could be put to.

The Disparity between Buckingham and Essex

An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for
the commonwealth.¹

Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.

The itch of disputing will prove the scab of churches.²

A Panegyric to King Charles.

RICHARD BARNFIELD. — — — 1570.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.

*Address to the Nightingale.*³

SIR JOHN DAVIES. 1570-1626.

Much like a subtle spider which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide ;

¹ In a letter to Velselus, 1612. Wotton says, "This merry definition of an ambassador I had chanced to set down at my friend's, Mr. Christopher Fleckamore, in his Album."

² He directed the stone over his grave to be inscribed : —

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author :

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS ECCLESICIARUM SCABIES.

Nomen alias quere

(Here lies the author of this phrase : "The itch for disputing is the sore of churches." Seek his name elsewhere).

WALTON : *Life of Wotton.*

³ This song, often attributed to Shakespeare, is now confidently assigned to Barnfield ; it is found in his collection of "Poems in Divers Humours," published in 1598. — ELLIS : *Specimens*, vol. ii. p. 316.

If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.¹

The Immortality of the Soul.

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout, —
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.²

Contention betwixt a Wife, etc.

MARTYN PARKER. — — — 1630.

Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.

Song.

When the stormy winds do blow.³

Ibid.

¹ Our souls sit close and silently within,
And their own webs from their own entrails spin;
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.

DRYDEN : *Mariage à la Mode*, act ii. sc. 1.

The spider's touch — how exquisitely fine! —
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

POPE : *Epistle i. line 217.*

² 'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden : the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out. — WEBSTER : *The White Devil*, act i. sc. 2.

Le mariage est comme une forteresse assiégée ; ceux qui sont dehors veulent y entrer, et ceux qui sont dedans veulent en sortir (Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress : those who are outside want to get in, and those inside want to get out). — QUITARD : *Études sur les Proverbes Français*, p. 102.

It happens as with cages : the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. — MONTAIGNE : *Upon some Verses of Virgil*, chap. v.

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? — EMERSON : *Representative Men: Montaigne*.

³ When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

CAMPBELL : *Ye Mariners of England*.

DR. JOHN DONNE. 1573-1631.

He was the Word, that spake it:
 He took the bread and brake it;
 And what that Word did make it,
 I do believe and take it.¹

Divine Poems. On the Sacrament

We understood

Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
 That one might almost say her body thought.

Funeral Elegies. On the Death of Mistress Drury.

She and comparisons are odious.² *Elegy 8. The Comparison.*

Who are a little wise the best fools be.³ *The Triple Fool.*

BEN JONSON.⁴ 1573-1637.

It was a mighty while ago.

Every Man in his Humour. Act i. Sc. 3.

Hang sorrow! care'll kill a cat.⁵

Ibid.

As he brews, so shall he drink.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Get money; still get money, boy,

No matter by what means.⁶

Sc. 3

¹ Attributed by many writers to the Princess Elizabeth. It is not in the original edition of Donne, but first appears in the edition of 1654, p. 352.

² See Fortescue, page 7.

³ See Bacon, page 166.

⁴ O rare Ben Jonson! — SIR JOHN YOUNG: *Epitaph.*

⁵ Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat. — WITHER: *Poem on Christmas.*

⁶ Get place and wealth, — if possible, with grace;
 If not, by any means get wealth and place.

POPE: *Horace, book i. epistle i. line 103.*

Have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

Every Man in his Humour. Act iii. Sc. 3.

It must be done like lightning.

Act iv. Sc. v.

There shall be no love lost.¹

Every Man out of his Humour. Act ii. Sc. 1

Still to be neat, still to be drest,

As you were going to a feast.²

Epicæne; Or, the Silent Woman. Act i. Sc. 1

Give me a look, give me a face,

That makes simplicity a grace ;

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free, —

Such sweet neglect more taketh me

Than all the adulteries of art :

They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ibid.

That old bald cheater, Time.

The Poetaster. Act i. Sc. 1.

The world knows only two, — that 's Rome and I.

Sejanus. Act v. Sc. 1.

Preserving the sweetness of proportion and expressing
itself beyond expression.

The Masque of Hymen.

Courses even with the sun

Doth her mighty brother run.

The Gipsies Metamorphosed.

Underneath this stone doth lie

As much beauty as could die ;

Which in life did harbour give

To more virtue than doth live.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,

And almost every vice, — almighty gold.³

Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland.

¹ There is no love lost between us. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. xxxiii.*

² A translation from Bonnefonius.

³ The flattering, mighty, nay, almighty gold. — WOLCOT : *To Kean Long, Ode iv.*

Almighty dollar. — IRVING : *The Creole Village.*

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.¹

The Forest. To Celia.

Soul of the age,
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
 My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room.²

To the Memory of Shakespeare.

Marlowe's mighty line.

Ibid.

Small Latin, and less Greek.

Ibid.

He was not of an age, but for all time.

Ibid.

For a good poet's made as well as born.

Ibid.

Sweet swan of Avon!

Ibid.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse, —
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

*Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.*³

¹ Ἐμοὶ δὲ μόνοις πρόπιπε τοῖς ὕμμασιν. . . . Εἰ δὲ βούλει, τοῖς χεῖλεσι
 προσφέρουσα, πλήρου φιλημάτων τὸ ἔκπωμα, καὶ οὕτως δίδου

(Drink to me with your eyes alone. . . . And if you will, take the cup
 to your lips and fill it with kisses, and give it so to me).

PHILOSTRATUS : *Letter xxiv.*

² Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.

BASSE : *On Shakespeare.*

³ This epitaph is generally ascribed to Ben Jonson. It appears in the editions of his Works; but in a manuscript collection of Browne's poems preserved amongst the Lansdowne MS. No. 777, in the British Museum, it is ascribed to Browne, and awarded to him by Sir Egerton Brydges in his edition of Browne's poems.

Let those that merely talk and never think,
That live in the wild anarchy of drink.¹

*Underwoods. An Epistle, answering to One that asked to
be sealed of the Tribe of Ben.*

Still may syllables jar with time,
Still may reason war with rhyme,
Resting never!

Ibid. Fit of Rhyme against Rhyme.

In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ibid. To the immortal Memory of Sir Lucius Cary
and Sir Henry Morison. III.*

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?²

Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet



JOHN WEBSTER. — — — 1638.

I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exit.³ *Duchess of Malfi. Act iv. Sc. 2*

'T is just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, — the
birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds
that are within despair and are in a consumption for fear
they shall never get out.⁴ *The White Devil. Act i. Sc. 2.*

Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic, distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't. *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

¹ They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think.

PRIOR: Upon a passage in the Scaligerana.

² What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

POPE: To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.

³ Death hath so many doors to let out life. — *BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: The Customs of the Country, act ii. sc. 2.*

⁴ See Davies, page 176.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd too near have neither heat nor light.¹

The White Devil. Act iv. Sc. 4

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Act v. Sc. 2.

Is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest,
old wood burns brightest, old linen wash whitest?
Old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are
soundest.²

Westward Hoe. Act ii. Sc. 2.

I saw him now going the way of all flesh.

Ibid.

THOMAS DEKKER. — -1641.

A wise man poor

Is like a sacred book that's never read, —
To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded fool
Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.

Old Fortunatus.

And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.

Ibid.

¹ The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but when beheld close they are rough. — *DIOGENES LAERTIUS: Pyrrho.*

Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

ROBERT HEGGE: *On Love.*

We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
But near approaches make the prospect less.

YALDEN: *Against Enjoyment.*

As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.

GARTH: *The Dispensatory, canto iii. line 27.*

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope, part i. line 7*

² See Bacon, page 171.

The best of men

That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.¹

The Honest Whore. Part i. Act i. Sc. 12

I was ne'er so thrummed since I was a gentleman.²

Act iv. Sc. 2.

This principle is old, but true as fate, —
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate.³

Sc. 4.

We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.

Part ii. Act i. Sc. 2.

Turn over a new leaf.⁴

Act ii. Sc. 1.

To add to golden numbers golden numbers.

Patient Grissell. Act i. Sc. 1.

Honest labour bears a lovely face.

Ibid.

BISHOP HALL. 1574-1656.

Moderation is the silken string running through the
pearl chain of all virtues. *Christian Moderation. Introduction.*

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands
in the grave.⁵

Epistles. Dec. iii. Ep. 2.

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of
the earth, many a fair pearl laid up in the bosom of the
sea, that never was seen, nor never shall be.⁶

Contemplations. Book iv. The veil of Moses.

¹ Of the offspring of the gentilman Jafeth come Habraham, Moyses, Aron,
and the profettys ; also the Kyng of the right lyne of Mary, of whom that
gentilman Jhesus was borne. — JULIANA BERNERS : *Heraldic Blazonry.*

² See Shakespeare, page 78.

³ Cæsar said he loved the treason, but hated the traitor. — PLUTARCH :
Life of Romulus.

⁴ See Middleton, page 174.

⁵ And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.

YOUNG : *Night Thoughts, night v. line 718*

⁶ Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

GRAY : *Elegy, stanza 14.*

JOHN FLETCHER. 1576-1625.

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
 Render an honest and a perfect man
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
 Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
 Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,¹
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

Upon an "Honest Man's Fortune."

All things that are
 Made for our general uses are at war, —
 Even we among ourselves.

Ibid.

Man is his own star; and that soul that can
 Be honest is the only perfect man.²

Ibid.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again.³

The Queen of Corinth. Act iii. Sc. 2.

O woman, perfect woman! what distraction
 Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!

Monsieur Thomas. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us do or die.⁴

The Island Princess. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Hit the nail on the head.

Love's Cure. Act ii. Sc. 1.

¹ Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular all his life long. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy, part i. sect. 2. memb. 1, subsect. 2.* Burton also quotes Anthony Rusea in this connection, v. xviii.

² An honest man's the noblest work of God. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 248* BURNS: *The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

³ Weep no more, Lady! weep no more,

Thy sorrow is in vain;

For violets plucked, the sweetest showers

Will ne'er make grow again.

PERCY: *Reliques. The Friar of Orders Gray.*

⁴ Let us do or die. — BURNS: *Bannockburn.* CAMPBELL: *Gertrude of Wyoming, part iii. stanza 37.*

Scott says, "This expression is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." — *Review of Gertrude, Scott's Miscellanies, vol. i. p. 153.*

I find the medicine worse than the malady.¹

Love's Cure. Act iii. Sc. 2.

He went away with a flea in 's ear.

Sc. 3.

There 's naught in this life sweet,

If man were wise to see 't,

But only melancholy ;

O sweetest Melancholy !²

The Nice Valour. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Fountain heads and pathless groves,

Places which pale passion loves.

Ibid.

Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow ;

You shall perhaps not do 't to-morrow.

The Bloody Brother. Act ii. Sc. 2.

And he that will to bed go sober

Falls with the leaf still in October.³

Ibid.

Three merry boys, and three merry boys,

And three merry boys are we,⁴

As ever did sing in a hempen string

Under the gallows-tree.

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow

Which thy frozen bosom bears,

On whose tops the pinks that grow

Are of those that April wears !

But first set my poor heart free,

Bound in those icy chains by thee.⁵

Act v. Sc. 2.

¹ See Bacon, page 165.

² Naught so sweet as melancholy. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Author's Abstract*.

³ The following well-known catch, or glee, is formed on this song :—

He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,

Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October ;

But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,

Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow.

⁴ Three merry men be we.—PEELE: *Old Wives' Tale*, 1595. WEBSTER (quoted): *Westward Hoe*, 1607.

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 49

Something given that way. *The Lover's Progress. Act i. Sc. 1.*
 Deeds, not words.¹ *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

—◆—

ROBERT BURTON. 1576-1640.

Naught so sweet as melancholy.²

*Anatomy of Melancholy.*³ *The Author's Abstract*

I would help others, out of a fellow-feeling.⁴

Democritus to the Reader.

They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works.⁵ *Ibid.*

We can say nothing but what hath been said.⁶ Our poets steal from Homer. . . . Our story-dressers do as much; he that comes last is commonly best. *Ibid.*

I say with Didacus Stella, a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself.⁷ *Ibid.*

¹ Deeds, not words. — BUTLER: *Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 867.*

² See Fletcher, page 184.

There 's not a string attuned to mirth
 But has its chord in melancholy.

HOOD: *Ode to Melancholy.*

³ Dr. Johnson said Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. And Byron said, "If the reader has patience to go through his volumes, he will be more improved for literary conversation than by the perusal of any twenty other works with which I am acquainted." — *Works, vol. i. p. 144.*

⁴ A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind. — GARRICK: *Prologue on quitting the stage.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco (Being not unacquainted with woe, I learn to help the unfortunate). — VIRGIL: *Æneid, lib. i. 630.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 84.

⁶ Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius (There is nothing said which has not been said before). — TERENCE: *Eunuchus, Prolog. 10.*

⁷ A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two. — HERBERT: *Jacula Prudentum.*

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on. — COLERIDGE: *The Friend, sect. i. essay viii.*

Pigmæi gigantum humeris impositi plusquam ipsi gigantes vident (Pigmies placed on the shoulders of giants see more than the giants themselves). — *Didacus Stella in Lucan, 10, tom. ii.*

It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*, — our style be-
wrays us.¹ *Anatomy of Melancholy. Democritus to the Reader.*

I had not time to lick it into form, as a bear doth her
young ones.² *Ibid.*

As that great captain, Ziska, would have a drum made
of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the
very noise of it would put his enemies to flight. *Ibid.*

Like the watermen that row one way and look an-
other.³ *Ibid.*

Smile with an intent to do mischief, or cozen him
whom he salutes.⁴ *Ibid.*

Him that makes shoes go barefoot himself.⁵ *Ibid.*

Rob Peter, and pay Paul.⁶ *Ibid.*

Penny wise, pound foolish. *Ibid.*

Women wear the breeches. *Ibid.*

Like Æsop's fox, when he had lost his tail, would
have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs.⁷ *Ibid.*

Our wrangling lawyers . . . are so litigious and busy
here on earth, that I think they will plead their clients'
causes hereafter, — some of them in hell. *Ibid.*

Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many
vices; he had two distinct persons in him.⁸ *Ibid.*

¹ Le style est l'homme même (The style is the man himself). — BUFFON: *Discours de Réception (Recueil de l'Académie, 1750).*

² Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form. — MONTAIGNE: *Apology for Raimond Sebond, book ii. chap. xii.*

³ Like watermen who look astern while they row the boat ahead. — PLUTARCH: *Whether 't was rightfully said, Live concealed.*

Like rowers, who advance backward. — MONTAIGNE: *Of Profit and Honour, book iii. chap. i.*

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 132.

⁵ See Heywood, page 15.

⁶ See Heywood, page 14. RABELAIS: *book i. chap. xi.*

⁷ ÆSOP: *Fables, book v. fable v.*

⁸ He left a corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.

BYRON: *The Corsair, canto iii. stanza 24.*

Carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer.

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 1, Memb. 2, Subsect. 5

Every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular, all his life long.¹ *Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.*

[Witches] steal young children out of their cradles, *ministerio dæmonum*, and put deformed in their rooms, which we call changelings. *Subsect. 3.*

Can build castles in the air.² *Ibid.*

Joh. Mayor, in the first book of his "History of Scotland," contends much for the wholesomeness of oaten bread; it was objected to him, then living at Paris, that his countrymen fed on oats and base grain. . . . And yet Wecker out of Galen calls it horse-meat, and fitter juments than men to feed on.³ *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

Cookery is become an art, a noble science; cooks are gentlemen. *Subsect. 2.*

As much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it.⁴ *Ibid.*

No rule is so general, which admits not some exception.⁵ *Subsect. 3.*

Idleness is an appendix to nobility. *Subsect. 6.*

Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn? *Memb. 3, Subsect. 2.*

¹ See Fletcher, page 183.

² "Castles in the air," — Montaigne, Sir Philip Sidney, Massinger, Sir Thomas Browne, Giles Fletcher, George Herbert, Dean Swift, Broome, Fielding, Cibber, Churchill, Shenstone, and Lloyd.

³ Oats, — a grain which is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people. — SAMUEL JOHNSON: *Dictionary of the English Language.*

⁴ Carpet knights are men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home. . . . They are called carpet knights because they receive their honours in the court and upon carpets. — MARKHAM: *Booke of Honour (1625).*

"Carpet knights," — Du Bartas (ed. 1621), p. 311.

⁵ The exception proves the rule.

A nightingale dies for shame if another bird sings better. *Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subsect. 6.*

They do not live but linger. *Subsect. 10.*

[Diseases] crucify the soul of man, attenuate our bodies, dry them, wither them, shrivel them up like old apples, make them so many anatomies.¹ *Ibid.*

[Desire] is a perpetual rack, or horsemill, according to Austin, still going round as in a ring. *Subsect. 11.*

[The rich] are indeed rather possessed by their money than possessors. *Subsect. 12.*

Like a hog, or dog in the manger, he doth only keep it because it shall do nobody else good, hurting himself and others. *Ibid.*

Were it not that they are loath to lay out money on a rope, they would be hanged forthwith, and sometimes die to save charges. *Ibid.*

A mere madness, to live like a wretch and die rich. *Ibid.*

I may not here omit those two main plagues and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people; they go commonly together.² *Subsect. 13.*

All our geese are swans. *Subsect. 14.*

Though they [philosophers] write *contemptu gloriæ*, yet as Hieron observes, they will put their names to their books. *Ibid.*

They are proud in humility; proud in that they are not proud.³ *Subsect. 14.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 50.

² Qui vino indulget, quemque alea decoquit, ille
In venerem putret

(He who is given to drink, and whom the dice are despoiling, is the one who rots away in sexual vice). — PERSIUS: *Satires, satire v.*

³ His favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.

SOUTHEY: *The Devil's Walk.*

We can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars; kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed.¹

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part i. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subsect. 15.

Hinc quam sic calamus sævior ense, patet. The pen worse than the sword.²

Memb. 4, Subsect. 4.

Homer himself must beg if he want means, and as by report sometimes he did "go from door to door and sing ballads, with a company of boys about him."³

Subsect. 6.

See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all.⁴

Subsect. 7.

Felix Plater notes of some young physicians, that study to cure diseases, catch them themselves, will be sick, and appropriate all symptoms they find related of others to their own persons.

Sect. 3, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

Aristotle said melancholy men of all others are most witty.

Subsect. 3.

Like him in Æsop, he whipped his horses withal, and put his shoulder to the wheel.

Part ii. Sect. 1, Memb. 2.

Fabricius finds certain spots and clouds in the sun.

Sect. 2, Memb. 3.

¹ When Abraham Lincoln heard of the death of a private, he said he was sorry it was not a general: "I could make more of them."

² Tant la plume a eu sous le roi d'avantage sur l'épée (So far had the pen under the king the superiority over the sword). — SAINT SIMON: *Mémoires*, vol. iii. p. 517 (1702), ed. 1856.

The pen is mightier than the sword. — BULWER LYTTON: *Richelieu*, act ii. sc. 2.

³ Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

ANONYMOUS.

Great Homer's birthplace seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame.

THOMAS SEWARD: *On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford-upon-Avon.*

Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.

THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.*

⁴ A blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country of another. — JOHNSON: *Piazzis*, 52.

Seneca thinks the gods are well pleased when they see great men contending with adversity.

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part ii. Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.

Machiavel says virtue and riches seldom settle on one man. *Memb. 2.*

Almost in every kingdom the most ancient families have been at first princes' bastards; their worthiest captains, best wits, greatest scholars, bravest spirits in all our annals, have been base [born]. *Ibid.*

As he said in Machiavel, *omnes eodem patre nati*, Adam's sons, conceived all and born in sin, etc. "We are by nature all as one, all alike, if you see us naked; let us wear theirs and they our clothes, and what is the difference?" *Ibid.*

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride a gallop.¹ *Ibid.*

Christ himself was poor. . . . And as he was himself; so he informed his apostles and disciples, they were all poor, prophets poor, apostles poor.² *Memb. 3.*

Who cannot give good counsel? 'T is cheap, it costs them nothing. *Ibid.*

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.³ *Ibid.*

What can't be cured must be endured. *Ibid.*

Everything, saith Epictetus, hath two handles, — the one to be held by, the other not. *Ibid.*

All places are distant from heaven alike. *M mb. 4.*

¹ Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll outstride the Devil. — BOHN: *Foreign Proverbs (German)*.

² See Wotton, page 174.

³ There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. — HAZLITT: *English Proverbs*.

Though men determine, the gods doo dispose; and oft times many things fall out betweene the cup and the lip. — GREENE: *Perimedes the Blacksmith (1588)*.

The commonwealth of Venice in their armoury have this inscription: "Happy is that city which in time of peace thinks of war."

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part ii. Sect. 2, Memb. 6.

"Let me not live," saith Aretine's Antonia, "if I had not rather hear thy discourse than see a play."

Part iii. Sect. 1, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.

Every schoolboy hath that famous testament of Grunnius Corocotta Porcellus at his fingers' end. *Ibid.*

Birds of a feather will gather together. *Subsect. 2.*

And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from heaven to earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator. *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

And hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard.¹
Memb. 3.

Every man for himself, his own ends, the Devil for all.²
Ibid.

No cord nor cable can so forcibly draw, or hold so fast, as love can do with a twined thread.³
Sect. 2, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

To enlarge or illustrate this power and effect of love is to set a candle in the sun. *Ibid.*

He is only fantastical that is not in fashion.
Memb. 2, Subsect. 3.

¹ See Heywood, page 11.

² See Heywood, page 20.

³ Those curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind.

CAREW: *Think not 'cause men flattering say*

One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen.—
HOWELL: *Letters, book ii. iv. (1621).*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her with a single hair.

DRYDEN: *Persius, satire v. line 246.*

Beauty draws us with a single hair.—POPE: *The Rape of the Lock, canto ii. line 27.*

And from that luckless hour my tyrant fair
Has led and turned me by a single hair.

BLAND: *Anthology, p. 20 (edition 1813)*

[Quoting Seneca] Cornelia kept her in talk till her children came from school, "and these," said she, "are my jewels."

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part iii. Sect. 2, Memb. 2, Subsect. 3.

To these crocodile tears they will add sobs, fiery sighs, and sorrowful countenance. *Subsect. 4.*

Marriage and hanging go by destiny; matches are made in heaven.¹ *Subsect. 5.*

Diogenes struck the father when the son swore. *Ibid.*

Though it rain daggers with their points downward. *Memb. 3.*

Going as if he trod upon eggs. *Ibid.*

I light my candle from their torches. *Memb. 5, Subsect. 1.*

England is a paradise for women and hell for horses; Italy a paradise for horses, hell for women, as the proverb goes. *Sect. 3, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.*

The miller sees not all the water that goes by his mill.² *Memb. 4, Subsect. 1.*

As clear and as manifest as the nose in a man's face.³ *Ibid.*

Make a virtue of necessity.⁴ *Ibid.*

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.⁵ *Sect. 4, Memb. 1, Subsect. 1.*

If the world will be gulled, let it be gulled. *Subsect. 2.*

¹ See Heywood, page 10.

² See Heywood, page 15.

³ See Shakespeare, page 44.

⁴ See Chaucer, page 3.

⁵ For where God built a church, there the Devil would also build a chapel. — MARTIN LUTHER : *Table Talk*, lxxvii.

God never had a church but there, men say,
The Devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.

DRUMMOND : *Posthumous Poems*.

No sooner is a temple built to God but the Devil builds a chapel hard by. — HERBERT . *Jacula Prudentum*.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there.

DEFOE : *The True-born Englishman*, part i. line 1

For "ignorance is the mother of devotion," as all the world knows.¹

Anatomy of Melancholy. Part iii. Sect. 4, Memb. 1, Subsect. 2.

The fear of some divine and supreme powers keeps men in obedience.² *Ibid.*

Out of too much learning become mad. *Ibid.*

The Devil himself, which is the author of confusion and lies. *Subsect. 3.*

Isocrates adviseth Demonicus, when he came to a strange city, to worship by all means the gods of the place. *Subsect. 5.*

When they are at Rome, they do there as they see done.³ *Memb. 2, Subsect. 1.*

One religion is as true as another. *Ibid.*

They have cheveril consciences that will stretch. *Subsect. 3.*

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY. 1581-1613.

In part to blame is she,
Which hath without consent bin only tride :
He comes to neere that comes to be denide.⁴
A Wife. St. 36.

¹ Ignorance is the mother of devotion. — JEREMY TAYLOR: *To a Person newly Converted (1657)*.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me. — DRYDEN: *The Maiden Queen, act i. sc. 2.*

² The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order.

BURNS: *Epistle to a Young Friend.*

³ Saint Augustine was in the habit of dining upon Saturday as upon Sunday ; but being puzzled with the different practices then prevailing (for they had begun to fast at Rome on Saturday), consulted Saint Ambrose on the subject. Now at Milan they did not fast on Saturday, and the answer of the Milan saint was this: "Quando hic sum, non jejuno Sabbato: quando Romæ sum, jejuno Sabbato" (When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday). — *Epistle xxxvi. to Casulanus.*

⁴ In part she is to blame that has been tried :
He comes too near that comes to be denied.

MARY W. MONTAGU: *The Lady's Resolve*

PHILIP MASSINGER. 1584–1640.

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
 And takes away the use of it;¹ and my sword,
 Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
 Will not be drawn. *A New Way to pay Old Debts. Act v. Sc. 1.*
 Death hath a thousand doors to let out life.²
A Very Woman. Act v. Sc. 4.
 This many-headed monster.³ *The Roman Actor. Act iii. Sc. 2.*
 Grim death.⁴ *Act iv. Sc. 2.*

THOMAS HEYWOOD. — — — — — 1649.

The world 's a theatre, the earth a stage
 Which God and Nature do with actors fill.⁵
Apology for Actors (1612).
 I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.
Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.
 Seven cities warred for Homer being dead,
 Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.⁶ *Ibid.*
 Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.⁷
History of Women (ed. 1624). Page 286.

JOHN SELDEN. 1584–1654.

Equity is a roguish thing. For Law we have a measure, know what to trust to; Equity is according to the

¹ See Middleton, page 172.

² Death hath so many doors to let out life. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Custom of the Country, act ii. sc. 2.*

The thousand doors that lead to death. — BROWNE: *Religio Medici, part i. sect. xliv.*

³ See Sir Philip Sidney, page 34.

⁴ Grim death, my son and foe. — MILTON: *Paradise Lost, book ii. line 804.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 69.

⁶ See Burton, page 189. ⁷ See Heywood, page 11.

conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'T is all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a "foot" a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'T is the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.

Table Talk. Equity.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.¹

Friends.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise; and yet everybody is content to hear.

Humility.

'T is not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess.

Ibid.

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.

Judgments.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 't is an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.

Law.

No man is the wiser for his learning.

Learning.

Wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Ibid.

Few men make themselves masters of the things they write or speak.

Ibid.

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, — you may see by that which way the wind is.

Libels.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.

Philosophy.

Marriage is a desperate thing.

Marriage.

Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world.²

Pope.

¹ See Bacon, page 171.

² Behold, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed. — OXENSTIERN (1583-1654).

They that govern the most make the least noise.

Table Talk. Power.

Syllables govern the world.

Ibid.

Never king dropped out of the clouds.

Ibid.

Never tell your resolution beforehand.

Wisdom.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.

Ibid.



WILLIAM DRUMMOND. 1585-1649.

God never had a church but there, men say,

The Devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles.¹

I doubted of this saw, till on a day

I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.

Posthumous Poems



FRANCIS BEAUMONT. 1586-1616.

What things have we seen

Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been

So nimble and so full of subtile flame

As if that every one from whence they came

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,

And resolved to live a fool the rest

Of his dull life.

Letter to Ben Jonson

Here are sands, ignoble things,

Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.

On the Tombs of Westminster Abbey

It is always good

When a man has two irons in the fire.

The Faithful Friends. Act i. Sc. 2

¹ See Burton, page 192.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

(FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER.)

All your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble.¹
Philaster. Act v. Sc. 3

Upon my burned body lie lightly, gentle earth.
The Maid's Tragedy. Act i. Sc. 2.

A soul as white as heaven.
Act iv. Sc. 1.

But they that are above
Have ends in everything.²
Act v. Sc. 1.

It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour.³
A King and No King. Act iv. Sc. 3

There is a method in man's wickedness, —
It grows up by degrees.⁴
Act v. Sc. 4

As cold as cucumbers.
Cupid's Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1

Calamity is man's true touchstone.⁵
Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honour. Sc. 1.

Kiss till the cow comes home.
Scornful Lady. Act iii. Sc. 1.

It would talk, —
Lord ! how it talked !⁶
Act v. Sc. 1.

Beggars must be no choosers.⁷
Sc. 3.

No better than you should be.⁸
The Coxcomb. Act iv. Sc. 3.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 100.² See Shakespeare, page 145.³ See Shakespeare, page 87.⁴ Nemo repente fuit turpissimus (No man ever became extremely wicked all at once). — JUVENAL: *ii. 83.*Ainsi que la vertu, le crime a ses degrés (As virtue has its degrees, so has vice). — RACINE: *Phédre, act iv. sc. 2.*⁵ Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros (Fire is the test of gold ; adversity, of strong men). — SENECA: *De Providentia, v. 9.*⁶ Then he will talk — good gods ! how he will talk ! — LEE: *Alexander the Great, act i. sc. 3.*⁷ See Heywood, page 14.⁸ She is no better than she should be. — FIELDING: *The Temple Beau, act iv. sc. 3.*

- From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.¹
The Honest Man's Fortune. Act ii. Sc. 2
- One foot in the grave.² *The Little French Lawyer.* Act i. Sc. 1
- Go to grass.
 Act iv. Sc. 7
- There is no jesting with edge tools.³ *Ibid.*
- Though I say it that should not say it.
Wit at Several Weapons. Act ii. Sc. 2.
- I name no parties.⁴ Sc. 3.
- Whistle, and she 'll come to you.⁵
Wit Without Money. Act iv. Sc. 4.
- Let the world slide.⁶ Act v. Sc. 2.
- The fit's upon me now!
 Come quickly, gentle lady;
 The fit's upon me now. Sc. 4.
- He comes not in my books.⁷ *The Widow.* Act i. Sc. 1
- Death hath so many doors to let out life.⁸
The Customs of the Country. Act ii. Sc. 2.
- Of all the paths [that] lead to a woman's love
 Pity's the straightest.⁹ *The Knight of Malta.* Act i. Sc. 1.
- Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness, —
 To which I leave him. *The False One.* Act ii. Sc. 1.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 51.

² An old doting fool, with one foot already in the grave. — PLUTARCH: *On the Training of Children.*

³ It is no jesting with edge tools. — *The True Tragedy of Richard III.* (1594.)

⁴ The use of "party" in the sense of "person" occurs in the Book of Common Prayer, More's "Utopia," Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fuller, and other old English writers.

⁵ Whistle, and I'll come to ye. — BURNS: *Whistle, etc.*

⁶ See Shakespeare, page 72.

⁷ See Shakespeare, page 50.

⁸ See Webster, page 180.

⁹ Pity's akin to love. — SOUTHERNE: *Oroonoka, act ii. sc. 1.*

Pity swells the tide of love. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night iii line 107.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.¹

Love's Cure. Act ii. Sc. 2.

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.²

Act iii. Sc. 2.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger.

The Two Noble Kinsmen. Act i. Sc. 1.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with blood
The earth when it is sick, and curest the world
O' the pleurisy of people!

Act v. Sc. 1.



GEORGE WITHER. 1588-1667.

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?³

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance.

Poem on Christmas

Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,⁴
And therefore let's be merry.

Ibid.

¹ But strive still to be a man before your mother. — COWPER: *Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.*

² Quod ali cibus est aliis fuit acre venenum (What is food to one may be fierce poison to others). — LUCRETIUS: *iv. 637.*

³ See Raleigh, page 26.

⁴ See Jonson, page 177.

Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.

The Shepherd's Hunting.

And I oft have heard defended, —
Little said is soonest mended.

Ibid.

And he that gives us in these days
New Lords may give us new laws.

Contented Man's Morrice.



THOMAS HOBBS. 1588–1679.

For words are wise men's counters, — they do but
reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

The Leviathan. Part i. Chap. iv.

No arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of
all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the
life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

Chap. xviii.



THOMAS CAREW. 1589–1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires, —
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

Disdain Returned.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love that run away.

Conquest by Flight

An untimely grave.¹ *On the Duke of Buckingham.*

The magic of a face. *Epitaph on the Lady S—.*

¹ An untimely grave. — TATE AND BRADY: *Psalms vii.*

WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590-1645.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.¹

Britannia's Pastorals. Book i. Song 2

Did therewith bury in oblivion.

Book ii. Song 2.

Well-languaged Daniel.

Ibid



ROBERT HERRICK. 1591-1674.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones, — come and buy!
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow, I answer, there,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile, —
 There 's the land, or cherry-isle.

Cherry Ripe

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
 And nothing I did say;
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarrie of Pearls

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where?
 Then spoke I to my girl
 To part her lips, and showed them there
 The quarelets of pearl.

Ibid.

A sweet disorder in the dress
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness.

Delight in Disorder.

A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility, —
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part.

Ibid

¹ See Bacon, page 170.

You say to me-wards your affection 's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.¹

Love me Little, Love me Long

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.²

To the Virgins to make much of Time

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

To Music, to becalm his Fever

Fair daffadills, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.

To Daffadills

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.³

Sorrows Succeed.

Her pretty feet, like snails, did creep
A little out, and then,⁴
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

To Mistress Susanna Southwell.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting-stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

The Night Piece to Julia.

¹ See Marlowe, page 41.

² Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds, before they be withered. — *Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 8.*

Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time. — SPENSER: *The Faerie Queene, book ii. canto xii. stanza 75.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 143.

⁴ Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out.

SUCKLING: *Ballad upon a Wedding*

I saw a flie within a beade
Of amber cleanly buried.¹

The Amber Bead

Thus times do shift, — each thing his turn does hold ;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.

Out-did the meat, out-did the frolick wine.

Ode for Ben Jonson.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt ;
Nothing 's so hard but search will find it out.²

Seek and Find.

But ne'er the rose without the thorn.³

The Rose.



FRANCIS QUARLES. 1592-1644.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.⁴

Divine Poems (ed. 1669).

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day
Whose conquering ray
May chase these fogs ;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !
Light will repay
The wrongs of night ;
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day !

Emblems. Book i. Emblem 14.

Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise. *Book ii. Emblem 2*

¹ See Bacon, page 168.

² Nil tam difficilest quin quærendo investigari possiet (Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking). — TERENCE : *Heauton timoroumenos*, iv. 2, 8.

³ Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose. — MILTON : *Paradise Lost*, book iv. line 256.

⁴ Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow. — YOUNG : *Night Thoughts* night v. line 1011.

This house is to be let for life or years ;
 Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears.
 Cupid, 't has long stood void ; her bills make known,
 She must be dearly let, or let alone.

Emblems. Book ii. Emblem 10, Ep. 10

The slender debt to Nature's quickly paid,¹
 Discharg'd, perchance, with greater ease than made.

Book ii. Emblem 13.

The next way home's the farthest way about.²

Book iv. Emblem 2, Ep. 2.

It is the lot of man but once to die.

Book v. Emblem 7.



GEORGE HERBERT. 1593–1632.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
 That I can raise.

Praise

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky.

Virtue.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie.

Ibid.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives.

Ibid.

Like summer friends,
 Flies of estate and sunneshine.

The Answer.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine ;
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
 Makes that and th' action fine.

The Elixir.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
 And turn delight into a sacrifice.

The Church Porch.

¹ To die is a debt we must all of us discharge. — EURIPIDES : *Alcestis*, line 418.

² The longest way round is the shortest way home. — BOWN : *Foreign Proverbs (Italian)*.

Dare to be true : nothing can need a lie ;
 A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.¹
The Church Porch.

Chase brave employment with a naked sword
 Throughout the world. *Ibid.*

Sundays observe ; think when the bells do chime,
 'T is angels' music. *Ibid.*

The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth Pa-ti-ence *Ibid.*

Bibles laid open, millions of surprises. *Sin*

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
 Ready to pass to the American strand.
The Church Militant.

Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him. *Man*

If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 May toss him to my breast. *The Pulley.*

The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
 If when the soul unto the lines accords. *A True Hymn.*

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it ?² *The Size.*

Do well and right, and let the world sink.³
Country Parson. Chap. xxix.

His bark is worse than his bite. *Jacula Prudentum.*

After death the doctor.⁴ *Ibid.*

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.⁵ *Ibid.*

¹ And he that does one fault at first,
 And lies to hide it, makes it two.

WATTS : *Song xv.*

² See Heywood, page 20. BICKERSTAFF : *Thomas and Sally.*

³ Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua (Though the sky fall, let Thy will be done). — SIR T. BROWNE : *Religio Medici, part ii. sect. xi.*

⁴ After the war, aid. — *Greek proverb.*

After me the deluge. — MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

⁵ Hell is paved with good intentions. — DR. JOHNSON (*Boswell's Life of Johnson, Annus 1775*).

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by. ¹	<i>Jacula Prudentum.</i>
God's mill grinds slow, but sure. ²	<i>Ibid.</i>
The offender never pardons. ³	<i>Ibid.</i>
It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.	<i>Ibid.</i>
To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure. ⁴	<i>Ibid.</i>
The lion is not so fierce as they paint him. ⁵	<i>Ibid.</i>
Help thyself, and God will help thee. ⁶	<i>Ibid.</i>
Words are women, deeds are men. ⁷	<i>Ibid.</i>
The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken. ⁸	<i>Ibid.</i>
A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees farther of the two. ⁹	<i>Ibid.</i>



IZAAK WALTON. 1593-1683.

Of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge.

The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.

Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt.

Ibid.

As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler.

Ibid.

¹ See Burton, page 192.

² Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. — F. VON LOGAU (1614-1655): *Retribution* (translation).

³ They ne'er pardon who have done the wrong. — DRYDEN: *The Conquest of Grenada*.

⁴ God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. — STERNE: *Sentimental Journey*.

⁵ The lion is not so fierce as painted. — FULLER: *Expecting Preferment*.

⁶ God helps those who help themselves. — SIDNEY: *Discourses on Government*, sect. xxiii. FRANKLIN: *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

⁷ Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things. — Dr. MADDEN: *Boulter's Monument* (supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745)

⁸ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁹ See Burton, page 185.

I shall stay him no longer than to wish him a rainy evening to read this following discourse; and that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing. *The Complete Angler. Author's Preface.*

As the Italians say, Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter. *Part i. Chap. 1.*

I am, sir, a Brother of the Angle. *Ibid.*

It [angling] deserves commendations; . . . it is an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man. *Ibid.*

Angling is somewhat like poetry,—men are to be born so. *Ibid.*

Doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself.¹ *Ibid.*

Sir Henry Wotton was a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the Art of Angling; of which he would say, "T was an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness;" and "that it begat habits of peace and patience in those that professed and practised it." *Ibid.*

You will find angling to be like the virtue of humility, which has a calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it. *Ibid.*

I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, "That which is everybody's business is nobody's business." *Chap. ii.*

¹ Virtue is her own reward. — DRYDEN: *Tyrannic Love, act iii. sc. 1.*

Virtue is to her-self the best reward. — HENRY MORE: *Cupid's Conflict.*

Virtue is its own reward. — PRIOR: *Imitations of Horace, book iii. ode 2.* GAY: *Epistle to Methuen.* HOME: *Douglas, act iii. sc. 1.*

Virtue was sufficient of herself for happiness. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Plato, xiii.*

Ipsa quidem virtus sibi met pulcherrima merces (Virtue her-self is her own fairest reward). — SILIUS ITALICUS (25?-99). *Punica, lib. xiii. line 662*

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. *The Complete Angler. Part i. Chap. ii.*

An excellent angler, and now with God. *Chap. iv.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good. *Ibid.*

No man can lose what he never had. *Chap. v.*

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler¹ said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Ibid.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook — I mean the arming wire — through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him. *Chap. 8.*

This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men. *Ibid.*

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, — a blessing that money cannot buy. *Chap. 21.*

And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his Providence, and be quiet and go a-angling. *Ibid.*

But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; marked him for his own.² *Life of Donne.*

The great secretary of Nature, — Sir Francis Bacon.³ *Life of Herbert.*

¹ William Butler, styled by Dr. Fuller in his "Worthies" (Suffolk) the "Æsculapius of our age." He died in 1621. This first appeared in the second edition of "The Angler," 1655. Roger Williams, in his "Key into the Language of America," 1643, p. 98, says: "One of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say, that God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry."

² Melancholy marked him for her own. — GRAY: *The Epitaph.*

³ Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates are secretaries of Nature. — HOWELL: *Letters, book ii, letter xi.*

Oh, the gallant fisher's life !

It is the best of any ;

'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,

And 'tis beloved by many.

The Angler. (John Chalkhill.)

JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596-1666.

The glories of our blood and state

Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate ;

Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Contention of Ajax and Ulysses. Sc. 3.

Only the actions of the just ²

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.³

Ibid.

Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Cupid and Death.

SAMUEL BUTLER. 1600-1680.

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,

Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 11

We grant, although he had much wit,

He was very shy of using it.

Line 45.

¹ In 1683, the year in which he died, Walton prefixed a preface to a work edited by him : "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse ; written long since by John Chalkhill Esq., an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser."

Chalkhill, — a name unappropriated, a verbal phantom, a shadow of a shade. Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend incognito. — ZOUCH : *Life of Walton.*

² The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

TATE AND BRADY : *Psalm cxxxii* 6.

³ "Their dust" in *Works* edited by Dyce.

Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;¹
 That Latin was no more difficile
 Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 51.

He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and southwest side. *Line 67.*

For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, 'but out there flew a trope. *Line 81.*

For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools *Line 83.*

A Babylonish dialect
 Which learned pedants much affect. *Line 93.*

For he by geometric scale
 Could take the size of pots of ale. *Line 121.*

And wisely tell what hour o' the day
 The clock does strike, by algebra. *Line 125.*

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For every why he had a wherefore.² *Line 131.*

Where entity and quiddity,
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly. *Line 145.*

He knew what 's what,³ and that 's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly. *Line 149.*

Such as take lodgings in a head
 That 's to be let unfurnished.⁴ *Line 161.*

'T was Presbyterian true blue. *Line 191.*

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By apostolic blows and knocks. *Line 199.*

¹ He Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
 Than hogs eat acorns, and tame pigeons peas.

CRANFIELD : *Panegyric on Tom Coriate*

² See Shakespeare, page 50.

³ See Skelton, page 8.

⁴ See Bacon, page 170.

As if religion was intended
For nothing else but to be mended.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto i. Line 205

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to. *Line 215.*

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack. *Line 359*

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses. *Line 463*

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth.¹ *Line 490*

And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature and their stars, to write. *Line 647.*

Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat!"²
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate." *Line 821*

Or shear swine, all cry and no wool.³ *Line 852.*

And bid the devil take the hin'most.⁴ *Canto ii. Line 633.*

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang. *Line 831*

Like feather bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon ball. *Line 872*

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!⁵ *Canto iii. Line 1.*

Who thought he'd won
The field as certain as a gun.⁶ *Line 11*

¹ See Heywood page 11.

² See Middleton, page 172.

³ See Fortescue, page 7.

⁴ Bid the Devil take the slowest. — PRIOR: *On the Taking of Namur.*
Deil tak the hindmost. — BURNS: *To a Haggis.*

⁵ See Spenser, page 27.

⁶ Sure as a gun. — DRYDEN: *The Spanish Friar, act iii. sc 2.* CÉR
VANTES: *Don Quixote, part i. book iii. chap. vii.*

Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.

Hudibras. Part i. Canto iii. Line 263

I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of the old cur. *Line 277.*

He had got a hurt
O' the inside, of a deadlier sort. *Line 309.*

These reasons made his mouth to water. *Line 379.*

While the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new.¹ *Line 398.*

With mortal crisis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end. *Line 589.*

For those that run away and fly,
Take place at least o' the enemy. *Line 609.*

I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down can fall no lower.² *Line 877.*

Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers. *Line 1011.*

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. *Line 1047.*

When pious frauds and holy shifts
Are dispensations and gifts. *Line 1145.*

Friend Ralph, thou hast
Outrun the constable³ at last. *Line 1367*

Some force whole regions, in despite
O' geography, to change their site;
Make former times shake hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.

¹ See Middleton, page 172.

² He that is down needs fear no fall. — BUNYAN: *Pilgrim's Progress*, part ii.

³ Outrun the constable. — RAY: *Proverbs*, 1670.

But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time.

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto i. Line 23.

Some have been beaten till they know
 What wood a cudgel 's of by th' blow;
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather. *Line 221.*

No Indian prince has to his palace
 More followers than a thief to the gallows. *Line 273.*

Quoth she, I 've heard old cunning stagers
 Say fools for arguments use wagers. *Line 297.*

Love in your hearts as idly burns
 As fire in antique Roman urns.¹ *Line 309*

For what is worth in anything
 But so much money as 't will bring? *Line 465.*

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
 Then spare the rod and spoil the child.² *Line 843.*

The sun had long since in the lap
 Of Thetis taken out his nap,
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn. *Canto ii. Line 29*

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing. *Line 79.*

For truth is precious and divine, —
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine. *Line 257.*

Why should not conscience have vacation
 As well as other courts o' th' nation? *Line 317*

¹ Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

COWPER: *Conversation*, line 357.

² See Skelton, page 8.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
 Not he that for convenience takes it;
 Then how can any man be said
 To break an oath he never made ?

Hudibras. Part ii. Canto ii. Line 377

As the ancients
 Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,¹
 And look before you ere you leap;²
 For as you sow, ye are like to reap.³

Line 501

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated as to cheat.⁴

Canto iii. Line 1

He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no.

Line 261.

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
 With heads thrust thro' nail'd by the ears.

Line 391

To swallow gudgeons ere they 're catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere they 're hatch'd.

Line 923.

There 's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war.

Line 957.

But Hudibras gave him a twitch
 As quick as lightning in the breech,
 Just in the place where honour 's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd;
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before.

Line 1065

As men of inward light are wont
 To turn their optics in upon 't.

Part iii. Canto i. Line 481.

¹ See Lyly, page 33.

² See Heywood, page 9.

³ Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. — *Galatians vi.*

⁴ This couplet is enlarged on by Swift in his "Tale of a Tub," where he says that the happiness of life consists in being well deceived.

Still amorous and fond and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

Hudibras. Part iii. Canto i. Line 687.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

Line 1277

'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows
They shall be suffer'd to espouse.

Line 1293

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave his name to our Old Nick.

Line 1313.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes, —
The tools of working our salvation
By mere mechanic operation.

Line 1495

True as the dial to the sun,¹
Although it be not shin'd upon.

Canto ii. Line 175.

But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease.

Line 443.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.²

Canto iii. Line 243.

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

Line 547.

With books and money plac'd for show
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.

Line 624

¹ True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.

BARTON BOOTH : *Song*

² Let who will boast their courage in the field,
I find but little safety from my shield.
Nature's, not honour's, law we must obey :
This made me cast my useless shield away.

And poets by their sufferings grow,¹ —
 As if there were no more to do,
 To make a poet excellent,
 But only want and discontent.

Fragments

And by a prudent flight and cunning save
 A life, which valour could not, from the grave.
 A better buckler I can soon regain ;
 But who can get another life again ?

ARCHILOCHUS : *Fragm. 6.* (Quoted by Plutarch, *Customs of the Lacedæmonians.*)

Sed omissis quidem divinis exhortationibus illum magis Græcum versiculum secularis sententiæ sibi adhibent, " Qui fugiebat, rursus præliabitur : " ut et rursus forsitan fugiat (But overlooking the divine exhortations, they act rather upon that Greek verse of worldly significance, " He who flees will fight again," and that perhaps to betake himself again to flight). — TERTULLIAN : *De Fuga in Persecutione, c. 10.*

The corresponding Greek, Ἄνθρωπος ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται, is ascribed to Menander. See *Fragments* (appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bib. Græca*), p. 91.

That same man that runnith awaie
 Maie again fight an other daie.

ERASMUS : *Apothegms, 1542* (translated by Udall).

Celuy qui fuit de bonne heure
 Peut combattre derechef

(He who flies at the right time can fight again).

Satyre Menippée (1594).

Qui fuit peut revenir aussi ;
 Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi

(He who flies can also return ; but it is not so with him who dies).

SCARRON (1610-1660).

He that fights and runs away
 May turn and fight another day ;
 But he that is in battle slain
 Will never rise to fight again.

RAY : *History of the Rebellion (1752), p. 48.*

For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day ;
 But he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again.

GOLDSMITH : *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761), vol. ii. p. 147.*

¹ Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

SHELLEY : *Julian and Maddalo.*

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT. 1605-1668.

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

Gondibert. Book ii. Canto v. Stanza 37.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,

It is not safe to know.¹

The Just Italian. Act v. Sc. 1.

For angling-rod he took a sturdy oake ;²

For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke ;

His hooke was such as heads the end of pole

To pluck down house ere fire consumes it whole ;

The hook was baited with a dragon's tale, —

And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

Britannia Triumphans. Page 15. 1637.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. 1605-1682.

Too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as
trophies unto the enemies of truth.

Religio Medici. Part i. Sect. vi.

Rich with the spoils of Nature.³

Sect. xiii.

¹ From ignorance our comfort flows. — PRIOR: *To the Hon. Charles Montague.*

Where ignorance is bliss,

'T is folly to be wise.

GRAY: *Eton College, Stanza 10.*

² For angling rod he took a sturdy oak ;

For line, a cable that in storm ne'er broke ;

His hook was baited with a dragon's tail, —

And then on rock he stood to bob for whale.

From *The Mock Romance*, a rhapsody attached to *The Loves of Hero and Leander*, published in London in the years 1653 and 1677. Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 173. DANIEL: *Rural Sports, Supplement*, p. 57.

His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak ;

His line, a cable which in storms ne'er broke ;

His hook he baited with a dragon's tail, —

And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

WILLIAM KING (1663-1712): *Upon a Giant's Angling.*

(In Chalmers's "British Poets" ascribed to King.)

³ Rich with the spoils of time. — GRAY: *Elegy, stanza 13.*

Nature is the art of God.¹ *Religio Medici. Part i. Sect. xvi.*

The thousand doors that lead to death.² *Sect. xlv.*

The heart of man is the place the Devil's in: I feel
sometimes a hell within myself.³ *Sect. li.*

There is no road or ready way to virtue. *Sect. lv.*

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so
many million of faces there should be none alike.⁴

Part ii. Sect. ii.

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which
Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instru-
ment; for there is music wherever there is harmony,
order, or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the
music of the spheres.⁵ *Sect. ix*

Sleep is a death; oh, make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed! *Sect. xii.*

Ruat cœlum, fiat voluntas tua.⁶ *Ibid.*

¹ The course of Nature is the art of God. — YOUNG: *Night Thoughts*,
night ix. line 1267.

² See Massinger, page 194.

³ The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, book i. line 253.

⁴ The human features and countenance, although composed of but some
ten parts or little more, are so fashioned that among so many thousands of
men there are no two in existence who cannot be distinguished from one
another. — PLINY: *Natural History*, book vii. chap. i.

Of a thousand shavers, two do not shave so much alike as not to be
distinguished. — JOHNSON (1777).

There never were in the world two opinions alike, no more than two
hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity. — MONTAIGNE:
Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers, book i. chap. xxxvii.

⁵ Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace
And music of her face.

LOVELLACE: *Orpheus to Beasts.*

⁶ See Herbert, page 204.

Times before you, when even living men were antiquities, — when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not be properly said to go unto the greater number.¹ *Dedication to Urn-Burial.*

I look upon you as gem of the old rock.² *Ibid.*

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave. *Chap. v.*

Quietly rested under the drums and tramlings of three conquests. *Ibid.*

Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it.³ *Ibid.*

What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women. *Ibid.*

When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the rose. *Vulgar Errors.*



EDMUND WALLER. 1605–1687.

The yielding marble of her snowy breast.
On a Lady passing through a Crowd of People.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high.⁴
To a Lady singing a Song of his Composing.

¹ 'Tis long since Death had the majority. — BLAIR: *The Grave*, part ii. line 449.

² Adamas de rupe præstantissimus (A most excellent diamond from the rock).

A chip of the old block. — PRIOR: *Life of Burke*.

³ The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.

CIBBER: *Richard III.* act iii. sc. 1.

⁴ So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,

A narrow compass ! and yet there
 Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair ;
 Give me but what this riband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On a Girdle

For all we know
 Of what the blessed do above
 Is, that they sing, and that they love.

While I listen to thy Voice.

Poets that lasting marble seek
 Must come in Latin or in Greek.

Of English Verse.

Under the tropic is our language spoke,
 And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.

Upon the Death of the Lord Protector.

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Go, Lovely Rose.

How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

Ibid.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
 And every conqueror creates a muse.

Panegyric on Cromwell.

Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
 " With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
 Are we now smitten."

ÆSCHYLUS : Fragm. 123 (Plumptre's Translation).

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.

BYRON : English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, line 826

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.

THOMAS MOORE : Corruption.

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.

On St. James's Park.

And keeps the palace of the soul.¹

Of Tea.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

Upon Roscommon's Translation of Horace, De Arte Poetica.

Could we forbear dispute and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above. *Divine Love. Canto iii.*

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.²

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

On the Divine Poems.



THOMAS FULLER. 1608–1661.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts
as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse
of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken
body.

Life of Monica.

He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager
soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to
fret a passage through it.³

Life of the Duke of Alva.

¹ The dome of thought, the palace of the soul. — BYRON: *Childe Harold*, canto ii. stanza 6.

² See Daniel, page 39.

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made. — ROGERS: *Pæstum*.

³ A fiery soul, which, working out its way,

Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,

And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*, part i. line 156

She commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him. *Holy and Profane State. The Good Wife.*

He knows little who will tell his wife all he knows.

The Good Husband.

One that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience. *The Good Advocate.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.¹

The True Church Antiquary.

But our captain counts the image of God — nevertheless his image — cut in ebony as if done in ivory, and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven.

The Good Sea-Captain.

To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.

The Virtuous Lady.

The lion is not so fierce as painted.²

Of Preferment.

Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

Of Natural Fools.

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.

Of Tombs.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Of Books.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Of Marriage.

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing.

Fame.

Often the cockloft is empty in those whom Nature hath built many stories high.³

Andronicus. Sect. vi. Par. 18, 1.

¹ See Bacon, p. 166.

² See Herbert, p. 205.

³ See Bacon, p. 170.

JOHN MILTON. 1608-1674.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 1

Or if Sion hill

Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God.

Line 10.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Line 16.

What in me is dark

Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.¹

Line 22.

As far as angels' ken.

Line 59.

Yet from those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible.

Line 62.

Where peace

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all.

Line 65.

What though the field be lost ?

All is not lost ; th' unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.

Line 105.

To be weak is miserable,

Doing or suffering.

Line 157.

And out of good still to find means of evil.

Line 165.

Farewell happy fields,

Where joy forever dwells : hail, horrors !

Line 249.

¹ But vindicate the ways of God to man. — POPE : *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 16.*

Anon they move

In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders. *Paradise Lost. Book i. Line 549.*

His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd. *Line 591.*

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. *Line 597.*

Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth. *Line 619.*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe. *Line 648.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific. *Line 679.*

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell: that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. *Line 690.*

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation. *Line 710.*

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve, —
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropp'd from the Zenith like a falling star. *Line 742.*

Fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
Sits arbitress. *Line 781.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence. *Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 1*

Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us. *Line 39.*

The strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair. *Line 44.*

Rather than be less,
 Car'd not to be at all. *Line 47.*

My sentence is for open war. *Line 51.*

That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. *Line 75.*

When the scourge
 Inexorable and the torturing hour
 Call us to penance. *Line 90.*

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge. *Line 105.*

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason,¹ to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels. *Line 112.*

Th' ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair.² *Line 139.*

¹ Aristophanes turns Socrates into ridicule . . . as making the worse appear the better reason. — *DIOGENES LAERTIUS: Socrates, v.*

² Our hope is loss, our hope but sad despair. — *SHAKESPEARE: Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 3.*

For who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night ?

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 146.

His red right hand.¹

Line 174.

Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd.

Line 185.

The never-ending flight
 Of future days.

Line 221.

Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements.

Line 274.

With grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air.

Line 300.

The palpable obscure.

Line 406.

Long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light.

Line 432.

Their rising all at oncè was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote.

Line 476.

The low'ring element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape.

Line 490.

Oh, shame to men ! devil with devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational.

Line 496.

¹ Rubente dextera. — HORACE : *Ode i. 2, 2.*

In discourse more sweet ;
 For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense.
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute ;
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 555.

Vain wisdom all and false philosophy. *Line 565*

Arm th' obdur'd breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel. *Line 568.*

A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk : the parching air
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed Furies hal'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, — extremes by change more fierce ;
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time ; thence hurried back to fire. *Line 592.*

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death. *Line 620.*

Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire. *Line 628.*

The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either, — black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand. *Line 666.*

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape ?

Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 681.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings. *Line 699.*

So spake the grisly Terror. *Line 704.*

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. *Line 707.*

Their fatal hands
No second stroke intend. *Line 712.*

Hell
Grew darker at their frown. *Line 719.*

I fled, and cry'd out, DEATH !
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded, DEATH !
Line 787.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe. *Line 803.*

Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd. *Line 845.*

On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder. *Line 879.*

Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand ;
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mast'ry. *Line 894.*

Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. *Line 910.*

To compare

Great things with small.¹ *Paradise Lost. Book ii. Line 921*

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Line 948.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.

Line 995.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he.

Line 1021.

And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.

Line 1051.

Hail holy light! offspring of heav'n first-born.

Book iii. Line 1.

The rising world of waters dark and deep.

Line 11

Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.

Line 37.

Thus with the year

Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Line 46.

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Line 99.

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing.

Line 337.

¹ Compare great things with small. — VIRGIL: *Eclogues, i. 24; Georgics, iv. 176.* COWLEY: *The Motto.* DRYDEN: *Ovid. Metamorphoses, book i. line 727.* TICKELL: *Poem on Hunting.* POPE: *Windsor Forest.*

Dark with excessive bright.

Paradise Lost. Book iii. Line 380.

Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.

Line 474.

Since call'd

The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.

Line 495.

And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

Line 686.

The hell within him.

Book iv. Line 20.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd, — wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse.

Line 23.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.¹

Line 34.

A grateful mind

By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd.

Line 55.

Which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

Line 73.

Such joy ambition finds.

Line 92

Ease would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

Line 96.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good.

Line 108.

¹ Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays. — POPE: *Moral Essays*
epistle iii. line 282.

That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 12.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest.

Line 162

And on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant.

Line 194.

A heaven on earth.

Line 208.

Flowers worthy of paradise.

Line 241

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.¹

Line 256.

Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower.

Line 269

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.

Line 297.

Implied

Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd, —
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Line 307.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

Line 323.

And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea,² excus'd his devilish deeds.

Line 393.

¹ See Herrick, page 203

² Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves. — WILLIAM PITT : *Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

As Jupiter

On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers. *Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 499.*

Imparadis'd in one another's arms. *Line 506.*

Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair. *Line 533.*

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompany'd ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. *Line 598.*

The timely dew of sleep. *Line 614*

With thee conversing I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change, — all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful ev'ning mild ; then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

Paradise Lost. Book iv. Line 619

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep

Line 677.

In naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora.¹

Line 713.

Eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear.

Line 739.

Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.

Line 750.

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.

Line 800.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper.

Line 810.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng.

Line 830.

Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.

Line 846.

All hell broke loose.

Line 918.

Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved.

Line 987.

The starry cope
Of heaven.

Line 992.

Fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

Line 1014

Now morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd ; for his sleep
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred.

Book v. Line 1

¹ When unadorned, adorned the most. — THOMSON : *Autumn, line 204*

Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces. *Paradise Lost. Book v. Line 13.*

My latest found,
 Heaven's last, best gift, my ever new delight ! *Line 18.*

Good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows. *Line 71.*

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good ! *Line 153.*

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn. *Line 166.*

A wilderness of sweets. *Line 294.*

Another morn
 Ris'n on mid-noon. *Line 310.*

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent. *Line 331.*

Nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's hell. *Line 449.*

The bright consummate flower. *Line 481.*

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.
Line 601.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy. *Line 637.*

Satan ; so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in heaven. *Line 658.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
 Friendliest to sleep and silence. *Line 667*

Innumerable as the stars of night,
 Or stars of morning, dewdrops which the sun
 Impearls on every leaf and every flower. *Line 745.*

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found ;
 Among the faithless, faithful only he. *Line 896*

Morn,
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. *Book vi Line 2*

Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight.

Paradise Lost. Book vi. Line 29.

Arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise
Of conflict.

Line 209.

Spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not as frail man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die.

Line 345.

Far off his coming shone.

Line 768.

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues.

Book vii. Line 24.

Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

Line 30.

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges moving.

Line 205.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

Line 364.

Now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts.

Line 463.

Indu'd
With sanctity of reason.

Line 507.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, — as stars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powder'd with stars.

Line 577.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
 So charming left his voice, that he awhile
 Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 1.

There swift return
 Diurnal, merely to officiate light
 Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot. *Line 21.*

And grace that won who saw to wish her stay. *Line 43.*

And touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew. *Line 47.*

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb. *Line 83.*

Her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps
 On her soft axle. *Line 163.*

Be lowly wise:
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being. *Line 173*

To know
 That which before us lies in daily life
 Is the prime wisdom. *Line 192.*

Liquid lapse of murmuring streams. *Line 263*

And feel that I am happier than I know. *Line 282.*

Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight? *Line 383.*

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love. *Line 488.*

Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won. *Line 502*

She what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn; all heaven

And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.

Paradise Lost. Book viii. Line 508.

The sum of earthly bliss.

Line 522.

So well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Line 548

Accuse not Nature: she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine.

Line 567

Oft times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd.¹

Line 571.

Those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions.

Line 600

With a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.

Line 618.

My unpremeditated verse.

Book ix. Line 24.

Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late.

Line 26.

Unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing.

Line 44.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

Line 171.

The work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint.

Line 208.

Smiles from reason flow,
 To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.

Line 239

¹ "But most of all respect thyself." — A precept of the Pythagoreans.

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

Paradise Lost. Book ix. Line 249.

At shut of evening flowers.

Line 278.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air.

Line 445.

So gloz'd the tempter.

Line 549.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.

Line 633.

Left that command
Sole daughter of his voice.¹

Line 652.

Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost.

Line 782.

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.

Line 853

A pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between.

Line 1106

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfy'd, and thee appease.

Book x. Line 77

So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air,
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Line 279.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap!

Line 775

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? — thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?

Book xi. Line 269

¹ Stern daughter of the voice of God. — WORDSWORTH: *Ode to Duty.*

Then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see.

Paradise Lost. Book xi. Line 414

Moping melancholy

And moon-struck madness.

Line 485.

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoc'd.

Line 491.

So may'st thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap.

Line 535.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well: how long or short permit to heaven.¹

Line 553.

A bevy of fair women.

Line 582.

The brazen throat of war.

Line 713.

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon; .
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way. *Book xii. Line 645.*

Beauty stands

In the admiration only of weak minds

Led captive.

Paradise Regained. Book ii. Line 220.

Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd.

Line 228.

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise.

Book iii. Line 56.

Elephants endors'd with towers.

Line 329

Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,

Meroe, Nilotic isle.

Book iv. Line 70.

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.

Line 76.

¹ Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes (Neither fear nor wish for your last day). — MARTIAL: *lib. x. epigram 47, line 13.*

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.¹

Paradise Regained Book iv. Line 220.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.

Line 240.

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.

Line 244.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.

Line 267.

Socrates . . .
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men.

Line 274.

Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself.

Line 327

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace?

Line 330

Till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray.

Line 426

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

Samson Agonistes. Line 80.

The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Line 86

¹ The child is father of the man. — WORDSWORTH: *My Heart Leaps up*

Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous. *Samson Agonistes. Line 129*

Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men;
 Unless there be who think not God at all. *Line 293.*

What boots it at one gate to make defence,
 And at another to let in the foe? *Line 560.*

But who is this, what thing of sea or land, —
 Female of sex it seems, —
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger? *Line 710.*

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd. *Line 1003.*

He's gone, and who knows how he may report
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame? *Line 1350.*

For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
Line 1538.

And as an ev'ning dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic fowl. *Line 1692.*

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, — nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble. *Line 1721.*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.

Comus. Line 5.

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.

Line 13.

The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.

Line 38.

I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Line 43.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine.

Line 46.

These my sky-robcs spun out of Iris' woof.

Line 83.

The star that bids the shepherd fold.

Line 93.

Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.

Line 103.

Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn, on th' Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep.

Line 138.

When the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.

Line 188.

A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

Line 205.

O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!

Line 213.

Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

Line 221.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

Line 244.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smil'd ! *Comus. Line 249.*

Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
 And lap it in Elysium. *Line 256.*

Such sober certainty of waking bliss. *Line 263.*

I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element,
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i' th' plighted clouds. *Line 298.*

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
 To help you find them. *Line 303.*

With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light. *Line 340.*

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own clear breast
 May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day ;
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the midday sun. *Line 373.*

The unsunn'd heaps
 Of miser's treasure. *Line 398.*

'T is chastity, my brother, chastity :
 She that has that is clad in complete steel. *Line 420*

Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost

That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. *Comus. Line 432.*

So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape. *Line 453.*

How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,¹
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. *Line 476.*

And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale. *Line 496.*

Fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance. *Line 550*

I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death. *Line 560.*

That power
 Which erring men call Chance. *Line 587.*

If this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. *Line 597.*

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil;
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon. *Line 631*

Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off. *Line 646*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 56

This cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds.

Comus. Line 672.

Budge doctors of the Stoic fur.

Line 707.

And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons.

Line 727

It is for homely features to keep home, —
They had their name thence; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?

Line 748.

Swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder.

Line 776.

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence.

Line 790

His rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power.

Line 816

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.

Line 859

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run.

Line 1012

Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

Line 1022

I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Lycidas. Line 3

He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

Line 10.

Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Lycidas. Line 14

Under the opening eyelids of the morn.

Line 26.

But oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return !

Line 37.

The gadding vine.

Line 40.

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse.

Line 66.

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.

Line 68.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise¹
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears

And slits the thin-spun life.

Line 70.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.

Line 78

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.

Line 100.

The pilot of the Galilean lake ;

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

Line 109

But that two-handed engine at the door

Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Line 130.

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes

That on the green turf suck the honied showers,

And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,

The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,

¹ *Eraut quibus appetentior famæ videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur* (Some might consider him as too fond of fame, for the desire of glory clings even to the best of men longer than any other passion) [said of Helvidius Priscus]. — *TACITUS : Historia, iv. 6.*

The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears.

Lycidas. Line 139

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

Line 168.

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

Line 188.

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

Line 193.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
 Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles.

L' Allegro. Line 25.

Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it as ye go,
 On the light fantastic toe.

Line 31.

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

Line 36.

And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Line 67.

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Line 75.

Herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses.

Line 85.

To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

Line 95.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale. *L' Allegro. Line 100.*

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men. *Line 117.*

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize. *Line 121.*

Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Line 125*

And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,¹
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out. *Line 135.*

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony. *Line 143.*

The gay motes that people the sunbeams.
Il Penseroso. Line 8.

And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes. *Line 39.*

Forget thyself to marble. *Line 42.*

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet. *Line 45.*

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure. *Line 49*

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy ! *Line 61.*

¹ Wisdom married to immortal verse. — WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion*, book vii.

- I walk unseen
- On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way;
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud. *Il Penseroso. Line 65*
- Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom. *Line 79.*
- Far from all resort of mirth
 Save the cricket on the hearth. *Line 81.*
- Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine. *Line 97.*
- Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Line 105.*
- Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold. *Line 109.*
- Where more is meant than meets the ear. *Line 120.*
- When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves
 With minute drops from off the eaves. *Line 128.*
- Hide me from day's garish eye. *Line 141.*
- And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. *Line 159.*
- Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain. *Line 173.*
- Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie. *Arcades. Line 68.*
- Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof. *Line 82.*

O fairest flower! no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly.

Ode on the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough

Such as may make thee search the coffers round.

At a Vacation Exercise. Line 31.

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around.

Hymn on Christ's Nativity. Line 53.

Time will run back and fetch the age of gold. *Line 135.*

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail. *Line 172*

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.

No nightly trance or breathed spell

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Line 173.

From haunted spring and dale

Edg'd with poplar pale

The parting genius is with sighing sent. *Line 184.*

Peor and Baälim

Forsake their temples dim. *Line 197*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones, —

The labour of an age in piled stones?

Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid

Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,

What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?

Epitaph on Shakespeare

And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,

That kings for such a tomb would wish to die. *Ibid*

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day.¹

Sonnet to the Nightingale

¹ See Chaucer, page 6.

As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

On his being arrived to the Age of Twenty-three.

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground.

When the Assault was intended to the City.

That old man eloquent.

To the Lady Margaret Ley.

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

On the Detraction which followed upon my writing certain Treatises.

License they mean when they cry, Liberty!

For who loves that must first be wise and good.

Ibid.

Peace hath her victories

No less renown'd than war.

To the Lord General Cromwell.

Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones.

On the late Massacre in Piedmont.

Thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

On his Blindness.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste?

To Mr. Lawrence.

In mirth that after no repenting draws.

Sonnet xxi. To Cyriac Skinner.

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

Ibid.

Yet I argue not

Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Sonnet xxii. Ibid.

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

Ibid.

But oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

On his Deceased Wife.

Have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea. *Translation of Horace. Book i. Ode 5.*

For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted Plagiare.
Iconoclastes, xxiii

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.¹ *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*

A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him.
The Reason of Church Government. Introduction, Book ii

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die. *Ibid*

Beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies. *Ibid*

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.
Apology for Smectymnus.

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command. *Ibid.*

Litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.
Tractate of Education.

I shall detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct ye to a hill side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. *Ibid*

¹ See Bacon, page 169

Enflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages.

Tractate of Education.

Ornate rhetorick taught out of the rule of Plato. . . . To which poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less subtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous, and passionate.

Ibid.

In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.

Ibid.

Attic tragedies of stateliest and most regal argument.

Ibid.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

Areopagitica.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

Ibid.

Seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books.

Ibid.

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.

Ibid.

Who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers?

Ibid.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as

an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.

Areopagitica.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? ¹

Ibid.

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.

Tetrachordon.

By this time, like one who had set out on his way by night, and travelled through a region of smooth or idle dreams, our history now arrives on the confines, where daylight and truth meet us with a clear dawn, representing to our view, though at a far distance, true colours and shapes.

The History of England. Book i.

Such bickerings to recount, met often in these our writers, what more worth is it than to chronicle the wars of kites or crows flocking and fighting in the air?

Book ic.



EDWARD HYDE CLARENDON. 1608-1674.

He [Hampden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.²

History of the Rebellion. Vol. iii. Book vii. § 84.

¹ Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. — JEFFERSON: *Inaugural Address.*

² In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute. — GIBBON: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xlvi.*

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute. — *From Junius, letter xxxvii. Feb. 14. 1770.*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. 1609-1641.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,¹
 As if they feared the light;
 But oh, she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Ballad upon a Wedding

Her lips were red, and one was thin;
 Compared with that was next her chin, —
 Some bee had stung it newly.

Ibid.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Song.

'T is expectation makes a blessing dear;
 Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

Against Fruition.

She is pretty to walk with,
 And witty to talk with,
 And pleasant, too, to think on.

Brennoralt. Act ii.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky, —
 A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Act iii.

But as when an authentic watch is shown,
 Each man winds up and rectifies his own,
 So in our very judgments.²

Aglaura. Epilogue.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.³

The Goblins.

¹ See Herrick, page 202.

² 'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE: *Essay on Criticism, part i. line 9.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 147.

Nick of time.

The Goblins

“High characters,” cries one, and he would see
Things that ne’er were, nor are, nor e’er will be.¹

The Goblins. Epilogue

—◆—

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. 1612–1650.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.² *My Dear and only Love*

I’ll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.³ *Ibid.*

—◆—

SIR JOHN DENHAM. 1615–1668.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t’ explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.

Cooper’s Hill. Line 165

Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o’erflowing, full. *Line 189.*

¹ Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism, part ii. line 53.*
There’s no such thing in Nature, and you’ll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne’er saw.

SHEFFIELD: *Essay on Poetry.*

² That puts it not unto the touch
To win or lose it all.
NAPIER: *Montrose and the Covenanters,*
vol. ii. p. 566.

³ I’ll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
SCOTT: *Legend of Montrose, chap. xv.*

Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.

The Sophy. A Tragedy.

But whither am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built;
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.¹

On Mr. John Fletcher's Works



RICHARD CRASHAW. *Circa 1616–1650.*

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.² *Epigram.*

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.

Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

Where'er she lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.

Ibid.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.

Ibid.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend!

Ibid.

¹ Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill.

ORRERY: *Prologues* (according to Johnson).

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.

POPE: *Prologue to the Satires*, line 197.

² *Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit* (The modest Nymph saw the god, and blushed). — *Epigrammatum Sacra. Aquæ in vinum versæ*, p. 299.

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.

The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can, —
"Here lies a truly honest man!"

Epitaph upon Mr. Ashton



RICHARD LOVELACE. 1618–1658.

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace
And music of her iace,¹
You 'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

Orpheus to Beasts.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

When flowing cups pass swiftly round
With no allaying Thames.²

To Althea from Prison, ii.

Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

Ibid.

¹ See Browne, page 218.

The mind, the music breathing from her face. — BYRON: *Bride of Abydos*, canto i. stanza 6.

² See Shakespeare, page 103.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty. *To Althea from Prison, in*

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618–1667.

What shall I do to be forever known,
 And make the age to come my own? *The Motto.*

His time is forever, everywhere his place.
Friendship in Absence.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
 Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.
On the Death of Mr. William Harvey.

His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right.¹
On the Death of Crashaw.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
 The plants suck in the earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.
From Anacreon, ii. Drinking.

Fill all the glasses there, for why
 Should every creature drink but I?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why? *Ibid.*

¹ For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
 He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

POPE: *Essay on Man, epilogue iii. line 303.*

A mighty pain to love it is,
 And 't is a pain that pain to miss;
 But of all pains, the greatest pain
 It is to love, but love in vain. *From Anacreon, vii. Gold.*

Hope, of all ills that men endure,
 The only cheap and universal cure. *The Mistress. For Hope.*

Th' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barb'rous skill;
 'T is like the pois'ning of a dart,
 Too apt before to kill. *The Waiting Maid.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
 But an eternal now does always last.¹
Davidis. Book i. Line 25.

When Israel was from bondage led,
 Led by the Almighty's hand
 From out of foreign land,
 The great sea beheld and fled. *Line 41*

An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
 And fell adown his shoulders with loose care.²
Book ii. Line 95.

The monster London laugh at me. *Of Solitude, xi.*

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,
 Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
 A village less than Islington wilt grow,
 A solitude almost. *Ibid. vii.*

The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books. *The Garden, i.*

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.³
Ibid. ii.

¹ One of our poets (which is it?) speaks of an everlasting now. — SOUTHEY: *The Doctor, chap. xxv. p. 1.*

² Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.

GRAY: *The Bard, i. 2*

³ See Bacon, page 167.

Hence, ye profane ! I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar and the small.

Horace. Book iii. Ode 1.

Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a name.¹

Virgil, Georgics. Book ii. Line 72.

Words that weep and tears that speak.²

The Prophet.

We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush'd before.

Discourse concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.

Thus would I double my life's fading space ;
For he that runs it well, runs twice his race.³

Discourse xi. Of Myself. St. xi.



RALPH VENNING. 1620(?)–1673.

All the beauty of the world, 't is but skin deep.⁴

Orthodoxe Paradoxes. (Third edition, 1650.) The Triumph of Assurance, p. 41.

They spare the rod, and spoyle the child.⁵

Mysteries and Revelations, p. 5. (1649.)



ANDREW MARVELL. 1620–1678.

Orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night.

Bermudas.

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Ibid.

¹ Ravish'd with the whistling of a name. — POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 281.*

² Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. — GRAY: *Progress of Poesy, iii. 3, 4.*

³ For he lives twice who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

POPE: *Imitation of Martial.*

⁴ Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine gay colours that are but skin-deep. — HENRY: *Commentaries. Genesis iii.*

⁵ See Skelton, page 8.

In busy companies of men. *The Garden. (Translated.)*

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *Ibid.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear, —
The good, the bad ; and these mixed everywhere.
The Loyal Scot.

The inglorious arts of peace.
Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene. *Ibid.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know. *Ibid.*

To make a bank was a great plot of state ;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
The Character of Holland.



JOSEPH HENSHAW.¹ ———-1678.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day, —
Some break their fast and so depart away ;
Others stay dinner, then depart full fed ;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
O reader, then behold and see !
As we are now, so must you be.
Horæ Sucissive (1631).



HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621-1695.

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness. *The Retreat*

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days, —

¹ Bishop of Peterborough, 1663.

My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays. *They are all gone.*

Dear, beauteous death, the jewel of the just!
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark! *Ibid.*

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep. *Ibid.*

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch
 Till the white-wing'd reapers come!
The Seed growing secretly.



ALGERNON SIDNEY. 1622–1683.

Manus haec inimica tyrannis
 Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.¹
From the Life and Memoirs of Algernon Sidney

Liars ought to have good memories.²
Discourses on Government. Chap. ii. Sect. xv.

Men lived like fishes; the great ones devoured the
 small.³ *Sect. xviii.*

¹ His father writes to him, Aug. 30, 1660: "It is said that the University of Copenhagen brought their album unto you, desiring you to write something; and that you did *scribere in albo* these words." It is said that the first line is to be found in a patent granted in 1616 by Camden (Clarenceux) — *Notes and Queries, March 10, 1866.*

² He who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying. — MONTAIGNE: *Book i. chap. ix. Of Liars.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 161.

God helps those who help themselves.¹

Discourses on Government. Chap. ii. Sect. xxxiii.

It is not necessary to light a candle to the sun.²

Ibid.

WILLIAM WALKER. 1623-1684.

Learn to read slow : all other graces

Will follow in their proper places.³

The Art of Reading.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628-1688.

And so I penned

It down, until at last it came to be,

For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Pilgrim's Progress. Apology for his Book.

Some said, "John, print it;" others said, "Not so."

Some said, "It might do good;" others said, "No."

Ibid

The name of the slough was Despond.

Part 1.

Every fat must stand upon his bottom.⁴

Ibid.

Dark as pitch.⁵

Ibid.

It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town
where 't is kept is lighter than vanity.

Ibid.

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

Heaven ne'er helps the men who will not act. — SOPHOCLES: *Fragment 288* (Plumptre's Translation).

Help thyself, Heaven will help thee. — LA FONTAINE: *Book vi. fable 18*

² Like his that lights a candle to the sun. — FLETCHER: *Letter to Sir Walter Aston.*

And hold their farthing candle to the sun. — YOUNG: *Satire vii. line 56.*

³ Take time enough; all other graces

Will soon fill up their proper places.

BYROM: *Advice to preach slow.*

⁴ Every tub must stand upon its bottom. — MACKLIN: *The Man of the World, act i. sc. 2.*

⁵ RAY: *Proverbs.* GAY: *The Shepherd's Week. Wednesday.*

The palace Beautiful. *Pilgrim's Progress. Part i.*

They came to the Delectable Mountains. *Ibid.*

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.

The Author's Way of sending forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.

He that is down needs fear no fall.¹ *Part ii.*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. 1628–1699.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from
the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have
passed. *Ancient and Modern Learning.*

No clap of thunder in a fair frosty day could more
astonish the world than our declaration of war against
Holland in 1672. *Memoirs. Vol. ii. p. 255.*

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and
the best, but like a froward child, that must be played
with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls
asleep, and then the care is over.

Miscellanea. Part ii. Of Poetry.

JOHN TILLOTSON. 1630–1694.

If God were not a necessary Being of himself, he
might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit
of men.²

WILLIAM STOUGHTON. 1631–1701.

God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice
grain over into this wilderness.³

Election Sermon at Boston, April 29, 1669.

¹ See Butler, page 212.

² If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him. — VOLTAIRE: *À l'Auteur du Livre des trois Imposteurs, épître cxi.*

³ God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting. — LONGFELLOW: *Courtship of Miles Standish, iv.*

JOHN DRYDEN. 1631–1701.

Above any Greek or Roman name.¹

Upon the Death of Lord Hastings. Line 76

And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

Annus Mirabilis. Stanza 39.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 't was natural to please.

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 27

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.²

A daring pilot in extremity ;
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms.

Line 156.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.³

Line 163.

And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son.

Line 169.

Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.

Line 174.

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

Line 197.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.⁴

Line 198.

¹ Above all Greek, above all Roman fame. — POPE : *epistle i. book ii. line 26.*

² See Fuller, page 221.

³ No excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of madness. — ARISTOTLE : *Problem, sect. 30.*

Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ (There is no great genius without a tincture of madness). — SENECA : *De Tranquillitate Animi, 15.*

What thin partitions sense from thought divide ! — POPE : *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 226.*

⁴ Greatnesse on Goodnesse loves to slide, not stand,
And leaves, for Fortune's ice, Vertue's ferme land.

KNOLLES : *History* (under a portrait of Mustapha I.)

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !¹

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 238.

Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.² *Line 268.*

Than a successive title long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark. *Line 301.*

Not only hating David, but the king. *Line 512.*

Who think too little, and who talk too much.³ *Line 534.*

A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome ;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.⁴ *Line 545.*

So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil. *Line 557.*

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.⁵ *Line 646*

Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence. *Line 868.*

¹ Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. — *Joel ii. 28.*

² Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

YOUNG : *Night Thoughts, night v. line 661.*

³ They always talk who never think. — PRIOR : *Upon a Passage in the Scaligerana.*

⁴ Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit
(Grammarians, orators, geometricians; painters, gymnastic teachers, physicians;
fortune-tellers, rope-dancers, conjurers, — he knew everything). — JUVENAL :
Satire iii. line 76.

⁵ A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman. — JULIUS HARE : *Guesses at Truth.*

A Christian is the highest style of man. — YOUNG : *Night Thoughts, night iv. line 788*

Beware the fury of a patient man.¹

Absalom and Achitophel. Part i. Line 1005

Made still a blund'ring kind of melody ;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,²
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.

Part ii. Line 413.

For every inch that is not fool is rogue.

Line 462

Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took ;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they pass'd.

Threnodia Augustalis. Line 124.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.³

The Hind and the Panther. Part i. Line 33.

And kind as kings upon their coronation day.

Line 271.

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.⁴

Part iii. Line 2387.

But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Mac Flecknoe. Line 20.

Our vows are heard betimes ! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer :
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.⁵

Britannia Rediviva. Line 1.

¹ Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia (An over-taxed patience gives way to fierce anger. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim* 289.

² See Spenser, page 28.

³ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.

POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle ii. line 217.*

⁴ Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat (Whom God wishes to destroy he first deprives of reason). The author of this saying is unknown. Barnes erroneously ascribes it to Euripides.

⁵ And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray. — GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village, line 180.*

And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

Britannia Rediviva. Line 208.

Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace.

Epistle to Congreve. Line 19.

Be kind to my remains; and oh defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!

Line 72.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

Epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton. Line 92.

Wit will shine

Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham. Line 15.

So softly death succeeded life in her,
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.

Eleonora. Line 315.

Since heaven's eternal year is thine.

Elegy on Mrs. Killebrew. Line 15.

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy!

Line 56.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.¹

Line 70.

He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.²

On the Death of a very young Gentleman

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.

¹ Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

POPE: *Epitaph on Gay.*

² Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She spark'd, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

YOUNG: *Night Thoughts, night v line 606*

The force of Nature could no further go,
To make a third, she join'd the former two.¹

Under Mr. Milton's Picture.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day. Line 11.

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Alexander's Feast. Line 15

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the spheres.

Line 37

Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.

Line 54

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure, —

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Line 58.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
slain.

Line 66.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

Line 77

¹ Græcia Mæonidam, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem
(Greece boasts her Homer, Rome can Virgil claim;
England can either match in Milton's fame).

SELVAGGI: *Ad Joannem Miltonum.*

For pity melts the mind to love.¹

Alexander's Feast. Line 96

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.

If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying:

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

Line 97

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.

Line 120.

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Line 154.

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

Line 160.

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

Line 169

A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.

The Secular Masque. Line 40

Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.²

Palamon and Arcite. Book ii. Line 758.

For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

The Cock and the Fox. Line 452.

And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

Theodore and Honoria. Line 227

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.

Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 1

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

² This proverb Dryden repeats in *Amphitryon*, act i. sc. 2.

See Shakespeare, page 106.

When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind!
Cymon and Iphigenia. Line 41.

He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought. *Line 84.*

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
 And gaping mouth, that testified surprise. *Line 107.*

Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
 Soon taught the sweet civilities of life. *Line 133.*

She hugg'd the offender, and forgave the offence:
 Sex to the last.¹ *Line 367.*

And raw in fields the rude militia swarms,
 Mouths without hands; maintain'd at vast expense,
 In peace a charge, in war a weak defence;
 Stout once a month they march, a blustering band,
 And ever but in times of need at hand. *Line 400.*

Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, — the business of the day.
Line 407.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.²
The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own;
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.³
Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 65

¹ And love the offender, yet detest the offence. — POPE: *Eloisa to Abelard*, line 192.

² Heureux qui, dans ses vers, sait d'une voix légère,
 Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au sévère.
 BOILEAU: *L'Art Poétique, chant 1^{er}.*

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
 POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 379*

³ Serenely full, the epicure would say,
 Fate cannot harm me; I have dined to-day.
 SYDNEY SMITH: *Recipe for Salad.*

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Imitation of Horace. Book iii. Ode 29, Line 71.

I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes the wings and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away. *Line 81.*

And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm. *Line 87.*

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by fate
 And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.
Virgil, Æneid. Line 1.

And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
 Turn'd by a gentle fire and roasted rare.¹
Ovid, Metamorphoses, Book viii. Baucis and Philemon, Line 97.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, —
 As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
Book xv. The Worship of Æsculapius, Line 155.

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
 Can draw you to her with a single hair.²
Persius. Satire v. Line 246.

Look round the habitable world: how few
 Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.
Juvenal. Satire x.

Our souls sit close and silently within,
 And their own web from their own entrails spin;
 And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,
 That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch.³
Mariage à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
 At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.

¹ Our scanty mutton scrags on Fridays, and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays. — CHARLES LAMB: *Christ's Hospital five-and-thirty Years Ago.*

² See Burton, page 191.

³ See Davies, page 176.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow ;
 He who would search for pearls must dive below.
All for Love. Prologue.

Men are but children of a larger growth. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.¹
The Maiden Queen. Act i. Sc 2.

Burn daylight. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

I am resolved to grow fat, and look young till forty.²
Act iii. Sc. 1.

But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be ;
 Within that circle none durst walk but he.
The Tempest. Prologue.

I am as free as Nature first made man,
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
The Conquest of Granada. Part i. Act i. Sc. 1

Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.³
Part ii. Act i Sc. 2.

What precious drops are those
 Which silently each other's track pursue,
 Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew ?
Act iii. Sc. 1.

Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped ;
 And they have kept it since by being dead. *Epilogue.*

¹ See Burton, page 193.

² Fat, fair, and forty. — SCOTT : *St. Ronan's Well, chap. vii.*

Mrs. Trench, in a letter, Feb. 18, 1816, writes: "Lord —— is going to marry Lady ——, a fat, fair, and fifty card-playing resident of the Crescent."

³ Quos læserunt et oderunt (Whom they have injured they also hate). — SENECA : *De Ira, lib. ii. cap. 33.*

Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris (It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured). — TACITUS : *Agricola, 42. 4.*

Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mal (He never pardons those he injures). — *Italian Proverb.*

Death in itself is nothing ; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Aurengzebe. Act iv. Sc. 1

When I consider life, 't is all a cheat.
Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit ;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow 's falser than the former day ;
Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage ! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;¹
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give. *Ibid.*

'T is not for nothing that we life pursue ;
It pays our hopes with something still that 's new. *Ibid*

All delays are dangerous in war. *Tyrannic Love. Act i. Sc. 1*

Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are. *Act iv. Sc. 1*

Whatever is, is in its causes just.² *Ædipus. Act iii. Sc. 1.*

His hair just grizzled,
As in a green old age.³ *Ibid.*

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long, —
Even wonder'd at, because he dropp'd no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more ;
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold even in the summer of her age. *Ibid.*

¹ There are not eight finer lines in Lucretius — MACAULAY : *History of England, chap. xviii.*

² Whatever is, is right. — POPE : *Essay on Man, epistle i. line 289.*

³ A green old age unconscious of decay. — POPE : *The Iliad, book xxiii line 929.*

- There is a pleasure sure
 In being mad which none but madmen know.¹
The Spanish Friar. Act ii. Sc. 1.
- Lord of humankind.² *Ibid*
- Bless the hand that gave the blow.³ *Ibid.*
- Second thoughts, they say, are best.⁴ *Act ii. Sc. 2.*
- He's a sure card. *Ibid.*
- As sure as a gun.⁵ *Act iii. Sc. 2*
- Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,
 Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest. *Act v. Sc. 2.*
- This is the porcelain clay of humankind.⁶
Don Sebastian. Act i. Sc. 1.
- I have a soul that like an ample shield
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.⁷ *Ibid.*
- A knock-down argument: 't is but a word and a blow.
Amphitryon. Act i. Sc. 1.
- Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.⁸ *Act iii. Sc. 1.*
- The true Amphitryon.⁹ *Act iv. Sc. 1.*
- The spectacles of books. *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*

¹ There is a pleasure in poetic pains.
 Which only poets know.

COWPER: *The Timepiece*, line 285.

² Lords of humankind. — GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller*, line 327.

³ Adore the hand that gives the blow. — POMFRET: *Verses to his Friend*

⁴ Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest. — EURIPIDES: *Hippolytus*, 438.

⁵ See Butler, page 211.

⁶ The precious porcelain of human clay. — BYRON: *Don Juan*, canto 10, stanza 11.

⁷ Give ample room and verge enough. — GRAY: *The Bard*, ii. 1.

⁸ Whistling aloud to bear his courage up. — BLAIR: *The Grave*, line 58.

⁹ Le véritable Amphitryon

Est l'Amphitryon où l'on dine

(The true Amphitryon is the Amphitryon where we dine).

MOLIÈRE: *Amphitryon*, act iii. sc. 5.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. 1633-1684.

Remember Milo's end,
 Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
Essay on Translated Verse. Line 87

And choose an author as you choose a friend. *Line 96.*

Immodest words admit of no defence,
 For want of decency is want of sense. *Line 113.*

The multitude is always in the wrong. *Line 184.*

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me at my end. *Translation of Dies Irvæ.*

 THOMAS KEN. 1637-1711.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
 Praise Him, all creatures here below !
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Morning and Evening Hymn

 SIR JOHN POWELL. ———-1713.

Let us consider the reason of the case. For nothing
 is law that is not reason.¹

Coggs vs. Bernard, 2 Lord Raymond, 911.

 ISAAC NEWTON. 1642-1727.

I do not know what I may appear to the world ; but to
 myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on
 the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then
 finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordi-
 nary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered
 before me.² *Brewster's Memoirs of Newton. Vol. ii. Chap. xxvii.*

¹ See Coke, page 24.

² See Milton, page 241.

EARL OF ROCHESTER. 1647-1680.

Angels listen when she speaks :

She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Song.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on ;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II.

And ever since the Conquest have been fools.

Artemisia in the Town to Chloe in the Country.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.¹

An allusion to Horace, Satire x. Book 1.

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

On the King.

It is a very good world to live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;
But to beg or to borrow, or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.²

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM-
SHIRE. 1649-1720.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

Essay on Poetry.

There's no such thing in Nature ; and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.³

Ibid.

¹ Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse ! — GOLD-
SMITH : *Retaliation. Postscript.*

² These last four lines are attributed to Rochester.

³ See Suckling, page 257.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

Essay on Poetry

—◆—

THOMAS OTWAY. 1651–1685.

O woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
 To temper man : we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair, to look like you :
 There 's in you all that we believe of heaven, —
 Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

Venice Preserved. Act i. Sc. 1.

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life ;
 Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.¹

Act v. Sc. 1.

And die with decency.

Sc. 3.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman !
 Who was 't betrayed the Capitol ? — A woman !
 Who lost Mark Antony the world ? — A woman !
 Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
 And laid at last old Troy in ashes ? — Woman !
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman !²

The Orphan. Act iii. Sc. 1.

Let us embrace, and from this very moment vow an
 eternal misery together.³

Act iv. Sc. 2.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 112.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

GRAY : *The Bard, part i. stanza 3*

² O woman, woman ! when to ill thy mind
 Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

POPE : *Homer's Odyssey, book xi. line 531*

³ Let us swear an eternal friendship. — FRERE : *The Rovers, act i. sc 1.*

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN. 1653-1716.

I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes, etc.

NATHANIEL LEE. 1655-1692.

Then he will talk — good gods! how he will talk!¹

Alexander the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Vows with so much passion, swears with so much grace,
That 't is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him. *Ibid.*

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

Act iv. Sc. 2.

'T is beauty calls, and glory shows the way.² *Ibid.*

Man, false man, smiling, destructive man!

Theodosius. Act iii. Sc. 2.

JOHN NORRIS. 1657-1711.

How fading are the joys we dote upon!

Like apparitions seen and gone.

But those which soonest take their flight

Are the most exquisite and strong, —

Like angels' visits, short and bright;³

Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

The Parting.

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197.

² "Leads the way" in the stage editions, which contain various interpolations, among them —

See the conquering hero comes!

Sound the trumpet, beat the drums! —

which was first used by Handel in "Joshua," and afterwards transferred to "Judas Maccabæus." The text of both oratorios was written by Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman.

³ Like those of angels, short and far between. — BLAIR: *The Grave*, line 588.

Like angel visits, few and far between. — CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope*, part ii. line 378.

JOHN DENNIS. 1657-1734.

A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket. *The Gentleman's Magazine. Vol. li. Page 324.*

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.¹

THOMAS SOUTHERNE. 1660-1746.

Pity's akin to love.² *Oroonoka. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

Of the king's creation you may be; but he who makes a count ne'er made a man.³

Sir Anthony Love. Act ii. Sc. 1.

MATHEW HENRY.⁴ 1662-1714.

'The better day, the worse deed.'⁵ *Commentaries. Genesis iii.*

Many a dangerous temptation comes to us in fine gay colours that are but skin-deep.⁶ *Ibid.*

¹ Our author, for the advantage of this play ("Appius and Virginia"), had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that at present is used in the theatre. The tragedy however was coldly received, notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after, Mr. Dennis, being in the pit at the representation of "Macbeth," heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and exclaimed, with an oath, that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!" — *Biographia Britannica, vol. v. p. 103.*

² See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

³ I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — WYCHERLEY: *The Plaindealer, act i. sc. 1.*

A prince can make a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, and a' that;

But an honest man's aboon his might:

Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

BURNS: *For a' that and a' that.*

⁴ Mathew Henry says of his father, Rev. Philip Henry (1631-1691): "He would say sometimes, when he was in the midst of the comforts of this life, 'All this, and heaven too!'" — *Life of Rev. Philip Henry, p. 70* (London, 1830.)

⁵ See Middleton, page 172.

⁶ See Venning, page 262.

So great was the extremity of his pain and anguish that he did not only sigh but roar.¹ *Commentaries. Job iii.*

To their own second thoughts.² *vi.*

He rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel. *Psalm xxvi.*

Our creature comforts. *xxxvii.*

None so deaf as those that will not hear.³ *lviii.*

They that die by famine die by inches. *lix.*

To fish in troubled waters. *lx.*

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore called the staff of life.⁴ *civ.*

Hearknors, we say, seldom hear good of themselves. *Ecclesiastes vii.*

It was a common saying among the Puritans, "Brown bread and the Gospel is good fare." *Isaiah xxx.*

Blushing is the colour of virtue.⁵ *Jeremiah iii.*

It is common for those that are farthest from God, to boast themselves most of their being near to the Church.⁶ *vii.*

None so blind as those that will not see.⁷ *xx.*

Not lost, but gone before.⁸ *Matthew ii.*

¹ Nature says best; and she says, Roar! — EDGEWORTH; *Ormond, chap. v.* (King Corny in a paroxysm of gout.)

² I consider biennial elections as a security that the sober second thought of the people shall be law. — FISHER AMES: *On Biennial Elections, 1788.*

³ See Heywood, page 19.

⁴ Bread is the staff of life. — SWIFT: *Tale of a Tub.*

Corne, which is the staffe of life. — WINSLOW: *Good Newes from New England, p. 47.* (London, 1624.)

The stay and the staff, the whole staff of bread. — *Isaiah iii. 1.*

⁵ Diogenes once saw a youth blushing, and said: "Courage, my boy! that is the complexion of virtue." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Diogenes, vi.*

⁶ See Heywood, page 12.

⁷ There is none so blind as they that won't see. — SWIFT: *Polite Conversation, dialogue iii.*

⁸ Literally from Seneca, *Epistola lxxiii. 16.*

Not dead, but gone before. — ROGERS: *Human Life.*

Those that are above business.	<i>Commentaries. Matthew xx.</i>
Better late than never. ¹	<i>xxi.</i>
Saying and doing are two things.	<i>Ibid.</i>
Judas had given them the slip.	<i>xxii.</i>
After a storm comes a calm.	<i>Acts ix.</i>
Men of polite learning and a liberal education.	<i>x.</i>
It is good news, worthy of all acceptance; and yet not too good to be true.	<i>Timothy i.</i>
It is not fit the public trusts should be lodged in the hands of any, till they are first proved and found fit for the business they are to be entrusted with. ²	<i>iii.</i>



RICHARD BENTLEY. 1662-1742.

It is a maxim with me that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.

Monk's Life of Bentley. Page 90.

“Whatever is, is not,” is the maxim of the anarchist, as often as anything comes across him in the shape of a law which he happens not to like.³

Declaration of Rights.

The fortuitous or casual concurrence of atoms.⁴

Sermons, vii. Works, Vol. iii. p. 147 (1692).

¹ See Heywood page 13.

² See Appendix, page 859.

³ See Dryden, page 276.

⁴ That fortuitous concurrence of atoms. — *Review of Sir Robert Peel's Address. Quarterly Review, vol. liii. p. 270 (1835).*

In this article a party was described as a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, — a phrase supposed to have been used for the first time many years afterwards by Lord John Russell. — *Croker Papers, vol. ii. p. 54.*

HENRY CAREY. 1663-1743.

God save our gracious king !

Long live our noble king !

God save the king !

God save the King.

Aldeborontiphoscophornio !

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos ?

Chrononhotonthologos. Act i. Sc. 1.

His cogitative faculties immersed

In cogibundity of cogitation.

Ibid.

Let the singing singers

With vocal voices, most vociferous,

In sweet vociferation out-vociferize

Even sound itself.

Ibid.

To thee, and gentle Rigdom Funnidos,

Our gratulations flow in streams unbounded.

Sc. 3.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called ;

And let the man who calleth be the caller ;

And in his calling let him nothing call

But "Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! Oh for a coach, ye gods !"

Act ii. Sc. 4.

Genteel in personage,

Conduct, and equipage ;

Noble by heritage,

Generous and free.

The Contrivances. Act i. Sc. 2.

What a monstrous tail our cat has got !

The Dragon of Wantley. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Of all the girls that are so smart,

There 's none like pretty Sally.¹

Sally in our Alley

Of all the days that 's in the week

I dearly love but one day,

And that 's the day that comes betwixt

A Saturday and Monday.

Ibid.

¹ Of all the girls that e'er was seen,

There 's none so fine as Nelly.

SWIFT: *Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

DANIEL DEFOE. 1663-1731.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there; ¹
And 't will be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

The True-Born Englishman. Part i. Line 1.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

Ibid.

TOM BROWN. 1663-1704.

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.²

To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, and fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.³ *Laconics.*

In the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the Gospel, but abandon yourselves to

¹ See Burton, page 192.

² A slightly different version is found in Brown's Works collected and published after his death:—

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;

Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te

(I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; this only I can say, I do not love thee). — MARTIAL: *Epigram i. 33.*

Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;

Je n'en saurois dire la cause,

Je sais seulement une chose;

C'est que je ne vous aime pas.

BUSSY: *Comte de Rabutin.* (1618-1693.)

³ Like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt. — SORBIENNE (1610-1670).

GOLDSMITH: *The Haunch of Venison.*

your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 't is not good manners to mention here."¹

Laconics



MATTHEW PRIOR. 1664–1721.

All jargon of the schools.² *I am that I am. An Ode.*

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim

At objects in an airy height ;

The little pleasure of the game

Is from afar to view the flight.³

To the Hon. Charles Montague.

From ignorance our comfort flows.

The only wretched are the wise.⁴

Ibid.

Odds life ! must one swear to the truth of a song ?

A Better Answer.

Be to her virtues very kind ;

Be to her faults a little blind.

An English Padlock.

That if weak women went astray,

Their stars were more in fault than they.

Hans Carvel.

The end must justify the means.

Ibid.

And thought the nation ne'er would thrive

Till all the whores were burnt alive.

Paulo Purganti.

They never taste who always drink ;

They always talk who never think.⁵

Upon a passage in the Scaligerana.

That air and harmony of shape express,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.⁶

Henry and Emma.

¹ Who never mentions hell to ears polite. — POPE: *Moral Essays*, epistle iv. line 149.

² Noisy jargon of the schools. — POMFRET: *Reason*.

The sounding jargon of the schools. — COWPER: *Truth*, line 367.

³ But all the pleasure of the game

Is afar off to view the flight.

Variations in a copy dated 1692.

⁴ See Davenant, page 217.

⁵ See Jonson, page 180. Also Dryden, page 268.

⁶ Fine by defect, and delicately weak. — POPE: *Moral Essays*, epistle ii line 43.

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.¹

The Thief and the Cordelier

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?²

Epitaph. Extempore.

Soft peace she brings; wherever she arrives
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Charity

His noble negligences teach
What others' toils despair to reach. *Alma. Canto ii. Line 7.*

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em. *Canto iii. Line 13.*

Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And though I called another, Abra came.
Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book ii. Line 364

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.³
Book iii. Line 102.

¹ As men that be lothe to departe do often take their leff. [John Clerk to Wolsey.] — ELLIS: *Letters, third series, vol. i. p. 262.*

"A loth to depart" was the common term for a song, or a tune played, on taking leave of friends. TARLTON: *News out of Purgatory* (about 1689). CHAPMAN: *Widow's Tears*. MIDDLETON: *The Old Law, act iv. sc. 1.* BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *Wit at Several Weapons, act ii. sc. 2.*

² The following epitaph was written long before the time of Prior: —

Johnnie Carnegie lais heer,
Descendit of Adam and Eve.
Gif ony con gang hieher,
ise willing give him leve.

³ This thought is ascribed to Aristotle by Diogenes Laertius (*Aristotle, v. xi.*), who, when asked what hope is, answered, "The dream of a waking man." Menage, in his "Observations upon Laertius," says that Stobæus (*Serm. cix.*) ascribes it to Pindar, while Ælian (*Var. Hist. xvii. 29*) refers it to Plato.

Et spes inanes, et velut somnia quædam, vigilantium (Vain hopes are like certain dreams of those who wake). — QUINTILIAN: *vi. 2, 27.*

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd who ne'er was born.

Solomon on the Vanity of the World. Book iii. Line 240

A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale.¹

The Wandering Pilgrim

JOHN POMFRET. 1667-1703.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.²

Verses to his Friend under Affliction.

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes.

Ibid

JONATHAN SWIFT. 1667-1745.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year;
A handsome house to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end;
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Imitation of Horace. Book ii. Sat. 6

So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.³

Poetry, a Rhapsody.

¹ A cup of cold Adam from the next purling stream. — TOM BROWN: *Works, vol. iv. p. 11.*

² See Dryden, page 277.

³ As geographers, Sosius, crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs. — PLUTARCH: *Theseus*

Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

Poetry, a Rhapsody.

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.

Ibid

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.¹

Ibid.

Libertas et natale solum:
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em.

Verses occasioned by Whitshed's Motto on his Coach.

A college joke to cure the dumps. *Cassinus and Peter.*

'T is an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

Cadenus and Vanessa

Hail fellow, well met.²

My Lady's Lamentation.

Big-endians and small-endians.³

Gulliver's Travels. Part i. Chap. iv. Voyage to Lilliput.

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

Part ii. Chap. vii. Voyage to Brobdingnag.

¹ Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.

DE MORGAN: *A Budget of Paradoxes*, p. 377.

² ROWLAND: *Knave of Hearts* (1612). RAY: *Proverbs*. TOM BROWN: *Amusement*, viii.

³ As the political parties of Whig and Tory are pointed out by the high and low heels of the Lilliputians (Framecksan and Hamecksan), those of Papist and Protestant are designated under the Big-endians and Small-endians.

He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers.

Gulliver's Travels. Part iii. Chap. v. Voyage to Laputa.

It is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place have an undoubted title to the first.

Tale of a Tub. Dedication.

Seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship.¹

Preface.

Bread is the staff of life.²

Ib. d.

Books, the children of the brain.

Sect. i.

As boys do sparrows, with flinging salt upon their tails.³

Sect. vii.

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat.

Sect. xi.

How we apples swim!⁴

Brother Protestants.

The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light.

Battle of the Books.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Ibid.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Ibid.

¹ In Sebastian Munster's "Cosmography" there is a cut of a ship to which a whale was coming too close for her safety, and of the sailors throwing a tub to the whale, evidently to play with. This practice is also mentioned in an old prose translation of the "Ship of Fools." — Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH: *Appendix to the Life of Sir Thomas More.*

² See Mathew Henry, page 283.

³ Till they be bobbed on the tails after the manner of sparrows. — RABELAIS: *book ii. chap. xiv.*

⁴ RAY: *Proverbs.* MALLETT: *Tyburn.*

If Heaven had looked upon riches to be a valuable thing, it would not have given them to such a scoundrel.

Letter to Miss Vanbromrigh, Aug. 12, 1720.

Not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Letter to Bolingbroke, March 21, 1729.

A penny for your thoughts.¹

Introduction to Polite Conversation.

Do you think I was born in a wood to be afraid of an owl?

Polite Conversation. Dialogue i.

The sight of you is good for sore eyes. *Ibid.*

'T is as cheap sitting as standing. *Ibid.*

I hate nobody: I am in charity with the world. *Ibid.*

I won't quarrel with my bread and butter. *Ibid.*

She's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day. *Ibid.*

She looks as if butter wou'dn't melt in her mouth.² *Ibid.*

If it had been a bear it would have bit you. *Ibid.*

She wears her clothes as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork. *Ibid.*

I mean you lie — under a mistake.³ *Ibid.*

Lord M. What religion is he of?

Lord Sp. Why, he is an Anythingarian. *Ibid.*

He was a bold man that first eat an oyster. *Dialogue ii.*

That is as well said as if I had said it myself. *Ibid.*

You must take the will for the deed.⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ See Heywood, page 16.

² See Heywood, page 13.

³ You lie — under a mistake. — SHILLEY: *Magico Prodigiouso*, scene 1 (a translation of Calderon).

⁴ The will for deed I doe accept. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weeks and Works*, third day, week ii. part 2.

The will for the deed. — CIBBER: *The Rival Fools*, act iii.

Fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Polite Conversation. Dialogue ii.

She has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ibid.

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.

Ibid.

They say a carpenter's known by his chips.

Ibid.

The best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman.¹

Ibid.

I'll give you leave to call me anything, if you don't call me "spade."

Ibid.

May you live all the days of your life.

Ibid.

I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat as a porpoise.

Ibid.

I always like to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the Church to preserve all that travel by land or by water.

Ibid.

I know Sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs.

Ibid.

I thought you and he were hand-in-glove.

Ibid.

'T is happy for him that his father was before him.

Dialogue iii.

There is none so blind as they that won't see.²

Ibid.

She watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Ibid.

She pays him in his own coin.

Ibid.

There was all the world and his wife.

Ibid.

¹ Use three physicians
Still: first, Dr. Quiet;
Next, Dr. Merryman,
And Dr. Dyet.

Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum (edition 1607)

² See Mathew Henry, page 233.

Sharp's the word with her.

Polite Conversation. Dialogue iii

There's two words to that bargain.

Ibid.

I shall be like that tree, — I shall die at the top.

*Scott's Life of Swift.*¹



WILLIAM CONGREVE. 1670-1729.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

The Mourning Bride. Act i. Sc. 1

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Ibid

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.²

Act iii. Sc. 8.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Act v. Sc. 12.

If there's delight in love, 't is when I see
That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

The Way of the World. Act iii. Sc. 12.

Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou
liar of the first magnitude.

Love for Love. Act ii. Sc. 5.

I came up stairs into the world, for I was born in a
cellar.³

Sc. 7

¹ When the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was the general topic of conversation, some one said, "Surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman that could inspire the Dean to write so finely upon her." Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered that "she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." — JOHNSON: *Life of Swift*.

² We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman. — CIBBER: *Love's Last Shift, act iv.*

³ Born in a cellar, and living in a garret. — FOOTE: *The Author, act 2.*
Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. — BYRON: *A Sketch.*

Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days.

The Old Bachelor. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure ;
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.¹ *Act v. Sc. 1.*

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.² *Letter to Cobham.*

SAMUEL GARTH.³ 1670–1719.

To die is landing on some silent shore
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar ;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 't is o'er.
The Dispensary. Canto iii. Line 225.

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.⁴
*Ovid, Metamorphoses, vii. 20 (translated by Tate and
Stonestreet, edited by Garth).*

For all their luxury was doing good.⁵ *Claremont. Line 149.*

COLLEY CIBBER. 1671–1757.

So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love,
And thus the soldier arm'd with resolution
Told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer.
Richard III. (altered). Act ii. Sc. 1.

Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on. *Act iii. Sc. 1.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 72.

² Be wise to-day, 't is madness to defer. — YOUNG : *Night Thoughts*,
night i. line 390.

³ Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy ;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON : *Lines addressed to Garth
on his Dispensary.*

⁴ I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worst pursue. — PETRARCH :
Sonnet cccxxv. canzone xxi. To Laura in Life.

See Shakespeare, page 60.

⁵ And learn the luxury of doing good. — GOLDSMITH : *The Traveller*,
line 22. CRABBE : *Tales of the Hall*, book iii. GRAVES : *The Epicure.*

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it.¹

Richard III. (altered). Act iii. Sc. 2

I've lately had two spiders

Crawling upon my startled hopes.

Now though thy friendly hand has brush'd 'em from me,

Yet still they crawl offensive to my eyes :

I would have some kind friend to tread upon 'em.

Act iv. Sc. 3.

Off with his head ! so much for Buckingham !

Ibid.

And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay

Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.

Act v. Sc. 3.

With clink of hammers closing rivets up.²

Ibid.

Perish that thought ! No, never be it said

That Fate itself could awe the soul of Richard.

Hence, babbling dreams ! you threaten here in vain !

Conscience, avaunt ! Richard 's himself again !

Hark ! the shrill trumpet sounds to horse ! away !

My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray.

Ibid.

A weak invention of the enemy.³

Ibid.

As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.

Love's Last Shift. Act ii.

We shall find no fiend in hell can match the fury of
a disappointed woman, — scorned, slighted, dismissed
without a parting pang.⁴

Act iv.

Old houses mended,

Cost little less than new before they're ended.

Prologue to the Double Gallant.

Possession is eleven points in the law. *Woman's Wit. Act i.*

Words are but empty thanks.

Act v

This business will never hold water.

She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not. Act iv

¹ See Sir Thomas Browne, page 219.

² See Shakespeare, page 92.

³ See Shakespeare, page 98.

⁴ See Congreve, page 294.

- Losers must have leave to speak. *The Rival Fools. Act i.*
 Stolen sweets are best. *Ibid*
 The will for the deed.¹ *Act iii.*
 Within one of her. *Act v.*
 I don't see it. *The Careless Husband. Act ii. Sc. 2.*
 Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
 And he has chambers in King's Bench walks.²

SIR RICHARD STEELE. 1671–1729.

Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.³

Tatler. No. 49.

Will. Honeycomb calls these over-offended ladies the outrageously virtuous.

Spectator. No. 266.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672–1719.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
 The great, the important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato and of Rome. *Cato. Act 1. Sc. 1.*

Thy steady temper, Portius,
 Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
 In the calm lights of mild philosophy. *Ibid.*

'T is not in mortals to command success,
 But we 'll do more, Sempronius, — we 'll deserve it. *Sc. 2.*

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury. *Sc. 4*

¹ See Swift, page 292.

² A parody on Pope's lines : —

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
 So known, so honoured at the House of Lords.

³ Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

'T's pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul ;
I think the Romans call it stoicism. *Cato. Act i. Sc. 4.*

Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north. *Ibid.*

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex. *Ibid.*

My voice is still for war.
Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death ?
Act ii. Sc. 1.

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unaveng'd amongst us ! *Ibid.*

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Ibid.*

The woman that deliberates is lost. *Act iv. Sc. 1.*
Curse all his virtues ! they've undone his country. *Sc. 4*

What a pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country ! *Ibid.*

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.¹ *Ibid.*

It must be so, — Plato, thou reasonest well !
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?

'T is the divinity that stirs within us ;
'T is Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,

¹ Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation !
Title and profit I resign ;
The post of honour shall be mine.

GAY : *Fables, Part ii. The Vulture, the Sparrow
and other Birds.*

And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing, dreadful thought !

Cato. Act v. Sc. 1

I'm weary of conjectures, — this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly armed : my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me :
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,¹
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Ibid

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man. *Act v. Sc. 4*

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

Ibid

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.²

A Letter from Italy.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.

The Campaign. Line 219.

And, pleas'd the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.³

Line 291.

¹ Smiling always with a never fading serenity of countenance, and flourishing in an immortal youth. — ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677) : *Duty of Thanksgiving, Works, vol. i. p. 66.*

² Malone states that this was the first time the phrase "classic ground," since so common, was ever used.

³ This line is frequently ascribed to Pope, as it is found in the "Dunciad," book iii. line 264.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.¹

The Campaign. Last line

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Ode

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Ibid.

For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

Ibid.

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,
He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Horace. Ode iii. Book iii

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.²

Spectator. No. 68.

Much may be said on both sides.³

No. 122.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.

No. 444

Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes.

Prologue to The Drummer.

¹ He best can paint them who shall feel them most. — POPE : *Eloisa to Abelard, last line.*

² A translation of Martial, xii. 47, who imitated Ovid, *Amores* iii. 11, 39.

³ Much may be said on both sides. — FIELDING : *The Covent Garden Tragedy, act i. sc. 8.*

NICHOLAS ROWE. 1673–1718.

As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.¹

The Fair Penitent. Prologue.

At length the morn and cold indifference came.²

Act i. Sc. 1

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love ?

Act iii. Sc. 1.

Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario ?

Act v. Sc. 1



ISAAC WATTS. 1674–1748.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !

What shall I render to my God

For all his gifts to me ? *Divine Songs. Song iv*

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

Song xii

And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it, makes it two.³

Song xv.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature too.

Song xvi.

¹ None think the great unhappy, but the great. — YOUNG : *The Love of Fame, satire 1, line 238.*

² But with the morning cool reflection came. — SCOTT : *Chronicles of the Canongate, chap. iv.*

Scott also quotes it in his notes to "The Monastery," chap. iii. note 11; and with "calm" substituted for "cool" in "The Antiquary," chap. v; and with "repentance" for "reflection" in "Rob Roy," chap. xii.

³ See Herbert, page 205.

But, children, you should never let
 Such angry passions rise ;
 Your little hands were never made
 To tear each other's eyes. *Divine Songs. Song xvi*

Birds in their little nests agree ;
 And 't is a shameful sight
 When children of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight. *Song xvi.*

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower ! *Song xx.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do. *Ibid.*

In books, or work, or healthful play. *Ibid.*

I have been there, and still would go ;
 'T is like a little heaven below. *Song xxviii.*

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !
 Holy angels guard thy bed !
 Heavenly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head. *A Cradle Hymn.*

'T is the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,
 " You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
The Sluggard.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high. *Psalm v.*

From all who dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue. *Psalm cxvii*

Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
 Over the hills where spices grow.
Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 79.

And while the lamb holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Book i. Hymn 88

Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

Book ii. Hymn 19.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.

Hymn 62

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours.

Ibid

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Hymn 65.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Hymn 66.

So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 't is a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.

Hymn 146.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.¹

Horæ Lyricæ. Book ii. False Greatness.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Doxology.

¹ I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. — *SENECA: On a Happy Life (L'Estrange's Abstract). chap. i.*

² It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is in our immortal soul. — *OVID: Metamorphoses, xiii.*

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 1676-1745.

The balance of power.

Speech, 1741.

Flowery oratory he despised. He ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives the declarations of pretended patriots, of whom he said, "All those men have their price."¹

COXE: *Memoirs of Walpole. Vol. iv. p. 369.*

Anything but history, for history must be false.

Walpoliana. No. 141.

The gratitude of place-expectants is a lively sense of future favours.²



VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE. 1678-1751.

I have read somewhere or other, — in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, — that history is philosophy teaching by examples.³

On the Study and Use of History. Letter 2.

The dignity of history.⁴

Letter v.

It is the modest, not the presumptuous, inquirer who makes a real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths. One follows Nature and Nature's God; that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.⁵

Letter to Mr. Pope.

¹ "All men have their price" is commonly ascribed to Walpole.

² Hazlitt, in his "Wit and Humour," says, "This is Walpole's phrase."

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 298.*

³ Dionysius of Halicarnassus (quoting Thucydides), *Ars Rhet. xi. 2*, says: "The contact with manners then is education; and this Thucydides appears to assert when he says history is philosophy learned from examples."

⁴ HENRY FIELDING: *Tom Jones, book xi. chap. ii.* HORACE WALPOLE: *Advertisement to Letter to Sir Horace Mann.* MACAULAY: *History of England, vol. i. chap. i.*

⁵ Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.

POPE: *Essay on Man, epistle iv. line 332.*

GEORGE FARQUHAR. 1678-1707.

Cos. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour ?

Kite Oh, a mighty large bed ! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware : ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

The Recruiting Officer. Act i. Sc. 1.

I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.

The Beaux' Stratagem. Act iii. Sc. 1.

'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad.¹

Sc. 2

Necessity, the mother of invention.²

The Twin Rivals. Act 1.

THOMAS PARNELL. 1679-1717.

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,

But still be a woman to you.

When thy Beauty appears

Remote from man, with God he passed the days ;

Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

The Hermit. Line 5.

We call it only pretty Fanny's way.

An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

¹ Leaving his country for his country's sake. — FITZ-GEFFREY : *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake, stanza 213* (1596).

True patriots all ; for, be it understood,

We left our country for our country's good.

GEORGE BARRINGTON : *Prologue written for the opening of the Play-house at New South Wales, Jan. 16. 1796. New South Wales, p. 152.*

² Art imitates Nature, and necessity is the mother of invention. — RICHARD FRANCK : *Northern Memoirs* (written in 1658, printed in 1694).

Necessity is the mother of invention. — WYCHERLY : *Love in a Wood act iii. sc. 3* (1672).

Magister artis ingenique largitor

Venter

(Hunger is the teacher of the arts and the bestower of invention).

PERSIUS : *Prolog. line 10*

Let those love now who never loved before ;
 Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Translation of the Pervigilium Veneris.



BARTON BOOTH. 1681–1733.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun.²

Song



EDWARD YOUNG. 1684–1765.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!

Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 1.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.

Line 18.

Creation sleeps! 'T is as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause, —
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

Line 23.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss.

Line 55.

Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.

Line 67.

To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

Line 154.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
 And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

Line 212.

Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.³

Line 390.

¹ Written in the time of Julius Cæsar, and by some ascribed to Catullus:

Cras amet qui numquam amavit;

Quique amavit, cras amet

(Let him love to-morrow who never loved before; and he as well who has loved, let him love to-morrow).

² See Butler, page 215.

³ See Congreve, page 295.

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Night Thoughts. Night i. Line 393.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan. *Line 417.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves. *Line 424.*

He mourns the dead who lives as they desire.
Night ii. Line 24.

And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
Line 51.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more. *Line 90.*

“ I ’ve lost a day ! ” — the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.¹ *Line 99.*

Ah, how unjust to Nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man ! *Line 112.*

The spirit walks of every day deceased. *Line 180.*

Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens. *Line 292.*

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile. *Line 334.*

’T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven. *Line 376.*

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen’d to the sun. *Line 466.*

How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
Line 602.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg’d beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven. *Line 633.*

A death-bed ’s a detector of the heart. *Line 641.*

¹ Suetonius says of the Emperor Titus : “ Once at supper, reflecting that he had done nothing for any that day, he broke out into that memorable and justly admired saying, ‘ My friends, I have lost a day ! ’ ” — Suetonius’ *Lives of the Twelve Cæsars*. (Translation by Alexander Thomson.)

Woes cluster. Rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.¹

Night Thoughts. Night iii. Line 63

Beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,
And gay as soft, and innocent as gay ! *Line 81*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;
Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.² *Line 104.*

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, — a naked human heart. *Line 226.*

The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm.
Night iv. Line 10

Man makes a death which Nature never made. *Line 15.*

And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one. *Line 17.*

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst. *Line 71.*

Man wants but little, nor that little long.³ *Line 118.*

A God all mercy is a God unjust. *Line 233.*

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. *Line 676.*

A Christian is the highest style of man.⁴ *Line 788.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. *Line 843.*

By night an atheist half believes a God. *Night v. Line 177.*

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd and went to heaven.⁵ *Line 600.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 143.

² See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198. Dryden, page 272.

³ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

GOLDSMITH : *The Hermit, stanza 8*

⁴ See Dryden, page 268.

⁵ See Dryden, page 270.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
 And death intrench'd, preparing his assault ;
 How few themselves in that just mirror see !

Night Thoughts. Night v. Line 627.

Like our shadows,

Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.¹ *Line 661.*

While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.

Our birth is nothing but our death begun.² *Line 717.*

That life is long which answers life's great end. *Line 773.*

The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Line 775.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.³ *Line 1011.*

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps ;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.

Each man makes his own stature, builds himself.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids ;

Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

Night vi. Line 309.

And all may do what has by man been done. *Line 606.*

The man that blushes is not quite a brute.

Night vii. Line 496.

Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Night viii. Line 215.

Prayer ardent opens heaven.

Line 721.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.

Line 793.

To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.

Line 1045.

Final Ruin fiercely drives

Her ploughshare o'er creation.⁴

Night ix. 167

¹ See Dryden page 268.

² See Bishop Hall, page 182.

³ See Quarles, page 203.

⁴ Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom.

'T is elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand, —
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.

Night Thoughts. Night ix. Line 644.

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Line 771.

The course of Nature is the art of God.¹

Line 1267.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

Love of Fame. Satire i. Line 51.

Some for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

Line 89.

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

Line 145.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.

Line 147.

None think the great unhappy but the great.²

Line 238.

Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Satire ii. Line 83.

The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

Line 165.

Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.³

Line 207.

¹ See Sir Thomas Browne, page 218.

² See Nicholas Rowe, page 301.

³ Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it. — LLOYD: *State Worthies* (1665; edited by Whitworth), vol. i. p. 503.

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it. — ROBERT SOUTH: *Sermon, April 30, 1676.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. — GOLDSMITH: *The Bee, No. 3.* (Oct. 20, 1759.)

Ils ne se servent de la pensée que pour autoriser leurs injustices, et emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées (Men use thought only to justify their wrong doings, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts). — VOLTAIRE: *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde* (1766).

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand, in the "Nain Jaune," the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts." — FOURNIER: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire.*

Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Love of Fame. Satire ii. Line 282

And waste their music on the savage race.¹

Satire v. Line 228

For her own breakfast she 'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem.

Satire vi. Line 190

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

Line 208

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Satire vii. Line 55

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

Line 97

The man that makes a character makes foes.

To Mr. Pope. Epistle i. Line 28.

Their feet through faithless leather met the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt.

Line 277.

Accept a miracle instead of wit, —
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ.

Lines written with the Diamond Pencil of Lord Chesterfield.

Time elaborately thrown away.

The Last Day. Book i.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.

Book iii.

In records that defy the tooth of time.

The Statesman's Creed.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.

The Revenge. Act i. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Act v. Sc. 2

¹ And waste their sweetness on the desert air. — GRAY: *Elegy, stanza 14*
CHURCHILL: *Gotham, book ii. line 20.*

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.

The Revenge. Act v. Sc. 2.

And friend received with thumps upon the back.¹

Universal Passion.

—◆—

BISHOP BERKELEY. 1684–1753.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;²

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day:

Time's noblest offspring is the last.

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

Our youth we can have but to-day,

We may always find time to grow old.

Can Love be controlled by Advice ?³

[Tar water] is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate.⁴

Siris. Par. 217.

—◆—

JANE BRERETON. 1685–1740.

The picture placed the busts between

Adds to the thought much strength;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly's at full length.

On Beau Nash's Picture at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope.⁵

¹ The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves, by thumping on your back.

COWPER: On Friendship.

² See Daniel, page 39.

Westward the star of empire takes its way. — JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
Oration at Plymouth, 1822.

³ AIKEN: *Vocal Poetry* (London, 1810).

⁴ Cups

That cheer but not inebriate.

COWPER: The Task, book iv.

⁵ DYCE: *Specimens of British Poetesses*. (This epigram is generally ascribed to Chesterfield. See Campbell, "English Poets," note, p. 521.)

AARON HILL. 1685-1750.

First, then, a woman will or won't, depend on 't;
 If she will do 't, she will; and there's an end on 't.
 But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
 Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.¹ *Zara Epilogue*

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
 And it stings you for your pains;
 Grasp it like a man of mettle,
 And it soft as silk remains.

'T is the same with common natures:
 Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
 But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
 And the rogues obey you well.

Verses written on a window in Scotland



THOMAS TICKELL. 1686-1740.

Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.
On the Death of Mr. Addison. Line 41

Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade. *Line 45.*

There taught us how to live; and (oh, too high
 The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.² *Line 81.*

¹ The following lines are copied from the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury:—

Where is the man who has the power and skill
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
 And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't.

The Examiner, May 31, 1829.

² He who should teach men to die, would at the same time teach them to live. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book i. chap. ix.*

I have taught you, my dear flock, for above thirty years how to live.

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

To a Lady with a Present of Flowers

I hear a voice you cannot hear,

Which says I must not stay ;

I see a hand you cannot see,

Which beckons me away.

Colin and Lucy.

SAMUEL MADDEN. 1687–1765.

Some write their wrongs in marble : he more just,

Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the dust, —

Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,

Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.

There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,

And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye.

Boulter's Monument.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.¹

Ibid.

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688–1744.

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner things

To low ambition and the pride of kings.

Let us (since life can little more supply

Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;

A mighty maze ! but not without a plan.²

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 1.

and I will show you in a very short time how to die. — SANDYS : *Anglorum Speculum*, p. 903.

Teach him how to live,

And, oh still harder lesson ! how to die.

PORTEUS : *Death*, line 316.

He taught them how to live and how to die. — SOMERVILLE : *In Memory of the Rev. Mr. Moore*.

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

² See Milton, page 223.

There is no theme more plentiful to scan

Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.

DU BARTAS : *Days and Weeks*, third day.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 9

Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.¹ *Line 13*

Say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know ? *Line 17.*

'T is but a part we see, and not a whole. *Line 60.*

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state. *Line 77.*

Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood. *Line 83.*

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Line 87*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never is, but always to be blest.²
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come. *Line 95.*

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.
Epistle i. Line 99.

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. *Line 111*

In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

¹ See Milton, page 242.

² Thus we never live, but we hope to live ; and always disposing ourselves to be happy. — PASCAL : *Thoughts, chap. v. x.*

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes :
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.

Essay on Man. Epistle i. Line 123.

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.¹ *Line 139.*

Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
 For this plain reason, — man is not a fly. *Line 193.*

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Line 200*

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.² *Line 217.*

Remembrance and reflection how allied !
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide !³ *Line 225*

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul. *Line 267*

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees. *Line 271*

As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
 To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;⁴
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all ! *Line 277.*

All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good ;
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.⁵ *Line 289.*

¹ All the parts of the universe I have an interest in : the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me ; the stars have their influence upon me. — MONTAIGNE : *Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

² See Sir John Davies, page 176.

³ See Dryden, page 267.

⁴ There is no great and no small. — EMERSON : *Epigraph to History.*

⁵ See Dryden, page 276.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
The proper study of mankind is man.¹

Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 1

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled, —
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.² Line 13.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot. Line 63.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd : 't is fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest. Line 101.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale. Line 107

And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. Line 131.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength. Line 135.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce ;
In man they join to some mysterious use. Line 205.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen ;³
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. Line 217.

¹ La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme (The true science and the true study of man is man). — CHARRON: *De la Sagesse*, lib. i. chap. 1.

Trees and fields tell me nothing: men are my teachers. — PLATO: *Phædrus*.

² What a chimera, then, is man! what a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depositary of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe. — PASCAL: *Thoughts*, chap. x.

³ See Dryden, page 269.

Ask where 's the North? At York 't is on the Tweed;
 In Scotland at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

Essay on Man. Epistle ii. Line 222.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be, —
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree. *Line 231.*

Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite;
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age.
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er. *Line 274.*

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose.¹

Epistle iii. Line 45

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale. *Line 177.*

The enormous faith of many made for one. *Line 242.*

For forms of government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
 For modes, of faith let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.²
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity. *Line 303.*

O happiness! our being's end and aim!
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die. *Epistle iv. Line 1*

¹ Why may not a goose say thus? . . . there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me: I am the darling of Nature. Is it not man that keeps and serves me? — MONTAIGNE: *Apology for Raimond Lebond.*

² See Cowley, page 260.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 49.*

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, — health, peace, and competence. *Line 79*

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy. *Line 168*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies. *Line 193*

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Line 203*

What can ennoble sots or slaves or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. *Line 215.*

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.¹ *Line 247.*

Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own. *Line 254*

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand. *Line 261.*

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,²
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!³ *Line 281*

Know then this truth (enough for man to know), —
"Virtue alone is happiness below." *Line 309*

¹ See Fletcher, page 183.

² See Cowley, page 262.

³ May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

Never elated when one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected while another's bless'd.

Essay on Man. Epistle iv. Line 323

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.¹ *Line 331*

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe.² *Line 379*

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph and partake the gale? *Line 385.*

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. *Line 390*

That virtue only makes our bliss below,³
 And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. *Line 397*

To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' observer's sake.

Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 11

Like following life through creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect. *Line 20*

In vain sedate reflections we would make
 When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take. *Line 39.*

Not always actions show the man; we find
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind. *Line 109.*

Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise, —
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies. *Line 115.*

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn. *Line 135.*

'Tis education forms the common mind:
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. *Line 149*

¹ See Bolingbroke, page 304.

² See Dryden, page 273.

³ 'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell. — COLLINS: *Oriental Eclogues, i. line 5.*

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.¹
Moral Essays. Epistle i. Line 172.

“Odious! in woollen! ’t would a saint provoke,”
 Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke. *Line 246.*

And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath
 Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death. *Line 262.*

Whether the charmer sinner it or saint it,
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it. *Epistle ii. Line 15.*

Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Line 19.

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.² *Line 43.*

With too much quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much thinking to have common thought.
Line 97.

Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir;
 To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
 Or wanders heaven-directed to the poor. *Line 147.*

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in decencies forever. *Line 163.*

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
 But every woman is at heart a rake. *Line 215.*

See how the world its veterans rewards!
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards. *Line 243.*

Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day! *Line 257.*

Most women have no characters at all. *Line 2.*

She who ne’er answers till a husband cools,
 Or if she rules him, never shows she rules. *Line 261.*

¹ Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis (All things change, and we change with them). — MATTHIAS BORBONIUS: *Delicia Poetarum Germanorum*, i. 685.

² See Prior, page 287.

And mistress of herself though china fall.

Moral Essays. Epistle ii. Line 268

Woman's at best a contradiction still.

Line 270.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?

Epistle iii. Line 1.

Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.

Line 39.

P. What riches give us let us then inquire :
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more ? *P.* Meat,
clothes, and fire.

Line 79.

But thousands die without or this or that, —
Die, and endow a college or a cat.

Line 95.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Line 153.

Extremes in Nature equal good produce ;
Extremes in man concur to general use.

Line 161.

Rise, honest muse ! and sing The Man of Ross.

Line 250

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.¹

Line 282.

Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

Line 285.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung.

Line 299.

Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies.

Line 339.

Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.

Epistle iv. Line 43.

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.²

Line 149

¹ See Milton, page 231.

² See Brown, page 287.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend.

Epistle to Mr. Addison. Line 67.

'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.¹

Essay on Criticism. Part i. Line 9.

One science only will one genius fit:
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Line 60

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Line 152.

Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.²

Line 177.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules, —
 Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Part ii. Line 1.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;³
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

Line 15.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

Line 32.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.⁴

Line 53.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Line 97.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Line 109.

¹ See Suckling, page 256.

² Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus (Even the worthy Homer some times nods). — HORACE: *De Arte Poetica*, 359.

³ See Bacon, page 166.

⁴ See Suckling, page 257.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd and make the learned smile.

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 126

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Line 133

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid to join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.

Line 142.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.

Line 156.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence, —
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Line 162.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow :
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Line 166.

Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

Line 190.

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !

Line 220.

Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true.

Line 266.

To err is human, to forgive divine.¹

Essay on Criticism. Part ii. Line 325.

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. *Line 358.*

And make each day a critic on the last. *Part iii. Line 12*

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot. *Line 15.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head. *Line 53.*

Most authors steal their works, or buy ;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary. *Line 59.*

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.² *Line 66.*

Led by the light of the Mæonian star. *Line 89.*

Content if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.³
Part iii. Line 180

What dire offence from amorous causes springs !
What mighty contests rise from trivial things !
The Rape of the Lock. Canto i. Line 1.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box. *Line 134.*

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Canto ii. Line 7.

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all. *Line 17.*

¹ Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.

BURNS : *Address to the Unco Guid.*

² See Shakespeare, page 96.

³ *Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti* (Let the unlearned learn, and the learned delight in remembering). This Latin hexameter, which is commonly ascribed to Horace, appeared for the first time as an epigraph to President Hénault's "Abrégé Chronologique," and in the preface to the third edition of this work Hénault acknowledges that he had given it as a translation of this couplet.

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.¹

The Rape of the Lock. Canto ii. Line 27

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Canto iii. Line 7.

At every word a reputation dies.

Line 16.

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Line 21.

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

Line 117.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Line 153.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Canto iv. Line 123.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Canto v. Line 34.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker! say I'm sick, I'm dead.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot. Prologue to the Satires. Line 1.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

Line 5.

E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me.

Line 12.

Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

Line 15.

Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

Line 27.

Obliged by hunger and request of friends.

Line 44.

Fired that the house rejects him, "Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools."

Line 61.

¹ See Burton, page 191.

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Prologue to the Satires. Line 84.

Destroy his fib or sophistry — in vain!

The creature's at his dirty work again.

Line 91.

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

Line 127.

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms

Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!¹

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

Line 169.

Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;

And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,

It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

Line 186.

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,

Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.²

Line 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

And without sneering teach the rest to sneer;³

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Line 201.

By flatterers besieg'd,

And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like Cato, give his little senate laws,⁴

And sit attentive to his own applause.

Line 207.

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

Line 213.

"On wings of winds came flying all abroad."⁵

Line 218.

Cursed be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe.

Line 283

¹ See Bacon, page 168.

² See Denham, page 258.

³ When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises;

Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raises;

So marreth what he makes, and praising most, dispraises.

P. FLETCHER: *The Purple Island, canto vi.*

⁴ See page 336.

⁵ See Sternhold. page 23.

Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ?

Prologue to the Satires *Line 307.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way. *Line 315.*

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust. *Line 333.*

That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song.¹ *Line 340*

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age ;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death ;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky. *Line 408.*

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Satire i. Book ii. Line 6.

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet. *Line 69.*

But touch me, and no minister so sore ;
Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song. *Line 76.*

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star. *Line 110.*

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul. *Line 127.*

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.²
Satire ii. Book ii. Line 159.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty. *Satire vi. Book ii. Line 220.*

¹ See Spenser, page 27.

² This line is repeated in the translation of the *Odyssey*, book xv. line 83, with "parting" instead of "going."

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epilogue to the Satires. Dialogue i. Line 136

To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.

Dialogue ii. Line 73

When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one.

Epistle i. Book i. Line 38.

He's armed without that's innocent within.

Line 94.

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;

If not, by any means get wealth and place.¹

Line 103.

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.²

Book ii. Line 26.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.

Line 35.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.

Line 108.

One simile that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines.

Line 111.

Then marble soften'd into life grew warm,

And yielding, soft metal flow'd to human form.³

Line 147

Who says in verse what others say in prose.

Line 202.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Line 267

E'en copious Dryden wanted or forgot

The last and greatest art, — the art to blot.

Line 280.

Who pants for glory finds but short repose:

A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.⁴

Line 300.

There still remains to mortify a wit

The many-headed monster of the pit.⁵

Line 304.

¹ See Ben Jonson, page 177.

² See Dryden, page 267.

³ The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

GOLDSMITH: *The Traveller*, line 137

⁴ A breath can make them as a breath has made. — GOLDSMITH: *The Deserted Village*, line 54.

⁵ See Sidney, page 34.

Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.¹

Satires, Epistles, and Odes of Horace. Epistle i. Book ii. Line 413

Years following years steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Epistle ii. Book ii. Line 72.

The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg.

Line 85.

Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke.

Line 168.

Grac'd as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd at the House of Lords.²

Epistle vi. Book i. To Mr. Murray.

Vain was the chief's the sage's pride!

They had no poet, and they died.

Odes. Book iv. Ode 9.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Epitaph intended for Sir Isaac Newton.

Ye Gods! annihilate but space and time,

And make two lovers happy.

Martinus Scriblerus on the Art of Sinking in Poetry. Chap. xi.

O thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy-chair.

The Dunciad. Book i. Line 19.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where in nice balance truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Line 52.

¹ This line is from a poem entitled "To the Celebrated Beauties of the British Court," given in Bell's "Fugitive Poetry," vol. iii. p. 118.

The following epigram is from "The Grove," London, 1721:—

When one good line did much my wonder raise,

In Br—st's works, I stood resolved to praise,

And had, but that the modest author cries,

"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise."

On a certain line of Mr. Br—, Author of a Copy of Verses called the British Beauties.

‡ See Cibber, page 297.

Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.

The Dunciad. Book i. Line 89.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep. *Line 93.*

Next o'er his books his eyes begin to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole. *Line 127*

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own. *Line 139*

How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail. *Line 279.*

And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. *Book ii. Line 34.*

Another, yet the same.¹ *Book iii. Line 90.*

Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn. *Line 109*

All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.²
Line 158.

Silence, ye wolves ! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous ;³ — answer him, ye owls !
Line 165.

And proud his mistress' order to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.⁴ *Line 263.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.⁵
Book iv. Line 90.

¹ Another, yet the same. — TICKELL: *From a Lady in England.* JOHNSON: *Life of Dryden.* DARWIN: *Botanic Garden, part i. canto iv. line 380.* WORDSWORTH: *The Excursion, Book ix.* SCOTT: *The Abbot, chap. i.* HORACE: *carmen secundum, line 10.*

² May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.

SAVAGE: *Character of Foster.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 131.

⁴ See Addison, page 299.

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 93.

This man [Chesterfield], I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords. — JOHNSON (*Boswell's Life*): *vol. ii. ch. i.*
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge. — COWPER: *Conversation, line 298.*

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim

How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!

The Dunciad. Book iv. Line 169.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

Line 188.

Stuff the head

With all such reading as was never read :

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,

And write about it, goddess, and about it.

Line 249.

To happy convents bosom'd deep in vines,

Where slumber abbots purple as their wines.

Line 301.

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,

And gather'd every vice on Christian ground.

Line 311.

Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd.

Line 318.

Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess

The pains and penalties of idleness.

Line 342.

E'en Palinurus nodded at the helm.

Line 614.

Religion blushing, veils her sacred fires,

And unawares Morality expires.

Nor public flame nor private dares to shine ;

Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !

Lo ! thy dread empire Chaos is restor'd,

Light dies before thy uncreating word ;

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,

And universal darkness buries all.

Line 649.

with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers. —WALTER SCOTT: *Life of Napoleon.*

He [Steele] was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. —MACAULAY: *Review of Aikin's Life of Addison.*

Temple was a man of the world among men of letters, a man of letters among men of the world. —MACAULAY: *Review of Life and Writings of Sir William Temple.*

Greswell in his "Memoirs of Politian" says that Sannazarius himself, inscribing to this lady [Cassandra Marchesia] an edition of his Italian Poems, terms her "delle belle eruditissima, delle erudite bellissima" (most learned of the fair ; fairest of the learned).

Qui stultis videri eruditi volunt stulti eruditus videntur (Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish). —QUINTILIAN, *x. 7. 22.*

Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Eloisa to Abelard. Line 51

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Line 57.

And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

Line 66.

Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

Line 74.

And love the offender, yet detest the offence.¹

Line 192

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Line 207.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.²

Line 273

See my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.

Line 323.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.³

Last line.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.

Windsor Forest. Line 13.

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.

Line 61.

From old Belerium to the northern main.

Line 316.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlooked for if she comes at all.

The Temple of Fame. Line 513.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

Last line.

¹ See Dryden, page 273.

² Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight. — EDMUND SMITH
Phœdra and Hippolytus, act i. sc. 1.

³ See Addison, page 300.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew ;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you ?

On the Collar of a Dog

There, take (says Justice), take ye each a shell :
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you ;
'T was a fat oyster, — live in peace, — adieu.¹

Verbatim from Boileau

Father of all ! in every age,

In every clime adored,

By saint, by savage, and by sage,

Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

The Universal Prayer. Stanza 1.

Thou great First Cause, least understood.

Stanza 2.

And binding Nature fast in fate,

Left free the human will.

Stanza 3.

And deal damnation round the land.

Stanza 7

Teach me to feel another's woe,

To hide the fault I see ;

That mercy I to others show,

That mercy show to me.²

Stanza 10

Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound.

Ode on Solitude.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,

Thus unlamented let me die ;

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

Ibid.

Vital spark of heavenly flame !

Quit, O quit this mortal frame !

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,

Sister spirit, come away !

Ibid.

¹ "Tenez voila," dit-elle, "à chacun une écaille,

Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au Palais :

Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu. Vivez en paix."

BOILEAU : *Épître ii.* (à M. l'Abbé des Roches)

² See Spenser, page 29.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O grave ! where is thy victory ?

O death ! where is thy sting ?

Ibia

What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ? ¹

To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady. Line 1

Is there no bright reversion in the sky

For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Line 9

The glorious fault of angels and of gods.

Line 14

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow

For others' good, or melt at others' woe.²

Line 45.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,

By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn'd !

Line 51.

And bear about the mockery of woe

To midnight dances and the public show.

Line 57.

How lov'd, how honour'd once avails thee not,

To whom related, or by whom begot ;

A heap of dust alone remains of thee :

'T is all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Line 71.

Such were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,

Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,

Or gave his father grief but when he died.

Epitaph on the Hon. S. Harcourt.

The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet

Of manners gentle, of affections mild ;

In wit a man, simplicity a child.³

Epitaph on Gay

¹ See Ben Jonson, page 180.

² See page 346.

³ See Dryden, page 270.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?

Prologue to Mr. Addison's Cato

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
 Can never be a mouse of any soul.¹

The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue. Line 298.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.

Line 369.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come ;
 Knock as you please, there 's nobody at home.²

Epigram.

For he lives twice who can at once employ
 The present well, and e'en the past enjoy.³

Imitation of Martial.

Who dared to love their country, and be poor.

On his Grotto at Twickenham.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.⁴

Thoughts on Various Subjects.

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear
 another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian. *Ibid.*

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
 Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess, sing !

The Iliad of Homer. Book i. Line 1.

¹ See Chaucer, page 4. Herbert, page 206.

² His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock, it never is at home.

COWPER : *Conversation, line 303.*

³ Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus ; hoc est
 Vivere bis vita posse priore frui

(The good man prolongs his life; to be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice). — MARTIAL, *x. 237.*

See Cowley, page 262.

⁴ From Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. v. p. 376 ; originally printed in Motte's "Miscellanies," 1727. In the edition of 1736 Pope says, "I must own that the prose part (the *Thought on Various Subjects*), at the end of the second volume, was wholly mine. January, 1734."

The distant Trojans never injur'd me.

The Iliad of Homer. Book i. Line 200.

Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd. *Line 332.*

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod, —
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god. *Line 684.*

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.¹ *Line 771.*

Thick as autumnal leaves or driving sand.

Book ii. Line 970.

Chiefs who no more in bloody fights engage,
But wise through time, and narrative with age,
In summer-days like grasshoppers rejoice, —
A bloodless race, that send a feeble voice.

Book iii. Line 199.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen. *Line 208*

Ajax the great . . .

Himself a host. *Line 293*

Plough the watery deep. *Line 357.*

The day shall come, that great avenging day
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all. *Book iv. Line 196.*

First in the fight and every graceful deed. *Line 295.*

The first in banquets, but the last in fight. *Line 401.*

Gods! How the son degenerates from the sire! *Line 451.*

With all its beauteous honours on its head. *Line 557.*

A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault. *Book v. Line 16*

Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise, —
Such men as live in these degenerate days.² *Line 371*

¹ The same line occurs in the translation of the *Odyssey*, book viii line 366.

² A mass enormous! which in modern days
No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.

Book xx. line 337

Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind.

The Iliad of Homer. Book v. Line 999.

He held his seat, — a friend to human race.

Book vi. Line 18.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found, —

Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;¹

Another race the following spring supplies :

They fall successive, and successive rise.

Line 181.

Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind.

Line 330

If yet not lost to all the sense of shame.

Line 350.

'T is man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.

Line 427.

The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Line 467.

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see

My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.

Line 544.

Andromache ! my soul's far better part.

Line 624.

He from whose lips divine persuasion flows.

Book vii. Line 143.

Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend ;

And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.

Line 364.

I war not with the dead.

Line 485.

Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,

Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn.

Book viii. Line 1.

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,

Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain, —

So sinks the youth ; his beauteous head, deprest

Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

Line 371.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,

My heart detests him as the gates of hell.²

Book ix. Line 412.

¹ As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow. — *Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18.*

² The same line, with "soul" for "heart," occurs in the translation of the *Odyssey*, book xiv. line 181.

Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold :
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day.

The Iliad of Homer, Book ix. Line 524.

Short is my date, but deathless my renown. *Line 535.*

Injustice, swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind.

Line 628.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows.

Line 725

To labour is the lot of man below ;
 And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

Book x. Line 78.

Content to follow when we lead the way. *Line 141.*

He serves me most who serves his country best.¹ *Line 201*

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
 Are lost on hearers that our merits know. *Line 293*

The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.

Book xi. Line 394.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.

Book xvi. Line 283

The life which others pay let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe. *Line 393.*

And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air.

Book xiii. Line 106.

The best of things beyond their measure cloy. *Line 795.*

To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

Book xiv. Line 170.

Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes. *Line 251*

¹ He serves his party best who serves the country best. — RUTHERFORD B. HAYES: *Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877.*

Heroes as great have died, and yet shall fall.

The Iliad of Homer. Book xv. Line 157.

And for our country 't is a bliss to die.

Line 583

Like strength is felt from hope and from despair.

Line 852.

Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.¹

Book xvi. Line 267.

Dispel this cloud, the light of Heaven restore ;

Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more. *Book xvii. Line 730.*

The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart.

Line 756.

In death a hero, as in life a friend !

Line 758.

Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain !

Book xviii. Line 103.

I live an idle burden to the ground.

Line 134.

Ah, youth ! forever dear, forever kind.

Book xix. Line 303.

Accept these grateful tears ! for thee they flow, —

For thee, that ever felt another's woe !

Line 319.

Where'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before.

Book xx. Line 127.

The matchless Ganymed, divinely fair.²

Line 278.

'T is fortune gives us birth,

But Jove alone endues the soul with worth.

Line 290.

Our business in the field of fight

Is not to question, but to prove our might.

Line 304.

¹ A friend is one soul abiding in two bodies. — **DIOGENES LAERTIUS :**
On Aristotle.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

BELLINGHAUSEN : *Ingomar the Barbarian, act ii*

² Divinely fair. — **TENNYSON :** *A Dream of Fair Women, xxii.*

A mass enormous ! which in modern days
 No two of earth's degenerate sons could raise.¹
The Iliad of Homer. Book xx. Line 337

The bitter dregs of fortune's cup to drain.
Book xxii. Line 85,

Who dies in youth and vigour, dies the best. *Line 100.*

This, this is misery ! the last, the worst
 That man can feel. *Line 106.*

No season now for calm familiar talk. *Line 169.*

Jove lifts the golden balances that show
 The fates of mortal men, and things below. *Line 271.*

Achilles absent was Achilles still. *Line 418.*

Forever honour'd, and forever mourn'd. *Line 422.*

Unwept, unhonour'd, uninterr'd he lies !² *Line 484.*

Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro
 In all the raging impotence of woe. *Line 526.*

Sinks my sad soul with sorrow to the grave. *Line 543*

'T is true, 't is certain ; man though dead retains
 Part of himself : the immortal mind remains.
Book xxiii. Line 122.

Base wealth preferring to eternal praise. *Line 368.*

It is not strength, but art, obtains the prize,³
 And to be swift is less than to be wise.
 'T is more by art than force of num'rous strokes.
Line 383.

A green old age,⁴ unconscious of decays,
 That proves the hero born in better days. *Line 929.*

¹ See page 337.

² Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. — SCOTT: *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.
 Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown. — BYRON: *Childe Harold, canto*
iv. stanza 179.

³ See Middleton, page 172.

⁴ See Dryden, page 276.

Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood, —
The source of evil one, and one of good.

The Iliad of Homer. . Book xxiv. Line 663.

The mildest manners with the bravest mind. *Line 963.*

Fly, dotard, fly !

With thy wise dreams and fables of the sky.

The Odyssey of Homer. Book ii. Line 207.

And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd. *Line 312.*

Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.

Line 315.

For never, never, wicked man was wise.

Line 320.

Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies ;

And sure he will: for Wisdom never lies. *Book iii. Line 25.*

The lot of man, — to suffer and to die.

Line 117.

A faultless body and a blameless mind.

Line 138.

The long historian of my country's woes.

Line 142

Forgetful youth ! but know, the Power above

With ease can save each object of his love ;

Wide as his will extends his boundless grace.

Line 285.

When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,

With rosy lustre purpled o'er the lawn.

Line 516.

These riches are possess'd, but not enjoy'd !

Book iv. Line 118.

Mirror of constant faith, rever'd and mourn'd !

Line 229.

There with commutual zeal we both had strove

In acts of dear benevolence and love :

Brothers in peace, not rivals in command.

Line 241.

The glory of a firm, capacious mind.

Line 262.

Wise to resolve, and patient to perform.

Line 372.

The leader, mingling with the vulgar host,

Is in the common mass of matter lost.

Line 397.

- O thou, whose certain eye foresees
 The fix'd events of fate's remote decrees.
The Odyssey of Homer. Book iv. Line 627
- Forget the brother, and resume the man. *Line 732.*
- Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind. *Line 917.*
- The people's parent, he protected all. *Line 921.*
- The big round tear stands trembling in her eye. *Line 936.*
- The windy satisfaction of the tongue. *Line 1092.*
- Heaven hears and pities hapless men like me,
 For sacred ev'n to gods is misery. *Book v. Line 572.*
- The bank he press'd, and gently kiss'd the ground.
Line 596.
- A heaven of charms divine Nausicaa lay. *Book vi. Line 22.*
- Jove weighs affairs of earth in dubious scales,
 And the good suffers while the bad prevails. *Line 229.*
- By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
 And what to those we give, to Jove is lent. *Line 247.*
- A decent boldness ever meets with friends.
Book vii. Line 67.
- To heal divisions, to relieve th' opprest ;
 In virtue rich ; in blessing others, blest. *Line 95.*
- Oh, pity human woe !
- 'T is what the happy to the unhappy owe. *Line 198.*
- Whose well-taught mind the present age surpast.
Line 210.
- For fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
 And twins ev'n from the birth are misery and man !
Line 263.
- In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare ! *Line 379.*
- And every eye
- Gaz'd, as before some brother of the sky. *Book viii. Line 17.*
- Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse. *Line 192.*

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the sky.¹

The Odyssey of Homer. Book viii. Line 366.

Behold on wrong

Swift vengeance waits ; and art subdues the strong !

Line 367.

A gen'rous heart repairs a sland'rous tongue.

Line 432.

Just are the ways of Heaven : from Heaven proceed

The woes of man ; Heaven doom'd the Greeks to bleed, —

A theme of future song !

Line 631.

Earth sounds my wisdom and high heaven my fame.

Book ix. Line 20.

Strong are her sons, though rocky are her shores.

Line 28.

Lotus, the name ; divine, nectareous juice !

Line 106.

Respect us human, and relieve us poor.

Line 318.

Rare gift ! but oh what gift to fools avails !

Book x. Line 29.

Our fruitless labours mourn,

And only rich in barren fame return.

Line 46.

No more was seen the human form divine.²

Line 278.

And not a man appears to tell their fate.

Line 308.

Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,

The turns of all thy future fate display.

Line 642.

Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.

Line 662.

Thin airy shoals of visionary ghosts.

Book xi. Line 48.

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.

Line 153.

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood ;

On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood.³

Line 387.

The first in glory, as the first in place.

Line 441.

¹ See page 337.

² Human face divine. — MILTON : *Paradise Lost*, book iii. line 44.

³ Then the Omnipotent Father with his thunder made Olympus tremble, and from Ossa hurled Pelion. — OVID : *Metamorphoses* i.

Soft as some song divine thy story flows.

The Odyssey of Homer. Book xi. Line 458.

Oh woman, woman! when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.¹

Line 531.

What mighty woes

To thy imperial race from woman rose!

Line 541.

But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame.

Line 591.

And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves.

Line 722

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

Line 736.

There in the bright assemblies of the skies.

Line 745.

Gloomy as night he stands.

Line 749.

All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread.

Book xii. Line 31.

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale.²

Line 538.

He ceas'd; but left so pleasing on their ear

His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.

Book xiii. Line 1.

His native home deep imag'd in his soul.

Line 38.

And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,

The last and hardest conquest of the mind.

Line 353.

How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!

Line 375.

It never was our guise

To slight the poor, or aught humane despise.

Book xiv. Line 65.

The sex is ever to a soldier kind.

Line 246.

Far from gay cities and the ways of men.

Line 410.

And wine can of their wits the wise beguile,

Make the sage frolic, and the serious smile.

Line 520.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,

And both the golden mean alike condemn. *Book xv. Line 79.*

¹ See Otway, page 280.

² See Shakespeare, page 79.

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest, —
 Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.¹

The Odyssey of Homer. Book xv. Line 83

For too much rest itself becomes a pain. *Line 429.*

Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind. *Line 433.*

And taste

The melancholy joy of evils past :
 For he who much has suffer'd, much will know. *Line 434.*

For love deceives the best of womankind. *Line 463*

And would'st thou evil for his good repay ?
Book xvi. Line 448.

Whatever day

Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.
Book xvii. Line 392.

In ev'ry sorrowing soul I pour'd delight,
 And poverty stood smiling in my sight. *Line 505*

Unbless'd thy hand, if in this low disguise
 Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.² *Line 576.*

Know from the bounteous heaven all riches flow ;
 And what man gives, the gods by man bestow,
Book xviii. Line 26.

Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow
 For others' good, and melt at others' woe. *Line 269.*

A winy vapour melting in a tear. *Book xix. Line 143.*

But he whose inborn worth his acts commend,
 Of gentle soul, to human race a friend. *Line 383.*

The fool of fate, — thy manufacture, man.
Book xx. Line 254

Impatient straight to flesh his virgin sword. *Line 461*

¹ See page 328.

² Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. — *Hebrews xiii. 2.*

Dogs, ye have had your day !

The Odyssey of Homer. Book xxii. Line 41

For dear to gods and men is sacred song.

Self-taught I sing ; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,

The genuine seeds of poesy are sown. *Line 382.*

So ends the bloody business of the day. *Line 516*

And rest at last where souls unbodied dwell,

In ever-flowing meads of Asphodel. *Book xxiv. Line 19.*

The ruins of himself ! now worn away

With age, yet still majestic in decay. *Line 271.*

And o'er the past Oblivion stretch her wing. *Line 557.*

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never
be disappointed.¹

Letter to Gay, Oct. 6, 1727.

This is the Jew

That Shakespeare drew.²



JOHN GAY. 1688–1732.

'T was when the sea was roaring

With hollow blasts of wind,

A damsel lay deploring,

All on a rock reclin'd. *The What d' ye call it. Act ii. Sc. 8.*

¹ Pope calls this the eighth beatitude (Roscoe's edition of Pope, vol. x. page 184).

² On the 14th of February, 1741, Macklin established his fame as an actor in the character of Shylock, in the "Merchant of Venice." . . . Macklin's performance of this character so forcibly struck a gentleman in the pit that he, as it were involuntarily, exclaimed, —

"This is the Jew

That Shakespeare drew !"

It has been said that this gentleman was Mr. Pope, and that he meant his panegyric on Macklin as a satire against Lord Lansdowne. — *Biographia Dramatica. vol. i. part ii. p. 469.*

So comes a reckoning when the banquet 's o'er, —
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.¹

The What d' ye call it. Act ii. Sc. 9.

'T is woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

The Beggar's Opera. Act i. Sc. 1.

Over the hills and far away.²

Ibid.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears. *Act ii. Sc. 1.*

The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets. *Sc. 2.*

Brother, brother! we are both in the wrong. *Ibid.*

How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away! *Ibid.*

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all ranged, — a terrible show! *Act iii. Sc. 2.*

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan.

Adieu, she cried, and waved her lily hand. *Ibid.*

Remote from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage.

Fables. Part i. The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil? ³ *Ibid.*

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?

The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.

¹ The time of paying a shot in a tavern among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called in France a "quart d'heure de Rabelais," — that is, Rabelais's quarter of an hour, when a man is uneasy or melancholy. — *Life of Rabelais* (Bohn's edition), p. 13.

² O'er the hills and far away. — D'URFEY: *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1628-1723).

³ "Midnight oil," — a common phrase, used by Quarles, Shenstone, Cowper, Lloyd, and others.

No author ever spar'd a brother.

Fables. The Elephant and the Bookseller.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.

The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody.

In ev'ry age and clime we see
Two of a trade can never agree.¹

The Rat-catcher and Cats.

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head.

The Sick Man and the Angel.

While there is life there 's hope, he cried.²

Ibid.

Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

The Mastiffs.

That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)

Bodes me no good.³

The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

The Hare and many Friends.

Give me, kind Heaven, a private station,
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.⁴

Part ii. The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.

¹ Potter is jealous of potter, and craftsman of craftsman; and poor man has a grudge against poor man, and poet against poet. — HESIOD: *Works and Days*, 24.

Le potier au potier porte envie (The potter envies the potter). — BOHN: *Handbook of Proverbs*.

MURPHY: *The Apprentice*, act iii.

² Ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες (For the living there is hope, but for the dead there is none.) — THEOCRITUS: *Idyl iv.* 42.

Ægroto, dum anima est, spes est (While the sick man has life, there is hope). — CICERO: *Epistolarum ad Atticum*, ix. 10.

³ It was n't for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand. — PLAUTUS: *Aulularia*, act iv. sc. 3.

⁴ See Addison, page 298.

From wine what sudden friendship springs !

The Squire and his Cur.

Life is a jest, and all things show it ;

I thought so once, but now I know it.

My own Epitaph

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1690-1762.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide, —

In part she is to blame that has been tried :

He comes too near that comes to be denied.¹

The Lady's Resolve.

And we meet, with champagne and a chicken, at last.²

The Lover.

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet ;

In short, my deary, kiss me, and be quiet.

A Summary of Lord Lyttelton's Advice.

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,

Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.

To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace. Book ii.

But the fruit that can fall without shaking

Indeed is too mellow for me.

The Answer.

CHARLES MACKLIN. 1690-1797.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.

Love à la Mode. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Every tub must stand upon its bottom.³

The Man of the World. Act i. Sc. 2.

¹ A fugitive piece, written on a window by Lady Montagu, after her marriage (1713). See Overbury, page 193.

² What say you to such a supper with such a woman? — BYRON: *Note to a Second Letter on Bowles.*

³ See Bunyan, page 265.

JOHN BYROM. 1691-1763.

God bless the King, — I mean the faith's defender!
 God bless — no harm in blessing — the Pretender!
 But who pretender is, or who is king, —
 God bless us all! — that's quite another thing.

To an Officer of the Army, extempore.

Take time enough: all other graces
 Will soon fill up their proper places.¹ *Advice to Preach Slow*

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
 That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
 Others aver that he to Handel
 Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
 Strange all this difference should be
 'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

*On the Feuds between Handel and Bononcini.*²

As clear as a whistle. *Epistle to Lloyd.* †

The point is plain as a pike-staff.³ *Epistle to a Friend*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
 Would starve us all, or near it;
 But be it known to Skin and Bone
 That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Epigram on Two Monopolists.

Thus adorned, the two heroes, 'twixt shoulder and elbow,
 Shook hands and went to 't; and the word it was bilbow.

*Upon a Trial of Skill between the Great Masters of the Noble Science
 of Defence, Messrs. Figg and Sutton.*

¹ See Walker, page 265.

² Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini not knowing that they were mine. — *Byrom's Remains* (Chetham Soc.), vol. i. p. 173.

The last two lines have been attributed to Swift and Pope (see Scott's edition of Swift, and Dyce's edition of Pope).

³ See Middleton, page 172.

LOUIS THEOBALD. 1691–1744.

None but himself can be his parallel.¹ *The Double Falsehood.*

JAMES BRAMSTON. — — — 1744.

What's not devoured by Time's devouring hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?
Art of Politics.

But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,
When the Exclusion Bill was in suspense:
"I hear a lion in the lobby roar;
Say, Mr. Speaker, shall we shut the door
And keep him there, or shall we let him in
To try if we can turn him out again?"² *Ibid.*

So Britain's monarch once uncovered sat,
While Bradshaw bullied in a broad-brimmed hat.
Man of Taste

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. 1694–1773.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.
Letter, March 10, 1746.

I knew once a very covetous, sordid fellow,³ who used
to say, "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take
care of themselves."
Nov. 6, 1747.

¹ Quæris Alcidiæ parem?

Nemo est nisi ipse

(Do you seek Alcides' equal? None is, except himself). — SENECA: *Hercules Furens*, i. 1; 84.

And but herself admits no parallel. — MASSINGER: *Duke of Milan*, act iv. sc. 3.

² I hope, said Colonel Titus, we shall not be wise as the frogs to whom Jupiter gave a stork for their king. To trust expedients with such a king on the throne would be just as wise as if there were a lion in the lobby, and we should vote to let him in and chain him, instead of fastening the door to keep him out. — *On the Exclusion Bill*, Jan. 7, 1681.

³ W. Lowndes, Secretary of the Treasury in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the Third.

Sacrifice to the Graces.¹

Letter, March 9, 1748.

Manners must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value.

July 1, 1748.

Style is the dress of thoughts.

Nov. 24, 1749.

Despatch is the soul of business.

Feb. 5, 1750.

Chapter of accidents.²

Feb. 16, 1753.

I assisted at the birth of that most significant word "flirtation," which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world.

The World. No. 101.

Unlike my subject now shall be my song ;

It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long. *Impromptu Lines.*

The dews of the evening most carefully shun, —
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

Advice to a Lady in Autumn.

The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificancy and an earldom.

Character of Pulteney.

He adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence.³

Character of Bolingbroke.

¹ Plato was continually saying to Xenocrates, "Sacrifice to the Graces." — *DIOGENES LAERTIUS: Xenocrates, book iv. sect. 2.*

Let us sacrifice to the Muses. — *PLUTARCH: The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. (A saying of Solon.)*

² Chapter of accidents. — *BURKE: Notes for Speeches (edition 1852), vol. ii. p. 426.*

John Wilkes said that "the Chapter of Accidents is the longest chapter in the book." — *SOUTHEY: The Doctor, chap. cxviii.*

³ Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
And touched nothing that he did not adorn.

JOHNSON: Epitaph on Goldsmith.

Il embellit tout ce qu'il touche (He adorned whatever he touched). — *VÉNÉLON: Lettre sur les Occupations de l'Académie Française, sect. iv.*

MATTHEW GREEN. 1696-1737.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies. *The Spleen. Line 93*

Thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel, with gentle gale. *Ibid.*

Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way. *Ibid.*



RICHARD SAVAGE. 1698-1743.

He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face. *The Bastard. Line 7*

May see thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.¹
Character of Foster



ROBERT BLAIR. 1699-1747.

The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt named: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. *The Grave. Part i. Line 9.*

The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.² *Line 58.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society! *Line 88.*

Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance! *Line 109.*

¹ See Pope, page 331.

² See Dryden, page 277.

The cup goes round :
 And who so artful as to put it by !
 'T is long since Death had the majority.
The Grave. Part ii. Line 449.

The good he scorn'd
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
 Not to return ; or if it did, in visits
 Like those of angels, short and far between.¹ *Line 586.*



JAMES THOMSON. 1700-1748.

Come, gentle Spring ! ethereal Mildness ! come.
The Seasons. Spring. Line 1.

Base Envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Line 283.*

But who can paint
 Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ? *Line 465.*

Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest. *Line 996.*

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot. *Line 1149.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven ! *Line 1158.*

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews.
Summer. Line 47.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake ? *Line 67.*

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. *Line 81*

¹ See Norris, page 281.

- Ships dim-discover'd dropping from the clouds.
The Seasons. Summer. Line 946.
- And Mecca saddens at the long delay. *Line 979.*
- For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant lab'ring round the stormy cape. *Line 1003.*
- Sigh'd and look'd unutterable things. *Line 1188.*
- A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs. *Line 1285.*
- So stands the statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece. *Line 1346.*
- Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age. *Line 1516.*
- Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain. *Autumn. Line 2.*

Loveliness

- Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.¹ *Line 204.*
- He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. *Line 229.*
- For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn. *Line 233.*
- See, Winter comes to rule the varied year.²
Winter. Line 1.
- Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave. *Line 393.*
- There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead. *Line 431.*
- The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid.
Line 625

¹ See Milton, page 234.

Nam ut mulieres esse dicuntur nonnullæ inornatæ, quas id ipsum diceat, sic hæc subtilis oratio etiam incompta delectat (For as lack of adornment is said to become some women; so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight). — CICERO: *Orator*, 23, 78.

² O Winter, ruler of the inverted year. — COWPER: *The Task*, book iv. *Winter Evening*, line 34.

These as they change, Almighty Father ! these
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year
 Is full of Thee.

Hymn. Line 1.

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade.

Line 25.

From seeming evil still educing good.

Line 114.

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

Line 118.

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 Forever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The Castle of Indolence. Canto i. Stanza 6.

O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace.

Stanza 26.

Plac'd far amid the melancholy main.

Stanza 30.

Scoundrel maxim.

Ibid.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.

Stanza 68.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.

Stanza 69.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky
 Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great children leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Canto ii. Stanza 3.

Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise, of health.

The Castle of Indolence. Canto ii. Stanza 55.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love ;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part ?

Song.

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.

Coriolanus. Act vii. Sc. 3.

O Sophonisba ! Sophonisba, O !¹

Sophonisba. Act iii. Sc. 2.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,

Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,

And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

Alfred. Act ii. Sc. 5.

JOHN DYER. 1700–1758.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

Grongar Hill. Line 88.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view ?

Line 102.

Disparting towers
Trembling all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.

The Ruins of Rome. Line 40.

¹ The line was altered after the second edition to "O Sophonisba ! I am wholly thine."

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1702-1751.

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
 And seize the pleasures of the present day ;
 Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
 And give to God each moment as it flies.
 Lord, in my views, let both united be :
 I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

Epigram on his Family Arms.¹

Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race.

JOHN WESLEY. 1703-1791.

That execrable sum of all villanies, commonly called
 the Slave Trade.

Journal. Feb. 12, 1772.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is
 indeed next to godliness."²

Sermon xciii. On Dress.

Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry.³

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.⁴ 1706-1790.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a
 little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.⁵

Historical Review of Pennsylvania.

¹ Dum vivimus vivamus (Let us live while we live). — ORTON: *Life of Doddridge.*

² See Bacon, page 170.

³ Letter, Dec. 10, 1777.

⁴ Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis (He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants), — a line attributed to Turgot, and inscribed on Houdon's bust of Franklin. Frederick von der Trenck asserted on his trial, 1794, that he was the author of this line.

⁵ This sentence was much used in the Revolutionary period. It occurs

God helps them that help themselves.¹

Maxims prefixed to Poor Richard's Almanac, 1757.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. *Ibid.*

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.² *Ibid.*

Plough deep while sluggards sleep. *Ibid.*

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. *Ibid.*

Three removes are as bad as a fire. *Ibid.*

Little strokes fell great oaks.³ *Ibid.*

A little neglect may breed mischief: for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost. *Ibid.*

He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.⁴ *Ibid.*

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose to the grindstone.⁵ *Ibid.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore. *Ibid.*

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright. *Ibid.*

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other. *Ibid.*

even so early as November, 1755, in an answer by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to the Governor, and forms the motto of Franklin's "Historical Review," 1759, appearing also in the body of the work. — FROTHINGHAM: *Rise of the Republic of the United States, p. 413.*

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

² CLARKE: *Paræmiologia, 1639.*

My hour is eight o'clock, though it is an infallible rule, "Sanat, sanctificat, et ditat, surgere mane" (That he may be healthy, happy, and wise, let him rise early). — *A Health to the Gentle Profession of Serving-men, 598* (reprinted in Roxburghe Library), p. 121.

³ See Lyly, page 32.

See Tusser, page 21.

See Heywood, page 11.

We are a kind of posterity in respect to them.¹

Letter to William Strahan, 1745.

Remember that time is money.

Advice to a Young Tradesman, 1748.

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments. If we can get rid of the former, we may easily bear the latter.

Letter on the Stamp Act, July 1, 1765.

Here Skugg lies snug

As a bug in a rug.²

*Letter to Miss Georgiana Shipley,
September, 1772.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace.³

Letter to Josiah Quincy, Sept. 11, 1773.

You and I were long friends : you are now my enemy, and I am yours.

Letter to William Strahan, July 5, 1775.

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.

At the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

The Whistle. November, 1779.

Here you would know and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington. For a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years.

Letter to Washington, March 5, 1780.

Our Constitution is in actual operation ; everything appears to promise that it will last ; but in this world nothing is certain but death and taxes.

Letter to M. Leroy, 1789.

¹ Byron's European fame is the best earnest of his immortality, for a foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity. — HORACE BINNEY WALLACE: *Stanley, or the Recollections of a Man of the World*, vol. ii. p. 89.

² Snug as a bug in a rug. — *The Stratford Jubilee*, ii. 1, 1779.

³ It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war. — SAMUEL BUTLER: *Speeches in the Rump Parliament*. Butler's *Reveries*

NATHANIEL COTTON. 1707-1788.

- If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breast this jewel lies,
 And they are fools who roam.
 The world has nothing to bestow ;
 From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home. *The Fireside. Stanza 3*
- To be resign'd when ills betide,
 Patient when favours are deni'd,
 And pleas'd with favours given, —
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part ;
 This is that incense of the heart¹
 Whose fragrance smells to heaven. *Stanza 11.*
- Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;
 Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread. *Stanza 31.*
- Yet still we hug the dear deceit. *Content. Vision iv.*
- Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee. *To-morrow.*



HENRY FIELDING. 1707-1754.

- All Nature wears one universal grin.
Tom Thumb the Great. Act 1. Sc. 1.
- Petition me no petitions, sir, to-day ;
 Let other hours be set apart for business.
 To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk ;
 And this our queen shall be as drunk as we. *Sc. 2.*
- When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough ;
 I've done my duty, and I've done no more. *Sc. 3.*
- Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit. *Ibid.*

¹ The incense of the heart may rise. — PIERPONT: *Every Place a Temple.*

To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

Tom Thumb the Great. Act i. Sc. 3.

Lo, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets;
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog has done.¹ *Sc. 6.*

I am as sober as a judge.²

Don Quixote in England. Act iii. Sc. 14.

Much may be said on both sides.³

The Covent Garden Tragedy. Act i. Sc. 8.

Enough is equal to a feast.⁴ *Act v. Sc. 1.*

We must eat to live and live to eat.⁵
The Miser. Act iii. Sc. 3.

Penny saved is a penny got.⁶ *Sc. 12.*

Oh, the roast beef of England,
And old England's roast beef!
The Grub-Street Opera. Act iii. Sc. 2.

This story will not go down. *Tumble-down Dick.*

¹ Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier — white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And big with vengeance beats the barber — black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber — red:
Black, red, and white in various clouds are tost,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost.

CHRISTOPHER SMART: *The Trip to Cambridge* (on
"Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets,"
vol. vi. p. 185).

² Sober as a judge. — CHARLES LAMB: *Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Moxon.*

³ See Addison, page 300.

⁴ See Heywood, page 20.

⁵ Socrates said, Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live. — PLUTARCH: *How a Young Man ought to hear Poems.*

⁶ A penny saved is twopence dear;

A pin a day's a groat a year.

FRANKLIN: *Hints to those that would be Rich*
(1736).

Can any man have a higher notion of the rule of right and the eternal fitness of things ?

	<i>Tom Jones. Book iv. Chap. iv.</i>
Distinction without a difference.	<i>Book vi. Chap. xiii.</i>
Amiable weakness. ¹	<i>Book x. Chap. viii.</i>
The dignity of history. ²	<i>Book xi. Chap. ii.</i>
Republic of letters.	<i>Book xiv. Chap. i.</i>
Illustrious predecessors. ³	<i>Covent Garden Journal. Jan. 11, 1752.</i>

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM. 1708–1778.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.
Speech, Jan. 14, 1766

A long train of these practices has at length unwillingly convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the King himself.⁴
Chatham Correspondence. Speech, March 2, 1770.

Where law ends, tyranny begins.
Case of Wilkes. Speech, Jan. 9, 1770.

Reparation for our rights at home, and security against the like future violations.⁵
Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, Sept. 29, 1770.

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, — never ! never ! never !
Speech, Nov. 18, 1777.

¹ Amiable weaknesses of human nature. — GIBBON: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. xiv.*

² See Bolingbroke, page 304.

³ Illustrious predecessor. — BURKE: *The Present Discontents.*

I tread in the footsteps of illustrious men. . . . In receiving from the people the sacred trust confided to my illustrious predecessor. — MARTIN VAN BUREN: *Inaugural Address, March 4, 1837.*

⁴ Quoted by Lord Mahon, "greater than the throne itself." — *History of England, vol. v. p. 258.*

⁵ "Indemnity for the past and security for the future." — RUSSELL: *Memoir of Fox, vol. iii. p. 345, Letter to the Hon. T. Maitland.*

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter,—but the King of England cannot enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement!

Speech on the Excise Bill.

We have a Calvinistic creed, a Popish liturgy, and an Arminian clergy.

Prior's Life of Burke (1790).



SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709–1784.

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.¹

Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 2.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. *Line 159.*

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Line 221.*

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe. *Line 257.*

An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away. *Line 293.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. *Line 308.*

Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires, a driv'ler and a show. *Line 316.*

¹ All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.

THOMAS WARTON: *Universal Love of Pleasure.*

De Quincey (Works, vol. x. p. 72) quotes the criticism of some writer, who contends with some reason that this high-sounding couplet of Dr. Johnson amounts in effect to this: Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.

- Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Vanity of Human Wishes. Line 345
- For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill. *Line 362.*
- Of all the griefs that harass the distrest,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.¹ *London. Line 166.*
- This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd, —
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.² *Line 176.*
- Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
Prologue to the Tragedy of Irene
- Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.
Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre
- And panting Time toil'd after him in vain. *Ibid.*
- For we that live to please must please to live. *Ibid*
- Catch, then, oh catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies!
Life 's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies — alas! how soon he dies! *Winter. An Ode.*
- Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.
Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levett. Stanza 2.
- In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh³
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die. *Stanza 5.*
- And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd. *Stanza 7.*

¹ Nothing in poverty so ill is borne
As its exposing men to grinning scorn.

OLDHAM (1653-1683): *Third Satire of Juvenal.*

² Three years later Johnson wrote, "Mere unassisted merit advances slowly, if — what is not very common — it advances at all."

³ *Var.* His ready help was always nigh.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,¹
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

Verses on the Death of Mr. Robert Levet. Stanza 9

That saw the manners in the face.

Lines on the Death of Hogarth.

Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
 The pangs of guilty power and hapless love!
 Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more;
 Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
 Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
 Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!

Epitaph on Claudius Philips, the Musician.

A Poet, Naturalist, and Historian,
 Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched,
 And touched nothing that he did not adorn.²

Epitaph on Goldsmith.

How small of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find.
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

Lines added to Goldsmith's Traveller.

Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

Line added to Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, —
 Path, motive, guide, original, and end.³

Motto to the Rambler. No. 7.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy,
 and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who

¹ *Var.* Then with no fiery throbbing pain.

² Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
 Non tetigit,
 Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

See Chesterfield, page 353.

³ A translation of Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," iii. 9 27

expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, — attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas. Chap. i.

“I fly from pleasure,” said the prince, “because pleasure has ceased to please; I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others.”

Chap. iii.

A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected.

Chap. xii.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Ibid.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.¹

Chap. xiii.

I live in the crowd of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself.

Chap. xvi.

Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance.

Ibid.

The first years of man must make provision for the last.

Chap. xvii.

Example is always more efficacious than precept.

Chap. xxx.

The endearing elegance of female friendship.

Chap. xlvi.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.*²

Preface to his Dictionary.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.³

Boulter's Monument. (Supposed to have been inserted by Dr. Johnson, 1745.)

¹ See Bacon, page 168.

² The italics and the word “forget” would seem to imply that the saying was not his own.

³ Sir William Jones gives a similar saying in India: “Words are the daughters of earth, and deeds are the sons of heaven.”

See Herbert, page 206. Sir THOMAS BODLEY: *Letter to his Librarian, 1604.*

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

Life of Addison.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

Life of Milton.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.

Ibid.

His death eclipsed the gayety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure.

Life of Edmund Smith (alluding to the death of Garrick).

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

Journey to the Western Islands: Inch Kenneth.

He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty.

The Idler. No. 57.

What is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.

No. 74.

Tom Birch is as brisk as a bee in conversation; but no sooner does he take a pen in his hand than it becomes a torpedo to him, and benumbs all his faculties.

Life of Johnson (Boswell).¹ *Vol. i. Chap. vii. 1743.*

Wretched un-idea'd girls.

Chap. x. 1752.

This man [Chesterfield], I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.²

Vol. ii. Chap. i. 1754.

¹ From the London edition, 10 volumes, 1835.

Dr. Johnson, it is said, when he first heard of Boswell's intention to write a life of him, announced, with decision enough, that if he thought Boswell really meant to *write his life* he would prevent it by *taking Boswell's!* — CARLYLE: *Miscellanies*, *Jean Paul Frederic Richter.*

² See Pope, page 331.

Sir, he [Bolingbroke] was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger at his death.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. ii. Chap. i. 1754.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?

Chap. ii. 1755.

I am glad that he thanks God for anything. *Ibid.*

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in a constant repair.

Ibid.

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.

Chap. iii. 1759.

Sir, I think all Christians, whether Papists or Protestants, agree in the essential articles, and that their differences are trivial, and rather political than religious.¹

Chap. v. 1763.

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.

Ibid.

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

Ibid.

Sir, your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear levelling *up* to themselves.

Ibid.

¹ I do not find that the age or country makes the least difference; no, nor the language the actor spoke, nor the religion which they professed, — whether Arab in the desert, or Frenchman in the Academy. I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion of well-doing and daring. — EMERSON: *The Preacher. Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 215.

A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. ii. Chap. vi. 1763.

Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an access of stupidity, sir, is not in Nature.

Chap. ix.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.

Ibid.

I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.¹

Ibid.

This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to *ask* a man to.

Ibid.

A very unclubable man.

Ibid. 1764.

I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel; but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject.

Vol. iii. Chap. iii. 1769.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.

Chap. iv.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.²

Chap. v. 1770.

I am a great friend to public amusements; for they keep people from vice.

Chap. viii. 1772.

A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden.

Ibid.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.

Ibid.

A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it.

Vol. iv. Chap. ii. 1773.

¹ Every investigation which is guided by principles of nature fixes its ultimate aim entirely on gratifying the stomach. — ATHENÆUS: *Book vii. chap. ii.*

² Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea and that was wrong. — DISRAELI: *Sybil, book iv. chap. 5*

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is *not* known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). *Vol. iv. Chap. ii. 1773.*

Was ever poet so trusted before? *Vol. v. Chap. vi. 1774.*

Attack is the reaction. I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds. *1775*

A man will turn over half a library to make one book. *Chap. viii. 1775.*

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. *Chap. ix.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.¹ *Ibid.*

Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.² *Ibid.*

I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night; and then the nap takes me.

Vol. vi. Chap. i. 1775.

In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath. *Ibid.*

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, — but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other. *Ibid.*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.³ *Chap. iii. 1776.*

¹ See Herbert, page 205.

Do not be troubled by Saint Bernard's saying that hell is full of good intentions and wills. — FRANCIS DE SALES: *Spiritual Letters. Letter xii.* (Translated by the author of "A Dominican Artist.") 1605.

² Scire ubi aliquid invenire possis, ea demum maxima pars eruditionis est (To know where you can find anything, that in short is the largest part of learning). — ANONYMOUS.

³ Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

SHENSTONE: *Written on a Window of an Inn.*

No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. vi. Chap. iii. 1776.

Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. *Chap. iv. 1776.*

A man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. *Ibid.*

All this [wealth] excludes but one evil, — poverty.

Chap. ix. 1777.

Employment, sir, and hardships prevent melancholy.

Ibid.

When a man is tired of London he is tired of life ; for there is in London all that life can afford. *Ibid.*

He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it. *Ibid.*

Goldsmith, however, was a man who whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do.

Vol. vii. Chap. iii. 1778.

Johnson had said that he could repeat a complete chapter of "The Natural History of Iceland," from the Danish of Horrebow, the whole of which was exactly (Ch. lxxii. *Concerning snakes*) thus: "There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island."¹ *Chap. iv. 1778.*

As the Spanish proverb says, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him," so it is in travelling, — a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge. *Chap. v. 1778.*

The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. *Chap. vi. 1778.*

I remember a passage in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," which he was afterwards fool enough to expunge: "I do not love a man who is zealous for nothing." . . .

¹ Chapter xlii. is still shorter: "There are no owls of any kind in the whole island."

There was another fine passage too which he struck out: "When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting new propositions. But I soon gave this over; for I found that generally what was new was false."

Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. vii. Chap. viii. 1779

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. *Ibid.*

A Frenchman must be always talking, whether he knows anything of the matter or not; an Englishman is content to say nothing when he has nothing to say.

Chap. x.

Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."

Ibid.

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence. *Ibid.*

The potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.¹

Vol. viii. Chap. ii.

Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world. *Chap. iii. 1781*

My friend was of opinion that when a man of rank appeared in that character [as an author], he deserved to have his merits handsomely allowed.² *Ibid.*

I never have sought the world; the world was not to seek me.³ *Chap. v. 1783.*

He is not only dull himself, but the cause of dullness in others.⁴ *Ibid. 1784.*

¹ I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice. — EDWARD MOORE: *The Gamester, act ii. sc. 2.* 1753.

² Usually quoted as "When a nobleman writes a book, he ought to be encouraged."

³ I have not loved the world, nor the world me. — BYRON: *Child Harold, canto iii. stanza 113.*

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 32.

You see they'd have fitted him to a T.

Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. viii. Chap. ix. 1784.

I have found you an argument; I am not obliged to find you an understanding. *Ibid.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.¹ *Ibid.*

Blown about with every wind of criticism.² *Chap. x. 1784.*

If the man who turnips cries
Cry not when his father dies,
'T is a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

Johnsoniana. Piozzi, 30.

He was a very good hater. *39.*

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public. *58.*

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are. *154.*

Dictionaries are like watches; the worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true. *178.*

Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand, are the most useful after all. *Hawkins. 197.*

Round numbers are always false. *235.*

As with my hat³ upon my head
I walk'd along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.⁴

George Steevens. 310.

Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult. *Hannah More. 467.*

The limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone. *Northcote. 487.*

¹ A parody on "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free," from Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa," first edition.

² Carried about with every wind of doctrine. — *Ephesians iv. 14.*

³ Elsewhere found, "I put my hat."

⁴ A parody on Percy's "Hermit of Warkworth."

Hawkesworth said of Johnson, "You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world." *Johnsoniana. Kearsley. 600.*

His conversation does not show the minute-hand, but he strikes the hour very correctly. *604.*

Hunting was the labour of the savages of North America, but the amusement of the gentlemen of England. *606*

I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence. *Seward. 617.*

This world, where much is to be done and little to be known. *Prayers and Meditations. Against inquisitive and perplexing Thoughts.*

Gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation; you do not find it among gross people. *Tour to the Hebrides. Sept. 20, 1773.*

A fellow that makes no figure in company, and has a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar-cruet. *Sept. 30, 1773.*

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.¹ *Pitt's Reply to Walpole. Speech, March 6, 1741.*

Towering in the confidence of twenty-one.

Letter to Bennet Langton. Jan. 9, 1758.

Gloomy calm of idle vacancy.

Letter to Boswell. Dec. 8, 1763.

Wharton quotes Johnson as saying of Dr. Campbell, "He is the richest author that ever grazed the common of literature."

¹ This is the composition of Johnson, founded on some note or statement of the actual speech. Johnson said, "That speech I wrote in a garret, in Exeter Street." *BOSWELL: Life of Johnson, 1741.*

LORD LYTTLETON. 1709-1773.

For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire,
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus

Women, like princes, find few real friends.

Advice to a Lady

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
 Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.

Ibid

The lover in the husband may be lost.

Ibid

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.

An Irregular Ode

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
 But love can hope where reason would despair.

Epigram

Where none admire, 't is useless to excel;
 Where none are beaux, 't is vain to be a belle.

Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain;
 The heart can ne'er a transport know
 That never feels a pain.

Song



EDWARD MOORE. 1712-1757.

Can't I another's face commend,
 And to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lowers,
 As if *her* merit lessen'd *yours*?

The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat. Fable 123

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals ;
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.

The Spider and the Bee. Fable x.

But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

Ibid.

Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

The Happy Marriage.

I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.¹

The Gamester. Act ii. Sc. 2.

'Tis now the summer of your youth. Time has not
cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has
washed them.

Act iii. Sc. 4

Labour for his pains.²

The Boy and the Rainbow.



LAURENCE STERNE. 1713–1768.

Go, poor devil, get thee gone! Why should I hurt
thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both
thee and me.

Tristram Shandy (orig. ed.). Vol. ii. chap. xii.

Great wits jump.³

Vol. iii. Chap. ix.

“Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,” cried my
Uncle Toby, “but nothing to this.”

Chap. xi.

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting
world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the
worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

Chap. xii.

¹ See Johnson, page 374.

² See Shakespeare, page 101.

³ Great wits jump. — BYROM: *The Nimmers.* BUCKINGHAM: *The Chances, act. iv. sc. 1.*

Good wits jump. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. xxxviii.*

The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.¹

Tristram Shandy (orig. ed.) Vol. vi. Chap. viii.

I am sick as a horse. Vol. vii. Chap. xi.

"They order," said I, "this matter better in France."

Sentimental Journey. Page 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "'T is all barren!"

In the Street. Calais.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.² *Maria.*

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught."

The Passport. The Hotel at Paris.

The sad vicissitude of things.³ *Sermon xvi*

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything. *Sermon xvii*



WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714–1763.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.⁴

Written on a Window of an Inn

¹ But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope, part ii. line 357.*

² Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondue (God measures the cold to the shorn lamb). — HENRI ESTIENNE (1594): *Prémices, etc. p. 47.*

See Herbert, page 206.

³ Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things. — R. GIFFORD: *Contemplation.*

⁴ See Johnson, page 372.

Archbishop Leighton often said that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn. — *Works, vol. i. v. 76.*

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return. *A Pastoral. Part i*

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed. *Ibid*

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep. *Part ii. Hope*

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true. *Jemmy Dawson.*

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblems right meet of decency does yield.
The Schoolmistress. Stanza 6.

Pun-provoking thyme. *Stanza 11.*

A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo. *Stanza 28.*



JOHN BROWN. 1715-1766.

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction, —
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.
Barbarossa. Act v. Sc. 3.

And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
An Essay on Satire, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.¹



JAMES TOWNLEY. 1715-1778.

Kitty. Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No,
I never read Shikspur.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to
come. *High Life below Stairs. Act ii. Sc. 1.*

From humble Port to imperial Tokay. *Ibid*

¹ ANDERSON: *British Poets*, vol. x. p. 379. See note in "Contemporary Review," September, 1867, p. 4.

THOMAS GRAY. 1716-1771.

What female heart can gold despise ?

What cat's averse to fish ? *On the death of a Favourite Cat.*

A fav'rite has no friend !

Ibid

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers.

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 1.

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !

Ah, fields beloved in vain !

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain !

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow.

Stanza 2

They hear a voice in every wind,

And snatch a fearful joy.

Stanza 4

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,

Less pleasing when possess'd ;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,

The sunshine of the breast.

Stanza 5

Alas ! regardless of their doom,

The little victims play ;

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day.

Stanza 6.

Ah, tell them they are men !

Ibid

And moody madness laughing wild

Amid severest woe.

Stanza 8

To each his suff'rings ; all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan, —

The tender for another's pain,

Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate,

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
 'T is folly to be wise.¹

On a Distant Prospect of Eton College. Stanza 10

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best ! *Hymn to Adversity.*

From Helicon's harmonious springs
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take.
The Progress of Poesy. I. 1, Line 3.

Glance their many-twinkling feet. *3, Line 11.*

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.²
Line 16.

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame,
 Th' unconquerable mind,³ and freedom's holy flame.
II. 2, Line 10.

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
III. 1, Line 12.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night. *2, Line 4*

Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.⁴ *3, Line 2.*

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the good how far, — but far above the great.
Line 16.

¹ See Davenant, page 217.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. — *Ecclesiastes i. 18.*

² The light of love. — BYRON : *Bride of Abydos, canto i. stanza 6.*

³ Unconquerable mind. — WORDSWORTH : *To Toussaint L'Ouverture.*

⁴ See Cowley, page 262.

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

Confusion on thy banners wait!

Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,

They mock the air with idle state.

The Bard. I. 1, Line 1.

Loose his beard, and hoary hair

Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air.¹

2, Line 5

To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Line 14.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes;

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.²

3, Line 12.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

The winding-sheet of Edward's race.

Give ample room and verge enough³

The characters of hell to trace.

II. 1, Line 1.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows;

While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;

Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,

That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.

2, Line 9.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

3, Line 11.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!

Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

III. 1, Line 11

And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

3, Line 3.

Comus and his midnight crew.

Ode for Music. Line 2.

While bright-eyed Science watches round.

Ibid. Chorus. Line 3

The still small voice of gratitude.

Ibid. V. Line 8

¹ See Cowley, page 261. Milton, page 224.

² See Shakespeare, page 112. Otway, page 280.

³ See Dryden, page 277.

Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

The Fatal Sisters. Line 3.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,¹
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 1.

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Stanza 4

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

Stanza 5

Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Stanza 8

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Stanza 9.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Stanza 10.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Stanza 11.

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Stanza 12

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;²

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Stanza 13

¹ The first edition reads, —

“The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea.”

² See Sir Thomas Browne, page 217.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.¹

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 14

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Stanza 15.

The applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Stanza 16.

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

Stanza 17

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.²

Stanza 19.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Stanza 20.

And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

Stanza 21.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

Stanza 22

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.³

Stanza 23

¹ See Young, page 311.

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air. — CHURCHILL: *Gotham* book ii. line 20.

² Usually quoted "even tenor of their way."

³ See Chaucer, page 3.

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard. Stanza 25

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

Stanza 28.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.¹

The Epitaph.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heav'n ('t was all he wish'd) a friend.

Ibid.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Ibid.

And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

Sonnet. On the Death of Mr. West.

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

A Long Story.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 45.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Line 53

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose.

Line 87

¹ See Walton, page 203.

From toil he wins his spirits light,
 From busy day the peaceful night;
 Rich, from the very want of wealth,
 In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude. Line 93.

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Education and Government.

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
 And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.¹

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
 He had not the method of making a fortune.

On his own Character.

Now as the Paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans
 consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris,
 be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and
 Crebillon.

To Mr. West. Letter iv. Third Series.



DAVID GARRICK. 1716-1779.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

Prologue to the Gamesters.

Their cause I plead, — plead it in heart and mind;
 A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.²

Prologue on Quitting the Stage in 1776.

Prologues like compliments are loss of time;
 'T is penning bows and making legs in rhyme.

Prologue to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia.

Let others hail the rising sun:
 I bow to that whose course is run.³

On the Death of Mr. Pelham.

¹ This was intended to be introduced in the "Alliance of Education and Government." — *Mason's edition of Gray, vol. iii. p. 114.*

² See Burton, page 185.

³ Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun. — *PLUTARCH: Life of Pompey.*

This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Jupiter and Mercury.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
 Hearts of oak are our men.¹ *Hearts of Oak*

Here lies James Quinn. Deign, reader, to be taught,
 Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In Nature's happiest mould however cast,
 To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Quinn. Murphy's Life of Garrick. Vol. ii. p. 38.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us ?
 Is this the great poet whose works so content us ?
 This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books ?
 Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks ?²
Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation. Vol. ii. p. 157.

Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
 Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.

Impromptu Epitaph on Goldsmith.



WILLIAM B. RHODES. *Circa 1790.*

Who dares this pair of boots displace,
 Must meet Bombastes face to face.³

Bombastes Furioso. Act i. Sc. 4.

Bom. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
 A hungry lion give a grievous roar ;
 The grievous roar echoed along the shore.

Artax. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
 Another lion give a grievous roar ;
 And the first lion thought the last a bore. *Ibid.*

¹ Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.

S. J. ARNOLD: *Death of Nelson.*

² See Tusser, page 20.

³ Let none but he these arms displace,
 Who dares Orlando's fury face.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. lxxi*

RAY: *Proverbs.* THOMAS: *English Prose Romance, page 85.*

MRS. GREVILLE.¹ *Circa* 1793.

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know
 Which, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But turning, trembles too. *A Prayer for Indifference*

HORACE WALPOLE. 1717–1797.

Harry Vane, Pulteney's toad-eater,
Letter to Sir Horace Mann, 1742.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy
 to those who feel. *Ibid. 1770.*

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and
 then, does not misbecome a monarch.² *Ibid. 1774.*

The whole [Scotch] nation hitherto has been void of wit
 and humour, and even incapable of relishing it.³ *Ibid. 1778.*

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720–1756.

In numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong.
Ode to Simplicity

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell :
 'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.⁴
Oriental Eclogues. 1, Line 5.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes bless'd !
Ode written in the year 1746.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;⁵
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;

¹ The pretty Fanny Macartney. — WALPOLE: *Memoirs.*

² A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men.

ANONYMOUS.

³ It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch under
 standing. — SYDNEY SMITH: *Lady Holland's Memoir, vol. i. p. 15.*

⁴ See Pope, page 320.

⁵ *Var.* By hands unseen the knell is rung ;
 By fairy forms their dirge is sung.

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Ode written in the year 1746.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung.

The Passions. Line 1.

Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired. *Line 10*

'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild. *Line 28*

In notes by distance made more sweet,¹ *Line 60*

In hollow murmurs died away. *Line 68*

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid! *Line 95*

In yonder grave a Druid lies. *Death of Thomson.*

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
 Nature in him was almost lost in Art.

To Sir Thomas Hammer on his Edition of Shakespeare.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
 For thee the tear be duly shed,
 Belov'd till life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Dirge in Cymbeline.

—◆—

JAMES MERRICK. 1720-1769.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Oh, let thy grace supply!² *Hymn.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark. *The Chameleon.*

¹ Sweetest melodies

Are those that are by distance made more sweet

WORDSWORTH: *Personal Talk, stanza 2.*

² Μή μοι γένοιθ' ἂ βούλομ' ἀλλ' ἂ συμφέρει (Let not that happen which I wish, but that which is right). — MENANDER: *Fragment.*

SAMUEL FOOTE. 1720-1777.

He made him a hut, wherein he did put
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe.

O poor Robinson Crusoe !

The Mayor of Garratt. Act i. Sc. 1.

Born in a cellar, and living in a garret.¹

The Author. Act ii.



JAMES FORDYCE. 1720-1796.

Henceforth the majesty of God revere ;
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear.²

Answer to a Gentleman who apologized to the Author for Swearing.



MARK AKENSIDE. 1721-1770.

Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Pleasures of the Imagination. Book iii. Line 567.

Than Timoleon's arms require,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

Ode. On a Sermon against Glory. Stanza ii.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

Epistle to Curio.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.

The Virtuoso. Stanza x.

¹ See Congreve, page 294.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred. — BYRON : *A Sketch.*

² Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte (I fear God, dear Abner, and I have no other fear). — RACINE : *Athalie*, act i. sc. 1 (1639-1699).

From Piety, whose soul sincere
Fears God, and knows no other fear.

W. SMYTH : *Ode for the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

TOBIAS SMOLLETT. 1721–1771.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share ;
 Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

Ode to Independence.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thine altar, Love !

Roderick Random. Chap. xl.

Facts are stubborn things.¹

Translation of Gil Blas. Book x. Chap. 1.



SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723–1780.

The royal navy of England hath ever been its greatest defence and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength, — the floating bulwark of our island.

Commentaries. Vol. i. Book i. Chap. xiii. § 418.

Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Chap. xviii. § 472.



JOHN HOME. 1724–1808.

In the first days
 Of my distracting grief, I found myself
 As women wish to be who love their lords.

Douglas. Act i. Sc. 1.

I'll woo her as the lion woos his brides.

Ibid.

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

A rude and boisterous captain of the sea.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

Act v. Sc. 1.

¹ Facts are stubborn things. — ELLIOT: *Essay on Field Husbandry*, p. 36 (1747).

WILLIAM MASON. 1725–1797.

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.¹ *Heroic Epistle.*



RICHARD GIFFORD. 1725–1807.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound ;
 She feels no biting pang the while she sings ;
 Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,²
 Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.³ *Contemplation.*



ARTHUR MURPHY. 1727–1805.

Thus far we run before the wind. *The Apprentice. Act v. Sc. 1.*
 Above the vulgar flight of common souls. *Zenobia. Act v.*
 Picked up his crumbs. *The Upholsterer. Act i.*



JANE ELLIOTT. 1727–1805.

The flowers of the forest are a' wide awae.⁴ *The Flowers of the Forest.*

¹ Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
 . . . Epicuri de grege porcum

(You may see me, fat and shining, with well-cared for hide, — . . . a hog from Epicurus' herd). — HORACE: *Epistolæ, lib. i. iv. 15, 16.*

² Thus altered by Johnson, —
 All at her work the village maiden sings,
 Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around.

³ See Sterne, page 379.

⁴ This line appears in the "Flowers of the Forest," part second, a later poem by Mrs. Cockburn. See Dyce's "Specimens of British Poetesses," p. 374.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1728-1774.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po.

The Traveller. Line 3.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Line 7.*

And learn the luxury of doing good.¹ *Line 22*

Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view. *Line 26.*

These little things are great to little man. *Line 42.*

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine! *Line 50.*

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam, —
His first, best country ever is at home. *Line 73.*

Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails. *Line 91.*

Man seems the only growth that dwindles here. *Line 126.*

The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.² *Line 137.*

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child. *Line 153.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Line 172.*

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes. *Line 185.*

So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more. *Line 217.*

¹ See Garth, page 295.

CRABBE: *Tales of the Hall*, book iii. GRAVES: *The Epicure*.

² See Pope, page 320.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

The Traveller. Line 251

They please, are pleas'd; they give to get esteem,
 Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.¹

Line 266

Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land.

Line 282.

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of humankind pass by.²

Line 327.

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms.

Line 356

For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those that think must govern those that toil.

Line 372.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.

Line 386.

Fore'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.

Line 409.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centres in the mind.

Line 423.

Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.³

Line 436.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.

The Deserted Village. Line 1.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.

Line 13.

¹ The character of the French.

² See Dryden, page 277.

³ When Davies asked for an explanation of "Luke's iron crown," Goldsmith referred him to a book called "Géographie Curieuse," and added that by "Damien's bed of steel" he meant the rack. — GRANGER: *Letters*, (1805), p. 52.

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love.

The Deserted Village. Line 29.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade, —
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;¹
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

Line 51.

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Line 61.

How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease!

Line 99.

While Resignation gently slopes away,
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Line 110.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

Line 121.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Line 141.

Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.

Line 157.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.

Line 161

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Line 161.

¹ See Pope, page 329.

C'est un verre qui luit,

Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit
(It is a shining glass, which a breath may destroy, and which a breath has
produced). — DE CAUX (comparing the world to his hour-glass).

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.¹

The Deserted Village. Line 179.

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.

Line 183.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, —
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Line 189

Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet was he kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew,
'T was certain he could write and cipher too.

Line 199

In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Line 209.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.

Line 223.

The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay, —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.²

Line 227.

¹ See Dryden, page 269.

² A cap by night, a stocking all the day — GOLDSMITH: *A Description of an Author's Bed-Chamber.*

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose.¹
The Deserted Village. Line 222.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art. Line 253.

And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy. Line 263.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn. Line 329.

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe. Line 344.

In all the silent manliness of grief. Line 384.

O Luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree! Line 385.

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so. Line 413.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.²

The Haunch of Venison.

As aromatic plants bestow
 No spicy fragrance while they grow;
 But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
 Diffuse their balmy sweets around.³

The Captivity. Act i

To the last moment of his breath,
 On hope the wretch relies;
 And even the pang preceding death
 Bids expectation rise.⁴

Act ii

¹ The twelve good rules were ascribed to King Charles I.: 1. Urge no healths. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.

² See Tom Brown, page 286.

³ See Bacon, page 165.

⁴ The wretch condemn'd with life to part

Still, still on hope relies;

And every pang that rends the heart

Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers our way;¹
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray. *The Captivity. Act ii.*

Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree!
Retaliation. Line 11.

Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt. *Line 24.*

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.
 Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing while they thought of dining:
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit. *Line 31.*

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong.
Line 46.

A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
Line 63.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man. *Line 93.*

As a wit, if not first, in the very first line. *Line 96.*

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'T was only that when he was off he was acting.
Line 101.

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Line 107.

Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please. *Line 112.*

¹ Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
 Adorns the wretch's way.

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

Retaliation. Line 145.

The best-humour'd man, with the worst-humour'd Muse.¹

Postscript.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word
From those who spoke her praise.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.²

The king himself has followed her
When she has walk'd before.

Ibid.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

Ibid.

The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Ibid.

The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.³

Ibid.

¹ See Rochester, page 279.

² Written in imitation of "Chanson sur le fameux La Palisse," which is attributed to Bernard de la Monnoye:—

On dit que dans ses amours
Il fut caressé des belles,
Qui le suivirent toujours,
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles

(They say that in his love affairs he was petted by beauties, who always followed him as long as he walked before them).

³ While Fell was reposing himself in the hay,
A reptile concealed bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

LESSING: *Paraphrase of a Greek Epigram by Demodocus.*

A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay, —
A cap by night, a stocking all the day.¹

Description of an Author's Bed-chamber.

This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but
an arrant jade on a journey.² *The Good-Natured Man. Act i.*

All his faults are such that one loves him still the
better for them. *Act i.*

Silence gives consent.³ *Act ii.*

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.⁴ *Ibid.*

I love everything that's old: old friends, old times,
old manners, old books, old wine.⁵

She Stoops to Conquer. Act i.

The very pink of perfection. *Ibid.*

The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time, if as
be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.
Ibid.

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. *Ibid.*

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. *Act iii.*

We sometimes had those little rubs which Providence
sends to enhance the value of its favours.

Vicar of Wakefield. Chap. i.

Handsome is that handsome does.⁶ *Ibid.*

The premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe
that the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a
reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problem-
atical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the

¹ See page 397.

² Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils, but present evils triumph over it. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 22.*

³ RAY: *Proverbs.* FULLER: *Wise Sentences.* Αὐτὸ δὲ τὸ σιγᾶν ὁμολογούντος ἰστί σου. — EURIPIDES: *Iph. Aul., 1142.*

⁴ Measures, not men. — CHESTERFIELD: *Letter, Mar. 6, 1742.* Not inen, but measures. — BURKE: *Present Discontents.*

⁵ See Bacon, page 171.

⁶ See Chaucer, page 4

essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.

Vicar of Wakefield. Chap. vii.

I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellect too.

Ibid.

Turn, gentle Hermit of the Dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray. *The Hermit. Chap. viii. Stanza 1.*

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.¹

Ibid. Stanza 6.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.²

Stanza 8.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

Stanza 19.

The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

Stanza 33.

By the living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat.

Chap. ix.

They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

Ibid.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition.³

Chap. ix.

To what happy accident⁴ is it that we owe so unexpected a visit?

Chap. xix.

¹ See Burton, page 185.

² See Young, page 308.

³ An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit. — PLINY THE YOUNGER: *Letters, book ii. letter xv. 1.*

⁴ See Middleton, page 174.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The Hermit. On Woman. Chap. xxiv.

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is — to die. *Ibid.*

To what fortuitous occurrence do we not owe every
 pleasure and convenience of our lives. *Ibid. Chap. xxi.*

For he who fights and runs away
 May live to fight another day;
 But he who is in battle slain
 Can never rise and fight again.¹

The Art of Poetry on a New Plan (1761). Vol. ii. p. 147.

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan or a title-
 page, another works away the body of the book, and a
 third is a dab at an index.² *The Bee. No. 1, Oct. 6, 1759.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our
 wants as to conceal them.³ *No. iii. Oct. 20, 1759.*



THOMAS WARTON. 1728–1790.

All human race, from China to Peru,⁴
 Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.
Universal Love of Pleasure.

Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
 Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.
Written on a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

¹ See Butler, pages 215, 216.

² There are two things which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner.

BOSWELL: *Life of Johnson, An. 1775.*

³ See Young, page 310.

See Johnson, page 365.

THOMAS PERCY. 1728-1811.

Every white will have its blacke,
And every sweet its soure.

Reliques of Ancient Poetry. Sir Cauline.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone,
Wi' the auld moon in hir arme.¹ *Sir Patrick Spens.*

He that had neyther been kith nor kin
Might have seen a full fayre sight.

Guy of Gisborne.

Have you not heard these many years ago
Jeptha was judge of Israel ?

He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he loved passing well ;

And as by lott,

God wot,

It so came to pass,

As God's will was.²

Jepthah, Judge of Israel.

A Robyn,

Jolly Robyn,

Tell me how thy leman does.³

A Robyn, Jolly Robyn.

Where gripinge grefes the hart wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There music with her silver sound⁴

With spede is wont to send redresse.

A Song to the Lute in Musicke.

¹ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.

From Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

² "As by lot, God wot;" and then you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was."—SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2.*

³ Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night, act iv. sc. 2.*

⁴ When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And dolefu dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound.

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. 5.*

The blinded boy that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did hie.¹

King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid.

“What is thy name, faire maid?” quoth he.

“Penelophon, O King!” quoth she.² *Ibid.*

And how should I know your true love

From many another one?

Oh, by his cockle hat and staff,

And by his sandal shoone.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

O Lady, he is dead and gone!

Lady, he's dead and gone!

And at his head a green grass turfe,

And at his heels a stone.³ *Ibid*

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.⁴ *Ibid.*

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,

Thy sorrowe is in vaine;

For violets pluckt, the sweetest showers

Will ne'er make grow againe.⁵ *Ibid*

He that would not when he might,

He shall not when he wolda.⁶ *Ibid.*

¹ Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid!

SHAKESPEARE: *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1.

² Shakespeare, who alludes to this ballad in “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” act iv. sc. 1, gives the beggar’s name Zenelophon. The story of the king and the beggar is also alluded to in “King Richard II.,” act v. sc. 3.

³ Quoted in “Hamlet,” act iv. sc. 3.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 51.

⁵ See John Fletcher, page 183.

⁶ See Heywood, page 9.

He that will not when he may,
When he would, he should have nay.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part i. book iii. chap. iv.

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.¹ *Winifreda (1720)*

And when with envy Time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys. *Ibid*

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a croune;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he call'd the taylor loune.

He was a wight of high renowne,
And those but of a low degree;
Itt's pride that putts the countrye doune,
Then take thine old cloake about thee.²
Take thy old Cloak about Thee

A poore soule sat sighing under a sycamore tree;
Oh willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
Oh willow, willow, willow!³ *Willow, willow, willow*

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king.⁴
Sir Launcelot du Lake

Shall I bid her goe? What if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
Oh no, no, no! I dare not.⁵
Corydon's Farewell to Phillis.

¹ See Chapman, page 37.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus (Nobility is the one only virtue). —
JUVENAL: *Satire viii. line 20.*

² The first stanza is quoted in full, and the last line of the second, by
Shakespeare in "Othello," act ii. sc. 3.

³ The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow.

Othello, act iv. sc. 3.

⁴ Quoted by Shakespeare in Second Part of "Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 4.

⁵ Quoted by Shakespeare in "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3.

But in vayne shee did conjure him
 To depart her presence soe ;
 Having a thousand tongues to allure him,
 And but one to bid him goe.

Dulcina

—◆—
 EDMUND BURKE. 1729–1797.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. *A Vindication of Natural Society.*¹ *Preface, vol. i. p. 7.*

“War,” says Machiavel, “ought to be the only study of a prince;” and by a prince he means every sort of state, however constituted. “He ought,” says this great political doctor, “to consider peace only as a breathing-time, which gives him leisure to contrive, and furnishes ability to execute military plans.” A meditation on the conduct of political societies made old Hobbes imagine that war was the state of nature.

A Vindication of Natural Society. Vol. i. p. 15.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.² *On the Sublime and Beautiful. Sect. xiv. vol. i. p. 118.*

Custom reconciles us to everything.

Sect. xviii. vol. i. p. 231.

There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation. Vol. i. p. 273.

The wisdom of our ancestors.³

Ibid. p. 516. Also in the Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill, 1793.

¹ Boston edition. 1865–1867.

² In the adversity of our best friends we always find something which is not wholly displeasing to us. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Reflections, xv.*

³ Lord Brougham says of Bacon, “He it was who first employed the well-known phrase of ‘the wisdom of our ancestors.’”

SYDNEY SMITH: *Plymley's Letters, letter v.* LORD ELDON: *On Sir Samuel Romilly's Bill, 1815.* CICERO: *De Legibus, ii. 2, 3.*

Illustrious predecessor.¹

Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents. Vol. i. p. 456.

In such a strait the wisest may well be perplexed and the boldest staggered. *P. 516.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. *P. 526.*

Of this stamp is the cant of, Not men, but measures.² *P. 531.*

The concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. *Speech on the Conciliation of America. Vol. ii. p. 108.*

There is America, which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners, yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. *P. 115.*

Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren. *P. 116.*

A people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. *P. 117.*

A wise and salutary neglect. *Ibid.*

My vigour relents, — I pardon something to the spirit of liberty. *P. 118.*

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principles of resistance: it is the dissidence of dissent, and the protestantism of the Protestant religion. *P. 123.*

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. *P. 136.*

The march of the human mind is slow.³ *P. 149.*

¹ See Fielding, page 364.

² See Goldsmith, page 401.

³ The march of intellect. — SOUTHBY: *Progress and Prospects of Society*, vol. ii. p. 360.

All government, — indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, — is founded on compromise and barter.

Speech on the Conciliation of America. Vol. ii. p. 169.

The worthy gentleman who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll. Vol. ii. p. 420.

They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.

On the Army Estimates. Vol. iii. p. 231.

People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 274

You had that action and counteraction which, in the natural and in the political world, from the reciprocal struggle of discordant powers draws out the harmony of the universe.¹

P. 277.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, — glittering like the morning star full of life and splendour and joy. . . . Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, — in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from

¹ Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors (What the discordant harmony of circumstances would and could effect). — HORACE: *Epistle i. 12, 19*

Mr. Breen, in his "Modern English Literature," says: "This remarkable thought Alison the historian has turned to good account; it occurs so often in his disquisitions that he seems to have made it the staple of all wisdom and the basis of every truth."

their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 331.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone.

Ibid.

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound.

P. 332.

Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

Ibid.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.

P. 334.

Learning will be cast into the mire and trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude.¹

P. 335.

Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.

P. 344

In their nomination to office they will not appoint to the exercise of authority as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function.

P. 356.

The men of England, — the men, I mean, of light and leading in England.

P. 365.

¹ This expression was tortured to mean that he actually thought the people no better than swine; and the phrase "the swinish multitude" was bruited about in every form of speech and writing, in order to excite popular indignation.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Reflections on the Revolution in France. Vol. iii. p. 453.

To execute laws is a royal office; to execute orders is not to be a king. However, a political executive magistracy, though merely such, is a great trust.¹

P. 497.

You can never plan the future by the past.²

Letter to a Member of the National Assembly. Vol. iv. p. 55.

The cold neutrality of an impartial judge.

Preface to Brissot's Address. Vol. v. p. 67.

And having looked to Government for bread, on the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them.³

Thoughts and Details on Scarcity. Vol. v. p. 156.

All men that are ruined, are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.

Letter i. On a Regicide Peace. Vol. v. p. 286.

All those instances to be found in history, whether real or fabulous, of a doubtful public spirit, at which morality is perplexed, reason is staggered, and from which affrighted Nature recoils, are their chosen and almost sole examples for the instruction of their youth.

P. 311.

Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.

P. 331.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.

Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians. Vol. vii. p. 50.

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service.

Speech in opening the Impeachment of Warren Hastings Third Day. Vol. x. p. 54.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.

Speech at County Meeting of Bucks, 1784.

¹ See Appendix, page 859.

² I know no way of judging of the future but by the past. — PATRICK HENRY: *Speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775.*

³ We set ourselves to bite the hand that feeds us. — *Cause of the Present Discontents, vol. i. p. 439.*

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets.

Letter to Matthew Smith.

It has all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration.²

*Prior's Life of Burke.*³

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.⁴

On Pitt's First Speech, Feb. 26, 1781. From Wrazall's Memoirs, First Series, vol. i. p. 342.

CHARLES CHURCHILL. 1731-1764.

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

The Rosciad. Line 322.

But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel — must feel themselves.⁵

Line 961.

Who to patch up his fame, or fill his purse,
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse ;

¹ Family vault of "all the Capulets." — *Reflections on the Revolution in France, vol. iii. p. 349.*

² When Croft's "Life of Dr. Young" was spoken of as a good imitation of Dr. Johnson's style, "No, no," said he, "it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak, without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration." — PRIOR: *Life of Burke.*

The gloomy comparisons of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration. — JUNIUS: *Letter No. viii. To Sir W. Draper.*

³ At the conclusion of one of Mr. Burke's eloquent harangues, Mr. Cruger, finding nothing to add, or perhaps as he thought to add with effect, exclaimed earnestly, in the language of the counting-house, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke! I say ditto to Mr. Burke!" — PRIOR: *Life of Burke, p. 152.*

⁴ See Sir Thomas Browne, page 219.

⁵ Si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi

(If you wish me to weep, you yourself must first feel grief).

HORACE: *Arx Poetica, v. 102.*

Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.¹

The Apology. Line 232.

No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains. *Night. Line 271.*

Apt alliteration's artful aid.

The Prophecy of Famine. Line 86.

There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies.

Line 327.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.

Epistle to William Hogarth. Line 645.

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.

The Author. Line 233.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.²

The Farewell. Line 27.

Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow.³ *Line 38.*



WILLIAM COWPER. 1731–1800.

Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

Table Talk. Line 28.

As if the world and they were hand and glove. *Line 173.*

Happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose. *Line 246.*

¹ Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disguise them to make 'em pass for their own. — SHERIDAN: *The Critic, act i. sc. i.*

² England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country!

COWPER: *The Task, book ii. The Timepiece, line 206*

³ Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam. — BYRON: *The Corsair canto i. stanza 1.*

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

Table Talk. Line 260.

Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

Line 542.

Agès elapsed ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And agès ere the Mantuan swan was heard:
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd agès more.

Line 556.

Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy.

Line 588.

Low ambition and the thirst of praise.¹

Line 591.

Made poetry a mere mechanic art.

Line 654

Nature, exerting an unwearied power,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to every flower;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.

Line 690

Lights of the world, and stars of human race.

The Progress of Error. Line 97.

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!

Line 415.

Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true, —
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.

Truth. Line 327.

The sounding jargon of the schools.²

Line 367.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings.

Charity. Line 435.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Conversation. Line 96.

¹ See Pope, page 314.

² See Prior, page 287.

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.

Conversation. Line 121

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, — and no other can.

Line 193.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys:
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

Line 251.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume.

Line 283.

The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.¹

Line 299.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.²

Line 303

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.³

Line 357

That good diffused may more abundant grow.

Line 443.

A business with an income at its heels
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.

Retirement. Line 614.

Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.

Line 623.

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless if it goes as if it stands.

Line 681.

Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn.

Line 683.

¹ See Pope, page 331.

² See Pope, page 336.

³ See Butler, page 213.

The story of a lamp which was supposed to have burned about fifteen hundred years in the sepulchre of Tullia, the daughter of Cicero, is told by Pancirollus and others.

Philologists, who chase
 A panting syllable through time and space,
 Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
 To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark.

Retirement. Line 691.

I praise the Frenchman,¹ his remark was shrewd, —
 How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
 But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
 Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

Line 739.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
 May kill a sound divine.

The Yearly Distress.

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk.

O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?

Ibid

But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard;
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ibid.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.

Ibid.

There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

On observing some Names of Little Note.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

Human Frailty

And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

The Rose

'T is Providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours. *A Fable. Moral.*

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no. *Pairing Time Anticipated.*

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry, —
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry. *Ibid.*

That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind. *History of John Gilpin.*

A hat not much the worse for wear. *Ibid.*

Now let us sing, Long live the king!
And Gilpin, Long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see! *Ibid.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.
To an Afflicted Protestant Lac

United yet divided, twain at once:
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne.¹
The Task. Book i. The Sofa. Line 5.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. *Line 181.*

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged. *Line 506.*

Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade. *Line 673.*

God made the country, and man made the town.²
Line 749

¹ BUCKINGHAM: *The Rehearsal* (the two Kings of Brentford).

² See Bacon, page 167.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,¹
 Some boundless contiguity of shade,
 Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more.

The Task. Book iv. The Timepiece, Line 1

Mountains interposed
 Make enemies of nations who had else,
 Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Line 17.*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd. *Line 29.*

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
 Receive our air, that moment they are free!
 They touch our country, and their shackles fall.² *Line 40.*

Fast-anchor'd isle. *Line 151.*

England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
 My country!³ *Line 206.*

Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
 Of her magnificent and awful cause. *Line 231.*

¹ Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! — *Jeremiah ix. 2.*

Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place! — *BYRON: Childe Harold, canto iv. stanza 177.*

² Servi peregrini, ut primum Galliæ fines penetraverint eodem momento liberi sunt (Foreign slaves, as soon as they come within the limits of Gaul, that moment they are free). — *BODINUS: Liber i. c. 5.*

Lord Campbell ("Lives of the Chief Justices," vol. ii. p. 418) says that "Lord Mansfield first established the grand doctrine that the air of England is too pure to be breathed by a slave." The words attributed to Lord Mansfield, however, are not found in his judgment. They are in Hargrave's argument, May 14, 1772, where he speaks of England as "a soil whose air is deemed too pure for slaves to breathe in." — *LOFFT: Reports, p. 2.*

³ See Churchill, page 413.

Praise enough
 To fill the ambition of a private man,
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue.
The Task. Book ii. The Timepiece, Line 235.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
 Which only poets know.¹ *Line 285.*

Transforms old print
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
 Of gallery critics by a thousand arts. *Line 363.*

Reading what they never wrote,
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene. *Line 411.*

Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not. *Line 444.*

Variety's the very spice of life.² *Line 606.*

She that asks
 Her dear five hundred friends. *Line 642.*

His head,
 Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd. *Line 702.*

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Book iii. The Garden. Line 41.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust. *Line 161*

From reveries so airy, from the toil
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
 And growing old in drawing nothing up.³ *Line 188.*

¹ See Dryden, page 277.

² No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety. — PUB. SYRUS: *Maxim* 406.

³ He has spent all his life in letting down buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again. — *Lady Holland's Memoir of Sydney Smith, vol. i. p. 259.*

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!

The Task. Book iii. The Garden, Line 352.

Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too. *Line 566.*

I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate¹ wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Book iv. The Winter Evening. Line 34

Which not even critics criticise. *Line 51.*

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns? *Line 55.*

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'T is pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world, — to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. *Line 86.*

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home. *Line 118.*

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year!² *Line 120.*

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves. *Line 217.*

In indolent vacuity of thought. *Line 297.*

It seems the part of wisdom. *Line 336.*

All learned, and all drunk! *Line 478*

¹ See Bishop Berkeley, page 312.

² See Thomson, page 356.

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call.

The Task. Book iv. The Winter Evening, Line 510.

Those golden times

And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.

Line 514.

The Frenchman's darling.¹

Line 765.

Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.

Line 788

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.²

Book v. The Winter Morning Walk. Line 144

But war's a game which were their subjects wise
Kings would not play at.

Line 187

The beggarly last doit.

Line 316

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

Line 444.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.

Line 733.

With filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, My Father made them all!

Line 745

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.

Line 905.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd

¹ It was Cowper who gave this now common name to the *mignonette*.

² No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.

HEBER: *Palestine*

So that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard
in the house while it was in building. — *1 Kings vi. 7.*

With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of those village bells
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet!

The Task. Book vi. Winter Walk at Noon. Line 1.

Here the heart

May give a useful lesson to the head,
 And Learning wiser grow without his books. *Line 85*

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
 Books are not seldom talismans and spells. *Line 96.*

Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. *Line 101.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
 (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Line 560.*

An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
 Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
Epistle to Joseph Hill.

Shine by the side of every path we tread
 With such a lustre, he that runs may read.¹
Tirocinium. Line 79

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill. *Walking with God.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

¹ Write the vision, and make it plain, upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. — *Habakkuk ii. 2.*

He that runs may read. — TENNYSON: *The Flower.*

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea
 And rides upon the storm.

Light shining out of Darkness.

Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a shining face.

Ibid.

Beware of desperate steps ! The darkest day,
 Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

The Needless Alarm. Moral.

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture

The son of parents pass'd into the skies.

Ibid.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
 And proves, by thumping on your back,¹
 His sense of your great merit,²
 Is such a friend that one had need
 Be very much his friend indeed
 To pardon or to bear it.

On Friendship

A worm is in the bud of youth,
 And at the root of age.

Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality.

Toll for the brave ! —

The brave that are no more !
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore !

On the Loss of the Royal George.

There is a bird who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be supposed a crow.

The Jackdaw. (Translation from Vincent Bourne)

¹ See Young, page 312.

² *Var.* How he esteems your merit.

He sees that this great roundabout
 The world, with all its motley rout,
 Church, army, phisic, law,
 Its customs and its businesses,
 Is no concern at all of his,
 And says — what says he? — Caw.

The Jackdaw. (Translation from Vincent Bournes.

For 't is a truth we'l known to most,
 That whatsoever thing is lost,
 We seek it, ere it come to light,
 In every cranny but the right. *The Retired Cat.*

He that holds fast the golden mean,¹
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door.

Translation of Horace. Book ii. Ode x.

But strive still to be a man before your mother.²
Connoisseur. Motto of No. iii.



ERASMUS DARWIN. 1731–1802.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam ! afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive th' rapid car ;
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the field of air.

The Botanic Garden. Part i. Canto i. Line 289

No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
 No gem that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
 Not the bright stars which Night's blue arch adorn,
 Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
 Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
 Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

Part ii. Canto iii. Line 453

¹ Keep the golden mean. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 1072.*

² See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 199.

BEILBY PORTEUS. 1731-1808.

In sober state,
Through the sequestered vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.¹

Death. Line 108.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.²

Line 154.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.

Line 178.

Teach him how to live,
And, oh still harder lesson! how to die.³

Line 316.



GEORGE WASHINGTON. 1732-1799.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of
celestial fire, — conscience.

Rule from the Copy-book of Washington when a schoolboy

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual
means of preserving peace.⁴

Speech to both Houses of Congress, Jan. 8, 1790.

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alli-
ances with any portion of the foreign world.

His Farewell Address.

¹ See Gray, page 385.

² See Young, page 311.

³ See Tickell, page 313.

⁴ Qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum (Who would desire peace should be prepared for war). — VEGETIUS: *Rei Militari* 3, Prolog.

In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello (In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war. — HORACE: *Book ii. satire ii.*

LORD THURLOW. 1732–1806.

The accident of an accident.

*Speech in Reply to the Duke of Grafton. Butler's
Reminiscences, vol. i. p. 142.*

When I forget my sovereign, may my God forget me.¹

27 Parliamentary History, 680; Annual Register, 1789.



JOHN DICKINSON. 1732–1808.

Then join in hand, brave Americans all!
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.

The Liberty Song (1768).

Our cause is just, our union is perfect.

Declaration on taking up Arms in 1775.²



W. J. MICKLE. 1734–1788.

The dews of summer nights did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,³
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Cumnor Hall.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';

¹ Whereupon Wilkes is reported to have said, somewhat coarsely, but not unhappily it must be allowed, "Forget you! He'll see you d—d first." Burke also exclaimed, "The best thing that could happen to you!" — BROUGHAM: *Statesmen of the Time of George III. (Thurlow.)*

² From the original manuscript draft in Dickinson's handwriting, which has given rise to the belief that he, not Jefferson (as formerly claimed), is the real author of this sentence.

³ Jove, thou regent of the skies. — POPE: *The Odyssey, book ii. line 42.*

Now Cynthia, named fair regent of the night. — GAY: *Trivia, book iii.*

And hail their queen, fair regent of the night. — DARWIN: *The Botanic Garden, part i. canto ii. line 90.*

There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'. *The Mariner's Wife.*¹
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stairs. *Ibid.*

JOHN LANGHORNE. 1735-1779.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
 The big drops mingling with the milk he drew
 Gave the sad presage of his future years, —
 The child of misery, baptized in tears.²
The Country Justice. Part 1

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF. 1735-1787.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
Love in a Village. Act 1. Sc. 1
 There was a jolly miller once,
 Lived on the river Dee;
 He worked and sung from morn till night:
 No lark more blithe than he. *Sc. 2.*
 And this the burden of his song
 Forever used to be, —
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If no one cares for me.³ *Ibid.*

¹ "The Mariner's Wife" is now given "by common consent," says Sarah Tytler, to Jean Adam (1710-1765).

² This allusion to the dead soldier and his widow on the field of battle was made the subject of a print by Bunbury, under which were engraved the pathetic lines of Langhorne. Sir Walter Scott has mentioned that the only time he saw Burns this picture was in the room. Burns shed tears over it; and Scott, then a lad of fifteen, was the only person present who could tell him where the lines were to be found. — LOCKHART: *Life of Scott, vol. 1 chap. v*

³ If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

BURNS: *I hae a Wife o' my Ain*

Young fellows will be young fellows.

Love in a Village. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Ay, do despise me! I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.

The Hypocrite. Act v. Sc. 1.

JAMES BEATTIE. 1735-1803.

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?

The Minstrel. Book i. Stanza 1.

Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

Stanza 11.

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

Stanza 25.

Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

Book ii. Stanza 17.

At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove.

The Hermit.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

Ibid.

But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

Ibid.

By the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.

Ibid.

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

Ibid.

JOHN ADAMS. 1735–1826.

Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America; and a greater perhaps never was, nor will be, decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, that those United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States. *Letter to Mrs. Adams, July 3, 1776.*

The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore. *Ibid.*

PATRICK HENRY. 1736–1799.

Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third [“Treason!” cried the Speaker] — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it.

Speech in the Virginia Convention, 1765.

I am not a Virginian, but an American.¹

Ibid. September, 1774.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging of the future but by the past.² *Ibid. March, 1775.*

¹ I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American! — WEBSTER: *Speech, July 17, 1850.*

² See Burke, page 411.

Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775.

EDWARD GIBBON. 1737–1794.

The reign of Antoninus is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.¹

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (1776). Chap. iii.

Revenge is profitable, gratitude is expensive. Chap. xi.

Amiable weaknesses of human nature.² Chap. xiv

In every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.³ Chap. xlviii.

Our sympathy is cold to the relation of distant misery. Chap. xlix.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.⁴ Chap. lxxviii.

Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave. Chap. lxxxi.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance. *Ibid.*

I saw and loved.⁵ *Memoirs. Vol. i. p. 106.*

¹ L'histoire n'est que le tableau des crimes et des malheurs (History is but the record of crimes and misfortunes). — VOLTAIRE: *L'Ingénu*, chap. x.

² See Fielding, page 364.

³ See Clarendon, page 255.

⁴ On dit que Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons (It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions). — VOLTAIRE: *Letter to M. le Riche. 1770.*

J'ai toujours vu Dieu du côté des gros bataillons (I have always noticed that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions). — *De la Ferté to Anne of Austria.*

⁵ See Chapman, page 35.

On the approach of spring I withdraw without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.

Memoirs. Vol. i. p. 116.

I was never less alone than when by myself.¹ P. 117

THOMAS PAINE. 1737-1809.

And the final event to himself [Mr. Burke] has been, that, as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.

Letter to the Addressers.

These are the times that try men's souls.

The American Crisis. No. 1.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.²

Age of Reason. Part ii. note.

JOHN WOLCOT. 1738-1819.

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.

To the Royal Academicians.

No, let the monarch's bags and others hold
The flattering, mighty, nay, al-mighty gold.³

To Kien Long. Ode iv.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt.
And every grin so merry draws one out.

Expostulatory Odes. Ode xv.

¹ Never less alone than when alone.—ROGERS: *Human Life*.

² Probably this is the original of Napoleon's celebrated *mot*, "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas" (From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step).

³ See Jonson, page 178.

A fellow in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down.

Farewell Odes. Ode iii.

MRS. THRALE. 1739–1821.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground :
'T was therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears. *Three Warnings.*

CHARLES MORRIS. 1745–1838.

Solid men of Boston, banish long potations !
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations !¹

*Pitt and Dundas's Return to London from Wimbledon.
American Song. From Lyra Urbanica.*

O give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall !

Country and Town.

A. M. TOPLADY. 1740–1778.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Salvation through Christ.

¹ Solid men of Boston, make no long orations !
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations !
*Billy Pitt and the Farmer. From Debrett's Asylum for
Fugitive Pieces, vol. ii. p. 250.*

THOMAS MOSS. 1740-1808.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
 Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
The Beggar.

A pampered menial drove me from the door.¹ *Ibid.*



MRS. BARBAULD. 1743-1825.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
 And souls are ripened in our northern sky.
The Invitation.

This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
 And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
A Summer's Evening Meditation.

It is to hope, though hope were lost.²
Come here, Fond Youth.

Life ! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
 'T is hard to part when friends are dear, —
 Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear ;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time ;
 Say not " Good night," but in some brighter clime
 Bid me " Good morning."
Life.

¹ This line stood originally, " A liveried servant," etc., and was altered as above by Goldsmith. — FORSTER: *Life of Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 215 (fifth edition, 1871).

² Who against hope believed in hope. — *Romans iv. 18.*

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive. — MONTGOMERY: *The World before the Flood.*

So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;¹
 So dies a wave along the shore.

The Death of the Virtuous.

Child of mortality, whence comest thou ? Why is
 thy countenance sad, and why are thine eyes red with
 weeping ?

Hymns in Prose. xiii.



THOMAS JEFFERSON. 1743-1826.

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same
 time.

Summary View of the Rights of British America.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes neces-
 sary for one people to dissolve the political bands which
 have connected them with another, and to assume among
 the powers of the earth the separate and equal station
 to which the laws of nature and of nature's God² entitle
 them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind re-
 quires that they should declare the causes which impel
 them to the separation.

Declaration of Independence.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, — that all men
 are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Cre-
 ator with certain unalienable rights ;³ that among these
 are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Ibid.

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our for-
 tunes, and our sacred honour.

Ibid.

Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left
 free to combat it.

First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1801.

¹ See Chaucer, page 6.

² See Bolingbroke, page 304.

³ All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential
 and unalienable rights. — *Constitution of Massachusetts.*

Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, — entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; . . . freedom of religion; freedom of the press; freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus; and trial by juries impartially selected, — these principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us, and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation.

First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1801.

In the full tide of successful experiment.

Ibid.

Of the various executive abilities, no one excited more anxious concern than that of placing the interests of our fellow-citizens in the hands of honest men, with understanding sufficient for their stations.¹ No duty is at the same time more difficult to fulfil. The knowledge of character possessed by a single individual is of necessity limited. To seek out the best through the whole Union, we must resort to the information which from the best of men, acting disinterestedly and with the purest motives, is sometimes incorrect.

Letter to Elias Shipman and others of New Haven, July 12, 1801.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.²

Ibid.

¹ This passage is thus paraphrased by John B. McMaster in his "History of the People of the United States" (ii. 586): "One sentence will undoubtedly be remembered till our republic ceases to exist. 'No duty the Executive had to perform was so trying,' he observed, 'as to put the right man in the right place.'"

² Usually quoted, "Few die and none resign."

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.¹

Life of Jefferson (Rayner), p. 356.

Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just.

Notes on Virginia. Query xviii. Manners.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR. 1744–1775.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a “halter” intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men.

Observations on the Boston Port Bill, 1774.

CHARLES DIBDIN. 1745–1814.

There’s a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack. *Poor Jack.*

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.
Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he’s gone aloft. *Tom Bowling.*

For though his body’s under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft. *Ibid.*

Spanking Jack was so comely, so pleasant, so jolly,
Though winds blew great guns, still he’d whistle and
sing;

Jack loved his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And if honour gives greatness, was great as a king.
*The Sailor’s Consolation.*²

¹ See Appendix, page 859.

² A song with this title, beginning, “One night came on a hurricane,” was written by William Pitt, of Malta, who died in 1840.

HANNAH MORE. 1745–1833.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
 And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
Sensibility.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our misery from our foibles springs.
Ibid.

In men this blunder still you find, —
 All think their little set mankind.
Florio. Part i.

Small habits well pursued betimes
 May reach the dignity of crimes.
Ibid.



LORD STOWELL. 1745–1836.

A dinner lubricates business.
Life of Johnson (Boswell). Vol. viii. p. 67, note.

The elegant simplicity of the three per cents.¹
Lives of the Lord Chancellors (Campbell). Vol. x. Chap. 212.



SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746–1794.

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.
A Persian Song of Hafiz.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung.²
Ibid.

¹ The sweet simplicity of the three per cents. — DISRAELI (Earl Beaconsfield): *Endymion*.

² 'T was he that ranged the words at random flung,
 Pierced the fair pearls and them together strung.

EASTWICK: *Anvari Suhaili*. (Translated from Firdousi.)

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

From the Persian.

What constitutes a state ?

Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.¹

Ode in Imitation of Alcæus

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.²



JOHN LOGAN. 1748-1788.

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

To the Cuckoo.

Oh could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Ibid.

¹ Neither walls, theatres, porches, nor senseless equipage, make states, but men who are able to rely upon themselves. — ARISTIDES: *Oration* (Jebb's edition), *vol. i.* (trans. by A. W. Austin).

By Themistocles alone, or with very few others, does this saying appear to be approved, which, though Alcæus formerly had produced, many afterwards claimed: "Not stones, nor wood, nor the art of artisans, make a state; but where men are who know how to take care of themselves, these are cities and walls." — *Ibid. vol. ii.*

² See Coke, page 24.

JONATHAN M. SEWALL. 1748-1808.

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.

*Epilogue to Cato.*¹

JOHN EDWIN. 1749-1790.

A man's ingress into the world is naked and bare,
His progress through the world is trouble and care;
And lastly, his egress out of the world, is nobody knows
where.

If we do well here, we shall do well there:
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.²

The Eccentricities of John Edwin (second edition), vol. i. p. 74.
London, 1791.

JOHN TRUMBULL. 1750-1831.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen. *McFingal. Canto i. Line 67.*

But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And though well aimed at duck or plover,
Bear wide, and kick their owners over. *Line 93.*

As though there were a tie
And obligation to posterity.
We get them, bear them, breed, and nurse:
What has posterity done for us

¹ Written for the Bow Street Theatre, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

² These lines Edwin offers as heads of a "sermon." Longfellow places them in the mouth of "The Cobbler of Hagenau," as a "familiar tune." See "The Wayside Inn, part ii. The Student's Tale."

That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose ?

M^cFingal. Canto ii. Line 121

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.

Canto iii. Line 489.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. 1751-1816.

Illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

The Rivals. Act i. Sc. 2.

'T is safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion.

Ibid

A progeny of learning.

Ibid.

A circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree
of diabolical knowledge.

Act iii. Sc. 1.

He is the very pine-apple of politeness !

Sc. 3.

If I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of
my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs !

Ibid.

As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.

Ibid.

Too civil by half.

Sc. 4.

Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they
are the last people I should choose to have a visiting
acquaintance with.

Act iv. Sc. 1.

No caparisons, miss, if you please. Caparisons don't
become a young woman.

Sc. 2.

We will not anticipate the past; so mind, young
people, — our retrospection will be all to the future.

Ibid.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once,
are you ?

Ibid.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands ; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

The Rivals. Act iv. Sc. 3.

You're our enemy ; lead the way, and we'll precede.

Act v. Sc. 1.

There's nothing like being used to a thing.¹

Sc. 3.

As there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Ibid.

My valour is certainly going ! it is sneaking off ! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palm of my hands !

Ibid.

I own the soft impeachment.

Ibid.

Steal ! to be sure they may ; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, — disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.²

The Critic. Act i. Sc. 1.

The newspapers ! Sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal — Not that I ever read them ! No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Sc. 2

Egad, I think the interpreter is the hardest to be understood of the two !

Ibid.

Sheer necessity, — the proper parent of an art so nearly allied to invention.

Ibid.

No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope ?

Act ii. Sc. 1.

Certainly nothing is unnatural that is not physically impossible.

Ibid.

Where they *do* agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful.

Sc. 2.

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne.

Ibid.

The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because — it is not yet in sight !

Ibid.

¹ 'T is nothing when you are used to it. — SWIFT : *Polite Conversation*, *ii*

² See Churchill, page 413.

An oyster may be crossed in love.

The Critic. Act iii. Sc. 1

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

School for Scandal. Act i. Sc. 1.

Here is the whole set! a character dead at every word.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

I leave my character behind me.

Ibid.

Here 's to the maiden of bashful fifteen ;

Here 's to the widow of fifty ;

Here 's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,

And here 's to the housewife that 's thrifty !

Let the toast pass ;

Drink to the lass ;

I 'll warrant she 'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Act iii. Sc. 3.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.

Act v. Sc. 1.

It was an amiable weakness.¹

Ibid.

I ne'er could any lustre see

In eyes that would not look on me ;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip

But where my own did hope to sip.

The Duenna. Act i. Sc. 2.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,

I ne'er could injure you.

Sc. 5.

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.

Act ii. Sc. 4.

While his off-heel, insidiously aside,

Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.

Pizarro. The Prologue.

Such protection as vultures give to lambs.

Act ii. Sc. 2.

¹ See Fielding, page 364.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, — by deeds, not years.¹ *Pizarro. Act iv. Sc. 1.*

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.² *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas. Sheridaniana.*

You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading.

Clio's Protest. Life of Sheridan (Moore). Vol. i. p. 155.

PHILIP FRENEAU. 1752–1832.

The hunter and the deer a shade.³ *The Indian Burying-Ground.*

Then rushed to meet the insulting foe ;
They took the spear, but left the shield.⁴

To the Memory of the Americans who fell at Eutaw.

GEORGE CRABBE. 1754–1832.

Oh, rather give me commentators plain,
Who with no deep researches vex the brain ;
Who from the dark and doubtful love to run,
And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun.⁵

The Parish Register. Part i. Introduction.

¹ He who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him.

BYRON : *Childe Harold, canto iii. stanza 5.*

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths. — BAILEY : *Festus. A Country Town.*

Who well lives, long lives ; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.

DU BARTAS : *Days and Weekes. Fourth Day. Book ii.*

² On peut dire que son esprit brille aux dépens de sa mémoire (One may say that his wit shines by the help of his memory). — LE SAGE : *Gil Blas, livre iii. chap. xi.*

³ This line was appropriated by Campbell in "O'Connor's Child."

⁴ When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.

SCOTT : *Marmion, Introduction to canto iii.*

⁵ See Young, page 311.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
 Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd;
 The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
 And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

The Parish Register. Part ii. Marriages.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.¹

The Borough. Letter xii. Players.

Books cannot always please, however good;
 Minds are not ever craving for their food.

Letter xxiv. Schools.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay;
 Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.

The Birth of Flattery.

Cut and come again.

Tales. Tale vii. The Widow's Tale.

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.²

Tale xiv. The Struggles of Conscience.

But 't was a maxim he had often tried,
 That right was right, and there he would abide.³

Tale xv. The Squire and the Priest.

'T was good advice, and meant, my son, Be good.

Tale xxi. The Learned Boy.

He tried the luxury of doing good.⁴

Tales of the Hall. Book iii. Boys at School.

To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not repent.⁵ *Ibid.*

And took for truth the test of ridicule.⁶

Book viii. The Sisters.

¹ See Appendix, page 858.

² 'T is better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*, xxvii.

³ For right is right, since God is God. -- FABER: *The Right must win.*

⁴ See Goldsmith, page 394.

⁵ To sigh, yet feel no pain. -- MOORE: *The Blue Stocking.*

⁶ See Appendix, page 394.

Time has touched me gently in his race,
And left no odious furrows in my face.¹

Tales of the Hall. Book xvii. The Widow

—◆—
GEORGE BARRINGTON. 1755—

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.²

*Prologue written for the Opening of the Play-house at
New South Wales, Jan. 16, 1796.*

—◆—
HENRY LEE. 1756—1818.

To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace,
and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

*Memoirs of Lee. Eulogy on Washington, Dec. 26, 1799.*³

—◆—
J. P. KEMBLE. 1757—1823.

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But — why did you kick me down stairs? ⁴

The Panel. Act i. Sc. 1

¹ Touch us gently, Time. — B. W. PROCTER: *Touch us gently, Time.*
Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently.

LONGFELLOW: *The Golden Legend, iv.*

² See Farquhar, page 305.

³ To the memory of the Man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens. — *Resolutions presented to the United States' House of Representatives, on the Death of Washington, December, 1799.*

The eulogy was delivered a week later. Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," vol. v. p. 767, says in a note that these resolutions were prepared by Colonel Henry Lee, who was then not in his place to read them. General Robert E. Lee, in the Life of his father (1869), prefixed to the Report of his father's "Memoirs of the War of the Revolution," gives (p. 5) the expression "fellow-citizens;" but on p. 52 he says: "But there is a line, a single line, in the Works of Lee which would hand him over to immortality, though he had never written another: 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen' will last while language lasts."

⁴ Altered from Bickerstaff's "'Tis Well 't is no Worse." The lines are also found in Debrett's "Asylum for Fugitive Pieces," vol. i. p. 15.

HORATIO NELSON. 1758–1805.

In the battle off Cape St. Vincent, Nelson gave orders for boarding the “San Josef,” exclaiming “Westminster Abbey, or victory!” *Life of Nelson* (Southey). Vol. i. p. 93.

England expects every man to do his duty.¹

Vol. ii. p. 131.



ROBERT BURNS. 1759–1796.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!²

Green grow the Rashes

Some books are lies frae end to end.

Death and Dr. Hornbook

Some wee short hours ayont the twal.

Ibid.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

To a Mouse.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare.

Man was made to Mourn.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Ibid.

¹ This famous sentence is thus first reported: “Say to the fleet, England confides that every man will do his duty.” Captain Pasco, Nelson's flag-lieutenant, suggested to substitute “expects” for “confides,” which was adopted. Captain Blackwood, who commanded the “Euryalis,” says that the correction suggested was from “Nelson expects” to “England expects.”

² Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skilful mistress of her art.

Cupid's Whirligig (1607).

Gars auld claes look amaist as wee¹'s the new.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening
gale. *Ibid.*

He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And " Let us worship God," he says with solemn air. *Ibid.*

Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name. *Ibid.*

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
" An honest man 's the noblest work of God." ¹ *Ibid.*

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle 's a' that. *The Jolly Beggars.*

O Life ! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play. *Epistle to James Smith.*

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven ;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven. *The Vision.*

And like a passing thought, she fled
In light away. *Ibid.*

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;
A brother to relieve, — how exquisite the bliss !
A Winter Night.

His locked, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar. *The Twa Dogs.*

¹ See Fletcher, page 183.

And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

The Twa Dogs.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

To a Louse.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.¹

Address to the Unco Guid.

What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted.

Ibid.

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.²

To a Mountain Daisy.

O life ! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !

Despondency.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Epistle to a Young Friend.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing ;
But, och ! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling !

Ibid.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order ;³
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.

Ibid.

An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

Ibid.

And may you better reckon the rede,⁴
Than ever did the adviser !

Ibid.

¹ See Pope, page 325.

² See Young, page 309.

³ See Burton, page 193.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 129.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes ;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.

Flow gently, sweet Afton.

Oh whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad.¹

Whistle, and I'll come to ye.

If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.²

I hae a Wife o' my Ain.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

Auld Lang Syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine.

Ibid.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark !
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse ?

Ode on Mrs. Oswald.

To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife, —
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life.

Epistle to Dr. Blacklock.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent.

John Anderson.

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

² See Bickerstaff, page 427.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer.¹

My Heart's in the Highlands.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonny wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.

The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie' ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Highland Mary

But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early.

Ibid.

It's guid to be merry and wise,²
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a Health to Them that's Awa'

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory !
 Now 's the day and now 's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lour.

Bannockburn.

Liberty 's in every blow !
 Let us do or die.³

Ibid.

In durance vile⁴ here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowsy couch in sorrow steep.

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.

¹ These lines from an old song, entitled "The Strong Walls of Derry" Burns made a basis for his own beautiful ditty.

² See Heywood, page 9.

³ See Fletcher, page 183.

⁴ Durance vile. — W. KENRICK (1766): *Falstaff's Wedding*, act i. sc. 2.
 BURKE : *The Present Discontents.*

Oh, my luvè 's like a red, red rose,
 That 's newly sprung in June ;
 Oh, my luvè 's like the melodie
 That 's sweetly played in tune.

A Red, Red Rose

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.

Contented wi' Little.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Tam o' Shanter.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises.

Ibid.

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither, —
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.

Ibid.

The landlady and Tam grew gracious
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious.

Ibid.

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.

Ibid.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

Ibid.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
 A moment white, then melts forever.

Ibid.

Nae man can tether time or tide.¹

Ibid.

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone.

Ibid.

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !

Ibid.

As Tammie glow'ed, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

Ibid.

¹ See Heywood, page 10.

But to see her was to love her,¹
Love but her, and love forever.

Æ Fond Kiss

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Ibid.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Bonny Lesley.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?

The Banks of Doon.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

Sweet Sensibility.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.²

For a' that and a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.³

Ibid.

'T is sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy!

Jessy.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

Grace before Meat.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand.

A' for our Rightfu' King.⁴

¹ To know her was to love her. — ROGERS: *Jacqueline*, stanza 1.

² I weigh the man, not his title; 't is not the king's stamp can make the metal better. — WYCHERLY: *The Plaindealer*, act i. sc. 1.

³ See Southerne, page 282.

⁴ This ballad first appeared in Johnson's "Museum," 1796. Sir Walter Scott was never tired of hearing it sung.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain. *A' for our Rightfu' King.*

He turn'd him right and round about
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gae his bridle reins a shake,
 With, "Adieu for evermore, my dear,
 And adieu for evermore."¹ *Ibid.*

WILLIAM PITT. 1759-1806.

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed
 of slaves.² *Speech on the India Bill, November, 1783.*

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
 That shared its shelter perish in its fall.
 The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. No. xxxvi.

ANDREW CHERRY. 1762-1812.

Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers. *The Bay of Biscay.*

As she lay, on that day,
 In the bay of Biscay, O! *Ibid.*

¹ Under the impression that this stanza is ancient, Scott has made very free use of it, first in "Rokeby" (1813), and then in the "Monastery" (1816). In "Rokeby" he thus introduces the verse:—

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave his bridle reins a shake,
 Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love,
 And adieu for evermore."

² See Milton, page 232.

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.
1762–1836.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Epilogue to the Heir at Law.

And what's impossible can't be,

And never, never comes to pass.

The Maid of the Moor.

Three stories high, long, dull, and old,

As great lords' stories often are.

Ibid.

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

But when ill indeed,

E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed.

Ibid.

When taken,

To be well shaken.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.

The Poor Gentleman. Act i. Sc. 2.

O Miss Bailey!

Unfortunate Miss Bailey!

Love laughs at Locksmiths. Act ii. Song.

'T is a very fine thing to be father-in-law

To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw!

Blue Beard. Act ii. Sc. 5.

I had a soul above buttons.

Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market. Sc. 1.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he never was drunk,

Sipped brandy and water gayly.

Mynheer Vandunck.



JAMES HURDIS. 1763–1801.

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.¹

The Village Curate.

¹ To rise with the lark, and go to bed with the lamb. — BRETON : *Court and Country* (1618 ; reprint, p. 183).

SAMUEL ROGERS. 1763-1855.

Sweet Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail.

The Pleasures of Memory. Part ii. 1

She was good as she was fair,
 None — none on earth above her!
 As pure in thought as angels are:
 To know her was to love her.¹

Jacqueline. Stanza 1.

The good are better made by ill,
 As odours crushed are sweeter still.²

Stanza 3.

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
 Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

Human Life.

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
 Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.

Ibid.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell
 Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
 And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
 A thousand melodies unheard before!

Ibid.

Then never less alone than when alone.³

Ibid.

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
 Loved and still loves, — not dead, but gone before,⁴ —
 He gathers round him.

Ibid.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willow brook that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

A Wish.

¹ See Burns, page 452.

None knew thee but to love thee. — HALLECK: *On the Death of Drake.*

² See Bacon, page 165.

³ See Gibbon, page 430.

Numquam se minus otiosum esse, quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum, quam quum solus esset (He is never less at leisure than when at leisure, not less alone than when he is alone). — CICERO: *De Officiis, liber iii. c. 1.*

⁴ This is literally from Seneca, *Epistola lxxiii. 16.* See Mathew Henry, page 283.

That very law which moulds a tear
 And bids it trickle from its source, —
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,
 And guides the planets in their course.

On a Tear.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;
 You shall not chase my gloom away!
 There's such a charm in melancholy
 I would not if I could be gay.

To ———

To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.¹

Pæstum.

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it:
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Epigram.



JOHN FERRIAR. 1764–1815.

The princeps copy, clad in blue and gold.

Illustrations of Sterne. Bibliomania. Line 6.

Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold.

Line 65.

Torn from their destined page (unworthy meed
 Of knightly counsel and heroic deed).

Line 121.

How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
 The small, rare volume, black with tarnished gold!

Line 137



ANN RADCLIFFE. 1764–1823.

Fate sits on these dark battlements and frowns,
 And as the portal opens to receive me,
 A voice in hollow murmurs through the courts
 Tells of a nameless deed.²

¹ See Waller, page 221.

² These lines form the motto to Mrs. Radcliffe's novel, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and are presumably of her own composition.

ROBERT HALL. 1764–1831.

His [Burke's] imperial fancy has laid all Nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art.

Apology for the Freedom of the Press.

He [Kippis] might be a very clever man by nature for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.

Gregory's Life of Hall.

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current but not the appropriate name: ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.¹

Ibid.

THOMAS MORTON. 1764–1838.

What will Mrs. Grundy say? *Speed the Plough. Act i. Sc. 1.*

Push on, — keep moving.

A Cure for the Heartache. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.

Act v. Sc. 2

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. 1765–1832.

Diffused knowledge immortalizes itself.

Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

The Commons, faithful to their system, remained in a wise and masterly inactivity.

Ibid.

Disciplined inaction.

Causes of the Revolution of 1688. Chap. vii.

The frivolous work of polished idleness.

Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy. Remarks on Thomas Brown

¹ See Tourneur, page 34.

He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin. — **DIOGENE-LAERTIUS**: *Pythagoras. vi.*

LADY NAIRNE. 1766–1845.

There 's nae sorrow there, John,
 There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
 The day is aye fair,
 In the land o' the leal.

The Land o' the Leal.

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

*Gude Nicht, etc.*¹

Oh, we 're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
 Oh, we 're a' noddin' at our house at hame.

We 're a' Noddin'.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

The Laird o' Cockpen.



ANDREW JACKSON. 1767–1845.

Our Federal Union: it must be preserved.

Toast given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in 1830.

You are uneasy; you never sailed with *me* before, I
 see.²

Life of Jackson (Parton). Vol. iii. p. 493.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 1767–1848.

Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!³

Speech at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1802.

In charity to all mankind, bearing no malice or ill-will
 to any human being, and even compassionating those
 who hold in bondage their fellow-men, not knowing what
 they do.⁴

Letter to A. Bronson. July 30, 1838.

¹ Sir Alexander Boswell composed a version of this song.

² A remark made to an elderly gentleman who was sailing with Jackson down Chesapeake Bay in an old steamboat, and who exhibited a little fear.

³ Et majores vestros et posterios cogitate. — TACITUS: *Agricola*, c. 32. 31.

⁴ With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Second Inaugural Address.*

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
 For Freedom only deals the deadly blow;
 Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
 For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade.¹

Written in an Album, 1842.

This is the last of earth! I am content.

His Last Words, Feb. 21, 1848.

DAVID EVERETT. 1769-1813.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
 To speak in public on the stage;
 And if I chance to fall below
 Demosthenes or Cicero,
 Don't view me with a critic's eye,
 But pass my imperfections by.
 Large streams from little fountains flow,
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow.²

Lines written for a School Declamation.

SYDNEY SMITH. 1769-1845.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into
 a Scotch understanding.³ *Lady Holland's Memoir. Vol. i. p. 15.*

That knuckle-end of England, — that land of Calvin,
 oat-cakes, and sulphur. *P. 17.*

No one minds what Jeffrey says: . . . it is not more
 than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully
 of the equator. *Ibid.*

¹ See Sidney, page 264.

² The lofty oak from a small acorn grows.—LEWIS DUNCOMBE (1711-1730): *De Minimis Maxima* (translation).

³ See Walpole, page 389.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.¹

Memoir. Vol. i. p. 23.

Truth is its [justice's] handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the Gospel; it is the attribute of God.

P. 29.

It is always right that a man should be able to render a reason for the faith that is within him.

P. 53.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory, — nothing so expensive as glory.²

P. 88.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

P. 130.

Looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark.

P. 157.

The Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.

P. 244.

Not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.

P. 258.

He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again.³

P. 259

You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence.

P. 261.

Ah, you flavour everything; you are the vanilla of society.

P. 262.

My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way, that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon.

P. 262.

¹ Mr. Smith, with reference to the "Edinburgh Review," says: "The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was 'Tenui musam meditamur avena;' but this was too near the truth to be admitted; so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line."

² A favorite motto, which through life Mr. Smith inculcated on his family.

³ See Cowper, page 419.

As the French say, there are three sexes,—men, women, and clergymen.¹

Memoir. Vol. i. p. 262.

To take Macaulay out of literature and society and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence.

P. 265.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers.

P. 267.

“Heat, ma’am!” I said; “it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.”

Ibid.

Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful.

P. 363.

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, — I have dined to-day.²

Recipe for Salad. P. 374.

Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? — how did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea.

P. 383.

If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes, — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong, — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other.³

Sketches of Moral Philosophy.

¹ Lord Wharncliffe says, “The well-known sentence, ‘almost a proverb, that ‘this world consists of men, women, and Herveys,’ was originally Lady Montagu’s.” — *Montagu Letters, vol. i. p. 64.*

² See Dryden, p. 273.

³ The right man to fill the right place. — LAYARD: *Speech, Jan. 15, 1855.*

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

Review of Seybert's Annals of the United States, 1820.

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? *Ibid.*

Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.

America. Edinburgh Review, July, 1824.

In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm [at Sidmouth], Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up. But I need not tell you that the contest was unequal; the Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. *Speck at Taunton, 1813.*

Men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light. *On American Debts.*

J. HOOKHAM FRERE. 1769—1846.

And don't confound the language of the nation
With long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.

The Monks and the Giants. Canto i. Line 6.

A sudden thought strikes me, — let us swear an eternal
friendship.¹ *The Rovers. Act i. Sc. 1.*

¹ See Otway, page 280.

My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship. — MOLIÈRE: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, act iv. sc. 1.*

DUKE OF WELLINGTON. 1769-1852.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy
as a battle won. *Despatch, 1815.*

It is very true that I have said that I considered Na-
poleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand
men in the balance. This is a very loose way of talk-
ing; but the idea is a very different one from that of his
presence at a battle being equal to a reinforcement of
forty thousand men. *Mem. by the Duke, 1 Sept. 18, 1836.*

Circumstances over which I have no control.²

I never saw so many shocking bad hats in my life.³
Upon seeing the first Reformed Parliament.

There is no mistake; there has been no mistake; and
there shall be no mistake.⁴ *Letter to Mr. Huskisson.*

 JOHN TOBIN. 1770-1804.

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.
The Honeymoon. Act ii. Sc. 1.

She's adorned

Amplly that in her husband's eye looks lovely,—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in. *Act iii. Sc. 4.*

¹ STANHOPE: *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*, p. 81.

² This phrase was first used by the Duke of Wellington in a letter, about 1839 or 1840. — SALA: *Echoes of the Week, in London Illustrated News*, Aug. 23, 1884. Greville, *Mem.*, ch. ii. (1823), gives an earlier instance.

³ Sir William Fraser, in "Words on Wellington" (1889), p. 12, says this phrase originated with the Duke. Captain Gronow, in his "Recollections," says it originated with the Duke of York, second son of George III., about 1817.

⁴ This gave rise to the slang expression, "And no mistake." — *Words on Wellington*, p. 122.

GEORGE CANNING. 1770-1827.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first. *Ibid.*

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying *three* INSIDES.

The Loves of the Triangles. Line 178.

And finds, with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, — nor white so *very* white.

New Morality.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, — perhaps may turn his blow!
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh save me from the *candid friend!*¹ *Ibid.*

I called the New World into existence to redress the
balance of the Old.

The King's Message, Dec. 12, 1826.

No, here's to the pilot that weathered the storm!

The Pilot that weathered the Storm.



WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER. 1770-1834.

Too late I stayed, — forgive the crime!

Unheeded flew the hours;

How noiseless falls the foot of time²

That only treads on flowers.

Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.

¹ "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies." The French *Ana* assign to Maréchal Villars this aphorism when taking leave of Louis XIV.

² See Shakespeare, page 74.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON. 1770-1842.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies!

Hail, Columbia

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.¹ 1770-1850.

Oh, be wiser thou!

Instructed that true knowledge leads to love.

Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,

And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

Guilt and Sorrow. Stanza 41.

Action is transitory, — a step, a blow;

The motion of a muscle, this way or that.

The Borderers. Act iii.

Three sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,

Through words and things, a dim and perilous way.²

Act iv. Sc. 2.

¹ Coleridge said to Wordsworth ("Memoirs" by his nephew, vol. ii. p. 74), "Since Milton, I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you."

² The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on a dim and perilous way!

The Excursion, book iii.

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death? *We are Seven*

O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle Reader! you would find
A tale in everything. *Simon Lee*

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning. *Ibid.*

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind. *Lines written in Early Spring.*

And 't is my faith, that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes. *Ibid.*

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness. *Expostulation and Reply.*

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double!
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble? *The Tables Turned.*

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher. *Ibid.*

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. *Ibid.*

The bane of all that dread the Devil. *The Idiot Boy.*

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey.

That best portion of a good man's life, —
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. *Ibid.*

That blessed mood,
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened. *Ibid.*

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart. *Ibid.*

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, — a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. *Ibid.*

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. *Ibid.*

A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man, —
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. *Ibid.*

Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her. *Ibid.*

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life.

Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey

Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach.

The Old Cumberland Beggar.

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of Nature let him die!

Ibid.

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon.

Peter Bell. Prologue. Stanza 1.

The common growth of Mother Earth
Suffices me, — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

Stanza 27

Full twenty times was Peter feared,
For once that Peter was respected.

Part i. Stanza 3

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Stanza 12

The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

Stanza 15

On a fair prospect some have looked,
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

Stanza 16.

As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!

Stanza 26.¹

¹ The original edition (London, 1819, 8vo) had the following as the fourth stanza from the end of Part i., which was omitted in all subsequent editions: —

Is it a party in a parlour?
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed, —
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die. *Nutting.*

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove, —
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love. *She dwelt among the untrodden ways.*

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye ;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky. *Ibid.*

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh
The difference to me ! *Ibid.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.
Three years she grew in Sun and Shower.

May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn *hic jacet* ! *Ellen Irwin.*

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ;
And humble cares, and delicate fears ;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ;
And love and thought and joy. *The Sparrow's Nest.*

The child is father of the man.¹
My heart leaps up when I behold.

The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one ! *The Cock is crowing*

¹ See Milton, page 241.

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

To a Butterfly. I've watched you now a full half-hour.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure, —
Sighed to think I read a book,
Only read, perhaps, by me.

To the Small Celandine.

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low.

Resolution and Independence. Stanza 4.

But how can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

Stanza 6

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-side.
By our own spirits we are deified;
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

Stanza 7

That heareth not the loud winds when they call,
And moveth all together, if it moves at all.

Stanza 11

Choice word and measured phrase above the reach
Of ordinary men.

Stanza 14.

And mighty poets in their misery dead.

Stanza 17.

Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will;
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Earth has not anything to show more fair.

The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration.

It is a beautiful Evening.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic.

Thou has left behind

Powers that will work for thee, — air, earth, and skies!
There 's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.¹

To Toussaint L'Ouverture.

One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave.

A Poet's Epitaph. Stanza 5.

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

Stanza 10.

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

Stanza 11.

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

Stanza 13.

Yet sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up,
He felt with spirit so profound.

Matthew.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

The Fountain.

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

Ibid.

And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy because
We have been glad of yore.

Ibid

¹ See Gray, page 382.

The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

Lucy Gray. Stanza 2.

A youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven.

Ruth.

Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbor's corn.

The Brothers.

Something between a hindrance and a help.

Michael.

Drink, pretty creature, drink!

The Pet Lamb.

Lady of the Mere,
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.

A narrow Girdle of rough Stones and Crags.

And he is oft the wisest man

Who is not wise at all.

The Oak and the Broom

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."

Hart-leap Well. Part ii.

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

Ibid.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Ibid.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

O Friend! I know not which way I must look.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee!

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness.

London, 1802.

We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

It is not to be thought of.

A noticeable man, with large gray eyes.

Stanzas written in Thomson's Castle of Indolence.

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted. *To the Daisy.*

The poet's darling. *Ibid.*

Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature. *To the same Flower.*

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit, and play with similes,
Loose type of things through all degrees. *Ibid.*

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
 Effaced forever. *Thoughts suggested on the Banks of the Nith.*

The best of what we do and are,
 Just God, forgive ! *Ibid.*

For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago. *The Solitary Reaper*

Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain
That has been, and may be again. *Ibid.*

The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more. *Ibid.*

Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice ;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance. *Address to Kilchurn Castle.*

A famous man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy. *Rob Roy's Grave.*

Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them, — the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can. *Ibid.*

The Eagle, he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

Rob Roy's Grave.

A brotherhood of venerable trees.

Sonnet composed at —— Castle.

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !

Yarrow Unvisited.

Every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.

These Times strike Monied Worldlings.

A remnant of uneasy light.

The Matron of Jedborough.

Oh for a single hour of that Dundee
Who on that day the word of onset gave !¹

Sonnet, in the Pass of Killicranky.

O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

To the Cuckoo.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilights too her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

She was a Phantom of Delight.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

Ibid.

¹ It was on this occasion [the failure in energy of Lord Mar at the battle of Sheriffmuir] that Gordon of Glenbucket made the celebrated exclamation, "Oh for an hour of Dundee!" — MAHON: *History of England*, vol. i. p. 184.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,

The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!

BYRON: *Childe Harold*, canto iv. stanza 12.

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.

She was a Phantom of Delight

That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

I wandered lonely.

To be a Prodigal's favourite, — then, worse truth,
A Miser's pensioner, — behold our lot !

The Small Celandine.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !¹

Ode to Duty.

A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove.

Ibid.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

Ibid.

The light that never was, on sea or land ;
The consecration, and the Poet's dream.

Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm. Stanza 4.

Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.

To a Young Lady. Dear Child of Nature

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

Ibid.

Where the statue stood
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind forever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.

The Prelude. Book iii.

¹ See Milton, page 239.

Another morn

Risen on mid-noon.¹ *The Prelude. Book vi*

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven ! *Book xi.*

The budding rose above the rose full blown. *Ibid.*

There is

One great society alone on earth :
The noble living and the noble dead. *Ibid.*

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain
And Fear and Bloodshed, — miserable train ! —
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
Character of the Happy Warrior

Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives. *Ibid*

But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for humankind,
Is happy as a lover. *Ibid*

And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw. *Ibid*

Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray. *Ibid*

Like, — but oh how different ! *Yes, it was the Mountain Echo*

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii

Great God ! I 'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;

¹ See Milton, page 235.

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Miscellaneous Sonnets. Part i. xxxiii.

Maidens withering on the stalk.¹ *Personal Talk. Stanza 1.*

Sweetest melodies

Are those that are by distance made more sweet.² *Stanza 2.*

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Stanza 3.*

The gentle Lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb. *Ibid.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares! —
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays. *Stanza 4.*

A power is passing from the earth.
Lines on the expected Dissolution of Mr. Fox.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose. *Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 2.*

The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth. *Ibid.*

Where is it now, the glory and the dream? *Stanza 5.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy. *Stanza 5.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 57.

² See Collins, page 390.

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Ode. Intimations of Immortality. Stanza 5.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction.

Stanza 9.

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.

Ibid.

Truths that wake,
To perish never.

Ibid.

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

Ibid.

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

Stanza 10

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

Ibid.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Stanza 11.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Ibid.

Two voices are there : one is of the sea,
One of the mountains, — each a mighty voice.

Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.

Earth helped him with the cry of blood.¹

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.

The silence that is in the starry sky.

Ibid.

¹ This line is from Sir John Beaumont's "Battle of Bosworth Field."

The monumental pomp of age
 Was with this goodly personage;
 A stature undepressed in size,
 Unbent, which rather seemed to rise
 In open victory o'er the weight
 Of seventy years, to loftier height.

The White Doe of Rylstone. Canto iii.

“What is good for a bootless bene?”
 With these dark words begins my tale;
 And their meaning is, Whence can comfort spring
 When prayer is of no avail?

Force of Prayer

A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules.

Alas! what boots the long laborious Quest?

Of blessed consolations in distress.

Preface to the Excursion. (Edition, 1814.)

The vision and the faculty divine;
 Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.

The Excursion. Book 1

The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.

Ibid.

That mighty orb of song,

The divine Milton.

Ibid.

The good die first,¹

And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
 Burn to the socket.

Ibid.

This dull product of a scoffer's pen.

Book ii

With battlements that on their restless fronts
 Bore stars.

Ibid.

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
 Than when we soar.

Book iii.

¹ Heaven gives its favourites — early death. — BYRON: *Childe Harold*, canto iv. stanza 102. Also *Don Juan*, canto iv. stanza 12.

Quem Di diligunt

Adolescens moritur

(He whom the gods favor dies in youth).

PLAUTUS: *Bacchides*, act iv. sc. 7.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.

The Excursion. Book iii.

Monastic brotherhood, upon rock

Aerial.

Ibid.

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on a dim and perilous way!¹

Ibid.

Society became my glittering pride,
And airy hopes my children.

Ibid.

And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

Book iv.

There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.

Ibid.

Recognizes ever and anon
The breeze of Nature stirring in his soul.

Ibid.

Pan himself,

The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god!

Ibid.

I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with his native sea.²

Ibid.

So build we up the being that we are.

Ibid.

¹ See page 465.

² But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;

Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

LANDOR: *Gebir, book 2.*

One in whom persuasion and belief
 Had ripened into faith, and faith become
 A passionate intuition. *The Excursion. Book vi.*

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven." ¹ *Book vi.*

Ah, what a warning for a thoughtless man,
 Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
 Show to his eye an image of the pangs
 Which it hath witnessed, — render back an echo
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod! *Ibid.*

And when the stream
 Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
 A consciousness remained that it had left
 Deposited upon the silent shore
 Of memory images and precious thoughts
 That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed. *Book vii.*

Wisdom married to immortal verse.² *Ibid.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
 And confident to-morrows. *Ibid.*

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
 The charities that soothe and heal and bless
 Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers. *Book ix.*

By happy chance we saw
 A twofold image: on a grassy bank
 A snow-white ran, and in the crystal flood
 Another and the same!³ *Ibid.*

The gods approve
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul. *Laodamia.*

¹ An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars. — COLERIDGE: *The Friend*, No. 14.

² See Milton, page 249.

³ Another and the same. — DARWIN: *The Botanic Garden*.

Mightier far

Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
 Of magic potent over sun and star,
 Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,
 And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.

Laodamia.

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Ibid.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
 No fears to beat away, no strife to heal, —
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

Ibid.

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
 In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams.

Ibid.

Yet tears to human suffering are due ;
 And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone.

Ibid.

But shapes that come not at an earthly call
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid.

Dion.

But thou that didst appear so fair
 To fond imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation.

Yarrow Visited.

'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
 Of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

Weak is the Will of Man.

We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud
 And magnify thy name Almighty God !
 But man is thy most awful instrument
 In working out a pure intent.

Ode. Imagination before Content.

Sad fancies do we then affect,
 In luxury of disrespect
 To our own prodigal excess
 Of too familiar happiness. *Ode to Lycoris.*

That kill the bloom before its time,
 And blanch, without the owner's crime,
 The most resplendent hair. *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*

The sightless Milton, with his hair
 Around his placid temples curled ;
 And Shakespeare at his side, — a freight,
 If clay could think and mind were weight,
 For him who bore the world ! *The Italian Itinerant.*

Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
 That for oblivion take their daily birth
 From all the fuming vanities of earth.
Sky-Prospect from the Plain of France

Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
 Of servile opportunity to gold. *Desultory Stanza*

Babylon,
 Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
 Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh
 That would lament her.
Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part i. xxv. Missions and Travels

As thou these ashes, little brook, wilt bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main ocean they, this deed accursed
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies
 How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed.¹
Part ii. xvii. To Wickliffe.

¹ In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance (1415), the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burned to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by; and "thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.¹

Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Part iii. v. Walton's Book of Lives.

Meek Walton's heavenly memory.

Ibid.

But who would force the soul tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.

Part iii. vii. Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.

Where music dwells
Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Part iii. xliii. Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.

Or shipwrecked, kindles on the coast
False fires, that others may be lost.

To the Lady Fleming.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B.

his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." — FULLER: *Church History, sect. ii. book iv. paragraph 53.*

What Heraclitus would not laugh, or what Democritus would not weep ? . . . For though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn. — FOX: *Book of Martyrs, vol. i. p. 60f* (edition, 1641).

"Some prophet of that day said,—

"The Avon to the Severn runs,

The Severn to the sea;

And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad

Wide as the waters be."

DANIEL WEBSTER: *Address before the Sons of New Hampshire, 1849.*

These lines are similarly quoted by the Rev. John Cumming in the "Voices of the Dead."

¹ The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an angel's wing.

HENRY CONSTABLE: *Sonnet.*

Whose noble praise

Deserves a quill pluckt from an angel's wing.

DOROTHY BERRY: *Sonnet.*

To the solid ground
Of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye.
A Volant Tribe of Bards on Earth.

Soft is the music that would charm forever ;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.
Not Love, not War.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.
To —— . Let other Bards of Angels sing.

Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.
To a Skylark.

A Briton even in love should be
A subject, not a slave !
Ere with Cold Beads of Midnight Dew.

Scorn not the sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.¹ *Scorn not the Sonnet*

And when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains, — alas ! too few. *Ibid.*

But he is risen, a later star of dawn. *A Morning Exercise.*

Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark. *Ibid*

When his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone. *The Triad*

¹ With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.

Alas ! how little can a moment show
 Of an eye where feeling plays
 In ten thousand dewy rays :
 A face o'er which a thousand shadows go ! *The Triad*

Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.
On the Power of Sound. xii.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,
 That no philosophy can lift. *Presentiments.*

Nature's old felicities. *The Trosachs*

Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower
 Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour
 Have passed away ; less happy than the one
 That by the unwilling ploughshare died to prove
 The tender charm of poetry and love.
Poems composed during a Tour in the Summer of 1833. xxxvii.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
 Of humblest friends, bright creature ! scorn not one :
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.
To a Child. Written in her Album.

Since every mortal power of Coleridge
 Was frozen at its marvellous source,
 The rapt one, of the godlike forehead,
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth :
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg.

How fast has brother followed brother,
 From sunshine to the sunless land ! *Ibid*

Those old credulities, to Nature dear,
 Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
 Of history ? *Memorials of a Tour in Italy. iv*

How does the meadow-flower its bloom unfold ?
 Because the lovely little flower is free
 Down to its root, and in that freedom bold.

A Poet! He hath put his Heart to School

Minds that have nothing to confer
 Find little to perceive.

Yes, Thou art Fair



SIR WALTER SCOTT. 1771-1832.

Such is the custom of Branksome Hall.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto i. Stanza 7.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Canto ii. Stanza 1.

O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

Stanza 10.

I was not always a man of woe.

Stanza 12.

I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
 I say the tale as 't was said to me.

Stanza 22

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below and saints above ;

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Canto iii. Stanza 1.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star.

Stanza 24.

Along thy wild and willow'd shore.

Canto iv. Stanza 1

Ne'er

Was flattery lost on poet's ear ;
 A simple race ! they waste their toil
 For the vain tribute of a smile.

Stanza 35

Call it not vain : they do not err
 Who say that when the poet dies
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies.

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto v. Stanza 1

True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven :

It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes soon as granted fly ;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;

It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart and mind to mind
 In body and in soul can bind.

Stanza 13.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd¹
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd

From wandering on a foreign strand ?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well !
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, —
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.²

Canto vi. Stanza 1

¹ Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way ? —
Luke xxiv. 32.

Hath not thy heart within thee burned
 At evening's calm and holy hour ?

S. G. BULFINCH: *The Voice of God in the Garden.*

² See Pope, page 341.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood ;
 Land of the mountain and the flood !

Lay of the Last Minstrel. Canto vi. Stanza 2.

Profan'd the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line.

Marmion. Introduction to Canto i.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
 When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

Introduction to Canto ii.

When, musing on companions gone,
 We doubly feel ourselves alone.

Ibid.

'T is an old tale and often told ;

But did my fate and wish agree,
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,
 That loved, or was avenged, like me.

Stanza 27

When Prussia hurried to the field,
 And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield.¹

Introduction to Canto iii.

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying.

Stanza 11.

Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land ?

Canto iv. Stanza 30.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

Canto v. Stanza 9.

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.²

Stanza 12

But woe awaits a country when
 She sees the tears of bearded men.

Stanza 16

¹ See Freneau, page 443.

² Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye. — LOVER : *Rory O' More.*

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? *Marmion. Canto vi. Stanza 14.*

Oh what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive! *Stanza 17.*

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!¹ *Stanza 30.*

“Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion. *Stanza 32.*

Oh for a blast of that dread horn²
On Fontarabian echoes borne! *Stanza 33.*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
L'Envoy. To the Reader.

In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.
Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 17.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier face. *Stanza 18.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 144.

Scott, writing to Southey in 1810, said: “A witty rogue the other day, who sent me a letter signed Detector, proved me guilty of stealing a passage from one of Vida's Latin poems, which I had never seen or heard of.” The passage alleged to be stolen ends with, —

When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!”

which in Vida “ad Eranen,” *El. ii. v. 21*, ran, —

“Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet angor,
Funderis angelico sola ministerio.”

“It is almost needless to add,” says Mr. Lockhart, “there are no such lines.” — *Life of Scott, vol. iii. p. 294.* (American edition.)

² Oh for the voice of that wild horn! — *Rob Roy, chap. ii.*

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew.

Lady of the Lake. Canto i. Stanza 23

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth :
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.

Stanza 31.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

Stanza 31

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances !

Canto ii. Stanza 12.

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven.

Stanza 22

Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Canto iii. Stanza 1

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever !

Stanza 16

The rose is fairest when 't is budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

Canto iv. Stanza 1

Art thou a friend to Roderick ?

Stanza 30

Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

Canto v. Stanza 10

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

Ibid

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream ;

Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
 Thou many-headed monster¹ thing,
 Oh who would wish to be thy king!

Lady of the Lake. Canto v. Stanza 30.

Where, where was Roderick then?
 One blast upon his bugle horn
 Were worth a thousand men.

Canto vi. Stanza 18.

In man's most dark extremity
 Oft succour dawns from Heaven.

Lord of the Isles. Canto i. Stanza 20.

Spangling the wave with lights as vain
 As pleasures in the vale of pain,
 That dazzle as they fade.

Stanza 23.

Oh, many a shaft at random sent
 Finds mark the archer little meant!
 And many a word at random spoken
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

Canto v. Stanza 18.

Where lives the man that has not tried
 How mirth can into folly glide,
 And folly into sin!

Bridal of Triermain. Canto i. Stanza 21.

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.

Rokeby. Canto i. Stanza 32.

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

Canto iii. Stanza 15.

Oh, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
 And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer's queen.

Stanza 16.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
 The vanities of life forego,
 And count their youthful follies o'er,
 Till Memory lends her light no more.

Canto v. Stanza 1.

¹ See Massinger, page 194.

No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay.

Rokeby. Canto vi. Stanza 21.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;

Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.

Pibroch of Donald Dhu.

A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic,
a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge
of these, he may venture to call himself an architect.

Guy Mannering. Chap. xxxvii.

Bluid is thicker than water.¹

Chap. xxxviii

It's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives.²

The Antiquary. Chap. xi

When Israel, of the Lord belov'd,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her mov'd,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

Ivanhoe. Chap. xxxix

Sea of upturned faces.³

Rob Roy. Chap. xx.

There's a gude time coming.

Chap. xxxii.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is
MacGregor.

Chap. xxxiv.

Scared out of his seven senses.⁴

Ibid.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Old Mortality. Chap. xxxiv.

¹ This proverb, so frequently ascribed to Scott, is a common proverb of the seventeenth century. It is found in Ray and other collections of proverbs.

² It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures's lives.

HOOD: *Song of the Shirt.*

³ DANIEL WEBSTER: *Speech, Sept. 30, 1842.*

⁴ Huzzaed out of my seven senses. — *Spectator, No. 616, Nov. 5, 1774.*

The happy combination of fortuitous circumstances.¹

*Answer to the Author of Waverley to the Letter of
Captain Clutterbuck. The Monastery.*

Within that awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries!

Chap. xii.

And better had they ne'er been born,

Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Ibid.

Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh,

The sun has left the lea.

The orange flower perfumes the bower,

The breeze is on the sea.

Quentin Durward. Chap. iv.

Widowed wife and wedded maid.

The Betrothed. Chap. xv.

Woman's faith and woman's trust,

Write the characters in dust.

Chap. xx.

I am she, O most bucolical juvenal, under whose
charge are placed the milky mothers of the herd.²

The Monastery. Chap. xxviii.

But with the morning cool reflection came.³

Chronicles of the Canongate. Chap. iv.

What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe,
save that it runs back to a successful soldier?⁴

Woodstock. Chap. xxxvii.

The playbill, which is said to have announced the
tragedy of Hamlet, the character of the Prince of Den-
mark being left out.

The Talisman. Introduction.

¹ Fearful concatenation of circumstances. — DANIEL WEBSTER: *Argument on the Murder of Captain White, 1830.*

Fortuitous combination of circumstances. — DICKENS: *Our Mutual Friend, vol. ii. chap. vii.* (American edition).

² See Spenser, page 27.

³ See Rowe, page 301.

⁴ Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux :

Qui sert bien son pays, n'a pas besoin d'aïeux

(The first who was king was a successful soldier. He who serves well his country has no need of ancestors). — VOLTAIRE: *Merope, act i. sc. 3.*

Rouse the lion from his lair. *The Talisman. Chap. vi.*

Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye 're sleeping.¹ *The Heart of Midlothian. Chap. viii.*

Fat, fair, and forty.² *St. Ronan's Well. Chap. vii.*

"Lambe them, lads! lambe them!" a cant phrase of the time derived from the fate of Dr. Lambe, an astrologer and quack, who was knocked on the head by the rabble in Charles the First's time.

Peveril of the Peak. Chap. xlii.

Although too much of a soldier among sovereigns, no one could claim with better right to be a sovereign among soldiers.³ *Life of Napoleon.*

The sun never sets on the immense empire of Charles V.⁴ *Ibid. (February, 1807.)*

¹ The very words of a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son.

² See Dryden, page 275.

³ See Pope, page 331.

⁴ A power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. — DANIEL WEBSTER: *Speech, May 7, 1834.*

Why should the brave Spanish soldier brag the sun never sets in the Spanish dominions, but ever shineth on one part or other we have conquered for our king? — CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: *Advertisements for the Unexperienced, &c.* (Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., Third Series, vol. iii. p. 49).

It may be said of them (the Hollanders) as of the Spaniards, that the sun never sets on their dominions. — GAGE: *New Survey of the West Indies. Epistle Dedicatory.* (London, 1648.)

I am called
The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my dominions never sets.

SCHILLER: *Don Karlos, act i. sc. 6*
Altera figlia

Di quel monarca, a cui
Nè anco, quando annotta il sol tramonta

{The proud daughter of that monarch to whom when it grows dark [else where] the sun never sets). — GUARINI: *Pastor Fido* (1590). On the marriage of the Duke of Savoy with Catherine of Austria.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1771-1854.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies).¹

The Wanderer of Switzerland. Part v.

Gashed with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

The Battle of Alexandria.

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

The Ocean. Line 54.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.

The Common Lot.

Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

The West Indies. Part iii.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.²

The World before the Flood. Canto v.

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet *more* exquisite when past.

The Little Cloud.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, they are, they yet shall be.

Ibid.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

Friends.

Nor sink those stars in empty night:
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Ibid.

'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

The Issues of Life and Death.

¹ Ὁνῆσκειν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθοὺς (Say not that the good die) — CALLIMACHUS: *Epigram x.*

² See Barbauld, page 433.

Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.

The Issues of Life and Death.

Night is the time to weep,
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory where sleep
 The joys of other years.

Ibid

Who that hath ever been
 Could bear to be no more ?
 Yet who would tread again the scene
 He trod through life before ?

The Falling Leaf.

Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

At Home in Heaven.

If God hath made this world so fair,
 Where sin and death abound,
 How beautiful beyond compare
 Will paradise be found !

The Earth full of God's Goodness.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
 From all the wanderings of thy thought,
 From sickness unto death made whole,
 Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Rest for the Soul.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed, —
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

What is Prayer ?

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye
 When none but God is near.

Ibid.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. 1772-1834.

- He holds him with his glittering eye,
And listens like a three years' child.¹
The Ancient Mariner. Part i.
- Red as a rose is she. *Ibid.*
- We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. *Part ii.*
- As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*
- Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ibid.*
- Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel. *Part iii.*
- The nightmare Life-in-Death was she. *Ibid.*
- The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark. *Ibid.*
- And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.² *Part iv.*
- Alone, alone, — all, all alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea. *Ibid.*
- The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside. *Ibid.*
- A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware. *Ibid.*

¹ Wordsworth, in his Notes to "We are Seven," claims to have written this line.

² Coleridge says: "For these lines I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth."

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

The Ancient Mariner. Part v.

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Ibid.

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Part vi.

So lonely 't was, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

Part vii.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

Ibid.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

Ibid.

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Ibid.

And the spring comes slowly up this way.

Christabel. Part i.

A lady richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.

Ibid.

Carv'd with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain.

Ibid.

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

Ibid.

A sight to dream of, not to tell!

Ibid.

That saints will aid if men will call;
For the blue sky bends over all!

Conclusion to part i.

Each matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.

Christabel. Part ii

Her face, oh call it fair, not pale!

Ibid

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Ibid

They stood aloof, the scars remaining, —
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.

Ibid.

Perhaps 't is pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

Conclusion to Part ii

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Kubla Khan.

Ancestral voices prophesying war.

Ibid.

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Ibid

For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Ibu

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there. *Epitaph on an Infant*

Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intenses love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there. *France. An Ode.* 7

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
 (Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fring'd lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven
 Cries out, "Where is it?" *Fears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.¹ *The Devil's Thoughts.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame. *Love.*

Blest hour! it was a luxury — to be!
Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.

A charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
 No sound is dissonant which tells of life.
This Lime-tree Bower my Prison.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? *Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines. *Ibid.*

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts! *Ibid.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost. *Ibid.*

Earth with her thousand voices praises God. *Ibid.*

Tranquillity! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fame.
Ode to Tranquillity

¹ His favourite sin
 Is pride that apes humility.
 SOUTHEY: *The Devil's Walk.*

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

Dejection. An Ode. Stanza 2

Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud.

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice,

All colours a suffusion from that light.

Stanza 5.

A mother is a mother still,

The holiest thing alive.

The Three Graves.

Never, believe me,

Appear the Immortals,

Never alone.

The Visit of the Gods. (Imitated from Schiller.)

Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn.

A Christmas Carol. viii.

The knight's bones are dust,

And his good sword rust;

His soul is with the saints, I trust.

The Knight's Tomb

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits

If any man obtains that which he merits,

Or any merit that which he obtains.

.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,

The good great man? Three treasures, — love and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath;

And three firm friends, more sure than day and night, —

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

Complaint. Ed. 1852. The Good Great Man. Ed. 1893.

My eyes make pictures when they are shut. *A Day-Dream*

To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,

Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

On taking Leave of ———, 1817.

In many ways doth the full heart reveal

The presence of the love it would conceal.

Motto to Poems written in Later Life.

Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When youth and I lived in 't together. *Youth and Age*

Flowers are lovely ; love is flower-like ;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 Oh the joys that came down shower-like,
 Of friendship, love, and liberty,
 Ere I was old ! *Ibid.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
 Why Love must needs be blind,
 But this the best of all I hold, —
 His eyes are in his mind.¹
To a Lady, Offended by a Sportive Observation.

What outward form and feature are
 He guesseth but in part ;
 But what within is good and fair
 He seeth with the heart. *Ibid.*

Be that blind bard who on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.² *Fancy in Nubibus.*

I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
 All well defined, and several stinks. *Cologne.*

The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne ;
 But tell me, nymphs ! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine ? *Ibid.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless
 billows ;
 Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and
 the ocean.

The Homeric Hexameter. (Translated from Schiller.)

¹ See Shakespeare, page 57.

² And Iliad and Odyssey
 Rose to the music of the sea.
Thalatta, p. 132. (From the German of Stolberg.)

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

The Ovidian Elegiac Metre. (From Schiller.)

I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered.

Remorse. Act iv. Sc. 3.

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths, — all these have vanished;
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

Wallenstein. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 4. (Translated from Schiller.)

I've lived and loved.

Act ii. Sc. 6.

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

The Death of Wallenstein. Act i. Sc. 1.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.¹

Act v. Sc. 1.

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.²

Biog. Lit. Chap. xv.

A dwarf sees farther than the giant when he has the
giant's shoulder to mount on.³

The Friend. Sec. i. Essay 8.

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches
in flat countries, with spire steeples, which, as they can-
not be referred to any other object, point as with silent
finger to the sky and star.⁴

Ibid., No. 14.

¹ Sed ita a principio inchoatum esse mundum ut certis rebus certa signa
præcurrerent (Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain
signs come before certain events). — CICERO: *Divinatione, liber i. cap. 52.*

Coming events cast their shadows before. — CAMPBELL: *Lochiel's
Warning.*

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors
of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present. — SHELLEY:
A Defence of Poetry.

² "A phrase," says Coleridge, "which I have borrowed from a Greek
monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople."

³ See Burton, page 185.

⁴ See Wordsworth, page 481.

Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, if they could; they have tried their talents at one or the other, and have failed; therefore they turn critics.¹

Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, p. 36. Delivered 1811-1812.

Schiller has the material sublime.

Table Talk.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose, — words in their best order; poetry, — the best words in their best order.

Ibid.

That passage is what I call the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense.

Ibid.

Iago's soliloquy, the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity — how awful it is!

Notes on some other Plays of Shakespeare.



JOSIAH QUINCY. 1772-1864.

If this bill [for the admission of Orleans Territory as a State] passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is virtually a dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation, — amicably if they can, violently if they must.²

Abridged Cong. Debates, Jan. 14, 1811. Vol. iv. p. 327.

¹ Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. — SHELLEY: *Fragments of Adonais.*

You know who critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art. — DISRAELI: *Lothair, chap. xxxv.*

² The gentleman [Mr. Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must." — HENRY CLAY: *Speech, Jan. 8, 1813.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY. 1774-1843.

“You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,
 “The few locks which are left you are gray;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man, —
 Now tell me the reason I pray.”

The Old Man's Comforts, and how he gained them.

The march of intellect.¹

*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. Vol. ii.
 p. 360. The Doctor, Chap. Extraordinary.*

The laws are with us, and God on our side.

*On the Rise and Progress of Popular Disaffection (1817).
 Essay viii. Vol. ii. p. 107.*

Agreed to differ.

Life of Wesley.

My days among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

Occasional Pieces. xviii.

How does the water
 Come down at Lodore?

The Cataract of Lodore.

So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhymes I had store.

Ibid.

Through moss and through brake.

Ibid.

Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry.

Ibid.

A sight to delight in.

Ibid.

And so never ending, but always descending.

Ibid.

And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Ibid.

¹ See Burke, page 408.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
 A-walking the Devil is gone,
 To look at his little snug farm of the World,
 And see how his stock went on.

The Devil's Walk. Stanza 1

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house, —
 A cottage of gentility ;
 And he owned with a grin,
 That his favourite sin
 Is pride that apes humility.¹

Ibid. Stanza 8.

Where Washington hath left
 His awful memory
 A light for after times !

Ode written during the War with America, 1814.

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures ; nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths ;
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !

Thalaba. Book i. Stanza 1.

“But what good came of it at last ?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he ;

“But 't was a famous victory.”

The Battle of Blenheim.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.²

Madoc in Wales. Part i. 5.

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,

When strong affection stirs her spirit up ?

Part ii 2

¹ See Coleridge, page 501.

² “Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.”

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, canto iv. stanza 110

And last of all an Admiral came,
 A terrible man with a terrible name, —
 A name which you all know by sight very well,
 But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.

The March to Moscow. Stanza 8

They sin who tell us love can die;
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.

Love is indestructible,
 Its holy flame forever burneth;
 From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest-time of love is there.

The Curse of Kehama. Canto x. Stanza 10

Oh, when a mother meets on high
 The babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears,
 An over-payment of delight?

Stanza 11

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe;
 But 't is the happy that have called thee so.

Canto xv. Stanza 11.

The Satanic school.

Vision of Judgment. Original Preface.

CHARLES LAMB. 1775-1834.

The red-letter days now become, to all intents and
 purposes, dead-letter days. *Oxford in the Vacation.*

For with G. D., to be absent from the body is some-
 times (not to speak profanely) to be present with the
 Lord. *Ibid.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the
 game. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; but organically I am incapable of a tune. *A Chapter on Ears.*

Not if I know myself at all. *The Old and New Schoolmaster.*

It is good to love the unknown. *Valentine's Day.*

The pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistening substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy, but I judged it to be sugar-candy; yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy. *My First Play.*

Presents, I often say, endear absents. *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.*

It argues an insensibility. *Ibid.*

Books which are no books. *Detached Thoughts on Books.*

Your absence of mind we have borne, till your presence of body came to be called in question by it. *Amicus Redivivus.*

Gone before

To that unknown and silent shore. *Hester. Stanza 7.*

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. *Old Familiar Faces.*

For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die. *A Farewell to Tobacco.*

And half had staggered that stout Stagirite.
Written at Cambridge.

Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down

• • • • •
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?

• • • • •
Sabbathless Satan! *Work*

I like you and your book, ingenious Hone!
In whose capacious all-embracing leaves

The very marrow of tradition's shown;

And all that history, much that fiction weaves.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to society.

Captain Starkey.

Neat, not gaudy.¹

Letter to Wordsworth, 1806.

Martin, if dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold!

Lamb's Suppers.

Returning to town in the stage-coach, which was filled with Mr. Gilman's guests, we stopped for a minute or two at Kentish Town. A woman asked the coachman, "Are you full inside?" Upon which Lamb put his head through the window and said, "I am quite full inside; that last piece of pudding at Mr. Gilman's did the business for me."

Autobiographical Recollections. (Leslie.)

JAMES SMITH. 1775-1839.

No Drury Lane for you to-day.

Rejected Addresses. The Baby's Début.

I saw them go: one horse was blind,

The tails of both hung down behind,

Their shoes were on their feet.

Ibid.

Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait.

The Theatre.

WILLIAM PITT. ———1840.

A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill!

Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?

Lord help 'em, how I pities them

Unhappy folks on shore now!

The Sailor's Consolation.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 130.

My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying! *The Sailor's Consolation.*



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 1775-1864.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee. *Rose Aylmer.*

Wearers of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.
The last Fruit of an old Tree. Epigram cvi.

Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,¹ —
Therefore on him no speech! And brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walk'd along our roads with steps
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. *To Robert Browning.*

The Siren waits thee, singing song for song. *Ibid.*

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,

¹ Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit.

P. W. EMERSON: *May-Day and Other Pieces. Solution.*

And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.¹

Gebir. Book i. (1798)

Past are three summers since she first beheld
The ocean; all around the child await
Some exclamation of amazement here.
She coldly said, her long-lasht eyes abased,
Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?
That wondrous soul Charoba once possest, —
Capacious, then, as earth or heaven could hold,
Soul discontented with capacity, —
Is gone (I fear) forever. Need I say
She was enchanted by the wicked spells
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed
The western winds have landed on our coast?
I since have watcht her in lone retreat,
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name.²

Book ii

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art.
I warm'd both hands against the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Dying Speech of an old Philosopher.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. 1777—1844.

'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.³

Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 7.

¹ See Wordsworth, page 480.

Poor shell! that Wordsworth so pounded and flattened in his marsh it no longer had the hoarseness of a sea, but of a hospital. — LANDOR: *Letter to John Forster*.

² These lines were specially singled out for admiration by Shelley, Humphrey Davy, Scott, and many remarkable men. — FORSTER: *Life of Landor*, vol. i. p. 95.

³ See John Webster, page 181.

The mountains too, at a distance, appear airy masses and smooth, but seen near at hand they are rough. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: *Pyrrho*, ix.

But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Pleasures of Hope. Part i. Line 40.

O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save! *Line 359.*

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell!¹ *Line 381.*

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below. *Line 385.*

And rival all but Shakespeare's name below. *Line 472.*

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? *Part ii. Line 5.*

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh what were man? — a world without a sun. *Line 21.*

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sigh'd — till woman smiled. *Line 37.*

While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew. *Line 45.*

There shall he love when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears. *Line 95.*

And muse on Nature with a poet's eye. *Line 98.*

That gems the starry girdle of the year. *Line 194.*

Melt and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul! *Line 263.*

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair? *Line 325.*

But sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.² *Line 357.*

¹ At length, fatigued with life, he bravely fell,

● And health with Boerhaave bade the world farewell.

CHURCH: *The Choice* (1754).

² See Sterne, page 379.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave, oh leave the light of Hope behind!
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been
 Like angel visits, few and far between.¹

Pleasures of Hope. Part ii. Line 375.

The hunter and the deer a shade.²

O' Connor's Child. Stanza 5.

Another's sword has laid him low,
 Another's and another's;
 And every hand that dealt the blow —
 Ah me! it was a brother's!

Stanza 10.

'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.³

Lochiel's Warning.

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Ibid.

And rustic life and poverty
 Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Ode to the Memory of Burns.

Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
 Whose truths electrify the sage.

Ibid.

Ye mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!

Ye Mariners of England.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.

Ibid

¹ See Norris, page 281.

² See Freneau, page 443

³ See Coleridge, page 504.

When the stormy winds do blow ;¹
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Ye Mariners of England.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.

Ibid.

There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath
 For a time.

Battle of the Baltic.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Hohenlinden.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Ibid.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

The Exile of Erin

To bear is to conquer our fate.

On visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.²

The Soldier's Dream.

In life's morning march, when my bosom was young.

Ibid.

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Ibid.

¹ When the stormy winds do blow. — MARTYN PARKER: *Ye Gentlemen of England.*

² The starres, bright centinels of the skies. — HABINGTON: *Castara, Dialogue between Night and Araphil.*

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
 When storms prepare to part,
 I ask not proud Philosophy
 To teach me what thou art. *To the Rainbow.*

A stoic of the woods, — a man without a tear.
Gertrude of Wyoming. Part i. Stanza 23.

O Love! in such a wilderness as this. *Part iii. Stanza 1.*

The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! *Stanza 5.*

Again to the battle, Achaians!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree,
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.
Song of the Greeks.

Drink ye to her that each loves best!
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name. *Drink ye to Her.*

To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground*

Oh leave this barren spot to me!
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!¹
The Beech-Tree's Petition.



HENRY CLAY. 1777-1852.

The gentleman [Josiah Quincy] cannot have forgotten his own sentiment, uttered even on the floor of this House, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."²
Speech, 1813.

¹ Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!

G. P. MORRIS: *Woodman, spare that Tree.*

² See Quincy, page 505.

Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trustees; and both the trust and the trustees are created for the benefit of the people.

Speech at Ashland, Ky., March, 1829.

I have heard something said about allegiance to the South. I know no South, no North, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.

Speech, 1848.

Sir, I would rather be right than be President.

Speech, 1850 (referring to the Compromise Measures).

F. S. KEY. 1779-1843.

And the star-spangled banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation!¹

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Ibid.

HORACE SMITH. 1779-1849.

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is everything and everything is nought.

Rejected Addresses. Cui Bono?

In the name of the Prophet — figs.

Johnson's Ghost.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.

¹ It made and preserves us a nation. — MORRIS: *The Flag of our Union*

THOMAS MOORE. 1779-1852.

When Time who steals our years away
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The mem'ry of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew. *Song. From Juvenile Poems.*

Weep on! and as thy sorrows flow,
 I'll taste the luxury of woe. *Anacreontic.*

Where bastard Freedom waves
 The fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
To the Lord Viscount Forbes, written from the City of Washington.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
 Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
To Thomas Hume.

I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
 Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
 And I said, "If there 's peace to be found in the world,
 A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
Ballad Stanzas.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
A Canadian Boat-Song.

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past. *Ibid.*

The minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil
 of the human eye, contract themselves the more, the
 stronger light there is shed upon them.

Preface to Corruption and Intolerance.

Like a young eagle who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers pluck'd to wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart.¹
Corruption.

¹ See Waller, page 220.

A Persian's heaven is eas'ly made:
'T is but black eyes and lemonade.

Intercepted Letters. Letter vi.

There was a little man, and he had a little soul;
And he said, Little Soul, let us try, try, try!

Little Man and Little Soul.

Go where glory waits thee!¹
But while fame elates thee,
Oh, still remember me!

Go where Glory waits thee.

Oh, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid,

Oh breathe not his Name.

And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Ibid.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

The Harp that once through Tara's Halls

Who ran

Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

On the Death of Sheridan.

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

Ibid.

Good at a fight, but better at a play;
Godlike in giving, but the devil to pay.

On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.

¹ This goin ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur. — LOWELL:
The Biglow Papers. First Series, No. 11.

Though an angel should write, still 't is devils must print
The Fudges in England. Letter iii.

Fly not yet; 't is just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night
 And maids who love the moon. *Fly not yet.*

Oh stay! oh stay!
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that oh 't is pain
 To break its links so soon. *Ibid.*

When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake? *Ibid.*

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
Oh think not my Spirits are always as light.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
The Meeting of the Waters.

Oh, weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The lord of the valley with false vows came.
Eveleen's Bower.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Come, send round the Wine

No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close;
 As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms.

The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 "The brook can see no moon but this."¹

While gazing on the Moon's Light.

And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

Ill Omens.

'T is sweet to think that where'er we rove
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear ;
 And that when we're far from the lips we love,
 We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'T is sweet to think.

'T is believ'd that this harp which I wake now for thee
 Was a siren of old who sung under the sea.

The Origin of the Harp.

But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Love's Young Dream.

To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee.²

I saw thy Form.

Eyes of unholy blue.

By that Lake whose gloomy Shore.

'T is the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone.

The Last Rose of Summer.

When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

Ibid.

And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days

Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

The Young May Moon.

¹ This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's Works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon."

² In imitation of Shenstone's inscription, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Farewell! But whenever you welcome the Hour.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

I'd mourn the Hopes.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Come o'er the Sea.

The light that lies
In woman's eyes.

The Time I've lost in wooing.

My only books
Were woman's looks, —
And folly's all they've taught me.

Ibid.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

Come, rest in this Bosom.

To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

As slow our Ship.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.

Remember Thee.

All that's bright must fade, —
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

All that's Bright must fade

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those Evening Bells.

Oft in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me ;
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed.

Ibid.

As half in shade and half in sun
 This world along its path advances,
 May that side the sun's upon
 Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances !

Peace be around Thee.

If I speak to thee in friendship's name,
 Thou think'st I speak too coldly ;
 If I mention love's devoted flame,
 Thou say'st I speak too boldly.

How shall I woo !

A friendship that like love is warm ;
 A love like friendship, steady.

Ibid.

The bird let loose in Eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam ;

But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way. *Oh that I had Wings*

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow, —
 There's nothing true but Heaven.
This World is all a fleeting Show.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah has triumph'd, — his people are free.
Sound the loud Timbrel.

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So dark when I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.
The Heart's Prayer.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
Come, ye Disconsolate.

Oh call it by some better name,
 For friendship sounds too cold.
Oh call it by some better Name

When twilight dews are falling soft
 Upon the rosy sea, love,
 I watch the star whose beam so oft
 Has lighted me to thee, love.
When Twilight Dews.

I give thee all, — I can no more,
 Though poor the off'ring be;
 My heart and lute are all the store
 That I can bring to thee.¹

My Heart and Lute

Who has not felt how sadly sweet
 The dream of home, the dream of home,
 Steals o'er the heart, too soon to fleet,
 When far o'er sea or land we roam ?

The Dream of Home

To Greece we give our shining blades.

Evenings in Greece. First Evening.

When thus the heart is in a vein
 Of tender thought, the simplest strain
 Can touch it with peculiar power.

Ibid

If thou would'st have me sing and play
 As once I play'd and sung,
 First take this time-worn lute away,
 And bring one freshly strung.

If Thou would'st have Me sing and play

To sigh, yet feel no pain ;

To weep, yet scarce know why ;

To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,

Then throw it idly by.

The Blue Stocking

Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are !

From this hour let the blood in their dastardly veins,

That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,

Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On the Entry of the Austrians into Naples, 1821.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,

The past, the future, — two eternities !

Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast

To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

Ibid.

¹This song was introduced in Kemble's "Lodoiska," act iii. sc. 1.

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream.

Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.

Ibid.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate.

Paradise and the Peri.

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years, —
One minute of heaven is worth them all.

Ibid.

But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

Ibid.

Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;

I never loved a tree or flower

But 't was the first to fade away.

I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,

To glad me with its soft black eye,

But when it came to know me well

And love me, it was sure to die.

The Fire-Worshippers.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave

Whose treason, like a deadly blight,

Comes o'er the councils of the brave,

And blasts them in their hour of might!

Ibid.

Beholding heaven, and feeling hell.

Ibid.

As sunshine broken in the rill,

Though turned astray, is sunshine still.

Ibid.

Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!

Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea.

Ibid.

Alas! how light a cause may move

Dissension between hearts that love!

Hearts that the world in vain had tried,

And sorrow but more closely tied;

That stood the storm when waves were rough,

Yet in a sunny hour fall off,

Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.

Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die. *Ibid.*

And oh if there be an Elysium on earth,

It is this, it is this! *Ibid.*

Humility, that low, sweet root
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.

The Loves of the Angels. The Third Angel's Story.



LORD DENMAN. 1779-1854.

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.

O'Connell v. The Queen, 11 Clark and Finnely Reports.

The mere repetition of the *Cantilena* of lawyers cannot make it law, unless it can be traced to some competent authority; and if it be irreconcilable, to some clear legal principle. *Ibid.*



CLEMENT C. MOORE. 1779-1863.

'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, — not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.



LORD BROUGHAM. 1779-1868.

Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, — a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.

Speech, Jan. 29, 1828.

In my mind, he was guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration, he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said that all we see about us, kings, lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.

Present State of the Law, Feb. 7, 1828.

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.¹

Death was now armed with a new terror.²

PAUL MOON JAMES. 1780-1854.

The scene was more beautiful far to the eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it. *The Beacon.*

And o'er them the lighthouse looked lovely as hope, —
That star of life's tremulous ocean. *Ibid.*

CHARLES MINER. 1780-1865.

When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers,
begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half
his goods on the counter, — thinks I, that man has an
axe to grind.

*Who'll turn Grindstones.*³

¹ The title given by Lord Brougham to a book published in 1830.

² Brougham delivered a very warm panegyric upon the ex-Chancellor, and expressed a hope that he would make a good end, although to an expiring Chancellor death was now armed with a new terror. — CAMPBELL: *Lives of the Chancellors, vol. vii. p. 163.*

Lord St. Leonards attributes this phrase to Sir Charles Wetherell, who used it on the occasion referred to by Lord Campbell.

From Edmund Curll's practice of issuing miserable catch-penny lives of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him "one of the new terrors of death." — CARRUTHERS: *Life of Pope* (second edition), p. 149.

³ From "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," Doylestown, Pa., 1815. It first appeared in the "Wilkesbarre Gleaner," 1811.

JOHN C. CALHOUN. 1782-1850.

The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts,¹ bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party.

Speech, Feb. 13, 1835.

A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many and various and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks.²

Speech, May 27, 1836.



DANIEL WEBSTER. 1782-1852.

(*From Webster's Works. Boston. 1857.*)

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.

Speech at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1820.³ Vol. i. p. 44.

We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!

Address on laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825. P. 62.

¹ See Appendix, page 859.

² From this comes the phrase, "Cohesive power of public plunder."

³ This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century, and in deed at the end of every year. forever and ever. — JOHN ADAMS: *Letter to Webster, Dec. 23, 1821.*

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day.

Address on laying the Corner-Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 1825. Vol. i. p. 64.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.

Ibid. P. 71.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

Ibid. P. 74.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.

Ibid. P. 78.

Knowledge is the only fountain both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

Completion of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1843. P. 93.

The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a book of religion, of especial revelation from God.

Ibid. P. 102.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

Ibid. P. 105.

Thank God! I — I also — am an American!

Ibid. P. 107.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.¹

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826. P. 133.

¹ Mr. Adams, describing a conversation with Jonathan Sewall in 1774, says: "I answered that the die was now cast; I had passed the Rubicon. Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country was my unalterable determination." — JOHN ADAMS: *Works*, vol. iv. p. 8.

Live or die, sink or swim. — PEELE: *Edward I.* (1584?).

It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment,—Independence now and Independence forever.¹

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, Aug. 2, 1826. Vol. i. p. 136.

Although no sculptured marble should rise to their memory, nor engraved stone bear record of their deeds, yet will their remembrance be as lasting as the land they honored. *Ibid. P. 146.*

Washington is in the clear upper sky.² *Ibid. P. 148.*

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet.³

Speech on Hamilton, March 10, 1831. P. 200.

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

Speech, March 15, 1837. P. 349.

When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization.

Remarks on Agriculture, Jan. 13, 1840. P. 457.

Sea of upturned faces.⁴

Speech, Sept. 30, 1842. Vol. ii. p. 117.

Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth.

On Mr. Justice Story, 1845. P. 300.

Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.

Speech at the Charleston Bar Dinner, May 10, 1847. Vol. ii. p. 393.

¹ Mr. Webster says of Mr. Adams: "On the day of his death, hearing the noise of bells and cannon, he asked the occasion. On being reminded that it was 'Independent Day,' he replied, 'Independence forever.'" — *Works, vol. i. p. 150.* BANCROFT: *History of the United States, vol. vii. p. 65.*

² We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky.

WATTS: *Spiritual Hymns, xxiv.*

³ He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion: he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into youth, health, and beauty.—BARRY YELVERTON (Lord Avonmore): *On Blackstone.*

⁴ See Scott, page 493.

The law: It has honored us; may we honor it.

Toast at the Charleston Bar Dinner, May 10, 1847. Vol. ii. p. 394.

I have read their platform, and though I think there are some unsound places in it, I can stand upon it pretty well. But I see nothing in it both new and valuable. "What is valuable is not new, and what is new is not valuable."

Speech at Marshfield, Sept. 1, 1848. P. 433.

Labour in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor.

Speech, April, 1824. Vol. iii. p. 141.

The gentleman has not seen how to reply to this, otherwise than by supposing me to have advanced the doctrine that a national debt is a national blessing.¹

Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830. P. 303.

I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

Ibid. P. 316.

I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever.

Ibid. P. 317.

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.²

Ibid. P. 321.

¹ A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing. — ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

² When the State of Pennsylvania held its convention to consider the Constitution of the United States. Judge Wilson said of the introductory clause, "We, the people, do ordain and establish," etc.: "It is not an unmeaning flourish. The expressions declare in a practical manner the principle of this Constitution. It is ordained and established by the people themselves." This was regarded as an authoritative exposition. — *The Nation*.

That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. — ABRAHAM LINCOLN: *Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.*

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Second Speech on Foot's Resolution, Jan. 26, 1830. Vol. iii. p. 342.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

Ibid.

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Speech, June 3, 1834. Vol. iv. p. 47.

On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they [the Colonies] raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared, — a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun,¹ and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.²

Speech, May 7, 1834. P. 110.

Inconsistencies of opinion, arising from changes of circumstances, are often justifiable.

Speech, July 25 and 27, 1846. Vol. v. p. 187.

I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American.³

Speech, July 17, 1850. P. 437.

There is no refuge from confession but suicide; and suicide is confession.

Argument on the Murder of Captain White, April 6, 1836. Vol. vi. p. 54.

¹ See Scott, page 495.

² The martial airs of England
Encircle still the earth.

AMELIA B. RICHARDS: *The Martial Airs
of England.*

³ See Patrick Henry, page 429.

There is nothing so powerful as truth, — and often nothing so strange.

Argument on the Murder of Captain White. Vol. vi. P. 68.

Fearful concatenation of circumstances.¹

P. 88.

A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us.

P. 105

I shall defer my visit to Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty, until its doors shall fly open on golden hinges to lovers of Union as well as lovers of liberty.²

Letter, April, 1851.

JANE TAYLOR. 1783–1824.

Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind.
How few think justly of the thinking few!
How many never think, who think they do!

*Essays in Rhyme. (On Morals and Manners. Prejudice.)
Essay i. Stanza 45.*

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

Hymn.

I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy Christian child. *A Child's Hymn of Praise.*

¹ See Scott, page 494.

² Mr. Webster's reply to the invitation of his friends, who had been refused the use of Faneuil Hall by the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston.

Oh that it were my chief delight
 To do the things I ought!
 Then let me try with all my might
 To mind what I am taught. *For a Very Little Child.*

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?
 My mother. *My Mother.*

REGINALD HEBER. 1783-1826.

Failed the bright promise of your early day. *Palestine.*

No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
 Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.²
 Majestic silence! *Ibid.*

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid. *Epiphany.*

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows!
First Sunday after Epiphany. No. ii.

When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing
 soil. *Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower. *At a Funeral. No. i.*

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb. *No. ii.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
 But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
 Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
 As false and fleeting as 't is fair.
On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope

¹ Written by Ann Taylor.

² Altered in later editions to —

No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung,
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand. *Missionary Hymn.*

Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile. *Ibid.*

I see them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play.
Lines written to a March.

WASHINGTON IRVING. 1783-1859.

Free-livers on a small scale, who are prodigal within
 the compass of a guinea. *The Stout Gentleman.*

The almighty dollar,¹ that great object of universal de-
 votion throughout our land, seems to have no genuine
 devotees in these peculiar villages. *The Creole Village.*

LEIGH HUNT. 1784-1859.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
About Ben Adhem.

Write me as one who loves his fellow-men. *Ibid.*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest. *Ibid.*

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook,
 Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook!
Politics and Poetics.

With spots of sunny openings, and with nooks
 To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
The Story of Rimini

¹ See Jonson, page 178.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. 1785-1842.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well. *Ibid.*

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well. *Ibid.*



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. 1785-1842.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea. *Ibid.*

When looks were fond and words were few.
Poet's Bridal-day Song.



SIR W. F. P. NAPIER. 1785-1860.

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some gleams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen; his life of danger and bardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.

Peninsular War (1810). Vol. ii. Book xi. Chap. iii.

JOHN PIERPONT. 1785-1866.

A weapon that comes down as still
 As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
 But executes a freeman's will,
 As lightning does the will of God;
 And from its force nor doors nor locks
 Can shield you, — 't is the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner.

From every place below the skies
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer, —
 The incense of the heart,¹ — may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

Every Place a Temple.



BRYAN W. PROCTER. 1787-1874.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

The Sea.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the blue above and the blue below,
 And silence wheresoe'er I go.

Ibid.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more.

Ibid.

Touch us gently, Time!²
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently, — as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream.

Touch us gently, Time.

¹ See Cotton, page 362.

² See Crabbe, page 445.

LORD BYRON. 1788-1824.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
 For other's weal avail'd on high,
 Mine will not all be lost in air,
 But waft thy name beyond the sky.

Farewell! if ever fondest Prayer.

I only know we loved in vain;
 I only feel — farewell! farewell!

Ibid.

When we two parted
 In silence and tears,
 Half broken-hearted,
 To sever for years.

When we Two parted

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 6

'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
 A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

Line 51

With just enough of learning to misquote.

Line 66

As soon

Seek roses in December, ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics.

Line 75.

Perverts the Prophets and purloins the Psalms.

Line 326.

Oh, Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!

Line 399.

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
 View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart.¹

Line 826.

¹ See Waller, pages 219-220.

Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
 And decorate the verse herself inspires :
 This fact, in virtue's name, let Crabbe attest, —
 Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. Line 839.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
 Give, oh give me back my heart!

Maid of Athens

Had sigh'd to many, though he loved but one.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. stanza 5.

If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

Stanza 7.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

Stanza 9.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.

Stanza 10.

Might shake the saintship of an anchorite.

Stanza 11.

Adieu! adieu! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue.

Stanza 13.

My native land, good night!

Ibid.

O Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
 What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.

Stanza 15.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.

Stanza 20.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
 For one who hath no friend, no brother there.

Stanza 40.

Still from the fount of joy's delicious springs
 Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.¹

Stanza 82.

¹ Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat

{In the midst of the fountain of wit there arises something bitter, which stings in the very flowers). — LUCRETIVS: *iv. 1133.*

War, war is still the cry, — “war even to the knife!”¹
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto i. Stanza 86.

Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were.
Canto ii. Stanza 2.

A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour! *Ibid.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
Ibid.

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.² *Stanza 6.*

Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?
Stanza 23.

None are so desolate but something dear,
 Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear. *Stanza 24.*

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless.
Stanza 26.

Coop'd in their winged, sea-girt citadel. *Stanza 28.*

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
 Immortal, though no more! though fallen, great!
Stanza 73.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?
Stanza 76.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state:
 An hour may lay it in the dust. *Stanza 84.*

Land of lost gods and godlike men. *Stanza 85.*

Where'er we tread, 't is haunted, holy ground. *Stanza 88.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.
Ibid.

¹ “War even to the knife” was the reply of Palafox, the governor of Saragossa, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged that city in 1808.

² See Waller, page 221.

Ada ! sole daughter of my house and heart.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 2.

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.

Stanza 2.

I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prevail.

Ibid.

He who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,¹
So that no wonder waits him.

Stanza 5.

Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb,
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

Stanza 8.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Stanza 21.

But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !
Did ye not hear it ? — No ! 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

Stanza 22.

He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting fell.

Stanza 23.

And there was mounting in hot haste.

Stanza 25.

¹ See Sheridan, page 443.

Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come!
they come!"

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 25.

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave. *Stanza 27.*

Battle's magnificently stern array. *Stanza 28.*

And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
Stanza 32.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell. *Stanza 42.*

He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below. *Stanza 45.*

All tenantless, save to the cranny wind. *Stanza 47.*

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine. *Stanza 55.*

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.
Stanza 57.

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.
Stanza 70.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Stanza 71.*

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; ¹ and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. *Stanza 72.*

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction. *Stanza 85*

On the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended oar. *Stanza 86.*

¹ I am a part of all that I have met. — TENNYSON: *Ulysses*.

All is concentr'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iii. Stanza 89.

In solitude, where we are least alone.¹ *Stanza 90.*

The sky is changed, — and such a change ! O night
And storm and darkness ! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.

Stanza 92.

Exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year. *Stanza 107.*

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Ibid.*

I have not loved the world, nor the world me.² *Stanza 113.*

I stood
Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts. *Ibid*

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand. *Canto iv. Stanza 2.*

Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.
Ibid.

Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy. *Stanza 3.*

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted ; they have torn me, and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed. *Stanza 10*

¹ See Gibbon, page 430.

² Good bye, proud world ; I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.

EMERSON : *Good Bye, proud World*

See Johnson, page 374.

Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo,
 The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!¹
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 12.

There are some feelings time cannot benumb,
 Nor torture shake. *Stanza 19.*

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound. *Stanza 23.*

The cold, the changed, perchance the dead, anew,
 The mourn'd, the loved, the lost, — too many, yet how
 few! *Stanza 24.*

Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till — 't is gone, and all is gray.
Stanza 29.

The Ariosto of the North. *Stanza 40.*

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty.² *Stanza 42.*

Fills

The air around with beauty. *Stanza 49.*

Let these describe the undescribable. *Stanza 53.*

The starry Galileo with his woes. *Stanza 54.*

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore. *Stanza 57.*

The poetry of speech. *Stanza 58.*

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture. *Stanza 69.*

Then farewell Horace, whom I hated so, —
 Not for thy faults, but mine. *Stanza 77.*

¹ See Wordsworth, page 474.

² A translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja: "Italia, Italia! O tu cui feo la sorte."

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 78.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands. *Stanza 79.*

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind.

Stanza 98.

Heaven gives its favourites — early death.¹ *Stanza 102.*

History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but one page.

Stanza 108.

Man!

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Stanza 109.*

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base. *Stanza 110.*

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast. *Stanza 115.*

The nympholepsy of some fond despair. *Ibid.*

Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
Ibid.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert. *Stanza 120.*

I see before me the gladiator lie. *Stanza 140.*

There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother: he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday! *Stanza 141.*

“While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the world.”² *Stanza 145.*

¹ See Wordsworth, page 478.

² Literally the exclamation of the pilgrims in the eighth century.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 168.

Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,¹
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And hating no one, love but only her !

Stanza 177.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but Nature more.

Stanza 178.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin, — his control
 Stops with the shore.

Stanza 179.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.²

Ibid.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow, —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.³

Stanza 182.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests.

Stanza 183.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward ; from a boy

¹ See Cowper, page 418.

² See Pope, page 341.

³ And thou vast ocean, on whose awful face
 Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY: *The Omnipresence of the Deity.*

I wantoned with thy breakers,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane, — as I do here.¹

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. Stanza 184.

And what is writ is writ, —
 Would it were worthier!

Stanza 185.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been, —
 A sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell!

Stanza 186.

Hands promiscuously applied,
 Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side.

The Waltz.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled, —
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 Before decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

The Giaour. Line 68.

Such is the aspect of this shore;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.

Line 90.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
 That this is all remains of thee?

Line 106.

For freedom's battle, once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Line 123.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
 To every failing but their own;
 And every woe a tear can claim,
 Except an erring sister's shame.

Line 418

¹ He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
 And played familiar with his hoary locks.

POLLOCK: *The Course of Time*, book iv. line 389.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
 Are rapture to the dreary void,
 The leafless desert of the mind,
 The waste of feelings unemployed.

The Giaour. Line 957.

Better to sink beneath the shock
 Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.

Line 969.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
 Their love can scarce deserve the name.

Line 1099.

I die, — but first I have possess'd,
 And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.

Line 1114.

She was a form of life and light
 That seen, became a part of sight,
 And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
 The morning-star of memory!
 Yes, love indeed is light from heaven;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Alla given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.

Line 1127.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?¹

The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. Stanza 1.

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all save the spirit of man is divine?

Ibid.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
 To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
 Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
 Faints into dimness with its own delight,

¹ Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
 Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
 Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
 And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose!

GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister.*

His changing cheek, his sinking heart, confess
The might, the majesty of loveliness ?

The Bride of Abydos. Canto i. Stanza 6.

The light of love,¹ the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,²
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole, —
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul !

Ibid.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. *Canto ii. Stanza 3.*

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life,
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray !

Stanza 20.

He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace !³

Ibid

Hark ! to the hurried question of despair :

“Where is my child ?” — an echo answers, “Where ?”⁴

Stanza 27.

The fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse.

The Corsair. Preface.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,⁵
Survey our empire, and behold our home !
These are our realms, no limit to their sway, —
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.

The Corsair. Canto i. Stanza 1.

Oh who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried.

Ibid.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

Stanza 3.

¹ See Gray, page 382.

² See Lovelace, page 259. Browne, page 218.

³ Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant (They make solitude, which they call peace). — TACITUS: *Agricola*, c. 30.

⁴ I came to the place of my birth, and cried, “The friends of my youth, where are they ?” And echo answered, “Where are they ?” — *Arabic MS.*

⁵ See Churchill, page 413.

To all nations their empire will be dreadful, because their ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them. — DALRYMPLE: *Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 152.

The power of thought, — the magic of the mind!
The Corsair. Canto i. Stanza 8.

The many still must labour for the one. *Ibid.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer. *Stanza 9.*

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell! *Ibid.*

Farewell!

For in that word, that fatal word, — howe'er
 We promise, hope, believe, — there breathes despair.
Stanza 15.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
 For truth denies all eloquence to woe. *Canto iii. Stanza 22.*

He left a corsair's name to other times,
 Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes.¹
Stanza 24.

Lord of himself, — that heritage of woe!
Lara. Canto i. Stanza 2.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that 's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.²
Hebrew Melodies. She walks in Beauty.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
The Destruction of Sennacherib.

It is the hour when from the boughs
 The nightingale's high note is heard;
 It is the hour when lovers' vows
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.
Parisina. Stanza 1.

¹ See Burton, page 186.

² The subject of these lines was Mrs. R. Wilmot. — *Berry Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 7.*

Yet in my lineaments they trace
Some features of my father's face.

Parisina. Stanza 13.

Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well.

Fare thee well.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.¹ *A Sketch.*

In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Stanzas to Augusta.

The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Epistle to Augusta. Stanza 3.

When all of genius which can perish dies.

Monody on the Death of Sheridan. Line 22.

Folly loves the martyrdom of fame.

Line 68.

Who track the sœps of glory to the grave.

Line 74.

Sighing that Nature form'd but one such man,
And broke the die, in moulding Sheridan.²

Line 117.

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.

Prisoner of Chillon. Stanza 8.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.

The Dream. Stanza 2.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

Ibid.

¹ See Congreve, page 294.

² Natura il fece, e poi ruppe la stampa (Nature made him, and then broke the mould). — ARIOSTO: *Orlando Furioso*, canto x. stanza 84.

The idea that Nature lost the perfect mould has been a favorite one with all song-writers and poets, and is found in the literature of all European nations. — *Book of English Songs*, p. 28.

She was his life,

The ocean to the river of his thoughts,¹
Which terminated all.

The Dream. Stanza 2.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

Stanza 3.

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

Stanza 4.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away.

Stanzas for Music.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.

Darkness.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

To Thomas Moore.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.²

Ibid.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'T is to thee that I would drink.

Ibid.

So we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night.

So we'll go.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.

Manfred. Act 4. Sc. 1.

¹ She floats upon the river of his thoughts. — LONGFELLOW: *The Spanish Student, act ii. sc. 3.*

² With a heart for any fate. — LONGFELLOW: *A Psalm of Life.*

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar.

Manfred. Act i. Sc. 2.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs.

Act ii. Sc. 1.

The heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Act iii. Sc. 4

Which makes life itself a lie,
Flattering dust with eternity.

Sardanapalus. Act i. Sc. 2.

By all that's good and glorious.

Ibid.

I am the very slave of circumstance
And impulse, — borne away with every breath!

Act iv. Sc. 1.

The dust we tread upon was once alive.

For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.

Beppo. Stanza 27.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

Stanza 32.

His heart was one of those which most enamour us, —
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.¹

Stanza 34.

Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

Stanza 39.

That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth.

Stanza 44.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Stanza 45.

O Mirth and Innocence! O milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days.

Stanza 80.

¹ My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain. — CERVANTES: *The Little Gypsy*.

And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Mazepa. Stanza 10.

They never fail who die
In a great cause.

Marino Faliero. Act ii. Sc. 2.

Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones,
Whose table earth, whose dice were human bones.

Age of Bronze. Stanza 3.

I loved my country, and I hated him.

The Vision of Judgment. lxxiii.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.

The Island. Canto ii. Stanza 19.

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — give me a cigar!

Ibid.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

On my Thirty-sixth Year.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.¹

Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 6.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!

Stanza 17.

But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, — have they not henpeck'd you all?

Stanza 22.

¹ Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi.

HORACE: *Ode iv. 9. 25.*

The languages, especially the dead,
 The sciences, and most of all the abstruse,
 'The arts, at least all such as could be said
 To be the most remote from common use.

Don Juan. Canto i. Stanza 46.

Her stature tall, — I hate a dumpy woman. *Stanza 61.*

Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
 That all the Apostles would have done as they did.

Stanza 83.

And whispering, "I will ne'er consent," — consented.

Stanza 117.

'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home ;
 'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Stanza 123.

Sweet is revenge — especially to women. *Stanza 124.*

And truant husband should return, and say,
 "My dear, I was the first who came away." *Stanza 141*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart ;
 'T is woman's whole existence. *Stanza 194.*

In my hot youth, when George the Third was king.
Stanza 212.

So for a good old-gentlemanly vice
 I think I must take up with avarice.¹ *Stanza 216.*

What is the end of fame ? 'T is but to fill
 A certain portion of uncertain paper. *Stanza 218.*

At leaving even the most unpleasant people
 And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.
Canto ii. Stanza 14.

There 's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
 As rum and true religion. *Stanza 34.*

¹ See Middleton, page 173.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Don Juan. Canto ii. Stanza 53.

All who joy would win
Must share it, — happiness was born a twin. *Stanza 172.*

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after. *Stanza 178.*

A long, long kiss, — a kiss of youth and love. *Stanza 186.*

Alas, the love of women ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing. *Stanza 199.*

In her first passion woman loves her lover :
In all the others, all she loves is love.¹

Canto vii. Stanza 3.

He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. *Stanza 41.*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.

Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set. *Stanza 86. 1.*

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free. *Stanza 86. 3.*

Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ. *Stanza 86. 7.*

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?

¹ Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant, et dans les autres elles aiment l'amour. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim* 471.

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave, —
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Don Juan. Canto iii. Stanza 86. 10.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.¹

Stanza 86. 16.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Stanza 88.

Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns.

Stanza 108.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'T is that I may not weep.

Canto iv. Stanza 4.

The precious porcelain of human clay.²

Stanza 11.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.³

Stanza 12.

Perhaps the early grave
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

Ibid.

And her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.⁴

Stanza 29.

These two hated with a hate
Found only on the stage.

Stanza 93.

"Arcades ambo," — *id est*, blackguards both.

Stanza 93.

I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted: time will doubt of Rome.

Stanza 101.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 63.

² See Dryden, page 277.

³ See Wordsworth, page 479.

⁴ All her innocent thoughts
Like rose-leaves scatter'd.

JOHN WILSON : *On the Death of a Child.* (1812.)

Oh "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!"¹

As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Don Juan. Canto iv. Stanza 110.

There 's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

Canto v. Stanza 5.

But all have prices,
From crowns to kicks, according to their vices.²

Stanza 27.

And puts himself upon his good behaviour.

Stanza 47.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul, — the dinner bell.

Stanza 49.

The women pardon'd all except her face.

Stanza 113.

Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

Canto vi. Stanza 7

A "strange coincidence," to use a phrase
By which such things are settled nowadays.

Stanza 78.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Canto viii. Stanza 3.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was *Grose*.

Stanza 18.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman!

Canto ix. Stanza 64.

And wrinkles, the damned democrats, won't flatter.

Canto x. Stanza 24.

Oh for a forty-parson power!

Stanza 34.

¹ See Southey, page 507.

² See Robert Walpole, page 304.

When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it, — 't was no matter what he said.¹

Don Juan. Canto xi. Stanza 1.

And after all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade.

Stanza 37.

'T is strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

Stanza 59.

Of all tales 't is the saddest, — and more sad,
Because it makes us smile.

Canto xiii. Stanza 9.

Cervantes smil'd Spain's chivalry away.

Stanza 11.

Society is now one polish'd horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

Stanza 95.

All human history attests
That happiness for man, — the hungry sinner! —
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.²

Stanza 53.

'T is strange, but true; for truth is always strange, —
Stranger than fiction.

Canto xiv. Stanza 101.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

Canto xv. Stanza 13.

A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

Stanza 43.

Friendship is Love without his wings.

L'Amitié est l'Amour sans Ailes.

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.

Memoranda from his Life, by Moore, Chap. xiv.

¹ What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. — T. H. KEY (once Head Master of University College School). On the authority of F. J. Furnivall.

² For a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner. — PROZZI: *Anecdotes of Samuel Johnson*, p. 149.

The best of prophets of the future is the past.

Letter, Jan. 28, 1821.

What say you to such a supper with such a woman? ¹

Note to a Letter on Bowles's Strictures.



WILLIAM KNOX. 1789-1825.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.²

*Mortality.*³



ALFRED BUNN. 1790-1860.

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side.

Song.

The light of other days ⁴ is faded,
And all their glories past. *Song. The Maid of Artois.*

The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hope will cling.

Song.



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. 1790-1867.

Strike — for your altars and your fires!
Strike — for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!

Marco Bozzaris

¹ See Lady Montagu, page 350.

² Abraham Lincoln was very fond of repeating these lines.

³ From Knox's "Songs of Israel," 1824.

⁴ See Moore, page 523.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !

Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath !

Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke !
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm !
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet song, and dance, and wine !
And thou art terrible ! — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know or dream or fear
Of agony are thine.

Marco Bozzaris.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Ibid.

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

Ibid.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined, —
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Burns.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days !
None knew thee but to love thee,¹
Nor named thee but to praise.

On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest.

Twilight.

¹ See Rogers, page 455.

They love their land because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to his Majesty. *Connecticut.*

This bank-note world. *Alnwick Castle.*

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglas in red herrings. *Ibid.*



CHARLES WOLFE. 1791-1823.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried. *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him. *Ibid.*

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory. *Ibid.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
 I might not weep for thee;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be. *To Mary.*

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light, ne'er seen before,
 As fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore. *Ibid.*

Go, forget me! why should sorrow
 O'er that brow a shadow fling?
 Go, forget me, and to-morrow
 Brightly smile and sweetly sing!
 Smile, — though I shall not be near thee;
 Sing, — though I shall never hear thee!
Go, forget me!

HENRY HART MILMAN. 1791–1868.

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
The Belvedere Apollo.

Too fair to worship, too divine to love. *Ibid.*



CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1791–1875.

Lo where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
 Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. *Curiosity.*

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
 An incarnation of fat dividends. *Ibid.*

Behold! in Liberty's unclouded blaze
 We lift our heads, a race of other days.
Centennial Ode. Stanza 22.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
 In learned doctors' spite;
 Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
 And lap me in delight. *To my Cigar.*



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. 1792–1822.

Then black despair,
 The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
 Over the world in which I moved alone.
The Revolt of Islam. Dedication, Stanza 6.

With hue like that when some great painter dips
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
Canto v. Stanza 23.

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats, tho' unseen, amongst us. *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.*

The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow.

Adonais. xxx.

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.

xxvii.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of eternity.

lii.

O thou,

Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth. *Ode to the West Wind.*

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams
 Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
 All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them.

Ibid.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,

Whom mortals call the moon. *The Cloud.* iv.

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;

Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

To a Skylark. Line 86.

Kings are like stars, — they rise and set, they have
 The worship of the world, but no repose.¹

Hellas. Line 195.

¹ See Bacon, page 166.

The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set;
 While, blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
 The cross leads generations on. *Hellas. Line 221.*

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn. *Line 1060.*

What! alive, and so bold, O earth?
Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon.

All love is sweet,
 Given or returned. Common as light is love,
 And its familiar voice wearies not ever.

They who inspire it most are fortunate,
 As I am now; but those who feel it most
 Are happier still.¹ *Prometheus Unbound. Act ii. Sc. 6.*

Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
 The work of their own hearts, and this must be
 Our chastisement or recompense.
Julian and Maddalo. Line 482.

Most wretched men
 Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.²
Line 544.

I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples. Stanza 4.

Peter was dull; he was at first
 Dull, — oh so dull, so very dull!
 Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed,
 Still with this dulness was he cursed!
 Dull, — beyond all conception, dull.
Peter Bell the Third. Part vii. xi.

¹ The pleasure of love is in loving. We are much happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim* 259.

² See Butler, page 216.

A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty.

The Witch of Atlas. Stanza 5

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Music, when soft Voices die.

I love tranquil solitude
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.

Rarely, rarely comest Thou.

Sing again, with your dear voice revealing
A tone

Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling

Are one. *To Jane. The keen Stars were twinkling.*

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

One Word is too often profanet!

You lie — under a mistake,¹
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

Translation of Calderon's Magico Prodigioso. Scene 1

How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep.

Queen Mab. 1.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.

iii

¹ See Swift, page 292.

Heaven's ebon vault
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love has spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. *Queen Mab. iv.*

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.¹ *A Defence of Poetry.*

J. HOWARD PAYNE. 1792-1852.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home; ²
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which sought through the world is ne'er met with else-
 where.

An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
 Oh give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
 Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.
*Home, Sweet Home. (From the opera of "Clari, the
 Maid of Milan.")*

SEBA SMITH. 1792-1868.

The cold winds swept the mountain-height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wandered with her child:
 As through the drifting snows she press'd,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.
The Snow Storm.

¹ See Coleridge, page 504.

² Home is home, though it be never so homely. — CLARKE: *Paræmiologia*, p. 101. (1639.)

JOHN KEBLE. 1792-1866.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask. *Morning.*

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh.
The Christian Year. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

'T is sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
Burial of the Dead.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die. *Evening.*



FELICIA D. HEMANS. 1794-1835.

The stately homes of England, ---
How beautiful they stand,
Amid their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land! *The Homes of England.*

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast.
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine,
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine. *Ibid.*

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod :
 They have left unstained what there they found, —
 Freedom to worship God.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Through the laburnum's dropping gold
 Rose the light shaft of Orient mould,
 And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
 Purpled the mossbeds at its feet. *The Palm-Tree.*

They grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee :
 Their graves are severed far and wide
 By mount and stream and sea.
The Graves of a Household.

Alas for love, if thou wert all,
 And naught beyond, O Earth ! *Ibid.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but him had fled ;
 The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead. *Casabianca.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
 And stars to set ; but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death !
The Hour of Death.

Come to the sunset tree !
 The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.
Tyrolese Evening Song.

In the busy haunts of men.
Tale of the Secret Tribunal. Part i.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
 Fair spirit, rest thee now !
Siege of Valencia. Scene ix.

Oh, call my brother back to me!

I cannot play alone:

The summer comes with flower and bee, —

Where is my brother gone?

The Child's First Grief.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,

And the larch has hung his tassels forth.

The Voice of Spring.

EDWARD EVERETT. 1794–1865.

When I am dead, no pageant train

Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,

Nor worthless pomp of homage vain

Stain it with hypocritic tear. *Alaric the Visigoth*

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,

Your monuments upon my breast,

Nor yet within the common soil

Lay down the wreck of power to rest,

Where man can boast that he has trod

On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain-stream shall turn,

And lay its secret channel bare

And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,

A resting-place forever there.

Ibid.

No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior, the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned, happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity, there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage

to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

Oration on the Character of Washington.

—●—

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. 1794—1878.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?

The Ages. xxxiii.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.

Thanatopsis.

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

Ibid.

The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.

Ibid.

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

Ibid.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

Ibid.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves¹
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Ibid.

¹ The edition of 1821 read, —

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take.

The groves were God's first temples.

A Forest Hymn.

The stormy March has come at last,
 With winds and clouds and changing skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies.

March.

But 'neath yon crimson tree
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame.

Autumn Woods.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown
 and sear.

The Death of the Flowers.

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
 more.

Ibid.

Loveliest of lovely things are they
 On earth that soonest pass away.
 The rose that lives its little hour
 Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.

The victory of endurance born.

The Battle-Field.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again, —
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Ibid



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1795–1820.

When Freedom from her mountain-height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valour given!

Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues were born in heaven.

Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,

With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,

And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

The American Flag.



JOHN KEATS. 1795-1821.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

Endymion. Book i.

He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead.

Book ii.

To sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;

She is so constant to me, and so kind.

Book iv.

So many, and so many, and such glee.

Ibid.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust.

Lamia. Part ii.

There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things.
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.

Ibid.

Music's golden tongue

Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor.

The Eve of St. Agnes Stanza 3.

The silver snarling trumpets 'gan to chide.

Stanza 4.

Asleep in lap of legends old.

Stanza 15.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow.

Stanza 16.

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing.

Stanza 18.

As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

Stanza 27.

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon.

Stanza 30.

He play'd an ancient ditty long since mute,
In Provence call'd "La belle dame sans mercy."

Stanza 33.

That large utterance of the early gods! *Hyperion. Book i.*

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charm'd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.

Ibid.

The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled. *Book ii.*

Dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth!

Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stain'd mouth.

Ode to a Nightingale.

The self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Ibid.

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on, —
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

16id

Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !

16ia

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

16id

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity.

stanzas

Hear ye not the hum
 Of mighty workings ?

Addressed to Haydon. Sonnet xv

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On first looking into Chapman's Homer

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

To One who has been long in City pent.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket.

Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind
 Along the reedy stream; a half-heard strain,
 Full of sweet desolation — balmy pain.

I stood tip-toe upon a little Hill.

There is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object.

Preface to Endymion.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth!
 Have ye souls in heaven too?

Ode to the fair Maid of the Inn.

Ay, in the very temple of Delight
 Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine.

Ode on Melancholy. Stanza 3.

It keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns. *Sonnet. On the Sea.*

The sweet converse of an innocent mind.

Sonnet. To Solitude.

Shed no tear — O shed no tear!
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more — O weep no more!
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core. *Faery Song 1.*

The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!

Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast.

Sonnet. The Day is gone

Mortality

Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

Sonnet. On seeing the Elgin Marbles

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art —
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night

And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores. *Sonnet.*

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.¹

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.
 1795-1828.

Death has shaken out the sands of thy glass.
Lament for Long Tom.

At the piping of all hands,
 When the judgment-signal 's spread —
 When the islands and the lands
 And the seas give up their dead,
 And the South and North shall come;
 When the sinner is dismayed,
 And the just man is afraid,
 Then Heaven be thy aid,
 Poor Tom. *Ibid.*

Far beneath the tainted foam
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy and wake in love
 Nor know the rage that yells above. *The Deep.*²

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun,

¹ See Chapman, page 37.

Among the many things he has requested of me to-night, this is the principal, — that on his gravestone shall be this inscription. — RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES: *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Letter to Severn, vol. ii. p. 91.*

See also David Gray: "Below lies one whose name was traced in sand."

² HARRIET BEECHER STOWE: *When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean.*

And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one.
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the West. *Epithalamium.*



SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD. 1795–1854.

So his life has flowed
 From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
 In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
 Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
 May hover round its surface, glides in light,
 And takes no shadow from them. *Ion. Act i. Sc. 1.*

'T is a little thing
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. *Sc. 2.*

Fill the seats of justice
 With good men, not so absolute in goodness
 As to forget what human frailty is. *Ibid. Act v.*

In ourselves
 In our own honest hearts and chainless hands
 Will be our safeguard: *Ibid.*

Nevermore
 Let the great interests of the State depend
 Upon the thousand chances that may sway
 A piece of human frailty; swear to me
 That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
 The means of sovereignty. *Ibid.*

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL. 1795–1856.

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast!
 The sepulchres of mighty dead,
 The truest hearts that ever bled,
 Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
 A fearless host:
 No slave is here: — our unchained feet,
 Walk freely as the waves that beat
 Our coast.

New England.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break
 As down he bears before the gale.

To Seneca Lake.

The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air.

The coral Grove.



THOMAS CARLYLE. 1795–1881.

Except by name, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter is little known out of Germany. The only thing connected with him, we think, that has reached this country is his saying, — imported by Madame de Staël, and thankfully pocketed by most newspaper critics, — “Providence has given to the French the empire of the land; to the English that of the sea; to the Germans that of — the air!”

Richter. Edinburgh Review, 1827.

He who would write heroic poems should make his whole life a heroic poem.

Life of Schiller.

Literary men are . . . a perpetual priesthood.

Richter. State of German Literature. (1827.)

I came hither [Craigenputtoch] solely with the design to simplify my way of life and to secure the independence through which I could be enabled to remain true to myself.

Letter to Goethe, 1828.

Clever men are good, but they are not the best.

Goethe. Edinburgh Review, 1828.

We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing it is useful, nay, essential, to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.

Ibid.

How does the poet speak to men with power, but by being still more a man than they?

Burns. Ibid.

A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.

Ibid.

His religion at best is an anxious wish, — like that of Rabelais, a great Perhaps.¹

Ibid.

We have oftener than once endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which however we can find nowhere in his works, that "ridicule is the test of truth."²

Voltaire. Foreign Review, 1829.

¹ BROWNING: *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, "The grand perhaps."

² How comes it to pass, then, that we appear such cowards in reasoning, and are so afraid to stand the test of ridicule? — SHAFTESBURY: *Characteristics. A Letter concerning Enthusiasm, sect. 2.*

Truth, 't is supposed, may bear all lights; and one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed in order to a thorough recognition is ridicule itself. — SHAFTESBURY: *Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour, sect. 1.*

'T was the saying of an ancient sage (Gorgias Leontinus, *apud* Aristotle's "Rhetoric," lib. iii. c. 18), that humour was the only test of gravity, and gravity of humour. For a subject which would not bear raillery was suspicious; and a jest which would not bear a serious examination was certainly false wit. — *Ibid. sect. 5.*

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; also it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

Sir Walter Scott. London and Westminster Review, 1838.

Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time.

Ibid.

To the very last, he [Napoleon] had a kind of idea; that, namely, of *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, — the tools to him that can handle them.¹

Ibid.

Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one!

Ibid.

The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others.

Ibid.

Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.

Ibid.

It can be said of him, when he departed he took a Man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time.

Ibid.

The eye of the intellect "sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing."

Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs. Ibid.

Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge as fire is of light.

Essays. Death of Goethe.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.

Ibid. The Opera.

A mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.

Ibid. Goethe's Works.

¹ Carlyle in his essay on Mirabeau, 1837, quotes this from a "New England book."

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, — Necessity and Free Will.

Essays. Goethe's Works.

He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet.

Introduction to Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.

The Public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble.

Journal. (1835).

It is now almost my sole rule of life to clear myself of cants and formulas, as of poisonous Nessus shirts.

Letter to his Wife. 1835.

There is endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done.

Francia. 1845.

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.

On History.

The barrenest of all mortals is the sentimentalist.

Characteristics.

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge.

Article on Biography.

Even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work.

Past and Present.

Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.

Ibid.

Respectable Professors of the Dismal Science.¹

Latter Day Pamphlet, No. 1. (1850.)

A healthy hatred of scoundrels.

No. 12.

Nature admits no lie.

No. 5.

¹ Referring to Political Economy and Social Science, Carlyle also in his Essay on "The Nigger Question" (1849) speaks of "What we might call, by way of Eminence, the Dismal Science."

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions, mostly fools.

Latter Day Pamphlet, No. 6. (1850.)

The fine arts once divorcing themselves from *truth* are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die. No. 8.

Genius . . . means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble.¹ *Life of Frederick the Great. Book iv. Chap. iii.*

Happy the people whose annals are blank in history-books.² *Book xvi. Chap. i.*

He who first shortened the labor of Copyists by device of *Movable Types* was disbanding hired Armies and cashiering most Kings and Senates and creating a whole new Democratic world: he had invented the Art of printing.

Sartor Resartus. Book i. Chap. v.

What you see, yet can not see over, is as good as infinite.

Book ii. Chap. i.

Alas the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Book ii. Chap. vii.

As the Swiss inscription says: *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden*, — "Speech is silvern, Silence is golden;" or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity. *Book iii. Chap. iii.*

In books lies the soul of the whole Past Time: the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. *Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

¹ Buffon says: — "La génie n'est autre chose qu'une grande aptitude à la patience. (Genius is nothing else than a great aptitude for patience)." There is also a popular proverb: "Genius is patience." See also Disraeli, p. 627: "Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius." See Leslie Stephen: "Genius is a capacity for taking trouble." Jan Walæus also says: "Genius is an intuitive talent for labor."

² MONTESQUIEU: *Aphorism.*

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books. *Heroes and Hero-Worship. The Hero as a Man of Letters.*

One life, — a little gleam of time between two Eternities. *Ibid.*

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity. *Ibid.*

The Press is the Fourth Estate of the realm. *Ibid.*

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.¹ *The Hero as a Prophet.*

My whinstone house my castle is;
I have my own four walls. *My own four Walls.*

The unspeakable Turk. *In public letter, 1877.*

Lord Bacon could as easily have created the planets as he could have written Hamlet. *Remark in discussion.*

Can there be a more horrible object in existence than an eloquent man not speaking the truth?

Address as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, 1866.



HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796–1849).

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed center. *To Shakespeare.*

On this hapless earth
There's small sincerity of mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart.

Address to certain Gold-fishes.

¹ His only fault is that he has none. — PLINY THE YOUNGER: *Book ix. Letter xxvi.*

She is not fair to outward view
 As many maidens be;
 Her loveliness I never knew
 Until she smiled on me:
 Oh! then I saw her eye was bright,
 A well of love, a spring of light.

Song. She is not fair.

Her very frowns are fairer far
 Than smiles of other maidens are.

Ibid.

RICHARD RYAN. 1796–1849.

O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een?
 Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen,
 Her cheek like the rose is, but fresher, I ween,
 She's the loveliest lassie that trips on the green.

O, saw ye the Lass.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON. 1796–1865.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Sheil, Russell,
 Macaulay, Old Joe, and soon. They are all upper-crust
 here.¹

*Sam Slick in England.*² *Chap. xxiv.*

Circumstances alter cases. *The old Judge. Chap. xv.*

We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents.³

The Clockmaker.

We can do without any article of luxury we have never
 had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur'
 to surrender it voluntarily. *Ibid.*

¹ Those families, you know, are our upper-crust, — not upper ten thousand. — COOPER: *The Ways of the Hour, chap. vi.* (1850).

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city. — N. P. WILLIS: *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

² "Sam Slick" first appeared in a weekly paper of Nova Scotia, 1835.

³ See Franklin, page 361: Time is money.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG. 1796-1877.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

I would not live alway.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear.
And, see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!

Ibid.



WILLIAM MOTHERWELL. 1797-1835.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love o' life's young day!

Jeannie Morrison. Stanza 1.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part:
Sweet time — sad time! twa bairns at scule —
Twa bairns and but ae heart.¹

Stanza 3.

And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies.

Stanza 8.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully,
The midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by.

The Midnight Wind.

¹ See Von Münch-Bellinghausen, page 992.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY. 1797-1839.

Surely 't is better, when summer is over
To die when all fair things are fading away.

I'd be a Butterfly.

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.

Ibid.

Those that have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas! naught but misery brings!

Ibid.

Oh no! we never mention her, — ¹
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.

Oh no! we never mention her.

We met, — 't was in a crowd.²

We met.

Gayly the troubadour
Touched his guitar.

Welcome me Home.

Why don't the men propose, Mamma?
Why don't the men propose?

Why don't the Men propose?

She wore a wreath of roses
The first night that we met.

She wore a Wreath.

Friends depart, and memory takes them
To her caverns, pure and deep.

Teach me to forget.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.

Long, long ago.

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me.

The Rose that all are praising.

¹ *Variant*: "Oh, no, we never mention him."

² Cf. Thomas Hood's parody: We met, — 't was in a mob.

Oh pilot, 't is a fearful night!
 There's danger on the deep. *The Pilot.*

Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou may'st be. *Ibid.*

Absence makes the heart grow fonder:¹
 Isle of Beauty, fare thee well! *Isle of Beauty.*

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
 The holly-branch shone on the old oak wall.
The Mistletoe Bough.

Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands,
 And many friends I've met;
 Not one fair scene or kindly smile
 Can this fond heart forget.
Oh, steer my Bark to Erin's Isle.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
 Then judge of my regret
 To think more happy thou hadst been
 If we had never met. *To my Wife.*

I'm saddest when I sing.²
You think I have a merry heart.



THOMAS DRUMMOND.³ 1797—1840.

Property has its duties as well as its rights.⁴
Letter to the Landlords of Tipperary, May 22, 1838.

¹ I find that absence still increases love. — CHARLES HOPKINS:
To C. C.

Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth
 it. — HOWELL: *Familiar Letters, book i. sect. i. No. 6.*

² See Artemus Ward, page 787.

³ Captain Drummond was the inventor of the Drummond light.

⁴ DISRAELI: *Sybil, book i. chap. xi.*

SAMUEL LOVER. 1797-1868.

A baby was sleeping,
 Its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild-raging sea.

The Angel's Whisper.

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.¹ *Rory O' More.*

For dhrames always go by conthraries, my dear.² *Ibid.*

"That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers,"³ says Rory O'More.

Ibid.

As she sat in the low-backed car
 The man at the turn-pike bar
 Never asked for the toll
 But just rubbed his auld poll
 And looked after the low-backed car.

The low-backed Car.

Sure my love is all crost
 Like a bud in the frost
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 't is dhrames and not slape that comes into my head!

Molly Carew.

And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me.

Widow Machree.

Sure the shovel and tongs
 To each other belongs. *Ibid.*

¹ See Scott, page 482.

² See Middleton, page 172.

³ See Shakespeare, page 46.

McDONALD CLARKE. 1798-1842.

Whilst twilight's curtain spreading far,
Was pinned with a single star.¹

Death in Disguise. Line 227. (Boston edition, 1833.)

Ha! see where the wild-blazing Grog-shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell;
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years —
The horrible Light-house of Hell! *The Rum-hole.*



THOMAS HOOD. 1798-1845.

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be, —
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
Or in the wide desert where no life is found.

Sonnet. Silence.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro. *The Death-Bed.*

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died. *Ibid.*

¹ *Variant:* While twilight's curtain gathering far
Is pinned with a single diamond star.

Mrs. Child says: "He thus describes the closing day: —
'Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.'"

See Hood: *Dream of Eugene Aram*. "And drew my midnight
curtain with fingers bloody red." Cf. W. R. Alger, *The Use of the Moon*.

The moon is a silver pinhead vast
That holds the heavens' tent-hangings fast.

I remember, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn:
 It never came a minute too soon
 Nor brought too long a day. *I remember, I remember.*

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky;
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 't is little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy. *Ibid.*

She stood breast-high amid the corn
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won. *Ruth.*

Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks. *Ibid.*

When he is forsaken,
 Withered and shaken,
 What can an old man do but die? *Spring it is cheery.*

And there is even a happiness
 That makes the heart afraid. *Ode to Melancholy.*

There's not a string attuned to mirth
 But has its chord in melancholy.¹ *Ibid.*

But evil is wrought by want of thought,
 As well as want of heart. *The Lady's Dream.*

Oh would I were dead now,
 Or up in my bed now,
 To cover my head now,
 And have a good cry! *A Table of Errata.*

¹ See Burton, page 185.

Straight down the crooked lane,
And all round the square. *A plain Direction.*

For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*. *Morning Meditations.*

A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*
Must be a spoon. *Ibid.*

Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water.
Miss Kilmansegg. Her Christening.

O bed! O bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head! *Her Dream.*

He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles. *Ibid.*

There's a double beauty whenever a swan
Swims on a lake with her double thereon.¹ *Her Honeymoon.*

Home-made dishes that drive one from home. *Ibid.*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold. *Her Moral.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould. *Ibid.*

How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary. *Ibid.*

Another tumble! That's his precious nose!
Parental Ode to my infant Son.

Boughs are daily rifled
By the gusty thieves,
And the book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. *The Season.*

¹ See Wordsworth, page 474: The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow!

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags
 Plying her needle and thread,—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch! *The Song of the Shirt.*

O men with sisters dear,
 O men with mothers and wives,
 It is not linen you're wearing out,
 But human creatures' lives! ¹ *Ibid.*

Sewing at once a double thread,
 A shroud as well as a shirt. *Ibid.*

O God! that bread should be so dear,
 And flesh and blood so cheap! *Ibid.*

No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief. *Ibid.*

My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread. *Ibid.*

A wife who preaches in her gown,
 And lectures in her night-dress.
The Surplice Question.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
 Stand shadowless like silence, listening
 To silence. *Ode. Autumn.*

Peace and rest at length have come
 All the day's long toil is past,
 And each heart is whispering, "Home,
 Home at last." *Home at last.*

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
 And used to war's alarms;
 But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
 So he laid down his arms. *Faithless Nellie Gray.*

Pity it is to slay the meanest thing.
Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

¹ See Scott, page 493.

One more unfortunate
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death. *The Bridge of Sighs.*

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair! *Ibid.*

Alas for the rarity
 Of Christian charity
 Under the sun! *Ibid.*

Even God's providence
 Seeming estranged. *Ibid.*

No sun — no moon — no morn — no noon,
 No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day,
 No warmth — no cheerfulness — no healthful ease,
 No road, no street, no t' other side the way,
 No comfortable feel in any member —
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
 November! *November.*

No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
 Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious;
 Nor study in my sanctum supercilious,
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull. *Ode to Rae Wilson.*

Each cloud-capt mountain is a holy altar;
 An organ breathes in every grove;
 And the full heart 's'a Psalter,
 Rich in deep hymn of gratitude and love. *Ibid.*

His death, which happened in his berth,
 At forty-odd befell:
 They went and told the sexton, and
 The sexton tolled the bell. *Faithless Sally Brown.*

That fierce thing
 They call a conscience. *Lamia. Scene vii.*

ROBERT GILFILLAN. 1798–1850.

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain,
 But the first joys of our heart
 Come never back again! *The Exile's Song.*



GEORGE MACBETH MOIR. 1798–1851.

To me, through every season dearest;
 In every scene, by day, by night,
 Thou, present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star, forever bright;
 My solitary sole delight:
 Where'er I am, by shore, at sea,
 I think of thee. *When Thou art Eve.*



GEORGE LINLEY. 1798–1865.

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming,
 Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer. *Ever of Thee.*

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
 And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream.

Thou art gone.

Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear
 Thou ever wilt remain;
 One only hope my heart can cheer, —
 The hope to meet again.

Oh, fondly on the past I dwell,
 And oft recall those hours
 When, wandering down the shady dell,
 We gathered the wild-flowers.

Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
 Tho' now each spot looks drear;
 Yet tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
 To memory thou art dear.

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
 When stars illumine the sky,
 I gaze upon each orb of light,
 And wish that thou wert by.

I think upon that happy time,
 That time so fondly loved,
 When last we heard the sweet bells chime,
 As thro' the fields we roved. Song.¹



ROBERT POLLOK. 1799—1827.

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.

The Course of Time. Book i. Line 464.

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
 Star of Eternity! The only star
 By which the bark of man could navigate
 The sea of life and gain the coast of bliss
 Securely. *Book ii. Line 270.*

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed
 And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Book iv. Line 684.

¹ This song was written and composed by Linley for Mr. Augustus Braham, and sung by him. It is not known when it was written, — probably about 1830.

Another song, entitled "Though lost to Sight, to Memory dear," was published in London in 1880, purporting to have been written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703 and published in the "Magazine for Mariners." That magazine, however, never existed, and the composer of the music acknowledged, in a private letter, that he copied the words from an American newspaper. The reputed author, Ruthven Jenkyns, was living, under another name, in California in 1882.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"¹
And played familiar with his hoary locks.

The Course of Time. Book iv. Line 689.

'T was Slander filled her mouth with lying words,
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin.

Line 726.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in.

Book viii. Line 616.

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.

Line 632.

COLONEL BLACKER.

Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder
dry!²

Oliver's Advice. 1834.

RUFUS CHOATE. 1799-1859.

There was a state without king or nobles; there was a church without a bishop;³ there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and by equal laws which it had framed.

Speech before the New England Society, Dec. 22, 1843.

¹ See Byron, page 548.

² There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about to cross a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry!" — HAYES: *Ballads of Ireland, vol. 1, p. 191.*

³ The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop. — JUNIUS: *Letter xxxv. Dec. 19, 1769.* Compare the anonymous poem "The Puritans' Mistake," published by Oliver Ditson in 1844:—

"Oh, we are weary pilgrims; to this wilderness we bring
A Church without a bishop, a State without a King."

It [Calvinism] established a religion without a prelate, a government without a king. — GEORGE BANCROFT: *History of the United States, vol. iii, chap. vi.*

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

Letter to the Whig Convention, Worcester, Oct. 1, 1855.

Its constitution the glittering and sounding generalities¹ of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence. *Letter to the Maine Whig Committee, 1856.*

The courage of New England was the "courage of Conscience." It did not rise to that insane and awful passion, the love of war for itself.

Address at Ipswich Centennial, 1834.

THOMAS NOEL. 1799–1861.

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns! *The Pauper's Ride.*

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand, in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise.

An old Man's Idyll.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

1800–1859.

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy.

On Milford's History of Greece. 1824.

¹ Six years earlier, Choate gave a lecture in Providence a review of which, by FRANKLIN J. DICKMAN, appeared in the *Journal* of December 14, 1849. Unless Choate used the words "glittering generalities," and Dickman made reference to them, it would seem as if Dickman must have the credit of originating the catchword. He wrote:

"We fear that the glittering generalities of the speaker have left an impression more delightful than permanent."

Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular. *On Mitford's History of Greece. 1824.*

Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, — there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens. *Ibid.*

We hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age.

On Milton. 1825.

Nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. *Ibid.*

Our academical Pharisees. *Ibid.*

The dust and silence of the upper shelf. *Ibid.*

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind. *Ibid.*

Out of his surname they have coined an epithet for a knave, and out of his Christian name a synonym for the Devil.¹

On Niccolo dei Machiavelli. 1825.

Nothing is so useless as a general maxim. *Ibid.*

The English Bible, — a book which if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.

On John Dryden. 1828.

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar. *Ibid.*

A man possessed of splendid talents, which he often abused, and of a sound judgment, the admonitions of which he often neglected; a man who succeeded only in an inferior department of his art, but who in that department succeeded pre-eminently. *Ibid.*

¹ See Butler, page 215.

He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked.
On Moore's Life of Lord Byron. 1830.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Ibid. 1830.*

From the poetry of Lord Byron they drew a system of ethics compounded of misanthropy and voluptuousness, — a system in which the two great commandments were to hate your neighbour and to love your neighbour's wife. *Ibid.*

That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. *On Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 1831.*

The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. *On Horace Walpole. 1833.*

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! — To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity; to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries!

On Boswell's Life of Johnson (Croker's ed.). 1831.

Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.¹

On Sir William Temple. 1838.

He was a rake among scholars and a scholar among rakes. *Review of Aiken's Life of Addison.*

She [the Roman Catholic Church] may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand

¹ See Pope, pages 331–332.

on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.¹

On Ranke's History of the Popes. 1840.

The chief-justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.

On Warren Hastings. 1841.

In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet

¹ The same image was employed by Macaulay in 1824 in the concluding paragraph of a review of Mitford's *Greece*, and he repeated it in his review of Mill's "Essay on Government" in 1829.

What cities, as great as this, have . . . promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some. The sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others. . . . Here stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins. — GOLDSMITH: *The Bee*, No. iv. (1759.) *A City Night-Piece*.

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned and their greatness changed into an empty name? — VOLNEY: *Ruins*, chap. ii.

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra. — HORACE WALPOLE: *Letter to Mason*, Nov. 24, 1774.

Where now is Britain?

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE: *Time*.

In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges and their historians. — SHELLEY: *Dedication to Peter Bell the Third*.

resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall.

On Warren Hastings. 1841.

In order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America.

On Frederic the Great. 1842.

We hardly know an instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking and so grotesque as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other. *Ibid.*

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

Southey's Colloquies

Nothing is so galling to a people, not broken in from the birth, as a paternal or, in other words, a meddling government, a government which tells them what to read and say and eat and drink and wear.

Ibid.

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm.

On Hallam's Constitutional History.

Intoxicated with animosity.

Ibid.

Those who compare the age in which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.

History of England. Vol. i. Chap. i.

I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history.¹

Ibid.

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen.

Chap. ii.

¹ See Bolingbroke, page 304.

The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.¹

History of England. Vol. i. Chap. iii.

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.²

On Lord Bacon.

I have not the Chancellor's encyclopedic mind. He is indeed a kind of semi-Solomon. He *half* knows everything, from the cedar to the hyssop.³

Letter to Macvey Napier, Dec. 17, 1830.

These be the great Twin Brethren
To whom the Dorians pray.

The Battle of Lake Regillus.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

Lays of ancient Rome. Horatius, xxvii.

The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

xxvii.

How well Horatius kept the bridge.

lxx.

The sweeter sound of woman's praise.

Lines written in August, 1847.

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red?

¹ Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian: the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence. — HUME: *History of England, vol. i. chap. lxii.*

² See Tennyson: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

³ I wish I were as sure of anything as Macaulay is of everything. William Windham (1750-1810).

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye
 tread?
The Battle of Naseby.

Ye diners-out from whom we guard our spoons.¹
Political Georgics.

J. AUGUSTUS WADE. 1800-1875.

Meet me by moonlight alone,
 And then I will tell you a tale
 Must be told by the moonlight alone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale!
 You must promise to come, for I said
 I would show the night-flowers their queen.
 Nay, turn not away that sweet head,
 'T is the loveliest ever was seen.

Meet me by Moonlight.

'T were vain to tell thee all I feel,
 Or say for thee I'd die.
 Ah, well-a-day, the sweetest melody
 Could never, never say, one half my love for thee.

'T were vain to tell.

LORD CHARLES NEAVES. 1800-1876.

Pouter, tumbler and fantail are from the same source;
 The racer and hack may be traced to one horse;
 So men were developed from monkeys of course,²
 Which nobody can deny.
The Origin of Species.

¹ Macaulay, in a letter, June 29, 1831, says "I sent these lines to the 'Times' about three years ago."

² See Lord Beaconsfield, page 625.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR. 1800–1886.

His food

Was glory, which was poison to his mind
And peril to his body.

Philip Van Artevelde. Part i. Act i. Sc. 5.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men. *Ibid.*

An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine. *Ibid.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'T is an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity. *Ibid.*

We figure to ourselves

The thing we like; and then we build it up,
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand, —
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,
And homebound Fancy runs her bark ashore. *Ibid.*

Such souls,

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. *Ibid.*



WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD. 1801–1872.

The Constitution devotes the national domain to
union, to justice, to defence, to welfare and to liberty.
But there is a higher law than the Constitution.

Speech, March 11, 1850.

It [the antagonism between freedom and slavery] is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.

Speech, Oct. 25, 1858



JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.
(1801-1890).

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on!

The night is dark, and I am far from home —

Lead thou me on!

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

The Pillar of the Cloud.

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Ibid.

Growth is the only evidence of life.

Dr. Scott, cited by Cardinal Newman.

It is thy very energy of thought

Which keeps thee from thy God.

Dream of Gerontius.

Where good and ill together blent,

Wage an undying strife.

A Martyr Convert.

There is in stillness oft a magic power

To calm the breast when struggling passions lower,

Touched by its influence, in the soul arise

Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.

Solitude.

Time hath a taming hand.

Persecution.

A great memory does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar.

Knowledge in Relation to Culture.

EDWARD COATE PINCKNEY. 1802-1828.

I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon;
 To whom the better elements
 And kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air,
 'T is less of earth than heaven. *A Health.*

Her every tone is music's own,
 Like those of morning birds,
 And something more than melody
 Dwells ever in her words. *Ibid.*

Look out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes. *A Serenade.*



WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. 1802-1839.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
 All thoughts and things look older;
 How the laugh of pleasure grows less gay,
 And the heart of friendship colder.
Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine.

She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And then she danced — O Heaven, her dancing!
The Belle of the Ball.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
 And some before the speaker. *School and Schoolfellows.*

I remember, I remember ¹
 How my childhood fled by, —
 The mirth of its December
 And the warmth of its July. *I remember, I remember.*

¹ See Thomas Hood: under same title, page 592.

His partners at the whist-club said
That he was faultless in his dealings. *Quince.*

Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy,
And always blind, and often tipsy;
Sometimes for years and years together,
She 'll bless you with the sunniest weather,
Bestowing honour, pudding, pence,
You can't imagine why or whence; —
Then in a moment — Presto, pass! —
Your joys are withered like the grass;

The haunted Tree.

John Bull was beat at Waterloo!
They'll swear to that in France. *Waterloo.*

Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man. *The talented Man.*



GEORGE POPE MORRIS. 1802–1864.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!¹
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

Woodman, spare that Tree! 1830.

A song for our banner! The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station:
"United we stand, divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!²

The Flag of our Union.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our Union forever! *Ibid.*

¹ See Campbell, page 516.

² See Key, page 517.

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
 Long time ago!

Near the Lake.

In teaching me the way to live
 It taught me how to die.

My Mother's Bible.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE. 1802-1868.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
 We never shall see more;
 He used to wear a long black coat
 All buttoned down before.¹

Old Grimes.

Fill every beaker up, my men, pour forth the cheering wine:
 There's life and strength in every drop, — thanksgiving
 to the vine!

The Baron's last Banquet.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD. 1802-1880.

Pillars are fallen at thy feet,
 Fanés quiver in the air,
 A prostrate city is thy seat,
 And thou alone art there.

Marius amid the Ruins of Carthage.

Genius hath electric power
 Which earth can never tame,
 Bright suns may scorch and dark clouds lower,
 Its flash is still the same.

Ibid.

¹ John Lee is dead, that good old man, —
 We ne'er shall see him more;
 He used to wear an old drab coat
 All buttoned down before.

To the memory of John Lee, who died May 21, 1823.

An Inscription in Matherne Churchyard.

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone, —
 You'll never see him more;
 He used to wear a long brown coat
 That buttoned down before.

HALLIWELL: *Nursery Rhymes of England*, p. 60.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

Supposititious Speech of James Otis. The Rebels, Chap. iv.

—◆—

GERALD GRIFFIN. (1803–1840).

A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim;
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name. *A Place in thy Memory.*

When, like the rising day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy and woe?
Only the constant know!—
Eileen aroon! *Eileen aroon.*

—◆—

LAMAN BLANCHARD. 1803–1845.

Sooth 't were a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do
But just to blow a shepherd's reed,
The silent season thro'
And just to drive a flock to feed, —
Sheep—quiet, fond and few!
Dolce far Niente. Stanza 1.

Give me to live with Love alone
And let the world go dine and dress;
For Love hath lowly haunts
If life's a flower, I choose my own —
'T is "love in Idleness." *Stanza 4.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD. 1803-1857.

He is one of those wise philanthropists who in a time of famine would vote for nothing but a supply of toothpicks.

Douglas Jerrold's Wit.

The surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

Ibid.

That fellow would vulgarize the day of judgment.

A comic Author.

The best thing I know between France and England is the sea.

The Anglo-French Alliance.

The life of the husbandman, — a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of heaven.

The Husbandman's Life.

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it.

Meeting Troubles half-way.

Earth is here [Australia] so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.

A Land of Plenty.

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

Ugly Trades.

A blessed companion is a book, — a book that fitly chosen is a life-long friend.

Books.

He was so good he would pour rose-water on a toad.

A charitable Man.

As for the brandy, "nothing extenuate;" and the water, put nought in in malice.

Shakespeare Grog.

Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps.

A matter-of-fact Man.

That questionable superfluity — small beer.

The Tragedy of the Till.

SARAH HELEN POWER WHITMAN. 1803-1878.

Star of resplendent front! Thy glorious eye
Shines on me still from out yon clouded sky.

Arcturus (To Edgar Allen Poe).

Tell him I lingered alone on the shore,
Where we parted, in sorrow, to meet nevermore;
The night-wind blew cold on my desolate heart
But colder those wild words of doom, — “Ye must part.”

Our Island of Dreams.

The sweet imperious mouth, whose haughty valor
Defied all portents of impending doom.

The Portrait. (Of Poe.)

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through the fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

A still Day in Autumn.

Enchantress of the stormy seas,
Priestess of Night's high mysteries.

Moonrise in May.

The summer skies are darkly blue,
The days are still and bright,
And Evening trails her robes of gold
Through the dim halls of Night.¹ *Summer's Call.*

Raven from the dim dominions
On the Night's Plutonian shore,²
Oft I hear thy dusky pinions
Wave and flutter round my door —
See the shadow of thy pinions
Float along the moonlit floor.

The Raven.

¹ LONGFELLOW: I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls.

² See Poe: *The Raven*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. 1803-1882.

Nor knowest thou what argument
 Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
 All are needed by each one;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

Each and All.

I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore,
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar. *Ibid.*

I like a church; I like a cowl;
 I like a prophet of the soul;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles:
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowléd churchman be. *The Problem.*

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought. *Ibid.*

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old. *Ibid.*

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew:
 The conscious stone to beauty grew. *Ibid.*

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
 As the best gem upon her zone. *Ibid.*

Earth laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
 Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
 Who steer the plough, but can not steer their feet
 Clear of the grave. *Hamatreya.*

Good bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine.¹ *Good Bye.*

For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet? *Ibid.*

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.² *The Rhodora.*

Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.³ *Ode, inscribed to W. H. Channing.*

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young
And always keep us so. *Ode to Beauty.*

Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive. *Give all to Love.*

Love not the flower they pluck and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names. *Blight.*

The silent organ loudest chants
. The master's requiem. *Dirge.*

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.⁴
Hymn sung at the Completion of the Battle Monument.

¹ See Byron, page 544.

² See Mrs. Browning: *Aurora Leigh*, Book I:

The beautiful seems right,
By force of beauty.

³ I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. — RUMBOLD (when on the scaffold).

⁴ No war or battle sound

Was heard the world around.

MILTON: *Hymn of Christ's Nativity*, line 31.

- What potent blood hath modest May! *May-Day.*
- And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form. *Ibid.*
- And every man, in love or pride,
Of his fate is never wide. *Nemesis.*
- None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have. *Boston Hymn. 1863.*
- Oh, tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire. *Ode, Concord, July 4, 1857.*
- Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue. *Ibid.*
- So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can! *Voluntaries.*
- Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore. *Ibid.*
- Nor sequent centuries could hit
Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit. *Solution.*
- Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes. *In Memoriam.*
- Nor mourn the unalterable Days
That Genius goes and Folly stays. *Ibid.*
- Fear not, then, thou child infirm;
There's no god dare wrong a worm. *Compensation.*
- He thought it happier to be dead,
To die for Beauty, than live for bread. *Beauty.*
- Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill?
Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill! *Suum Cuique.*

Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die.

Quatrains. Nature.

Though love repine, and reason chafe,

There came a voice without reply, —

“’T is man’s perdition to be safe

When for the truth he ought to die.”

Sacrifice.

For what avail the plough or sail,

Or land or life, if freedom fail?

Boston.

If the red slayer think he slays,

Or if the slain think he is slain,

They know not well the subtle ways

I keep and pass and turn again.

Brahma.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,

His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome. *Wood-notes.*

Seeing only what is fair,

Sipping only what is sweet,

Thou dost mock at fate and care.

To the humble Bee.

Thou animated torrid-zone.

Ibid.

In the vaunted works of Art

The master-stroke is Nature’s part.¹

Art.

If the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him.² *Nature. Addresses and Lectures. The American Scholar.*

There is no great and no small³

To the Soul that maketh all;

And where it cometh, all things are;

And it cometh everywhere.

Essays. First Series. Epigraph to History.

¹ Also in *Society and Solitude: Art.* Nature paints the best part of a picture, carves the best part of the statue, builds the best part of the house, and speaks the best part of the oration.

² Everything comes if a man will only wait. — DISRAELI: *Tancred*, book iv. chap. viii.

³ See Pope, page 316.

Time dissipates to shining ether the solid angularity
of facts. *History.*

Nature is a mutable cloud which is always and never
the same. *Ibid.*

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose
flower and fruitage is the world. *Ibid.*

The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance
is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but
names and customs. *Self-Reliance.*

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist. *Ibid.*

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,
adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines.
Ibid.

To be great is to be misunderstood. *Ibid.*

Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity
of will. *Ibid.*

The man in the street does not know a star in the sky.
Ibid.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. *Ibid.*

Everything in Nature contains all the powers of Nature.
Everything is made of one hidden stuff. *Compensation.*

It is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one
but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the
same time. *Ibid.*

Men are better than their theology. *Ibid.*

All mankind love a lover. *Love.*

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs;
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays. *Epigraph to Friendship.*

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of Nature. *Friendship.*

Every sweet has its sour; every evil its good. *Ibid.*

Thou art to me a delicious torment. *Ibid.*

The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one. *Ibid.*

The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. *Ibid.*

And with Cæsar to take in his hand the army, the empire, and Cleopatra, and say, "All these will I relinquish if you will show me the fountain of the Nile."

New England Reformers.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it. *Ibid.*

He is great who is what he is from Nature, and who never reminds us of others.

Representative Men. Uses of Great Men.

Every hero becomes a bore at last. *Ibid.*

Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in? ¹

Ibid. Montaigne.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. *Shakespeare.*

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue. *English Traits. Race.*

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes. *Manners.*

A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence.

Aristocracy.

¹ See Davies, page 176.

The manly part is to do with might and main what you can do. *The Conduct of Life. Wealth.*

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. *Behaviour.*

Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others. *Ibid.*

Good is a good doctor, but Bad is sometimes a better. *Considerations by the Way.*

God may forgive sins, he said, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth. *Society and Solitude.*

Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it. *Ibid. Art.*

Hitch your wagon to a star. *Civilization.*

I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue. *Books.*

Never read any book that is not a year old. *Ibid.*

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count. *Old Age.*

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. *Letters and Social Aims. Social Aims.*

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we all quote. *Quotation and Originality.*

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. *Circles.*

The virtues of society are the vices of the saints. *Ibid.*

The wise through excess of wisdom is made a fool. *Experience.*

In skating over thin ice our safety is our speed.

Prudence.

Shallow men believe in luck.

Worship.

Heroism feels and never reasons and therefore is always right.

Heroism.

The faith that stands on authority is not faith.

The Over-soul.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose.

Intellect.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Greatness.

We boil at different degrees.

Eloquence.

Can anybody remember when the times were not hard and money not scarce?

Works and Days.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.

Success.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.¹

Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.

When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies, "Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them into life."

Ibid.

In fact, it is as difficult to appropriate the thoughts of others as it is to invent.

Ibid.

¹ There is not less wit nor less invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought. Cardinal du Perron has been heard to say that the happy application of a verse of Virgil has deserved a talent. — BAYLE: *vol. ii. p. 779.*

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best.

LOWELL: *For an Autograph.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

Progress of Culture. Phi Beta Kappa Address, July 18, 1867.

I see that sensible men and conscientious men all over the world were of one religion.¹

Lectures and Biographical Sketches. The Preacher.

RICHARD HENRY HENGEST HORNE.

1803–1884.

'T is always morning somewhere in the world.²

Orion. Book iii. Canto ii. (1843).

A sweet content

Passing all wisdom or its fairest flower. *Ibid.*

The wisdom of mankind creeps slowly on,
Subject to every doubt that can retard
Or fling it back upon an earlier time. *Ibid.*

Ye rigid Plowmen! Bear in mind
Your labor is for future hours.
Advance! spare not! nor look behind!
Plow deep and straight with all your powers!

The Plow.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY. 1804–1859.

The tomb of him who would have made
The world too glad and free. *The Devil's Progress.*

He stood beside a cottage lone
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute. *Ibid.*

¹ See Johnson, page 370.

² 'T is always morning somewhere. — LONGFELLOW: *Wayside Inn. Birds of Killingworth, stanza 16.*

A love that took an early root,
 And had an early doom. *The Devil's Progress.*

Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,
 But never came to shore. *Ibid.*

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
 His eye was dim and cold,
 The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
 And his blood was thin and old. *Ibid.*

Wake, soldier, wake, thy war-horse waits
 To bear thee to the battle back;
 Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates, —
 Thy dog would break thy bivouac;
 Thy plume is trailing in the dust
 And thy red falchion gathering rust.
The dead Trumpeter.

Gayly we glide in the gaze of the world
 With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled,
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs.
The convict Ship.



LEONARD HEATH [?].

On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
 Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
 The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows,
 Like fond weeping mourners, lean over his grave.
 The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle;
 He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
 He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
 No sound can awake him to glory again!
The Grave of Bonaparte.¹

¹ This poem attributed to Leonard Heath was set to music by Lyman Heath (1804–1870). The author is still unknown.

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb can not bind thee,
 But like thine own eagle that soars to the sun
 Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
 A name which before thee no mortal hath won.
 Tho' nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
 No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain:
 Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last
 battle,
 No sound can awake thee to glory again.

The Grave of Bonaparte.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.
 1804–1881.

I will sit down now, but the time will come when you
 will hear me.¹ *Maiden Speech in the House of Commons. 1837.*

Free trade is not a principle, it is an expedient.²

On Import Duties, April 25, 1843.

The noble lord³ is the Rupert of debate.⁴

Speech, April, 1844.

The Right Honorable gentleman⁵ caught the Whigs
 bathing and walked away with their clothes.

Speech, House of Commons, Feb. 28, 1845.

A conservative government is an organized hypocrisy.

Speech on agricultural Interests, March 17, 1845.

A precedent embalms a principle.

Speech on the Expenditures of the Country, Feb. 22, 1848.

Justice is truth in action.

Speech, Feb. 11, 1851.

¹ See W. L. Garrison, page 633: I will be heard.

² It is a condition which confronts us, not a theory. — GROVER
 CLEVELAND: *Annual Message, 1887. Reference to the Tariff.*

³ Lord Stanley.

⁴ See Bulwer, page 631.

⁵ Sir Robert Peel.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

Speech, Jan. 24, 1860.

Posterity is a most limited assembly. Those gentlemen who reach posterity are not much more numerous than the planets.

Speech, June 3, 1862.

The characteristic of the present age is craving credulity.

Speech at Oxford Diocesan Conference, Nov. 25, 1864.

What is the question now placed before society with the glib assurance which to me is most astonishing? That question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence those new fangled theories.

Ibid.

Ignorance never settles a question.

Speech, House of Commons, May 14, 1866.

Individualities may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.

Speech at Manchester, 1866.

However gradual may be the growth of confidence, that of credit requires still more time to arrive at maturity.

Speech, Nov. 9, 1867.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

Speech, June 24, 1870.

The author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.

Speech, Nov. 19, 1870.

Increased means and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.

Speech to the Conservatives of Manchester, April 3, 1872.

A university should be a place of light, of liberty, and of learning.

Speech, House of Commons, March 8, 1873.

A sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and gifted with an egotistical

imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself.

Speech at Riding School, London, July 27, 1878.

A series of congratulatory regrets.

Lord Hartington's Resolutions on the Berlin Treaty, July 30, 1878.

The hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity.

Speech, Guildhall, London, Nov. 9, 1878.

The microcosm of a public school.

Vivian Grey, Book i. Chap. ii.

I hate definitions.

Book ii. Chap. vi.

Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We can not learn men from books.

Book v. Chap. i.

Variety is the mother of Enjoyment.

Chap. iv.

There is moderation even in excess.

Book vi. Chap. i.

I repeat . . . that all power is a trust; that we are accountable for its exercise; that from the people and for the people all springs, and all must exist.¹

Chap. vii.

Man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of men.

Ibid.

The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth: let us hope that the heritage of old age is not despair.

Book viii. Chap. iv.

A dark horse² which had never been thought of, and which the careless St. James had never even observed in the list, rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph.

The young Duke. Book i. Chap. v.

¹ See Webster, page 532. Also Theodore Parker, page 694 and Lincoln, page 661.

² A political phrase common in the United States.

Nature is more powerful than education; time will develop everything.¹ *Contarini Fleming, Part i. Chap. xiii.*

With words we govern men. *Chap. xxi.*

Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius. *Part iv. Chap. v.*

Though lions to their enemies they were lambs to their friends. *The infernal Marriage. Part ii. Chap. iv.*

But what minutes! Count them by sensation, and not by calendars, and each moment is a day, and the race a life. *Sybil. Book i. Chap. ii.*

The Duke of Wellington brought to the post of first minister immortal fame, — a quality of success which would almost seem to include all others. *Chap. iii.*

The Egremonts had never said anything that was remembered, or done anything that could be recalled. *Ibid.*

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge. *Chap. 7.*

Principle is ever my motto, not expediency. *Book ii. Chap. ii.*

Property has its duties as well as its rights.² *Chap. xi.*

Little things affect little minds. *Book iii. Chap. ii.*

We all of us live too much in a circle. *Chap. vii.*

Mr. Kremlin was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.³ *Book iv. Chap. v.*

I was told that the Privileged and the People formed Two Nations. *Chap. viii.*

There is no wisdom like frankness. *Chap. ix.*

¹ La Nature a été en eux plus forte que l'éducation.—VOLTAIRE: *Vie de Molière.*

² See Drummond, page 589.

³ See Johnson, page 371.

A public man of light and leading. *Sybil. Book v. Chap. i.*

The Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity.
Book vi. Chap. xviii.

Debt is the prolific mother of folly and of crime.
Henrietta Temple. Book ii. Chap. i.

What we anticipate seldom occurs;¹ what we least expected generally happens.
Chap. iv.

Time is the great physician. *Book vi. Chap. ix.*

Nature has given us two ears but only one mouth.
Chap. xxiv.

Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret.
Coningsby. Book iii. Chap. i.

Almost everything that is great has been done by youth.
Ibid.

Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.
Ibid.

The frigid theories of a generalizing age.
Book ix. Chap. vii.

He was fresh and full of faith that "something would turn up."
Tancred. Book iii. Chap. vi.

Everything comes if a man will only wait.²
Book iv. Chap. viii. (1847).

The world is wearied of statesmen whom democracy has degraded into politicians.
Lothair. Chap. xvii.

That when a man fell into his anecdote, it was a sign for him to retire.
Chap. xxviii.

Every woman should marry — and no man. *Chap. xxx.*

¹ See S. W. Foss, page 839.

² See Emerson, page 617.

All things come round to him who will but wait. — LONGFELLOW
Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Student's Tale. (1862).

You know who critics are? — the men who have failed
in literature and art.¹ *Lothair. Chap. xxx.*

“My idea of an agreeable person,” said Hugo Bohun,
“is a person who agrees with me.” *Ibid.*

His Christianity was muscular. *Endymion. Chap. xiv.*

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiasti-
cal lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man. *Chap. lii.*

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.
Chap. lxx.

“As for that,” said Waldenshare, “sensible men are
all of the same religion.” “Pray, what is that?” inquired
the Prince. “Sensible men never tell.”² *Chap. lxxxi.*

The sweet simplicity of the three per cents.³ *Chap. xcvi.*



MARY HOWITT. 1804–1888.

Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we;
Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every sea.
Old England is our Home.

“Will you walk into my parlour?” said a spider to a fly;
“’T is the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.”
The Spider and the Fly.

The wild sea roars and lashes the granite cliffs below,
And round the misty islets the loud strong tempests blow.
The Sea-Fowler.

¹ See Coleridge, page 505, and Shelley, in note, *ibid.*

² See Johnson, page 370.

An anecdote is related of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper (1621–1683), who, in speaking of religion, said, “People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion.” To the inquiry of “What religion?” the Earl said, “Men of sense never tell it.” — BURNET: *History of my own Times*, vol. i. p. 175, note (edition 1833).

³ See Stowell, page 437.

Yes, in the poor man's garden grow
 Far more than herbs and flowers —
 Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
 And joy for weary hours.

The poor Man's Garden.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1805–1848.

Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

He sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,
 Alike they're needful to the flower;
 And joys and tears alike are sent
 To give the soul fit nourishment.
 As comes to me or cloud or sun,
 Father! thy will, not mine, be done.

He sendeth Sun, he sendeth Shower.

Once have a priest for enemy, good bye
 To peace.

Vivia Perpetua. Act iii. Sc. ii.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 1805–1873.

Rank is a great beautifier.

The Lady of Lyons. Act ii. Sc. i.

Curse away!
 And let me tell thee, Beauseant, a wise proverb
 The Arabs have, — “Curses are like young chickens,
 And still come home to roost.” *Act v. Sc. ii.*

You speak

As one who fed on poetry. *Richelieu. Act i. Sc. vi.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword.¹ *Act ii. Sc. ii.*

Ambition has no risk. *Act iii. Sc. i.*

Take away the sword;
States can be saved without it. *Ibid.*

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As "fail." *Ibid.*

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun.
Act v. Sc. iii.

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash, — the Rupert of debate!²
The New Timon. (1846). Part i.

Alone! — that worn-out word,
So idly spoken, and so coldly heard;
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word ALONE! *Part ii.*

Two lives that once part are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other a sea; —
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!³ *A Lament.*

Memory, no less than hope, owes its charm to "the far
away." *Ibid.*

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;

¹ See Burton, page 189.

² In April, 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus alluded to Lord Stanley: "The noble lord is the Rupert of debate."

³ Ships that pass in the night. See Longfellow, page 644.

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea. *When Stars are in the quiet Skies.*

Buy my flowers, — oh buy, I pray!
The blind girl comes from afar. *Buy my Flowers.*

There are times when the mirth of others only saddens us, especially the mirth of children with high spirits, that jar on our own quiet mood. *Kenelm Chillingly.*

The man who smokes, thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan. *Night and Morning. Chap. vi.*

Happy is the man who hath never known what it is to taste of fame — to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell. *Last of the Barons. Book v. Chap. i.*

A good heart is better than all the heads in the world. *The Disowned. Chap. xxviii.*

The easiest person to deceive is one's own self. *Chap. xlii.*

The magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells. *Eugene Aram. Book i. Chap. vii.*

Fate laughs at probabilities. *Chap. x.*

In science, read, by preference the newest works; in literature, the oldest. The classics are always modern. *Caxtoniana: Hints on Mental Culture.*



EDWIN RANSFORD. 1805–1876.

In the days when we went gypsying
A long time ago;
The lads and lassies in their best
Were drest from top to toe.

In the Days when we went Gypsying.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. 1806–1884.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in;
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill to-night, with hearts as light
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
 And break on the lips while meeting.

Sparkling and Bright.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. 1805–1879.

My country is the world; my countrymen are mankind.¹
Prospectus of the Public Liberator, 1830.

I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard!²
Salutatory of the Liberator, Jan. 1, 1831.

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.
The Liberator. Vol. i. No. 1, 1831.

The compact which exists between the North and the South is a covenant with death and an agreement with hell.³ *Resolution adopted by the Antislavery Society, Jan. 27, 1843.*

¹ Socrates said he was not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world. — PLUTARCH: *On Banishment*.

Diogenes, when asked from what country he came, replied, "I am a citizen of the world." — DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

My country is the world, and my religion is to do good. — THOMAS PAINE: *Rights of Man, chap. v.*

This famous motto of Garrison's appears in several different forms. On the first number of the *Liberator* in 1831, the *my* was changed to *our*. In the *Prospectus* of December 15, 1837, it read: Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind.

² See Disraeli's maiden speech, page 624. The time will come when you will hear me.

³ We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. — *Isaiah xxviii. 15*

With reasonable men, I will reason; with humane men I will plead; but to tyrants I will give no quarter, nor waste arguments where they will certainly be lost.

Life. Vol. i. Page 188.

Since the creation of the world there has been no tyrant like Intemperance, and no slaves so cruelly treated as his.

Page 268.

We may be personally defeated, but our principles never.

Page 402.

The Sabbath, as now recognized and enforced, is one of the main pillars of Priestcraft and Superstition, and the stronghold of a merely ceremonial Religion.

Vol. iii. Page 224.

Wherever there is a human being, I see God-given rights inherent in that being, whatever may be the sex or complexion.

Page 390.

The success of any great moral enterprise does not depend upon numbers.

Page 473.

You can not possibly have a broader basis for any government than that which includes all the people, with all their rights in their hands, and with an equal power to maintain their rights.

Vol. iv. Page 224.



ISAAC McLENNAN. 1806-1899.

New England's dead. New England's dead!

On every hill they lie;

On every field of strife, made red

By bloody victory.

New England's Dead.

The land is holy where they fought

And holy where they fell;

For by their blood that land was bought,

The land they loved so well.

Ibid.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY. 1807-1855.

And thou, vast ocean! on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace.¹

The Omnipresence of the Deity. Part i.

The soul aspiring pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount.²

Ibid

The solitary monk who shook the world
From pagan slumber, when the gospel trump
Thundered its challenge from his dauntless lips
In peals of truth.

Luther. Man's Need and God's Supply.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night.

The starry Heavens.



THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS. 1807-1858.

Many mellow Cydonian suckets
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,
Rich, brilliant, like chrysophrase glowing
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee.

Rosalie Lee.

¹ See Byron, page 547.

² We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders or can possibly meander level with the fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upwards. — MACAULAY: *Review of Montgomery's Poems* (Eleventh Edition). *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1830.

These lines were omitted in the subsequent edition of the poem.

In the music of the morns
 Blown through the Conchimarian horns,
 Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,
 To the Genius of Eternity
 Crying, "Come to me! Come to me!"

The Poet's Vacation.

On the beryl-rimmed rebecs of Ruby
 Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,
 She played on the banks of the Yuba
 Such songs as she heard in her dreams. *Lily Adair.*

As an egg, when broken, never
 Can be mended, but must ever
 Be the same crushed egg for ever —
 So shall this dark heart of mine!

To Allegra Florence in Heaven.

As the diamond is the crystalline Revelator of the achromatic white light of Heaven, so is a perfect poem the crystalline revelation of the Divine Idea.

Preface to Eonchs of Ruby.



JAMES HENRY HAMMOND. 1807–1864.

The very mudsills of society. . . . We call them slaves.
 . . . But I will not characterize that class at the North
 with that term; but you have it. It is there, it is every-
 where; it is eternal. *Speech in the U. S. Senate, March, 1858.*



CHARLES JEFFERYS. 1807–1865.

Come o'er the moonlit sea,
 The waves are brightly glowing. *The Moonlit Sea.*
 The morn was fair, the skies were clear,
 No breath came o'er the sea. *The Rose of Allandale.*

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three."

Charity.

Come, wander with me, for the moonbeams are bright
On river and forest, o'er mountain and lea.

Come, wander with me.

A word in season spoken
May calm the troubled breast.

A Word in Season.

The bud is on the bough again,

The leaf is on the tree. *The Meeting of Spring and Summer.*

I have heard the mavis singing
Its love-song to the morn;
I've seen the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born.

Mary of Argyle.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.

We have lived and loved together.



HELEN SELINA SHERIDAN, LADY DUFFERIN.
1807-1867.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

Ibid

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But oh they love the better still
The few our Father sends!

Ibid.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
 My Mary, kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you, darling,
 In the land I'm going to.
 They say there's bread and work for all,
 And the sun shines always there;
 But I'll not forget old Ireland,
 Were it fifty times as fair.

Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

1807-1882.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!¹

Voices of the Night. Prelude.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.²

A Psalm of Life.

Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Ibid.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,³
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.⁴

Ibid.

¹ See Philip Sidney, page 34.

² Things are not always what they seem. — PHÆDRUS: *Fables*, book iv. *Fable 2*.

³ See Chaucer, page 6.

Art is long, life is short. — GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister*, vii. 9. Hippocrates is supposed to have originated this saying which is better known in Latin: *Ars longa, vita brevis est*.

⁴ Our lives are but our marches to the grave. — BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Humorous Lieutenant*, act. iii. sc. 5.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act, act in the living present!
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

A Psalm of Life.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time. *Ibid.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;¹
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait. *Ibid.*

There is a reaper whose name is Death,²
 And with his sickle keen
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.
The Reaper and the Flowers.

The star of the unconquered will.
The Light of Stars.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know erelong, —
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer and be strong. *Ibid.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine. *Flowers.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain. *Midnight Mass.*

¹ See Byron, page 553.

² There is a Reaper whose name is death. — ARNIM AND BRENTANO. *Erntelied*. (From "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," ed. 1857, vol. i. p. 59.)

No one is so accursed by fate,
 No one so utterly desolate,
 But some heart, though unknown,
 Responds unto his own. *Endymion*

For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest!¹ *It is not always May*
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary. *The rainy Day.*

The prayer of Ajax was for light.² *The Goblet of Life.*

O suffering, sad humanity!
 O ye afflicted ones, who lie
 Steeped to the lips in misery,
 Longing, yet afraid to die,
 Patient, though sorely tried! *Ibid.*

My soul is full of longing
 For the secret of the Sea,
 And the heart of the great ocean
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me. *The Secret of the Sea.*

Books are sepulchres of thought. *Wind over the Chimney.*

Standing with reluctant feet
 Where the brook and river meet,
 Womanhood and childhood fleet! *Maidenhood.*

O thou child of many prayers!
 Life hath quicksands; life hath snares! *Ibid*

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.³
The Spanish Student. Act ii. Sc. 3.

¹ In last year's nests
 This year no sparrow rests.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote, part ii. chap. lxxiv.*
En los nidos de anaño
No hay pajaros hogano.

See FRANÇOIS VILLON:

Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?
Where are the snows of yester year?

ROSSETTI'S translation.

² The light of Heaven restore;

Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.

POPE: *The Iliad, book xvii. line 730.*

³ See Byron, page 553.

A banner with the strange device. *Excelsior.*

This is the place. Stand still, my steed, —
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy past
 The forms that once have been.

A Gleam of Sunshine.

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight. *The Day is done.*

A feeling of sadness and longing
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain. *Ibid.*

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away. *Ibid.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
The Building of the Ship.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, —
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee! *Ibid.*

The leaves of memory seemed to make
 A mournful rustling in the dark.
The Fire of Drift-wood.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there;
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair. *Resignation.*

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead. *Resignation.*

But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise. *Ibid.*

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps. *Ibid.*

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death. *Ibid.*

Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead. *Ibid.*

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere. *The Builders.*

This is the forest primeval. *Evangeline. Part i.*

Alike were they free from
Fear that reigns with the tyrant, and envy the vice of
republics. *Part i. 1.*

Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their
windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of
the owners;
There the richest was poor and the poorest lived in
abundance. *Ibid.*

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of ex-
quisite music. *Ibid.*

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels. *Part i. 8.*

Talk not of wasted affection! affection never was wasted;
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
 refreshment. *Evangeline. Part ii. 1.*

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is
 godlike. *Ibid.*

And as she looked around, she saw how Death the con-
 soler,
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Part ii. 5.

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of shame.¹
The Ladder of Saint Augustine.

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they while their companions slept
 Were toiling upward in the night. *Ibid.*

The surest pledge of a deathless name
 Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.
The Herons of Elmwood.

He has singed the beard of the king of Spair.²
The Dutch Picture.

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
 And all the sweet serenity of books. *Morituri salutamus.*

¹ I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam, i.*

² Sir Francis Drake entered the harbour of Cadiz, April 19, 1587, and destroyed shipping to the amount of ten thousand tons lading. To use his own expressive phrase, he had "singed the Spanish king's beard." — KNIGHT: *Pictorial History of England, vol. iii. p. 215.*

With useless endeavour
 Forever, forever,
 Is Sisyphus rolling
 His stone up the mountain!

The Masque of Pandora. Chorus of the Eumenides.

All things come round to him who will but wait.¹

Tales of a Wayside Inn. Part i. The Student's Tale.

A town that boasts inhabitants like me
 Can have no lack of good society.

Ibid. The Poet's Tale. Part i. The Birds of Killingworth.

Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in
 passing;

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
 So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,²

Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence.

Part iii. The Theologian's Tale: Elizabeth. iv.

Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart gently, not smiting it,
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

The Golden Legend. iv.

Hospitality sitting with Gladness.

Translation from Frithiof's Saga.

¹ See Emerson, page 617.

² And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

THOMAS MOORE: *Meeting of the Ships.*

Two lives that once pass are as ships that divide.

EDWARD BULWER LYTON. *A Lament.*

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea.

ALEXANDER SMITH. *A Life Drama.*

As two floating planks meet and part on the sea,
 O friend! so I met and then parted from thee.

W. R. ALGER: *The brief chance Encounter.*

As vessels starting from ports thousands of miles apart pass close
 to each other in the naked breadths of the ocean, nay, sometimes
 even touch in the dark.

HOLMES: *Professor at the Breakfast Table.*

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
 Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
 Weeping upon his bed has sate,
 He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.¹

Motto, Hyperion. Book i.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
 Must love and joy and sorrow learn;
 Something with passion clasp, or perish
 And in itself to ashes burn.

Book ii.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night²
 Sweep through her marble halls.

Hymn to Night.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

All your strength is in your union
 All your danger is in discord;
 Therefore be at peace henceforward,
 And as brothers live together. *The Song of Hiawatha. Part i.*

Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
 Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
 Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
 Deeds are better things than words are,
 Actions mightier than boastings.

Part ix.

As unto the bow the cord is,
 So unto the man is woman;
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows;
 Useless each without the other.

Part x.

¹ Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
 Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
 Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
 Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.
 GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister*, book ii. chap. xiii.

² See Mrs. Sarah Whitman, page 613.

Oh the long and dreary Winter!
Oh the cold and cruel Winter!

The Song of Hiawatha. Part xx.

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this
planting.¹ *The Courtship of Miles Standish. Part iv.*

Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation.²

Part v.

It is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is
speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Part vi.

He is a little chimney and heated hot in a moment.

Part vi.

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

My lost Youth.

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise

To higher levels rise.

Santa Filomena.

His form was ponderous and his step was slow;

There never was so wise a man before;

He seemed the incarnate "I told you so."

Ibid.

Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbd and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

Lady Wentworth.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;

¹ See Stoughton, page 266.

² Plymouth Rock.

Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

The Castle-builder.

Much must he toil who serves the Immortal Gods.

The Masque of Pandora. ii.

Every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain. viii.

He speaketh not; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes. *The Hanging of the Crane.*

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day. *Keramos.*

Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exaltation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds
Or what it can not find creates. *Ibid.*

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time. *The Builders.*

God sent his singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth. *The Singers.*

The long mysterious exodus of death.
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead. *Children.*

I know a maiden fair to see,
 Take care!
 She can both false and friendly be,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee. *From the German (In Hyperion).*

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
 The weariness, the endless pain
 Of waiting for some one to come
 Who nevermore would come again. *Vittoria Colonna.*

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn
 out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light
 the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins
 to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

Hyperion. Book iv. Chap. viii.

Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.¹

Kavanagh.

There is no greater sorrow
 Than to be mindful of the happy time
 In misery.²

Inferno. Canto v. Line 121.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. 1807-1886.

It would be superfluous in me to point out to your
 Lordship that this is war.

Despatch to Earl Russell. Sept. 5, 1863.

¹ Quoted from Cotton's "To-morrow." See Genesis xxx. 3.

² Nessun maggior dolore

Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

Nella miseria.

See Chaucer, page 5.

In omni adversitate fortunæ, infelicissimum genus est infortunii
 fuisse felicem (In every adversity of fortune, to have been happy is
 the most unhappy kind of misfortune). — BOETHIUS: *De Consolatione
 Philosophiæ, liber ii.*

This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall, line 75.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. 1807-1892.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore;
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Ichabod.

When faith is lost, when honor dies
The man is dead!

Ibid.

Making their lives a prayer.

To A. K. On receiving a Basket of Sea-Mosses.

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his "Highland Mary!"

Lines on Burns.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"¹

Maud Muller.

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good.

Brown of Ossawatomie.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

I know not where His islands lift
Their froned palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

The eternal Goodness.

Again the shadow moveth o'er
The dial-plate of time.

The New Year.

Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong the eternal right;

¹ FRANCIS BRET HARTE: *Mrs. Judge Jenkins.*
More sad are these we daily see:
It is, but had n't ought to be.

To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay.

The Tent on the Beach.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

The Worship of Nature.

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day

Were the truths of long ago. *Calef in Boston.*

Low stir of leaves and dip of oars
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Snow Bound.

All hearts confess the saints elect,
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

Ibid.

Life is ever lord of Death
And Love can never lose its own.

Ibid.

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

My Triumph.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

Ibid.

God is and all is well.¹

My Birthday.

¹ See Browning: *Pippa Passes.*

FREDERICK WILLIAM THOMAS. 1808–1866.

'T is said that absence conquers love;
 But oh believe it not!
 I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
 But thou art not forgot.

Absence conquers Love.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE. 1808–1873.

The Constitution, in all its provisions, looks to an indestructible Union composed of indestructible States.

Decision in Texas v. White, 7 Wallace, 725.

No more slave States; no slave Territories.

Platform of the Free Soil National Convention, 1848.

The way to resumption is to resume.

Letter to Horace Greeley, March 17, 1866.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY. 1808–1872.

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long!

The brave old Oak.

Now gold hath sway; we all obey
 And a ruthless king is he;
 But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tost on the stormy sea.

Ibid.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone!
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone!

Ibid.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SHERIDAN NORTON,
LADY MAXWELL. 1808-1877.

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade.
Since first beneath the chestnut-tree
In fancy we played
But coldness dwells within thine heart
A cloud is on thy brow.
We have been friends together, —
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been Friends.

I am listening for the voices
Which I heard in days of old.

The lonely Harp.

Love not! love not! ye hopeless sons of clay;
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers —
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears.

Bingen on the Rhine.

Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning —
Oh friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning.

Ibid.

Every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay.

To the Duchess of Sutherland.

O Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams.

The Winter's Walk.

For death and life, in ceaseless strife,
 Beat wild on this world's shore,
 And all our calm is in that balm —
 Not lost but gone before.

Not lost but gone before.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH. 1808–1895.

My country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring.

America.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee I sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

Ibid.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. 1809–1849.

All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

A Dream within a Dream.

Sound loves to revel in a summer night. *Al Aaraaf.*

Years of love have been forgot
 In the hatred of a minute.

To ———.

From a proud tower in the town
 Death looks gigantically down. *The City in the Sea.*

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before. *The Raven.*

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, won-
dering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dreamed
before. *Ibid.*

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door, —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more. *Ibid.*

Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster. *Ibid.*

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore." *Ibid.*

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor
Shall be lifted — Nevermore! *Ibid.*

To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome. *To Helen.*

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crisped and sere —
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year. *Ulalume.*

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul, —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul. *Ibid.*

A Quixotic sense of the honorable — of the chivalrous.
Letter to Mrs. Whitman. Oct 18, 1848.

The object, Truth, or the satisfaction of the intellect, and the object, Passion, or the excitement of the heart, are, although attainable, to a certain extent, in poetry, far more readily attainable in prose.

The Philosophy of Composition.

I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty. Its sole arbiter is Taste.

The poetic Principle.

Can it be fancied that Deity ever vindictively
Made in his image a mannikin merely to madden it? ¹

The Rationale of Verse.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. 1806–1861.

There Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world; oh, eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time! *A Vision of Poets.*

And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine. *Ibid.*

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben,
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows when
The world was worthy of such men. *Ibid.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death. *Ibid. Conclusion.*

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang
west. *Toll slowly.*

And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our
incompleteness,
Round our restlessness His rest. *Rhyme of the Duchess.*

¹ FITZGERALD: *Omar Khayyám.*

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke.

Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which if cut deep
 down the middle
 Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
 humanity. *Lady Geraldine's Courtship. xli.*

But since he had
 The genius to be loved, why let him have
 The justice to be honoured in his grave.
Crowned and buried. xxvii.

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man.
To George Sand. A Desire.

By thunders of white silence. *Hiram Powers's Greek Slave.*

And that dismal cry rose slowly
 And sank slowly through the air,
 Full of spirit's melancholy
 And eternity's despair;
 And they heard the words it said, —
 "Pan is dead! great Pan is dead!
 Pan, Pan is dead!"¹ *The dead Pan.*

She has seen the mystery hid
 Under Egypt's pyramid:
 By those eyelids pale and close
 Now she knows what Rhamses knows.
Little Mattie. Stanza ii.

But so fair,
 She takes the breath of men away
 Who gaze upon her unaware.
Bianca among the Nightingales. xii.

"Yes," I answered you last night;
 "No," this morning, sir, I say:
 Colors seen by candle-light
 Will not look the same by day. *The Lady's Yes.*

¹ Thamus . . . uttered with a loud voice his message, "The great Pan is dead." — PLUTARCH: *Why the Oracles cease to give Answers.*

Dreams of doing good
For good-for-nothing people. *Aurora Leigh. Book ii.*

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in 't. *Ibid.*

The beautiful seems right
By force of Beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness. *Ibid.*

Every wish
Is like a prayer — with God.¹ *Ibid.*

Good critics, who have stamped out poets' hope,
Good statesmen, who pulled ruin on the state,
Good patriots, who for a theory risked a cause. *Book iv.*

Whoso loves
Believes the impossible. *Book v.*

The growing drama has outgrown such toys
Of simulated stature, face, and speech:
It also peradventure may outgrow
The simulation of the painted scene,
Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight, and costume,
And take for a worthier stage the soul itself,
Its shifting fancies and celestial lights,
With all its grand orchestral silences
To keep the pauses of its rhythmic sounds. *Ibid.*

Since when was genius found respectable? *Book vi.*

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;²
And only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries. *Book vii.*

¹ See Montgomery, page 497. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire.

² WHITTIER: *Chapel of the Hermits.*

PARK BENJAMIN. 1809–1864.

I'm king of the dead — and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold;
 And my scepter of rule is the spade I hold:
 Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
 Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
 Let them loiter in pleasure or toilfully spin —
 I gather them in, I gather them in! *The Old Sexton.*

Flowers are Love's truest language. *Sonnet.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN. 1809–1865.

I believe this government cannot endure permanently
 half slave and half free. *Speech, June 16, 1858.*

Nobody has ever expected me to be president. In my
 poor, lean lank face nobody has ever seen that any cab-
 bages were sprouting. *Campaign Speech against Douglas.*¹

Truth is generally the best vindication against slander.
*Remark made when requested to dismiss
 Montgomery Blair, Postmaster-General.*

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the
 anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the
 cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn
 pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice
 upon the altar of freedom.

*Letter to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, who lost five
 sons killed in battle. Nov. 21, 1864.*

¹ They have seen in his [Douglas's] round, jolly fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships and cabinet-appointments, charge-ships and foreign missions, bursting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. *Ibid.*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Address, Cooper Union, New York City, Feb. 27, 1860.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? *First Inaugural Address. March 4, 1861.*

In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free, — honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. *Second Annual Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1862.*

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. *Letter to Horace Greeley, Aug. 22, 1862.*

Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Letter to Major-General Joseph Hooker, Jan. 25, 1863.

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.¹

Speech at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.

Reply to National Union League, June 9, 1864.

The Almighty has his own purposes.

Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two-hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the

sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Second Inaugural Address, March 4, 1865.

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,¹ let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations. *Ibid.*

Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. *Letters to Thurlow Weed, March 14, 1865.*

You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time. *Remark attributed to Lincoln.*



MARK LEMON. 1809–1870.

Oh would I were a boy again,
 When life seemed formed of sunny years,
 And all the heart then knew of pain
 Was wept away in transient tears!
 When every tale Hope whispered then,
 My fancy deemed was only truth.
 Oh, would that I could know again,
 The happy visions of my youth.

Oh would I were a Boy again.

Forth we went, a gallant band —
 Youth, Love, Gold and Pleasure.

Last Song.

¹ See J. Q. Adams, page 458.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN. 1809-1882.

I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved, by the term Natural Selection. *The Origin of Species. Chap. iii.*

We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence.¹ *Ibid.*

The expression often used by Mr. Herbert Spencer of the Survival of the Fittest is more accurate, and is sometimes equally convenient.² *Ibid.*

Physiological experiment on animals is justifiable for real investigation, but not for mere damnable and detestable curiosity. *Letter to E. Ray Lankester.*

I love fools' experiments. I am always making them. *Remark cited in "Life."*

As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities.

From Life and Letters.

Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful. *Ibid.*

¹ The perpetual struggle for room and food. — MALTHUS: *On Population, chap. iii. p. 48* (1798).

² This survival of the fittest which I have here sought to express in mechanical terms, is that which Mr. Darwin has called "natural selection, or the preservation of favoured races in the struggle for life." — HERBERT SPENCER: *Principles of Biology. Indirect Equilibration.*

EDWARD FITZGERALD.¹ 1809–1883.

Whether we wake or we sleep,
 Whether we carol or weep,
 The Sun with his Planets in chime,
 Marketh the going of Time. *Chronomoros.*

The King in a carriage may ride,
 And the Beggar may crawl at his side;
 But in the general race,
 They are traveling all the same pace. *Ibid.*

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD
HOUGHTON). 1809–1885.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
 Beats strong amid the hills.
Tragedy of the Lac de Gaube. Stanza 2.

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
 Like instincts, unawares. *The Men of Old.*

A man's best things are nearest him,
 Lie close about his feet. *Ibid.*

I wandered by the brookside,
 I wandered by the mill;
 I could not hear the brook flow,
 The noisy wheel was still. *The Brookside.*

The beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard. *Ibid.*

The hills of manhood wear a noble face
 When seen from far;
 The mist of light from which they take their grace
 Hides what they are. *Carpe Diem.*

¹ For translation of *Omar Khayyám*, see page 954.

Oh glory, that we wrestle
So valiantly with Time! *The Eld.*

Heaven was not Heaven if Phaon was not there.
A Dream of Sappho.

A poet's Mistress is a hallowed thing. *Tempe.*

Mohammed's truth lay in a holy Book,
Christ's in a sacred Life. *Mohammedanism.*

They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear.
The Sayings of Rabia. iv.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me! *A Child's Song.*

ALFRED TENNYSON. 1809–1892.

This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base. *To the Queen.*

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons, when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet. *Ibid.*

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea. *Ibid.*

For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.
Recollections of the Arabian Nights.

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love. *The Poet.*

A still small voice spake unto me,
 "Thou art so full of misery,
 Were it not better not to be?" *The Two Voices.*

This truth within thy mind rehearse,
 That in a boundless universe
 Is boundless better, boundless worse. *Ibid.*

Tho' thou wert scattered to the wind,
 Yet is there plenty of the kind.¹ *Ibid.*

No life that breathes with human breath
 Has ever truly longed for death. *Ibid.*

Like glimpses of forgotten dreams. *Ibid.*

Across the walnuts and the wine. *The Miller's Daughter.*

O love! O fire! once he drew
 With one long kiss my whole soul through
 My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.² *Fatima. Stanza 3.*

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, —
 These three alone lead life to sovereign power. *Ænone.*

Because right is right, to follow right
 Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence. *Ibid.*

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
 Wherein at ease for aye to dwell. *The Palace of Art.*

Her manners had not that repose
 Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 5.

¹ FITZGERALD: *Omar Khayyám* (1868).

And fear not lest Existence closing your
 Account should lose or know the type no more:
 The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
 Millions of Bubbles like us and will pour.

In the edition of 1889 the second line reads:

Account and mine, should know the like no more.

² See Marlowe, page 41.

From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife ¹
Smile at the claims of long descent.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Stanza 7.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.²
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood. *Ibid.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New
Year, —
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest
day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen
o' the May. *The May Queen.*

Ah, why
Should life all labour be? *The Lotus-Eaters. iv.*

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.³
A Dream of fair Women. Stanza xxii.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone. *To J. S.*

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace!
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll. *Ibid.*

¹ This line stands in Moxon's edition of 1842, —
"The gardener Adam and his wife," —
and was restored by the author in his edition of 1873.

² See Chapman, page 37.

³ See Pope, page 340.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet!
 Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
 Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
 Lie still, dry dust, secure of change. *To J. S.*

More black than ash-buds in the front of March.
The Gardener's Daughter.

Of love that never found his earthly close,
 What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts;
 Or all the same as if he had not been? *Love and Duty.*

The long mechanic pacings to and fro,
 The set, gray life, and apathetic end. *Ibid.*

Ah, when shall all men's good
 Be each man's rule, and universal peace
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
 Thro' all the circle of the golden year? *The golden Year.*

I am a part of all that I have met.¹ *Ulysses.*

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use, —
 As tho' to breathe were life! *Ibid.*

Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments;
 And much delight of battle with my peers
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy. *Ibid.*

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew. *Ibid.*

Here at the quiet limit of the world. *Tithonus.*

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished
 dove;
 In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts
 of love. *Locksley Hall. Line 19.*

¹ See Byron, page 543.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music
out of sight. *Locksley Hall. Line 33.*

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its
novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his
horse. *Line 49.*

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
things.¹ *Line 75.*

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams. *Line 79.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daugh-
ter's heart. *Line 94.*

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour
feels. *Line 105.*

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping some-
thing new. *Line 117.*

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns. *Line 137.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. *Line 141.*

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky
raee. *Line 168.*

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time. *Line 178.*

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves
of change. *Line 182.*

¹ See Longfellow, page 648.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Locksley Hall. Line 184.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
 And round her waist she felt it fold,
 And far across the hills they went
 In that new world which is the old.

The Day-Dream. The Departure, i.

And o'er the hills, and far away
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,
 Beyond the night, across the day,
 Thro' all the world she followed him. *Ibid. iv.*

We are ancients of the earth,
 And in the morning of the times. *L' Envoi.*

As she fled fast through sun and shade
 The happy winds upon her played,
 Blowing the ringlet from the braid.
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.

For now the poet can not die,
 Nor leave his music as of old,
 But round him ere he scarce be cold
 Begins the scandal and the cry.
To —, after reading a Life and Letters.

But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me. *Ibid.*

For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever. *The Brook.*

Mastering the lawless science of our law, —
 That codeless myriad of precedent,
 That wilderness of single instances. *Aylmer's Field.*

Inspid as the queen upon a card. *Ibid.*

Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington. Stanza 4.

Oh good gray head which all men knew! *Ibid.*

That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.

Ibid.

For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
And never lost an English gun. *Stanza 6.*

Not once or twice in our rough-island story
The path of duty was the way to glory. *Stanza 8.*

All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

The Charge of the Light Brigade. Stanza 1.

Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die. *Stanza 2.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them.

Into the jaws of death,¹
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred. *Stanza 3.*

That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with
outright;

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

The Grandmother. Stanza 8.

¹ Jaws of death. — SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night*, act iii. sc. 4.
DU BARTAS: *Weekes and Workes*, day i. part 4.

O Love! what hours were thine and mine,
 In lands of palm and southern pine;
 In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
 Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine!

The Daisy. Stanza 1.

So dear a life your arms enfold,
 Whose crying is a cry for gold.

Stanza 24.

Read my little fable:

 He that runs may read.¹
 Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed.

The Flower.

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
 And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

The Princess. Prologue. Line 141.

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
 And sweet as English air could make her, she.

Part i. Line 153.

 Jewels five-words-long,
 That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
 Sparkle forever.

ii. Line 355.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
 Blow, bugle! answer, echoes! dying, dying, dying.

iii. Line 352

O Love! they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
 And answer, echoes, answer! dying, dying, dying.

Line 360.

There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun.

iv. Line 1.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair

¹ See Cowper, page 422.

Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
 In-looking on the happy autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

The Princess. Part iv. Line 21.

Unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.

Line 33.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love, —
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
 Oh death in life, the days that are no more! *Line 36.*

Sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees. *vii. Line 203.*

Happy he
 With such a mother! faith in womankind
 Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
 Comes easy to him; and tho' he trip and fall,
 He shall not blind his soul with clay. *Line 308.*

Let knowledge grow from more to more.

In Memoriam. Prologue. Line 25.

I held it truth, with him who sings¹
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.² *i. Stanza 1*

¹ The poet alluded to is Goethe. I know this from Lord Tennyson himself, although he could not identify the passage; and when I submitted to him a small book of mine on his marvellous poem, he wrote, "It is Goethe's creed," on this very passage. — Rev. Dr. GETTY (Vicar of Ecclesfield, Yorkshire).

² See Longfellow, page 643.

But for the unquiet heart and brain
 A use in measured language lies;
 The sad mechanic exercise
 Like dull narcotics numbing pain.

In Memoriam. v. Stanza 2.

Never morning wore
 To evening, but some heart did break. vi. Stanza 2.

And topples round the dreary west
 A looming bastion fringed with fire. xv. Stanza 5.

And from his ashes may be made
 The violet of his native land.¹ xviii. Stanza 1.

I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing.² xxi. Stanza 6.

The shadow cloaked from head to foot. xxiii. Stanza 1.

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. Stanza 2.

And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
 Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech. Stanza 4.

'T is better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.³ xxvii. Stanza 4.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer. xxvii. Stanza 1.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself to form. xxviii. Stanza 1:

¹ See Shakespeare, page 144; also FITZGERALD, *Rubáiyát*, xix.

² I sing but as the linnet sings:

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt
 Der in den Zweigen wohnet.

GOETHE: *Wilhelm Meister*, book ii, chap. xi.

³ See Crabbe, page 444. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH: *Peschiera*.

What voice did on my spirit fall,
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?

'T is better to have fought and lost
 Than never to have fought at all.

CONGREVE: *The Way of the World*, Act ii. Scene i.

Say what you will, 't is better to be left
 Than never to have loved.

My own dim life should teach me this
That life shall live for evermore.

In Memoriam. xxxiv. Stanza 1.

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away. *xlvi. Stanza 4.*

Hold thou the good; define it well;
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell. *lv. Stanza 4.*

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill. *lv. Stanza 1.*

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry. *Stanza 5.*

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life. *lv. Stanza 2.*

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God. *Stanza 4.*

Who battled for the True, the Just. *lvi. Stanza 5.*

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance. *lxiv. Stanza 2.*

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne. *Stanza 3.*

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be.¹ *lxxiii. Stanza 1.*

Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been. *lxxv. Stanza 4.*

¹ WHITTIER: *My Triumph*, page 651.

O last regret, regret can die!

In Memoriam. lxxviii. Stanza 5.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,¹

Believe me, than in half the creeds. *xcvi. Stanza 3.*

He seems so near, and yet so far. *xcvii. Stanza 6.*

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky! *cvi. Stanza 1.*

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow! *Stanza 2.*

Ring in the nobler modes of life
With sweeter manners, purer laws.² *Stanza 4.*

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in! *Stanza 5.*

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace! *cvi. Stanza 7.*

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand!
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be! *Stanza 8.*

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And sciled with all ignoble use. *cxi. Stanza 6*

Some novel power
Sprang up forever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much
In watching thee from hour to hour. *cxii. Stanza 3.*

¹ RAILEY: Who never doubted never half believed.

² KINGSLEY: Purer science, holier laws.

Large elements in order brought,
 And tracts of calm from tempest made,
 And world-wide fluctuation swayed,
 In vassal tides that followed thought.

In Memoriam. Stanza 4.

Wearing all that weight
 Of learning lightly like a flower. *Conclusion. Stanza 10.*

One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event
 To which the whole creation moves. *Stanza 36.*

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.
Maud. Part I. ii.

That jewelled mass of millinery,
 That oiled and curled Assyrian Bull. *vi. Stanza 6.*

One still strong man in a blatant land. *x. Stanza 5.*

Gorgonized me from head to foot,
 With a stony British stare. *xiii. Stanza 2.*

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown;
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone. *xxii. Stanza 1.*

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls.
Part I. xxii. Stanza 9.

Ah, Christ, that it were possible
 For one short hour to see
 The souls we loved, that they might tell

us

What and where they be. *Part II. iv. Stanza 3.*

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.
Idylls of the King: Dedication. Line 629.

Large, divine and comfortable words.
Ibid. The Coming of Arthur. Line 267.

Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King —
 Else, wherefore born? *Ibid. Gareth and Lynette. Line 117.*

Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love.

Idylls of the King: Gareth and Lynette. Line 367.

A man of plots,
Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings. *Line 422.*

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower. *Line 574.*

I follow up the quest
Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell. *Line 865.*

Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a knight,
Being but knave, I hate thee all the more. *Line 994.*

Victor from vanquished issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown. *Line 1230.*

For man is man and master of his fate ¹
Ibid. The Marriage of Geraint. Line 355.

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great. *Line 374.*

The useful trouble of the rain.
Ibid. Geraint and Enid. Line 770.

The world will not believe a man repents;
And this wise world of ours is mainly right. *Line 899.*

The whole wood-world is one full peal of praise.
Ibid. Balin and Balan. Line 444.

Mere white truth in simple nakedness. *Line 509.*

Woods have tongues
As walls have ears.² *Line 522.*

¹ W. E. HENLEY, page 829

I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.

J. B. KENYON: *A Challenge*:

Be the proud captain still of thine own fate.

² CHAUCER: *The Knightes Tale*. That field have eyen and the wood hath ears.

As love, if love be perfect, casts out fear,
So hate, if hate be perfect, casts out fear.

Idylls of the King: Merlin and Vivien. Line 41.

It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all. *Line 386.*

Blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,
On all things all day long. *Line 662.*

For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.
Line 812.

I know the Table Round, my friends of old;
All brave and many generous and some chaste.
Line 814.

I thought that he was gentle, being great;
O God, that I had loved a smaller man!
I should have found in him a greater heart. *Line 869.*

There must be now no passages of love
Betwixt us twain henceforward evermore. *Line 911.*

But friend, to me
He is all fault who hath no fault at all.
For who loves me must have a touch of earth.
Ibid. Lancelot and Elaine. Line 132.

Ye know right well, how meek soe'er he seem,
No keener hunter after glory breathes. *Line 154.*

The fire of God
Fills him. I never saw his like; there lives
No greater leader. *Line 314.*

In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be some far-off touch
Of greatness to know well I am not great. *Line 447.*

I know not if I know what true love is,
 But if I know, then, if I love not him,
 I know there is none other I can love.

Idylls of the King: Lancelot and Elaine. Line 672.

The shackles of an old love straitened him,
 His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
 And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true. *Line 870.*

Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;
 And sweet is death who puts an end to pain. *Line 1000.*

He makes no friend who never made a foe. *Line 1082.*

Let love be free; free love is for the best
 And after heaven, on our dull side of death,
 What should be best, if not so pure a love
 Clothed in so pure a loveliness? *Line 1370.*

True humility,
 The highest virtue, mother of them all.

Ibid. The holy Grail. Line 145.

All the heavens
 Opened and blazed with thunder such as seemed
 Shoutings of all the sons of God. *Line 507.*

O great and sane and simple race of brutes
 That own no lust because they have no law
Ibid. Pelleas and Ettarre. Line 471.

Strength of heart
 And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
 Are winners in this pastime.
Ibid. The last Tournament. Line 197.

I have had my day and my philosophies. *Line 319.*

The greater man the greater courtesy. *Line 628.*

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself. *Line 652*

For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may.

Idylls of the King: The last Tournament. Line 702.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind. *Ibid. Guinevere. Line 333.*

No more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame
And love of truth and all that makes a man. *Line 475.*

For why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would? ¹

Ibid. The Passing of Arthur. Line 13.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new; ²
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world. *Line 408.*

I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound. *Line 424.*

"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark;
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in
the dark. *The first Quarrel.*

¹ FITZGERALD: *Omar Khayyám* (1859) *xcix.*

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,

Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

² Also in *Coming of Arthur, line 508.*

My God, I would not live
 Save that I think this gross hard-seeming world
 Is our misshaping vision of the Powers
 Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.

The Sisters.

The golden guess
 Is morning-star to the full round of truth. *Columbus.*

No sound is breathed so potent to coerce
 And to conciliate, as their names who dare
 For that sweet mother-land which gave them birth
 Nobly to do, nobly to die. *Tiresias.*

A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a prince's hall.
The Wreck.

The shell must break before the bird can fly.
The ancient Sage.

Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
 My friends and brother souls,
 With all the peoples, great and small,
 That wheel between the poles.
Epilogue to The Charge of the heavy Brigade.

The song that nerves a nation's heart
 Is in itself a deed. *Ibid.*

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely
 word. *To Virgil.*

That man's the best Cosmopolite
 Who loves his native country best. *Hands all round.*

Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of
 the great;
 Christian love among the Churches looked the twin of
 heathen hate. *Locksley Hall sixty Years after. Line 85.*

Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat.
Line 112.

You that woo the Voices — tell them “Old Experience is a fool”;
Teach your flattered kings that only those who can not read can rule.

Locksley Hall sixty Years after. Line 131.

Authors — essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester,
play your part,
Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art.

Line 139.

Who can fancy warless men?

Warless? war will die out late then. Will it ever? late or soon?

Can it, till this outworn earth be dead as yon dead world the moon?

Line 172.

Yet the moonlight is the sunlight and the sun himself will pass.

Line 182.

Is there evil but on earth? or pain in every peopled sphere?

Line 197.

Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.

Forward, till you see the Highest Human Nature is divine.

Line 275.

Love will conquer at the last.

Line 280.

What use to brood? This life of mingled pains
And joys to me,

Despite of every Faith and Creed, remains

The Mystery.

To Mary Boyle.

Be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth act what this wild Drama means.¹

The Play

¹ FITZGERALD: *Omar Khayyám*. He's a good Fellow and 't will all be well.

A mastiff dog
 May love a puppy cur for no more reason
 Than that the twain have been tied up together.

Queen Mary. Act i. Sc. 4.

To persecute
 Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
 No perfect witness of a perfect faith
 In him who persecutes.

Act iii. Scene 4.

In statesmanship
 To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.

Scene 6.

My lord, you know what Virgil sings —
 Woman is various and most mutable.¹

Ibid.

To do him any wrong was to beget
 A kindness from him, for his heart was rich —
 Of such fine mould that if you sowed therein
 The seed of Hate, it blossomed Charity.

Act iv. Scene 1.

Remember that sore saying spoken once
 By Him that was the Truth, 'How hard it is
 For the rich man to enter into heaven!'
 Let all rich men remember that hard word.

Scene 3.

Come out, my lord, it is a world of fools.²

Ibid.

Unalterably and pesteringly fond.

Act v Scene 1.

In our windy world
 What's up is faith, what's down is heresy.

Harold. Act i. Scene 1.

Old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy,
 would only breed the past again.

Becket. Prologue.

Variam et mutabile femina. Aen. iv. l. 569.

Donna è mobile. *Rigoletto.*

² BOILEAU: Tous les hommes sont fous. See Carlyle, page 584.

Ambition

Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink
The more you thirst — yea — drink too much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck — it drives you mad.

The Cup. Act i. Scene 3.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Crossing the Bar.

Forget thee . . .

Never —

Till Nature, high and low, and great and small

Forgets herself, and all her loves and hates

Sink again into Chaos.

Foresters. Act i. Scene 3.

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day:

Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away,

To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past:

Sleep, happy soul, all life will sleep at last. *Ibid. Song.*

None can truly write his single day,

And none can write it for him upon earth.

Life of Tennyson. Unpublished Sonnet.

A breath that fleets beyond this iron world

And touches him who made it. *Ibid. Vol. i.*

Like perfect music unto nobler words. *Ibid.*

Death's truer name

Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll

And march of that Eternal Harmony

Whereto the world beats time. *Ibid.¹*

¹ See also, *Death of Duke of Clarence.*

A good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and to the good under all change: lovely in youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart.

Life of Tennyson. Vol. i.

The night with sudden odour reeled;
The southern stars a music pealed. *The Rosebud.*¹



FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. 1809–1893.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Absence.

Maids must be wives and mothers to fulfil
The entire and holiest end of woman's being.

Woman's Heart.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear:
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Lines addressed to the Young Gentleman leaving the Lenox Academy, Mass.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Faith.

Youth, with swift feet walks onward in the way;
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slowly day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.

Ibid.

¹ Unpublished.

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP. 1809-1894.

Our Country, — whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded¹ or described, and be the measurements more or less, — still our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

Toast at Faneuil Hall on the Fourth of July, 1845.

A star for every State, and a State for every star.

Address on Boston Common, 1862.

There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.

Letter to Boston Commercial Club in 1879.

The poor must be wisely visited and liberally cared for, so that mendicity shall not be tempted into mendacity, nor want exasperated into crime.

Yorktown Oration, 1881.

Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed, while millions of freemen with votes in their hands are left without education. Justice to them, the welfare of the States in which they live, the safety of the whole Republic, the dignity of the elective franchise, — all alike demand that the still remaining bonds of ignorance shall be unloosed and broken, and the minds as well as the bodies of the emancipated go free.

Ibid.

¹ Toast offered by Stephen Decatur (1779-1820) at a public dinner at Norfolk, Va., April, 1816: Our country! in her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.

The same idea, called forth by the Mexican War, was expressed by John J. Crittenden of Kentucky: I hope to find my country in the right: however, I will stand by her, right or wrong.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1809-1894.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky. *Old Ironsides.*

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storras,
 The lightning and the gale! *Ibid.*

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom;
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb. *The last Leaf.*

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer! *Ibid.*

Thou say'st an undisputed thing
 In such a solemn way. *To an Insect.*

And silence, like a poultice, comes
 To heal the blows of sound. *Ibid.*

You think they are crusaders sent
 From some infernal clime,
 To pluck the eyes of sentiment
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,
 To crack the voice of Melody
 And break the legs of Time.
The Music Grinders.

And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can. *The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Little I ask; my wants are few,
 I only want a hut of stone,
 (A *very plain* brownstone will do,)

 That I may call my own.¹ *Contentment.*

When the last reader reads no more. *The last Reader.*

The freeman casting with unpurchased hand
 The vote that shakes the turrets of the land.
Poetry, a Metrical Essay.

And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
 Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.
A rhymed Lesson. Urania.

Wake in our breast the living fires,
 The holy faith that warmed our sires;
 Thy hand hath made our nation free;
 To die for her is serving Thee. *Army Hymn.*

Thine eye was on the censor,
 And not the hand that bore it. *Lines by a Clerk.*

Where go the poet's lines?
 Answer, ye evening tapers!
 Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
 Speak from your folded papers! *The Poet's Lot.*

A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
 Alas for those that never sing,
 But die with all their music in them!
The Voiceless.

¹ GOLDSMITH: *The Hermit.*

"Man wants but little here below
 Nor wants that little long";
 'T is not with me exactly so
 But 't is so in the song.

O hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses! *The Voiceless.*

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
The chambered Nautilus.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
 One Nation evermore!
Voyage of the good Ship Union.

His home! the Western giant smiles,
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it;
 This little speck, the British Isles?
 'T is but a freckle, — never mind it.
A good Time going.

But Memory blushes at the sneer,
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,
 Laughs louder than the laughing giant. *Ibid.*

You hear that boy laughing? — you think he's all fun;
 But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
 The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
 And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.
The Boys.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper feels
 When the tired player shuffles off the buskin;
 A page of Hood may do a fellow good
 After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.
How not to settle it.

Lean, hungry, savage anti-everythings.
A modest Request.

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?

The Deacon's Masterpiece.

A general flavor of mild decay. *Ibid.*

It went to pieces all at once —
All at once and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst. *Ibid.*

The brightest blades grow dim with rust,
The fairest meadow white with snow.

Chanson without Music.

When lawyers take what they would give
And doctors give what they would take.

Latterday Warnings.

Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in every
fold. *No Time like the old Time.*

God reigneth. All is well.¹

*Hymn
at the Funeral Services of Charles Sumner.*

One unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above;
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed²
Can burn or blot it — God is love.

What we all think.

If we are only as the potter's clay
Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,
And broken into shards if we offend
The eye of Him who made us, it is well.

Rights.

A thought is often original, though you have uttered
it a hundred times. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. i.*

¹ BROWNING: *Pippa Passes*. God's in his heaven —

All's right with the world.

² BROWNING: *Paracelsus*. God! Thou art love! I build my faith
on that.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. i.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

Ibid. ii.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

Ibid. vi.

There is that glorious epicurean paradox uttered by my friend the historian,¹ in one of his flashing moments: "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries." To this must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men:² "Good Americans when they die go to Paris."

Ibid.

Boston State-house is the hub of the solar system. You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar.

Ibid.

The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city.

Ibid.

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.

Ibid.

Knowledge and timber should n't be much used till they are seasoned.

Ibid.

The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of respectability.

Ibid. viii.

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.

On the Seventieth Birthday of Julia Ward Howe
(May 27, 1899).

¹ John Lothrop Motley.

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things." — PLUTARCH: *On the Love of Wealth*.

² Thomas Gold Appleton (1812-1884).

I firmly believe that if the whole *materia medica* could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes.

*Lecture, Harvard Medical School.*¹



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. 1809–1898.

To be engaged in opposing wrong affords, under the conditions of our mental constitution, but a slender guarantee for being right.

Time and Place of Homer. Introduction.

Decision by majorities is as much an expedient as lighting by gas.

Speech. House of Commons. 1858.

The disease of an evil conscience is beyond the practice of all the physicians of all the countries in the world.

Speech. Plumstead. 1878.

National injustice is the surest road to national downfall.

Ibid.

Selfishness is the greatest curse of the human race.

Speech. Hawarden. May 28, 1890.

¹ Bishop WILLIAM CROSSWELL DOANE (1832–1913): *Lines on Homeopathy.*

Stir the mixture well
Lest it prove inferior,
Then put half a drop
Into Lake Superior.

Every other day
Take a drop in water,
You 'll be better soon
Or at least you oughter.

JAMES ALDRICH. 1810–1856.

Her suffering ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And breathed the long, long night away
 In statue-like repose. *A Death-Bed.*

But when the sun in all his state
 Illumed the eastern skies,
 She passed through Glory's morning-gate,
 And walked in Paradise.¹ *Ibid.*

THEODORE PARKER. 1810–1860.

Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed however broadcast will catch somewhere and produce its hundredfold.

A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion.

Truth stood on one side and Ease on the other; it has often been so. *Ibid.*

Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. *Essay. A Lesson for the Day.*

A democracy, — that is a government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people²; of course, a government of the principles of eternal justice, the unchanging law of God; for shortness' sake I will call it the idea of Freedom.

The American Idea: Speech at N. E. Anti-Slavery Convention, Boston, May 29, 1850.

All men desire to be immortal.

A Sermon on the Immortal Life. Sept. 20, 1846.

¹ THOMAS HOOD: *The Death Bed*, page 591. PHEBE CARY: *The Wife*, page 171.

² See Daniel Webster, page 532. Also see Abraham Lincoln, page 661.

WILLIAM MILLER. 1810–1872.

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,
 Upstairs and dounstairs, in his nicht-goun,
 Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
 "Are the weans in their bed? for it's nou ten o'clock."

Willie Winkie



EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. 1810–1876.

Calm on the listening ear of night
 Come Heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judea stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains. *Christmas Song.*

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old. *The Angels' Song.*

For lo! the days are hastening on,
 By prophet-bards foretold,
 When with the ever-circling years,
 Comes round the age of gold;
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing. *Ibid.*



MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. 1810–1889.

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
Of Education.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love. *Of Immortality.*

Error is a hardy plant: it flourisheth in every soil.
Of Truth in Things False.

Wait, thou child of hope, for Time shall teach thee all things. *Of Good in Things evil.*

Clamorous pauperism feasteth
While honest Labor, pining, hideth his sharp ribs. *Of Discretion.*

Well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech. *Ibid.*

It is well to lie fallow for a while. *Of Recreation.*

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever. *Of Reading.*

Who can wrestle against Sleep? — Yet is that giant very gentleness. *Of Beauty.*



DANIEL CLEMENT COLESWORTHY. 1810–1893.

Ay, soon upon the stage of life,
Sweet, happy children, you will rise,
To mingle in its care and strife,
Or early find the peaceful skies.
Then be it yours, while you pursue
The golden moments, quick to haste
Some noble work of love to do,
Nor suffer one bright hour to waste.

School is out.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. 1811–1863.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

Pendennis: At the Church Gate.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell
 A moment yet the actor stops
 And looks around to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task:
 And when he's laughed and said his say
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

The End of the Play.

Christmas is here:
 Winds whistle shrill,
 Icy and chill.
 Little care we;
 Little we fear
 Weather without,
 Sheltered about
 The Mahogany Tree. *The Mahogany Tree.*

Werther had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Sorrows of Werther.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter. *Ibid.*

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin
 That never has known the barber's shear,
 All your wish is woman to win,
 This is the way that boys begin.
 Wait till you come to Forty Year.

The Age of Wisdom.

Then sing as Martin Luther sang,
 As Doctor Martin Luther sang,
 "Who loves not wine, woman and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long." *A Credo.*

Remember, it is as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman. *Pendennis. Book i. Chap. xxviii.*

How hard it is to make an Englishman acknowledge that he is happy! *Book ii. Chap. xxxi.*

'T is strange what a man may do and a woman yet think him an angel. *Henry Esmond. Book i. Chap. vii.*

The true pleasure of life is to live with your inferiors. *The Newcomes. Book i. Chap. i.*

The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do? *Chap. xx.*

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump, may marry whom she likes.¹ *Vanity Fair. Chap. iv.*

Bravery never goes out of fashion. *The Four Georges.*



HORACE GREELEY. 1811–1872.

The illusion that times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages.

The American Conflict.

A widow of doubtful age will marry almost any sort of a white man. *Letter to Dr. Rufus Wilmot Griswold.*

The masses of our countrymen, North and South, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm which has so long divided them.

*Acceptance of Liberal Republican Nomination as President.
May 29, 1872.*

¹ O. W. HOLMES: *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*: I should like to see any kind of a man, distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of.

BERNARD SHAW: *Epistle Dedicatory to Man and Superman*: The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the capture of men by women.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. 1811-1884.

Revolutions are not made; they come.

Speech. Jan. 28, 1852.

What the Puritans gave the world was not thought,
but action.

Speech. Dec. 21, 1855.

One on God's side is a majority.

Speech. Nov. 1, 1859.

Every man meets his Waterloo at last.

Ibid.

Revolutions never go backward.

Speech. Feb. 12, 1861.

Aristocracy is always cruel.

Lecture: Toussaint l'Ouverture (1861).

Take the whole range of imaginative literature, and we
are all wholesale borrowers. In every matter that relates
to invention, to use, or beauty or form, we are borrowers.

Lecture: The Lost Arts.



ALFRED DOMETT. 1811-1887.

It was the calm and silent night!

Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Christmas Hymn.

JOHN BRIGHT. 1811–1889.

The right honorable gentleman [Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke] is the first of the new party who has retired into his political cave of Adullam and he has called about him everyone that was in distress and everyone that was discontented.

Speech, March, 1866.

Force is no remedy.

On the Irish troubles, 1880.

Had they [the Tories] been in the wilderness they would have complained of the Ten Commandments.

Remark



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 1811–1896.

It lies around us like a cloud —

A world we do not see;

Yet the sweet closing of an eye

May bring us there to be.

The Other World.

I 'spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

I's wicked I is. I's mighty wicked; anyhow I can't help it.

Ibid.

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean

And billows wild contend with angry roar,

'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion

That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth

And silver waves chime ever peacefully,

And no rude storm, how fierce so'er it flyeth

Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.¹ *Hymn.*

¹ See John G. C. Brainard, page 578. Also F. W. H. Myers, page 819.

CHARLES DICKENS. 1812-1870.

A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!

Nicholas Nickleby. Chap. xxxiv.

He has gone to the demnition bow-wows.

Chap. lxiv.

My life is one demd horrid grind.

Chap. lxiv.

He had used the word in a Pickwickian sense.

Pickwick Papers. Chap. i.

Did it ever strike you on such a morning as this that drowning would be happiness and peace?

Chap. v.

The wictim of connubiality.

Chap. xx.

I am a lone lorn creetur and everythink goes 'contrairy with me.

David Copperfield. Chap. iii.

Barkis is willin'.

Chap. v.

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.

Chap. xii.

I never will desert Mr. Micawber.

Ibid.

Accidents will occur in the best regulated families.

Chap. xxvii.

Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, all very good words for the lips, — especially prunes and prism.

Little Dorrit. Book ii. Chap. v.

Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Chap. x.

Secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster.

A Christmas Carol. Stave I.

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile.

A Christmas Carol. Stave 2.

He's tough, ma'am, — tough is J. B.; tough and devilish sly.

Dombey and Son. Chap. vii.

When found, make a note of.

Chap. xv.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.

Chap. xxiii.

Oh, Sairey, Sairey, little do we know what lays before us!

Martin Chuzzlewit. Chap. i.

Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed. There ain't much credit in that.

Chap. v.

Not to put too fine a point upon it.

Bleak House. Chap. xxvii.

“If the law supposes that,” said Mr. Bumble, “the law is a ass, a idiot.”

Oliver Twist. Chap. li.

NORMAN MACLEOD. 1812–1872.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night;
 There's a star to guide the humble,
 Trust in God and do the Right. *Trust in God.*

EDWARD LEAR. 1812–1888.

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
 In a sieve they went to sea;
 In spite of all their friends could say.

The Jumbles.

Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
 Their heads are green and their hands are blue
 And they went to sea in a sieve. *The Jumblies.*

There was an Old Man with a beard,
 Who said: "It is just as I feared —
 Two Owls and a Hen,
 Four Larks and a Wren
 Have all built their nests in my beard." *Limerick.*

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat.
The Owl and The Pussy-Cat.

They sailed away for a year and a day
 To the land where the bong-tree grows. *Ibid.*

In the middle of the woods
 Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
 Two old chairs and half a candle,
 One old jug without a handle —
 These were all the worldly goods.
The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

When awful darkness and silence reign
 Over the great Gromboolian plain,
 Through the long, long wintry nights;
The Dong with the luminous Nose.

ROBERT BROWNING. 1812-1889.

Any nose
 May ravage with impunity a rose. *Sordello. Book vi*

That we devote ourselves to God, is seen
 In living just as though no God there were.
Paracelsus. Part i

Be sure that God
 Ne'er dooms to waste the strength he deigns impart. *Ibid.*

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
 I shall arrive, — what time, what circuit first,
 I ask not; but unless God send his hail
 Or blinding fire-balls, sleet or stifling snow,
 In some time, his good time, I shall arrive:
 He guides me and the bird. In his good time.

Paracelsus. Part i.

Truth is within ourselves.

Ibid.

Are there not, dear Michal,
 Two points in the adventure of the diver, —
 One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge;
 One, when a prince he rises with his pearl?
 Festus, I plunge.

Ibid.

God is the perfect poet,
 Who in his person acts his own creations.

Part ii.

Error has no end.

Part iii.

The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
 To their first fault, and withered in their pride.

Part iv.

Every joy is gain
 And gain is gain, however small.

Ibid.

Jove strikes the Titans down
 Not when they set about their mountain-piling
 But when another rock would crown the work.

Ibid.

The peerless cup afloat
 Of the lake-lily is an urn some nymph
 Swims bearing high above her head.

Ibid.

I give the fight up: let there be an end,
 A privacy, an obscure nook for me.
 I want to be forgotten even by God.

Part v.

Progress is
 The law of life: man is not Man as yet.

Ibid.

Say not "a small event!" Why "small"?
 Costs it more pain that this ye call
 A "great event" should come to pass
 From that? Untwine me from the mass
 Of deeds which make up life, one deed
 Power shall fall short in or exceed!

Pippa Passes. Introduction.

God's in his heaven:
 All's right with the world.¹

Ibid. Part i.

Some unsuspected isle in the far seas, —
 Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas.

Part ii.

In the morning of the world,
 When earth was nigher heaven than now.

Part iii.

All service ranks the same with God, —
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we: there is no last nor first.

Part iv

I trust in Nature for the stable laws
 Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant
 And Autumn garner to the end of time.
 I trust in God, — the right shall be the right
 And other than the wrong, while he endures.
 I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
 The outward and the inward, — Nature's good
 And God's.

A Soul's Tragedy. Act. i.

I judge people by what they might be, — not are, nor
 will be.

Ibid. Act ii.

There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the
 purest.

A Blot in the "Scutcheon. Act i. Sc. iii.

When is man strong until he feels alone?²

Colombe's Birthday. Act iii.

¹ See Holmes, page 691.

² IBSEN: *The Enemy of the People*. The strongest man on earth
 is he who stands alone.

When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.

Men and Women. Bishop Blougram's Apology.

The sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea. *Cleon.*

And I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And putting us to ignorance again. *Ibid.*

Rafael made a century of sonnets. *One Word more. ii.*

Other heights in other lives, God willing. *xii*

God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, — one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her! *xvii.*

Oh their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it;
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom! *xix.*

The lie was dead
And damned, and truth stood up instead. *Count Gismond. xviii.*

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world. *xix.*

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
So, I was afraid! *Instans Tyrannus. vii.*

Oh never star
Was lost here but it rose afar. *Waring. ii.*

Sing, riding's a joy! For me I ride.
The last Ride together. vii.

When the liquor's out, why clink the cannikin?
The Flight of the Duchess. xvi.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one, —
His hundred's soon hit;

This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

That has the world here — should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!

This throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him. *A Grammarian's Funeral.*

Lofty designs must close in like effects. *Ibid.*

The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is — the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.

The Statue and the Bust.

Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

Childe Roland to the dark Tower came. xxxiii.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

The lost Leader. i.

We shall march prospering, — not thro' his presence;

Songs may inspirit us, — not from his lyre;

Deeds will be done, — while he boasts his quiescence,

Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

Ibid. ii.

They are perfect; how else? — they shall never change:

We are faulty; why not? — we have time in store.

Old Pictures in Florence. xvi.

What's come to perfection perishes.

Things learned on earth we shall practise in heaven;

Works done least rapidly Art most cherishes. *xxv.*

Italy, my Italy!
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her Calais):
 "Open my heart, and you will see
 Graved inside of it 'Italy.'" *De Gustibus. ii.*

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture.

Home-Thoughts from Abroad. ii.

God made all the creatures, and gave them our love and
 our fear,
 To give sign we and they are his children, one family
 here. *Saul. vi.*

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
 All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!
ix.

'T is not what man does which exalts him, but what man
 would do. *xviii.*

O woman-country! ¹ wooed not wed,
 Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
 Laid to their hearts instead. *By the Fireside. vi.*

That great brow
 And the spirit-small hand propping it.
By the Fireside. xxiii.

If two lives join, there is oft a scar.
 They are one and one, with a shadowy third;
 One near one is too far. *xlvi.*

Only I discern
 Infinite passion, and the pain
 Of finite hearts that yearn. *Two in the Campagna. xii.*

¹ Italy.

Round and round, like a dance of snow
 In a dazzling drift, as its guardians, go
 Floating the women faded for ages,
 Sculptured in stone on the poet's pages.

Women and Roses.

How he lies in his rights of a man!
 Death has done all death can.
 And absorbed in the new life he leads,
 He recks not, he heeds
 Nor his wrong nor my vengeance; both strike
 On his senses alike,
 And are lost in the solemn and strange
 Surprise of the change.

After.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you,
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems, and new!

Memorabilia. i.

He who did well in war just earns the right
 To begin doing well in peace.

Luria. Act ii.

And inasmuch as feeling, the East's gift,
 Is quick and transient, — comes, and lo! is gone,
 While Northern thought is slow and durable.

Act v.

A people is but the attempt of many
 To rise to the completer life of one;
 And those who live as models for the mass
 Are singly of more value than they all.

Ibid.

I count life just a stuff
 To try the soul's strength on.

In a Balcony.

Was there nought better than to enjoy?
 No feat which, done, would make time break,
 And let us pent-up creatures through
 Into eternity, our due?
 No forcing earth teach heaven's employ?

Dis aliter visum; or, Le Byron de nos Jours.

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live
as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good
more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect
round. *Abt Vogler. ix.*

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the
throe! *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me. *Ibid.*

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure. *Ibid.*

For life, with all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear (believe the aged friend),
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love, —
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is.

A Death in the Desert.

The body sprang
At once to the height, and stayed; but the soul, — no!
Ibid.

What? Was man made a wheel-work to wind up,
And be discharged, and straight wound up anew?
No! grown, his growth lasts; taught, he ne'er forgets:
May learn a thousand things, not twice the same. *Ibid.*

For I say this is death and the sole death, —
When a man's loss comes to him from his gain,
Darkness from light, from knowledge ignorance,
And lack of love from love made manifest. *Ibid.*

Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
 Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are;
 Man partly is, and wholly hopes to be.

A Death in the Desert.

The ultimate, angels' law,
 Indulging every instinct of the soul
 There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing! *Ibid.*

How sad and bad and mad it was!¹
 But then, how it was sweet! *Confessions. ix.*

So may a glory from defect arise. *Deaf and Dumb.*

This could but have happened once, —
 And we missed it, lost it forever.
Youth and Art. xvii.

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old;
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold. *Prospice.*

It's wiser being good than bad;
 It's safer being meek than fierce;
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
 That after Last returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched;
 That what began best can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once prove accurst.
Apparent Failure. vii.

¹ A. C. SWINBURNE: *A Ballad of François Villon*;
 Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name.

In the great right of an excessive wrong.

The Ring and the Book. The other Half-Rome.
Line 1055.

Was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.

Ibid. Pompilia. Line 357.

The curious crime, the fine
Felicity and flower of wickedness.

Ibid. The Pope. Line 590.

Of what I call God,
And fools call Nature.

Line 1073.

Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestaled in triumph?

Line 1185.

White shall not neutralize the black, nor good
Compensate bad in man, absolve him so:
Life's business being just the terrible choice.

Line 1236.

It is the glory and good of Art
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, — to mouths like mine, at least.

Ibid. The Book and the Ring. Line 842.

Thy ¹ rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
Linking our England to his Italy.

Line 873.

But how carve way i' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning ever for the past?

Balaustion's Adventure.

Better have failed in the high aim, as I,
Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed, —
As, God be thanked! I do not.

The Inn Album. iv.

¹ Mrs. Browning.

Have you found your life distasteful?
 My life did, and does, smack sweet.
 Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
 Mine I saved and hold complete.
 Do your joys with age diminish?
 When mine fail me, I'll complain.
 Must in death your daylight finish?
 My sun sets to rise again.

At the "Mermaid." Stanza 10.

"With this same key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart"¹ once more!
 Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!

House. x.

God's justice, tardy though it prove perchance,
 Rests never on the track until it reach
 Delinquency.²

Cenciaja.

Good, to forgive;
 Best, to forget!
 Living, we fret;
 Dying, we live.

Dedication to La Saisiaz.

Can we love but on condition that the thing we love must
 die?

La Saisiaz.

Sky — what a scowl of cloud
 Till, near and far,
 Ray on ray split the shroud:
 Splendid, a star!

The two Poets of Croisic.

As if true pride
 Were not also humble!

In an Album.

Wanting is — what?
 Summer redundant,
 Blueness abundant,
 Where is the blot?

Wanting — is what?

¹ See Wordsworth, page 485.

² See Herbert, page 206.

Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!

Never the Time and the Place.

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.

Why, I am a Liberal.

There is no truer truth obtainable¹
By Man than comes of music.

Charles Avison.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS. 1813–1845.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning.

The Welcome.

The starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river.

Ibid.

EPES SARGENT. 1813–1881.

A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull unchanging shore:
Oh give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar!

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

The cold blast at the casement beats;
The window-panes are white;
The snow whirls through the empty streets;
It is a dreary night!

The Heart's Summer.

¹ See BAILEY, page 722: Music tells no truths.

When the night-wind bewaileth the fall of the year,
 And sweeps from the forest the leaves that are sere;
 I wake from my slumber and list to the roar
 And it saith to my spirit, "No more, never more!"

When the Night-wind bewaileth.



CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH. 1813—1892.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
 Feeling deeper than all thought;
 Souls to souls can never teach
 What unto themselves was taught. *Stanzas.*

We are spirits clad in veils;
 Man by man was never seen;
 All our deep communing fails
 To remove the shadowy screen. *Ibid.*

No night so wild but brings the constant sun
 With love and power untold;
 No time so dark but through its woof there run
 Some blessed threads of gold.
Oh Love supreme.

O Light divine! we need no fuller test
 That all is ordered well;
 We know enough to trust that all is best
 Where Love and Wisdom dwell. *Ibid.*



JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER. 1813——.

What are the wild waves saying,
 Sister, the whole day long,
 That ever amid our playing
 I hear but their low, lone song?
What are the wild Waves saying?

Yes! but there's something greater
 That speaks to the heart alone:
 'T is the voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone.

What are the wild Waves saying? Refrain.



MICHAEL J. BARRY. *Circa 1813*——.

But whether on the scaffold high
 Or in the battle's van,
 The fittest place where man can die
 Is where he dies for man!

The Dublin Nation, Sept. 28, 1844, Vol. ii. p. 809.



JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT. 1813—1893.

Is not true leisure
 One with true toil?

*Rest.*¹ *Stanza 1.*

Rest is not quitting
 The busy career,
 Rest is the fitting
 Of self to one's sphere.

Stanza 4.

'T is the brook's motion,
 Clear without strife,
 Fleeing to ocean
 After its life.

Stanza 5.

'T is loving and serving
 The Highest and Best!
 'T is onwards! unswerving,
 And that is true rest.

Stanza 7.

¹ See Cowper, page 415: Absence of occupation is not rest.
 This poem is often attributed to Goethe

Work, and thou wilt bless the day
 Ere the toil be done;
 They that work not, can not pray,
 Can not feel the sun.
 God is living, working still,
 All things work and move;
 Work, or lose the power to will,
 Lose the power to love.

Working.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. 1814–1863.

For right is right, since God is God,¹
 And right the day must win;
 To doubt would be disloyalty,
 To falter would be sin.

The Right must win.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
 The protest of the weak against the strong.

The sorrowful World.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
 Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan.

Ibid.

O majesty unspeakable and dread!
 Wert thou less mighty than Thou art,
 Thou wert, O Lord, too great for our belief,
 Too little for our heart.

The Greatness of God.

Hark! Hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

The Pilgrims of the Night.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
 Who doth not crave for rest?
 Who would not seek the happy land
 Where they that love are blest?

Paradise

¹ See Crabbe, page 444.

The world is growing old;
 Who would not be at rest and free
 Where love is never cold? *Paradise*



CHARLES MACKAY. 1814–1889.

Cleon hath a million acres, — ne'er a one have I;
 Cleon dwelleth in a palace, — in a cottage I. *Cleon and I.*

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
 As round and round we run;
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
 And justice shall be done. *Eternal Justice. Stanza 4.*

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men! *Clear the Way.*

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
 Where the shrill winds whistle free. *Some love to roam.*

There's a good time coming, boys!
 A good time coming. *The good Time coming.*

Cannon-balls may aid the truth
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battles by its aid,
 Wait a little longer. *Ibid.*

The smallest effort is not lost,
 Each wavelet on the ocean tost
 Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
 Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow;
 Each struggle lessens human woe.
The Old and the New.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
 In the days when earth was young. *Tubal Cain.*

The king can drink the best of wine —
 So can I;
 And has enough when he would dine —
 So have I;
 And can not order rain or shine —
 Nor can I.

Then where's the difference — let me see —
 Betwixt my lord the king and me? *Differences.*

If happy I and wretched he,
 Perhaps the king would change with me. *Ibid.*



ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER. 1816-1841.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty;
 I woke, and found that life was Duty.¹
 Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, poor heart, unceasingly;
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A truth and noonday light to thee. *Life a Duty.*



JOHN GODFREY SAXE. 1816-1887.

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
 I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
 I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
 I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
 I'm growing careless of my dress;
 I'm growing frugal of my gold;
 I'm growing wise; I'm growing — yes, —
 I'm growing old! *I'm growing old.*

¹ WILLIAM MACCALL (c. 1830):
 Straight is the line of Duty,
 Curved is the line of Beauty,
 Follow the straight line, thou shall see
 The curved line ever follow thee.

“God bless the man who first invented sleep!”

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I. *Early Rising.*

I like the lad, who when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught
Cried, “Served him right! It’s not at all surprising
The worm was punished, Sir, for early rising!”¹ *Ibid.*

He takes the strangest liberties —

But never takes his leave! *My Familiar.*

In vain I speak of urgent tasks;

In vain I scowl and pout;

A frown is no extinguisher —

It does not put him out! *Ibid.*

I asked of Echo ’t other day

(Whose words are few and often funny),

What to a novice she could say

Of courtship, love, and matrimony.

Quoth Echo, plainly, — “Matter-o’-money.” *Echo.*

’T is wise to learn; ’t is God-like to create. *The Library.*

And he was rich and she was poor

And so it might not be. *The Way of the World.*

Bless me! this is pleasant

Riding on the Rail. *Hymn of the Rail.*



SAMUEL SMILES. 1816–1904.

No laws, however stringent, can make the idle industrious, the thriftless provident, or the drunken sober.

Self-Help.

¹ FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON:

The healthy-wealthy-wise affirm

That early birds obtain the worm —

(The worm rose early too!)

We learn wisdom from failure much more than from success. We often discover what will do by finding out what will not do; and probably he who never made a mistake never made a discovery. *Self-Help.*



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1816–1905.

Evil and good are God's right hand and left. *Festus. Proem.*

Art is man's nature; nature is God's art. *Ibid.*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him. *Ibid.*

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it. *Scene iv. A Mountain. Sunrise.¹*

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.
Scene v. A Country Town.

Who never doubted never half believed ²
Where doubt there truth is — 't is her shadow.
Ibid.

America thou half-brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.
Scene x. Earth's Surface.

¹ J. R. LOWELL: *Biglow Papers*, II, ii. St. 9.
The surest plan to make a man
Is to think him so.

² TENNYSON: There lives more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Music tells no truths. *Festus. Scene xi. A Village Feast.*¹

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths,
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.

Scene xvi. The Hesperian Sphere.



HENRY DAVID THOREAU. 1817–1862.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go. *The Fisher's Boy.*

I never found the companion that was so companionable
as solitude. *Solitude.*

Whate'er we leave to God, God does
And blesses us. *Inspiration.*

I hear beyond the range of sound,
I see beyond the range of sight,
New earths and skies and seas around,
And in my day the sun doth pale his light. *Ibid.*

She with one breath attunes the spheres,
And also my poor human heart. *Ibid.*

Most of the luxuries and many of the so-called comforts
of life are not only not indispensable, but positive hin-
drances to the elevation of mankind. *Walden.*

It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his
rising; but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only
to be present at it.² *Ibid.*

For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-
storms and rain-storms and did my duty faithfully. *Ibid.*

¹ BROWNING: *Charles Avison*, page 714.

² ROSTAND: *Chantecler. Hymn to the Sun*, page 998.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. 1817-1867.

At present there is no distinction among the upper ten thousand of the city.¹ *Necessity for a Promenade Drive.*

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye. *Saturday Afternoon.*

It is the month of June,
The month of leaves and roses,
When pleasant sights salute the eyes,
And pleasant scents the noses. *The Month of June.*

Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him!
Not for him who, departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him who ascended Fame's ladder so high:
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky.
 The Death of Harrison.

Wisdom sits alone
Topmost in Heaven. *The Scholar of Thibet.*

The sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed away. *Unseen Spirits.*

 JAMES THOMAS FIELDS. 1817-1881.

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl very gravely got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.
 The Owl-Critic.

"I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day."
And the barber kept on shaving. *Ibid.*

¹ See Haliburton, page 586.

Oh, to be home again, home again, home again!
Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill!

In a strange Land.

The skipper stormed and tore his hair,
Hauled on his boots and roared at Marden —
“Nantucket ’s sunk and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett’s garden!”

The Nantucket Skipper.

Is n’t God upon the ocean
Just the same as on the land?

The Tempest.



ELIZA COOK. 1817–1889.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?

The old Arm-Chair.

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!

Old Dobbin.

Better build schoolrooms for “the boy”
Than cells and gibbets for “the man.”

A Song for ragged Schools.

On what strange stuff Ambition feeds!

Thomas Hood.



SIR AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD. 1817–1894.

I have always believed that success would be the inevitable result if the two services, the army and the navy, had fair play, and if we sent the right man to fill the right place.¹

Speech in Parliament, Jan. 15, 1855.²

¹ See Sydney Smith, page 461.

² This speech is reported in Hansard’s Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, vol. cxxxviii. p. 2077.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. 1817-1901.

I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me;
 If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea. *A Poet's Hope.*

I sing New England, as she lights her fire
 In every Prairie's midst; and where the bright
 Enchanting stars shine pure through Southern night,
 She still is there, the guardian on the tower,
 To open for the world a purer hour. *New England.*

Most joyful let the Poet be;
 It is through him that all men see.
The Poet of the old and new Times.

My highway is unfeathered air,
 My consorts are the sleepless stars,
 And men my giant arms upbear —
 My arms unstained and free from scars.
Hymn of the Earth.

A wail in the wind is all I hear;
 A voice of woe for a lover's loss. *Tears in Spring.*



EMILY BRONTË. 1818-1848.

Still, as I mused, the naked room,
 The alien firelight died away;
 And from the midst of cheerless gloom
 I passed to bright, unclouded day.
A little While.

A heaven so clear, an earth so calm,
 So sweet, so soft, so hushed an air;
 And, deepening still the dreamlike charm,
 Wild moor-sheep feeding everywhere. *Ibid.*

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. 1818–1895.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave.

The Burial of Moses.

This was the truest warrior
 That ever buckled sword;
 This the most gifted poet
 That ever breathed a word;
 And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truths half so sage
 As he wrote down for men.

Ibid.

JOHN JAMES ROBERT MANNERS, DUKE OF
RUTLAND. 1818–1906.

No: by the names inscribed in History's page,
 Names that are England's noblest heritage,
 Names that shall live for yet unnumbered years
 Shrined in our hearts with Cressy and Poitiers;
 Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
 But leave us still our old nobility.

England's Trust. Part iii. Line 227.



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. 1819–1861.

How pleasant it is to have money! *Spectator ab Extra.*

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
 The labor and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

Say not the Struggle Naught availeth.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent flooding in, the main.

Say not the Struggle Naught availeth.

Grace is given of God but knowledge is bought in the
 market.

Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.

There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our
 battalions;
 Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our
 stations.

Ibid.

A world where nothing is had for nothing.

Ibid.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
 Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried.¹

As ships becalmed.



CHARLES KINGSLEY. 1819–1875.

O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee!

The Sands of Dee.

The cruel crawling foam.

Ibid.

Men must work, and women must weep.
 And there's little to earn and many to keep,
 And the harbor bar is moaning.

The three Fishers.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever

One grand sweet song.

A Farewell.

¹ LONGFELLOW: *Ships that Pass in the Night*, page 644.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
 And the sunshine follows the rain;
 And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
 Can never come over again. *Dolcino to Margarei.*

Toil is the true knight's pastime.
The Saint's Tragedy. Act i. Sc. ii.

Oh that we two were Maying. *Act ii. Sc. ix.*

Would that we two were lying
 Beneath the churchyard sod,
 With our limbs at rest in the green earth's breast,
 And our souls at home with God. *Ibid.*

Fools! who fancy Christ mistaken;
 Man a tool to buy and sell;
 Earth a failure, God-forsaken,
 Ante-room of Hell. *The World's Age.*

Pain is no evil,
 Unless it conquer us. *St. Maura.*

Are gods more ruthless than mortals?
 Have they no mercy for youth? no love for the souls who
 have loved them? *Andromeda.*

Sad, sad to think that the year is all but done.
The Starlings.

In the light of fuller day,
 Of purer science, holier laws.¹
On the Death of a certain Journal.

When all the world is old, lad,
 And all the trees are brown;
 And all the sport is stale, lad,
 And all the wheels run down;
Water Babies. Song ii.

¹ See Tennyson: Sweeter manners, purer laws, page 676.

Creep home, and take your place there,
 The spent and maimed among:—
 God grant you find one face there
 You loved when all was young!

Water Babies. Song ii.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue.

Health and Education.

MARIAN EVANS CROSS ("GEORGE ELIOT").
 1819-1880.

Creeds of terror. *Spanish Gypsy. Book i.*

A serious ape whom none take seriously,
 Obliged in this fool's world to earn his nuts
 By hard buffoonery. *Ibid.*

His smile is sweetened by his gravity. *Ibid.*

Certain winds will make men's temper bad. *Ibid.*

Sad as a wasted passion. *Ibid.*

Knightly love is blent with reverence
 As heavenly air is blent with heavenly blue. *Ibid.*

Inclination snatches arguments
 To make indulgence seem judicious choice. *Ibid.*

Perhaps the wind
 Wails so in winter for the summers dead,
 And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
 For what has been and is not. *Ibid.*

Who can prove
 Wit to be witty when with deeper ground
 Dulness intuitive declares wit dull?

A College Breakfast-party.

Oh may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence.

Poems: Oh may I join the Choir invisible.

It's but little good you'll do watering last year's crops.

Adam Bede. Chap. xviii.

He was like a cock who thought the sun had risen to hear
 him crow.¹

Chap. xxxiii.

An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars
 down.

Romola. Book iii. Chap. xvii.

Men's men: gentle or simple, they're much of a muchness.

Daniel Deronda. Book iv. Chap. xxxi.



JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND. 1819–1881.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to its summit round by round. *Gradatim.*

He could see naught but vanity in beauty
 And naught but weakness in a fond caress
 And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
 Allowed indulgence in such foolishness. *Daniel Gray.*

God give us men. The time demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue
 And dam his treacherous flatteries without winking;
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking. *Wanted.*

¹ ROSTAND: *Chantecler: Hymn to the Sun*, page 998.

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE. 1819-1881.

They say that man is mighty,
 He governs land and sea;
 He wields a mighty scepter
 O'er lesser powers that be;
 And the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world.

What rules the World?



HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL. 1819-1889.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
 For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
 While the beautiful all round thee lying
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Why thus longing?

Poor indeed must thou be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw — *Ibid.*



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 1819-1891.

Earth's noblest thing, — a woman perfected. *Irené.*

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own. *Sonnet iv.*

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
 Great souls are portions of eternity. *Sonnet vi.*

To win the secret of a weed's plain heart. *Sonnet xxv.*

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies, —
 One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.
Sonnet xxxiv. (Ed. 1844).

Who speaks the truth stabs Falsehood to the heart.
L'Envoi.

His words were simple words enough
 And yet he used them so
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low.

Shepherd of King Admetus.

All thoughts that mould the age begin
 Deep down within the primitive soul.

An Incident in a Railroad Car.

It may be glorious to write
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
 High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
 Once in a century.

Ibid.

No man is born into the world whose work
 Is not born with him. There is always work,
 And tools to work withal, for those who will;
 And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

A Glance behind the Curtain.

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak.

They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

Endurance is the crowning quality,
 And patience all the passion of great hearts. *Columbus.*

One day with life and heart
 Is more than time enough to find a world. *Ibid.*

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
 decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
 side; *The present Crisis.*

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
 throne.¹ *Ibid.*

¹ DRYDEN: *Art of Poetry*, line 376: Showed Worth on foot and rascals in the coach. J. G. HOLLAND: *Wanted*; Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

He's true to God who's true to man. *The present Crisis.*

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous
to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified. *Ibid.*

The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees.

An Indian-Summer Reverie.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accurst.

Interview with Miles Standish

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.

To the Dandelion.

This child is not mine as the first was;

I can not sing it to rest;

I can not lift it up fatherly,

And bless it upon my breast.

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,

And sits in my little one's chair,

And the light of the heaven she's gone to

Transfigures its golden hair. *The Changeling.*

The thing we long for, that we are

For one transcendent moment.

Longing.

She doeth little kindnesses

Which most leave undone, or despise. *My Love. iv*

Not only around our infancy

Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;

Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

The Vision of Sir Launfal. Prelude to Part First.

'T is heaven alone that is given away;
'T is only God may be had for the asking. *Ibid.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays. *Ibid.*

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it. *Ibid.*

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how. *Ibid*

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.

Part Second. viii.

A reading-machine, always wound up and going,
He mastered whatever was not worth the knowing.

A Fable for Critics.

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on;
Whose prose is grand verse while his verse the Lord knows
Is some of it pr — No, 't is not even prose! *Ibid.*

Nature fits all her children with something to do *Ibid.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.

An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

The Biglow Papers. First Series. No

Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
 Hev one glory an' one shame;
 Ev'y thin' thet 's done inhuman
 Injers all on 'em the same.

The Biglow Papers. First Series. No. i.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur.¹

No. ii.

General C. is a dreffle smart man;
 He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
 But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —
 He's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself. *Ibid.*

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.
No. iii.

But John P.
 Robinson, he
 Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee. *Ibid.*

A marcifal Providence fashioned us holler
 O' purpose that we might our principles swaller. *No. iv.*

It ain't by princerples nor men
 My preudent course is steadied;
 I scent which pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded. *No. vi.*

I *don't* believe in princerples,
 But oh I *du* in interest. *Ibid.*

Of my merit
 On thet pint you yourself may jedge;
 All is, I never drink no sperit,
 Nor I haint never signed no pledge. *No. vii.*

Ez to my princerples, I glory
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort. *Ibid.*

¹ See Moore, page 519: Go where glory waits thee!

God makes sech nights, all white and still,
Fur'z you can look or listen.

Biglow Papers. Second Series. The Courtin'.¹

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

Ibid.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin'.

Ibid.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur.

Ibid.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

Ibid.

His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity-Zekle.

Ibid.

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be persumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.¹

Ibid.

He stood a spell on one foot fust
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Ibid.

All kin' o' smily round the lips,
An' teary round the lashes.

Ibid.

¹ Mrs. BROWNING: *The Lady's "Yes"*:

'Yes,' I answered you last night

'No,' this morning, sir, I say:

Colors seen by candle-light

Will not look the same by day. . . .

Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

Biglow Papers. Second Series. The Courtin'.

My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow:
Don't never prophesy — onless ye know. *Ibid.*

It's 'most enough to make a deacon swear. *Ibid.*

The one thet fust gits mad 's 'most ollers wrong. *Ibid.*

Ef you want peace, the thing you've gut tu du
Is jes' to show you're up to fightin', tu. *Ibid.*

No, never say nothin' without you're compelled tu,
An' then don't say nothin' thet you can be held tu. *Ibid.*

Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood. *No. vi.*

Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shows sof'ness in the upper story. *No. vii.*

Earth's biggest country's gut her soul,
An' risen up earth's greatest nation. *Ibid.*

Under the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west-wind purr contented. *No. x.*

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On war's red techstone rang true metal;
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle? *Ibid.*

From lower to the higher next,
Not to the top, is Nature's text;
And embryo Good, to reach full stature,
Absorbs the Evil in its nature. *Festina Lente. Moral.*

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best.¹ *For an Autograph.*

¹ See Emerson, page 621.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And can not make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote.

Ode at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865.

What men call treasure and the Gods call dross. *Ibid.*

Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

Ibid.

Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
 But surely God endures forever.

Villa Franca.

Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past. *The Cathedral.*

The one thing finished in this hasty world. *Ibid.*

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
 Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
 The diver Omar plucked them from their bed,
 FitzGerald strung them on an English thread.

In a Copy of Omar Khayyam.

The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
 Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
 Safe from the Many — honored by the Few;
 To count as naught in World or Church or State;
 But inwardly in secret to be great.

Sonnet. Jeffries Wyman.

The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow
 Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below.

To George William Curtis.

But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
 Lessen like sound of friends' departing feet;
 And Death is beautiful as feet of friend
 Coming with welcome at our journey's end.

For me Fate gave, whate'er she else denied,
 A nature sloping to the southern side;
 I thank her for it, though when clouds arise
 Such natures double-darken gloomy skies.

To George William Curtis.

In life's small things be resolute and great
 To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when Fate
 Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
 "I find thee worthy; do this deed for me"? *Epigram.*

In vain we call old notions fudge,
 And bend our conscience to our dealing;
 The Ten Commandments will not budge,
 And stealing will continue stealing.

Motto of the American Copyright League.
 (Written Nov. 20, 1885).

God, give us Peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
 But sword on thigh and brow with purpose knit!
 And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
 Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
 And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap.

The Washers of the Shroud.

Solitude is as needful to the imagination as society is
 wholesome for the character.

Among my Books. First Series. Dryden.

A wise scepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.
Shakespeare once more.

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of
 warning. *Ibid.*

Aspiration sees only one side of every question; pos-
 session many.

Among my Books. First Series. New England two Centuries ago.

Truly there is a tide in the affairs of men; but there is
 no gulf-stream setting forever in one direction. *Ibid.*

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel, and saving it from all risk of crankiness, than business.

Among my Books. First Series. New England two Centuries ago.

Puritanism, believing itself quick with the seed of religious liberty, laid, without knowing it, the egg of democracy. *Ibid.*

It was in making education not only common to all, but in some sense compulsory on all, that the destiny of the free republics of America was practically settled. *Ibid.*

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is. *Rousseau and the Sentimentalists.*

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not sooner or later responded. *Ibid.*

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action. *Ibid.*

Sentiment is intellectualized emotion, — emotion precipitated, as it were, in pretty crystals by the fancy. *Ibid.*

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself. *Ibid.*

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weathers, is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.

My Study Windows. Abraham Lincoln, 1864.

It is by presence of mind in untried emergencies that the native metal of a man is tested. *Ibid.*

What a sense of security in an old book which Time has criticised for us! *Library of Old Authors.*

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat. *Democracy and Addresses.*

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come. *Ibid.*

The soil out of which such men as he are made is good to be born on, good to live on, good to die for and to be buried in. *Garfield.*

If I were asked what book is better than a cheap book, I should answer that there is one book better than a cheap book, — and that is a book honestly come by.

Before the U. S. Senate Committee on Patents, Jan. 29, 1886.



THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. 1819–1892.

Sorrow and scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather:
Ah me, this glory and this grief
Agree not well together! *A Song for September.*

No dream his life was — but a fight!
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite? *On a Bust of Dante.*

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou! *Ibid.*



WALT WHITMAN. 1819–1892.

I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love.
Starting from Paumanok. 6.

I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake. *Ibid. 7.*

None has begun to think how divine he himself is and how certain the future is. *Starting from Paumanok. No. 7.*

I say the real and permanent grandeur of these States must be their religion. *Ibid.*

Nothing can happen more beautiful than death. *Ibid. 12.*

I loafe and invite my soul. *Song of Myself. 1.*

I have no mockings or arguments; I witness and wait. *Ibid. 4.*

In the faces of men and women I see God. *Ibid. 48.*

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world *Ibid. 52*

I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well-beloved, saying
to the people, "Do not weep for me,
This is not my true country, I have lived banished from
my true country — I now go back there,
I return to the celestial sphere where every one goes in
his turn." *Salut au Monde. 6.*

Each of us inevitable;
Each of us limitless — each of us with his or her right
upon the earth. *Ibid. 11.*

The great city is that which has the greatest man or
woman. *Song of the Broad-Axe.*

In this broad earth of ours,
Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
Nestles the seed perfection. *Song of the Universal. 1.*

All, all for immortality,
Love like the light silently wrapping all. *Ibid. 4.*

Youth, large, lusty, loving — Youth, full of grace, force,
fascination!

Do you know that Old Age may come after you, with equal
grace, force, fascination?

Youth, Day, Old Age and Night.

Roaming in thought over the Universe, I saw the little
that is Good steadily hastening towards immortal-
ity,

And the vast that is evil I saw hastening to merge itself
and become lost and dead. *Roaming in Thought.*¹

Thunder on! Stride on! Democracy. Strike with venge-
ful stroke!

Drum-Taps. Rise O Days from your fathomless Deep. 3.

O Banner!

Not houses of peace are you, nor any nor all of their
prosperity; if need be you shall have every one of
those houses to destroy them;

You thought not to destroy those valuable houses, stand-
ing fast, full of comfort, built with money;

May they stand fast then? Not an hour, unless you,
above them and all, stand fast.

Ibid. Song of the Banner at Daybreak.

Over all the sky — the sky! far, far out of reach, studded
with the eternal stars.

Ibid. Bivouac on a Mountain-side.

Give me the splendid silent sun, with all his beams full-
dazzling!

Ibid. Give me the splendid Silent Sun.

Lo! the moon ascending!

Up from the East, the silvery round moon;

Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon;

Immense and silent moon. *Ibid. Dirge for Two Veterans.*

¹ See Herbert Spencer, page 773

Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage, must in
time be utterly lost;

That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
softly wash again and ever again, this soiled world.

Drum-Taps. Reconciliation.

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed,
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the
night,

I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Memories of President Lincoln. 1.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate death.

Ibid. 14.

Praised be the fathomless universe
For life and joy and for objects and knowledge curious;
And for love, sweet love — But praise! O praise and
praise
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Ibid.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done!
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought
is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting.

Ibid. O Captain! my Captain!

Liberty is to be subserved, whatever occurs.

To a Foiled European Revolutionaire.

Peace is always beautiful.

The Sleepers. 7.

What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk
free and own no superior?

Laws for Creations.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle.

Miracles.

I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw what the
not-day exhibited;

I was thinking this globe enough, till there sprang out so
noiseless around me myriads of other globes.

Night on the Prairies.

I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death.

Ibid.

I swear I think there is nothing but immortality!

To think of Time. 9.

The paths to the house I seek to make,
But leave to those to come the house itself.

Thou Mother with thy Equal Brood. 1.

Society waits unformed and is between things ended and
things begun.

Thoughts. 1.

Now obey thy cherished secret wish,
Embrace thy friends — leave all in order;
To port and hawser's tie no more returning,
Depart upon thy endless cruise, old Sailor!

Now Finalè to the Shore. (To Tennyson).

I announce the great individual, fluid as Nature, chaste,
affectionate, compassionate, fully armed;

I announce a life that shall be copious, vehement, spiritual,
bold,

And I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully
meet its translation.

So Long!



WILLIAM WETMORE STORY. 1819–1895.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle
of Life,¹ —

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife

¹ WHITMAN: *To a Foiled European Revolutionaire*; Now it seems
to me, when it can not be helped that defeat is great.

The hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
 broken in heart,
 Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and
 desperate part. *Io Victis.*

And all but their faith overthrown. *Ibid.*

They only the victory win
 Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the
 demon that tempts us within;
 Who have held to their faith unswayed by the prize that
 the world holds on high;
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight —
 if need be, to die. *Ibid.*

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
 Of all expression that which can not be expressed.
The Unexpressed.

Ah me! the vision has vanished,
 The music has died away! *Cleopatra.*



JOHN RUSKIN. 1819–1900.

He is the greatest artist who has embodied, in the sum
 of his works, the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

Modern Painters. Vol. i. Part i. Chap. ii. Sect. 9.

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
Vol. iv. Part v. Chap. xxii.

You were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled
 with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud
 to be pleased with them, or too grasping to care for what
 you can not turn to other account than mere delight.

Stones of Venice. Vol. i. Chap. ii. Sect. 2.

He who has truth at his heart need never fear the want
 of persuasion on his tongue.

Vol. ii. Chap. iv. Sect. 99, Chap. xcix

That treacherous phantom which men call Liberty.

The Seven Lamps of Architecture. Chap. vii. Sect. 21.

Work first and then rest.

Ibid. The Lamp of Beauty.

The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

Sesame and Lilies. Part i. iii.

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness of fools.

Crown of Wild Olive. War.

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head and the heart go together.

The Two Paths. Lecture ii.

Engraving is, in brief terms, the Art of Scratch.

Ariadne.



THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. 1819–1902.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;

Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,

And trembled with fear at your frown! *Ben Bolt.*

Your eyes were filled with love, Kate Vane;

Ah, would that we were young again! *Kate Vane.*



JULIA WARD HOWE. 1819–1910.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift
sword;

His truth is marching on.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
 To deck our girls for gay delights!
 The crimson flower of battle blooms,
 And solemn marches fill the nights. *Our Orders.*

The flag of our stately battles, not struggles of wrath and
 greed,

Its stripes were a holy lesson, its spangles a deathless
 creed:

'T was red with the blood of freemen and white with the
 fear of the foe;

And the stars that fight in their courses 'gainst tyrants
 its symbols know. *The Flag.*



ALICE CARY. 1820–1871.

My soul is full of whispered song, —
 My blindness is my sight;
 The shadows that I feared so long
 Are full of life and light. *Dying Hymn.*



HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL. 1820–1872.

Up the River of Death
 Sailed the Great Admiral! *The River Fight.*

You might have deemed our long gun-deck
 Two hundred feet of hell.¹ *Ibid.*

¹ Remark attributed to General William Tecumseh Sherman (1820–1891) War is hell. HENRY VAN DYKE: *On the St. Gaudens Statue of Sherman*:—

This is the soldier brave enough to tell
 The glory-dazzled world that "war is hell."

Since what unnumbered year
 Hast thou kept watch and ward
 And o'er the buried Land of Fear
 So grimly held thy guard?

The Sphinx.



JEAN INGELOW. 1820—1897.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover
 Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
 Crowds of larks at their matins hang over.
 Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Divided.

But two are walking apart forever
 And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

Ibid.

A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
 He walks among his peers unread;
 The best of thoughts which he hath known
 For lack of listeners are not said.

Afterthought.

How short our happy days appear!

How long the sorrowful! *The Mariner's Cave.*

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
 To watch and then to lose,
 To see my bright ones disappear,
 Drawn up like morning dews.

Songs of Seven. Seven times Six.

FRANCES JANES VAN ALSTYNE CROSBY.

1820——.

“Give,” said the little stream,

“Give, oh give, give, oh give,”

As it hurried down the hill.

“I am small, I know, but wherever I go

The fields grow greener still.”

“Give,” said the little Stream.



GEORGE JOHN WHYTE-MELVILLE. 1821-1878.

When you sleep in your cloak there 's no lodging to pay.

Boots and Saddles.

For everything created

In the bounds of earth and sky

Has such longing to be mated,

It must couple or must die. *

Like to Like.

Ah, better to love in the lowliest cot

Than pine in a palace alone.

Chastelar.



FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON. 1821-1895.

And this was your Cradle? Why, surely, my Jenny,

Such cozy dimensions go clearly to show

You were an exceedingly small pickaninny,

Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago.

The old Cradle.

“Vanitas vanitatum” has rung in the ears

Of gentle and simple for thousands of years;

The wail still is heard, yet its notes never scare

Either simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

Vanity Fair.

What an arm — what a waist
 For an arm! *To My Grandmother.*

The world's as ugly, ay, as Sin, —
 And almost as delightful. *The Jester's Plea.*



THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. 1822-1872.

Within the sober realm of leafless trees,
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
 Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
The closing Scene. Sc. i.

My soul to-day
 Is far away
 Sailing the Vesuvian Bay. *Drifting.*

With dreamful eyes
 My spirit lies
 Under the walls of Paradise. *Ibid.*

Yon deep bark goes
 Where Traffic blows
 From lands of sun to lands of snows; —
 Yon happier one,
 Its course is run
 From lands of snow to lands of sun. *Ibid.*

We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
 Dewy as the morning and colored like the dawn.
The new pastoral Book.

O Night! most beautiful and rare!
 Thou givest the heavens their holiest hue,
 And through the azure fields of air
 Bring'st down the gentle dew. *Night.*

The terrible rumble, grumble and roar
 Telling the battle was on once more —
 And Sheridan twenty miles away! *Sheridan's Ride.*

ULYSSES S. GRANT. 1822–1885.

No other terms than unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

To Gen. S. B. Buckner, Fort Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862.

I purpose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer. *Despatch to Washington. Before Spottsylvania Court*

House. May 11, 1864.

Let us have peace.

Accepting a Nomination for the Presidency, May 29, 1868.

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effectual as their strict construction.

From the Inaugural Address, March 4, 1869.

Let no guilty man escape, if it can be avoided. No personal considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty.

*Indorsement of a Letter relating to the Whiskey Ring,
July 29, 1875.*

They [the Pilgrim Fathers] fell upon an ungenial climate, where there were nine months of winter and three months of cold weather and that called out the best energies of the men, and of the women too, to get a mere subsistence out of the soil, with such a climate. In their efforts to do that they cultivated industry and frugality at the same time — which is the real foundation of the greatness of the Pilgrims.

Speech at New England Society Dinner, Dec. 22, 1880.



MATTHEW ARNOLD. 1822–1888.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask. Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.

Shakespeare.

Strew on her roses, roses,
 And never a spray of yew!
 In quiet she reposes;
 Ah, would that I did too! *Requiescat.*

To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
 Which blamed the living man. *Growing old.*

Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Memorial Verses.

Wandering between two worlds, — one dead,
 The other powerless to be born.
Stanzas from the grande Chartreuse.

The kings of modern thought are dumb. *Ibid.*

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
 To feel, amid the city's jar,
 That there abides a place of thine,
 Man did not make, and can not mar.
Lines written in Kensington Gardens.

We, in some unknown Power's employ,
 Move on a rigorous line;
 Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
 Nor, when we will, resign.
Stanzas in Memory of the Author of "Obermann."

And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night. *Dover Beach.*

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day and wish 't were done.
 Not till the hours of light return
 All we have built do we discern. *Morality.*

This strange disease of modern life.

The Scholar Gypsy.

Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,
By contemplation of diviner things.

Mycerinus.

Yet they, believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered Fate.

Resignation.

Let the long contention cease!

Geese are swans and swans are geese! *The last Word.*

The same heart beats in every human breast.

The buried Life.

To thee only God granted

A heart ever new:

To all always open;

To all always true.

Switzerland. Parting.

Radiant with ardour divine!

Beacons of Hope ye appear!

Languor is not in your heart,

Weakness is not in your word,

Weariness not on your brow.

Rugby Chapel.

Peace, peace is what I seek and public calm,
Endless extinction of unhappy hates.

Merope.

With women the heart argues, not the mind.

Ibid.

We do not what we ought,

What we ought not, we do,

And lean upon the thought

That Chance will bring us through.

Empedocles on Etna.

The will is free;

Strong is the soul, and wise and beautiful;

The seeds of godlike power are in us still;

Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will!

Written in Emerson's Essays.

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

From Culture and Anarchy.

The pursuit of the perfect, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light.

Ibid.

There is no better motto which it [culture] can have than these words of Bishop Wilson, "To make reason and the will of God prevail."

Ibid.

Philistine must have originally meant, in the mind of those who invented the nickname, a strong, dogged, unenlightened opponent of the children of the light.

Essays in Criticism. Heinrich Heine.

The vast Mississippi of falsehood.

History.

Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he
Who finds himself, loses his misery.

Self-Dependence.



RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES. 1822–1893.

He serves his party best who serves the country best.¹

Inaugural Address, March 5, 1877.

The only road, the sure road — to unquestioned credit and a sound financial condition is the exact and punctual fulfilment of every pecuniary obligation, public and private, according to its letter and spirit.

Speech at N. E. Society Dinner, Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1880.



JAMES MATTHEWS LEGARÉ. 1823–1859.

Go bow thy head in gentle spite,
Thou lily white,
For she who spies thee waving here,
With thee in beauty can compare
As day with night.

To a Lily.

¹ See Pope, page 339.

Thou in thy lake dost see
 Thyself: so she
 Beholds her image in her eyes
 Reflected. Thus did Venus rise
 From out the sea.

To a Lily.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING. 1823–1863.

We meet neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare;
 As they shout back our peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there.
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
 'T is all we have left to prize.
 A cup to the dead already, —
 Hurrah for the next that dies!¹

The Revel: Time of the Famine and Plague in India.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul can sting no more?

Ibid.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER. 1823–1890.

“Freedom!” their battle-cry, —
 “Freedom! or leave to die!”

The Black Regiment.

Love is that orbit of the restless soul
 Whose circle grazes the confines of space,
 Bounding within the limits of its race
 Utmost extremes.

Sonnet. Love.

¹ Often attributed to Alfred Domett.

COVENTRY KEARSEY DEIGHTON PATMORE.

1823-1896.

The sunshine dreaming upon Salmon's height
 Is not so sweet and white
 As the most heretofore sin-spotted Soul
 That darts to its delight
 Straight from the absolution of a faithful fight. *Peace.*

Life is not life at all without delight. *Victory in Defeat.*

To have nought
 Is to have all things without care or thought!
Legem Tuam Dilexi.

For want of me the world's course will not fail;
 When all its work is done the lie shall rot;
 The truth is great and shall prevail
 When none cares whether it prevail or not.
Magna est Veritas.

None thrives for long upon the happiest dream.
Tired Memory.

The flower of olden sanctities. *1867.*



EDWARD HAZEN PARKER, M.D. 1823-1896.

Life's race well run,
 Life's work well done,
 Life's victory won,
 Now cometh rest.
Funeral Ode on James A. Garfield.

PHOEBE CARY. 1824–1871.

And though hard be the task,
 “Keep a stiff upper lip.”

Keep a stiff upper Lip.

Nearer my Father’s house,
 Where the many mansions be,
 Nearer the great white throne,
 Nearer the crystal sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
 Where we lay our burdens down,
 Nearer leaving the cross,
 Nearer gaining the crown.

Nearer Home.

Her washing ended with the day,
 Yet lived she at its close,
 And passed the long, long night away
 In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all its state
 Illumed the Eastern skies,
 She passed about the kitchen grate
 And went to making pies.

The Wife.¹



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. 1824–1892.

I walked beside the evening sea
 And dreamed a dream that could not be;
 The waves that plunged along the shore
 Said only: “Dreamer, dream no more!”

Ebb and Flow.

While we read history we make history.

The Call of Freedom.

¹ JAMES ALDRICH: *A death-bed*, page 694.

Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylae, and there is always a Leonidas and his three hundred to die in it, if they can not conquer.

The Call of Freedom.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. 1824–1903.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
Where ish dat barty now?

Hans Breitmann's Party.

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from the train.

The Masher.

The brave deserve the lovely — every woman may be won.

Ibid.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.

The World and the World.

GEORGE MACDONALD. 1824–1905.

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Phantastes.

Where did you come from baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Baby. (Song in At the Back of the North Wind).

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.

Ibid.

We must do the thing we *must*
 Before the thing we *may*;
 We are unfit for any trust
 Till we can and do obey. *Willie's Question.*

You would not think any duty small,
 If you yourself were great. *Ibid.*

The man that feareth, Lord, to doubt,
 In that fear doubteth thee. *The Disciple.*

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of
 the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.
The Marquess of Lossie.

A true friend is forever a friend. *Ibid.*



JULIA A. FLETCHER CARNEY. 1824–1908.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
 Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
 So the little minutes, humble though they be,
 Make the mighty ages of eternity.
Little Things,¹ 1845.

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
 Help to make earth happy like the heaven above.
Ibid.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. 1825–1864.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road. *Per Pacem ad Lucem.*

I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet. *Ibid.*

¹ This poem has been variously attributed to Ebenezer Cobham Brewer (1810–1897); to Daniel Clement Colesworthy (1810–1893), and to Mrs. Frances S. Osgood (1811–1850).

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night;
 Lead me, O Lord, — till perfect Day shall shine
 Through Peace to Light. *Per Pacem ad Lucem.*

Dreams grow holy put in action; work grows fair through
 starry dreaming,
 But where each flows on unmingling, both are fruitless
 and in vain. *Philip and Mildred.*

Seated one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease,
 And my fingers wandered idly
 Over the noisy keys. *A lost Chord.*

It seemed the harmonious echo
 From our discordant life. *Ibid.*



BAYARD TAYLOR. 1825-1878.

Till the sun grows cold,
 And the stars are old,
 And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
Bedouin Song.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory;
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang Annie Lawrie.
The Song of the Camp.

The bravest are the tenderest, —
 The loving are the daring. *Ibid.*

Shelved round us lie
 The mummied authors.
The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. 1825-1895.

If some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I got out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer.

Materialism and Idealism.

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is a man who has so much as to be out of danger?

Science and Culture.

Irrationally held truths may be more harmful than reasoned errors.

The coming Age of the Origin of Species.

It is the customary fate of new truths to begin as heresies and to end as superstitions.

Ibid.

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.

Animal Automatism.

Veracity is the heart of morality.

Universities actual and ideal.

The great end of life is not knowledge but action.

Technical Education.



FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. 1825-1897.

Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth and rust in rust.

A Danish Barrow.

Let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave
And crown with flowers, — that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they.

Ibid.

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. 1825-1902.

No record of her high descent
 There needs, nor memory of her name;
 Enough that Raphael's colors blent
 To give her features deathless fame.

Incognita of Raphael.

Really and truly — I've nothing to wear.

Nothing to Wear.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. 1825-1903.

We have two lives about us,
 Two worlds in which we dwell,
 Within us and without us,
 Alternate Heaven and Hell: —
 Without, the somber Real,
 Within, our hearts of hearts, the beautiful Ideal.

The Castle in the Air.

Silence is the speech of love,
 The music of the spheres above.

Speech of Love.

Pale in her fading bowers the Summer stands,
 Like a new Niobe with claspèd hands,
 Silent above the flowers, her children lost,
 Slain by the arrows of the early Frost.

Ode.

There are gains for all our losses,
 There are balms for all our pain.

The Flight of Youth.

Joy may be a miser,
 But Sorrow's purse is free.

Persian Song.

Not what we would, but what we must
 Makes up the sum of living;
 Heaven is both more and less than just
 In taking and in giving.

The Country Life.

A face at the window,
 A tap on the pane;
 Who is it that wants me
 To-night in the rain?

The Messenger at Night.

It beckons, I follow.
 Good-by to the light,
 I am going, O whither?
 Out into the night.

Ibid.

JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY) DORR. 1825-1913.

O golden Silence, bid our souls be still,
 And on the foolish fretting of our care
 Lay thy soft touch of healing unaware! *Silence.*

Come, blessed Darkness, come and bring thy balm
 For eyes grown weary of the garish day!
 Come with thy soft, slow steps, thy garments gray,
 Thy veiling shadows, bearing in thy palm
 The poppy-seeds of slumber, deep and calm. *Darkness.*

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER. 1826-1864.

Old dog Tray 's ever faithful;
 Grief can not drive him away;
 He is gentle, he is kind —
 I shall never, never find
 A better friend than old dog Tray!

Old Dog Tray. Chorus.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part:
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

My old Kentucky Home.

DINAH MARIA MULLOCK CRAIK. 1826-1887.

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;¹

Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won.

Now and Afterwards.

Immortality alone could teach this mortal how to die.

Looking Death in the Face.

Never was owl more blind than a lover.

Magnus and Morna.

Silence sweeter is than speech.

Ibid.

—◆—
LUCY LARCOM. 1826-1893.

Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!

Night and morning
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Hannah binding Shoes.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine.

A Strip of Blue.

—◆—
MORTIMER COLLINS. 1827-1876.

Just take a trifling handful, O philosopher!
Of magic matter: give it a slight toss over
The ambient ether — and I don't see why
You should n't make a sky.

Sky-Making. (To Professor Tyndall).

Life and the Universe show spontaneity;
Down with ridiculous notions of Deity!
Churches and creeds are lost in the mists;
Truth must be sought with the Positivists.

The Positivists.

¹ Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past. — *Russian Proverb.*

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.¹ 1827-1879.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river,
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
 The picket's off duty forever.

All quiet along the Potomac.

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH. 1827-1899.

'T is but a little faded flower,
 But oh, how fondly dear!
 'T will bring me back one golden hour,
 Through many a weary year.

'T is but a little, faded Flower.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH. 1827-1907.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet; —
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day; —
 Under the laurel the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

The Blue and the Gray.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. 1827——.

For me the diamond dawns are set
 In rings of beauty,
 And all my ways are dewy wet
 With pleasant duty.

Service.

¹ Claimed also by Lamar Fontaine (1829-).

Darius was clearly of the opinion
 That the air is also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late
 Shall navigate
 The azure, as now we sail the sea.

Darius Green and his Flying-Machine.

Of nothing comes nothing: springs rise not above
 Their source in the far-hidden heart of the mountains:
 Whence then have descended the Wisdom and Love
 That in man leap to light in intelligent fountains?

The missing Leaf.

If you will observe, it does n't take
 A man of giant mould to make
 A giant shadow on the wall;
 And he who in our daily sight
 Seems but a figure mean and small,
 Outlined in Fame's illusive light,
 May stalk, a silhouette sublime,
 Across the canvas of his time.

Authors' Night.

Men are polished, through act and speech,
 Each by each,
 As pebbles are smoothed on the rolling beach.

A Home Idyl.

Our days, our deeds, all we achieve or are,
 Lay folded in our infancy; the things
 Of good or ill we choose while yet unborn.

Sonnet. Nativity.

Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
 The blessing lies.

Twoscore and Ten.

I keep some portion of my early gleam;
 Brokenly bright, like moonbeams on a river,
 It lights my life, a far illusive dream,
 Moves as I move, and leads me on forever.

Ibid.

With years a richer life begins,
 The spirit mellows:
 Ripe age gives tone to violins,
 Wine, and good fellows. *Three Worlds.*

The all-enclosing freehold of Content. *Guy Vernon.*



ROBERT BARNABAS BROUGH. 1828–1860.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
 The Earl can last but a few years more.
 My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
 Her Majesty's councils his words will grace.
 Office he'll hold and patronage sway;
 Fortunes and lives he will vote away;
 And what are his qualifications? — ONE!
 He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy.



GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY. 1828–1876.

Man's life is but a jest,
 A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best ¹
The Jester's Sermon.

The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.
Ibid.

See Gay, page 350: Life is a jest and all things show it;
 I thought so once, but now I know it.
 Life's but a series of trifles at best. *Anonymous.*
 Life is an empty dream. ROBERT BROWNING. *Paracelsus, ii.*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. 1828-1886.

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven:
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

The blessed Damozel.

And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames. *Ibid.*

If God in his wisdom have brought close
 The day when I must die,
 That day by water or fire or air
 My feet shall fall in the destined snare
 Wherever my road may lie. *The King's Tragedy.*

I have been here before,
 But when or how I can not tell;
 I know the grass beyond the door,
 The sweet keen smell,
 The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

Sudden Light.

Still we say as we go, —
 "Strange to think by the way
 Whatever there is to know,
 That shall we know one day."

The Cloud Confines.

Gather a shell from the strewn beach
 And listen at its lips:¹ they sigh
 The same desire and mystery,
 The echo of the whole sea's speech. *The Sea-Limits.*

Look in my face: my name is Might-have-been;
 I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell.

Sonnet. A Superscription.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB: *With a Nantucket Shell*, page 793.

Was it a friend or foe that spread these lies?
 Nay, who but infants question in such wise,
 'T was one of my most intimate enemies. *Fragment.*

If the light is
 It is because God said 'Let there be light.' *At Sunrise.*

Thou fill'st from the wingèd chalice of the soul
 Thy lamp, O Memory, fire-wingèd to its goal.
Mnemosyne.



WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. 1828-1889.

Winds and waters keep
 A hush more dead than any sleep. *Ruined Chapel.*

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods
 And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt.
Autumnal Sonnet.

Autumn's the mellow time. *The Winter Pear.*

Oh, bring again my heart's content,
 Thou Spirit of the Summer-time! *Song.*

Scarcely a tear to shed;
 Hardly a word to say;
 The end of a Summer's day;
 Sweet Love is dead. *An Evening.*

Tantarrara! the joyous Book of Spring
 Lies open, writ in blossoms. *Daffodil.*

Mary kept the belt of love, and oh, but she was gay!
 She danced a jig, she sung a song that took my heart away.
Lovely Mary Donnelly.

"O mother, mother, mak' my bed
 To lay me down in sorrow.
 My love has died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow."
Barbara Allen's Cruelty from "Ballad Book."

(THOMAS) GERALD MASSEY. 1828-1907.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
 We rarely know, till wildered eyes
 See white wings lessening up the skies,
 The angels with us unawares. *Babe Cristabel.*

There's no dearth of kindness
 In this world of ours;
 Only in our blindness
 We gather thorns for flowers.
There's no Dearth of Kindness.

The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.
The kingliest Kings.

The time shall come
 When man to man shall be a friend and brother.
Hope on, hope ever.

One sharp stern struggle and the slaves of centuries are
 free. *The Patriot.*



GEORGE MEREDITH. 1828-1913.

All wisdom's armory this man could wield.
The Sage enamored.

The actors are, it seems, the usual three:
 Husband and wife and lover. *Ibid.*

How many a thing which we cast to the ground,
 When others pick it up, becomes a gem!¹ *Ibid.*

First of earthly singers, the sun-loved rill.
Phoebus with Admetus.

¹ Once in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
 Up there came a flower,
 The people said, a weed Tennyson: *The Flower.*

She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but O the glory of the winning were she won.

Love in the Valley

But O the truth, the truth! the many eyes
That look on it! the diverse things they see!

A Ballad of fair Ladies in Revolt.

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy;
Most, a dash between the two.

Juggling Jerry.

With patient inattention hear him prate.

Bellerophon.

Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting;
So were it with me if forgetting could be willed.
Tell the grassy hollow that holds the bubbling well-
spring,
Tell it to forget the source that keeps it filled.

Love in the Valley.

God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel.

Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious. *Ibid.*

Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too.

Diana of the Crossways.

There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not
profit by. *Ibid.*

A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power.

Ibid.

The well of true wit is truth itself.

Ibid.

HERBERT SPENCER. 1829-1903.

We too often forget that not only is there "a soul of goodness in things evil,"¹ but very generally a soul of truth in things erroneous. *First Principles.*

The fact disclosed by a survey of the past that majorities have been wrong must not blind us to the complementary fact that majorities have usually not been entirely wrong. *Ibid.*

Volumes might be written upon the impiety of the pious. *Ibid.*

We have unmistakable proof that throughout all past time, there has been a ceaseless devouring of the weak by the strong. *Ibid.*

Survival of the fittest. *Ibid.*

With a higher moral nature will come a restriction on the multiplication of the inferior. *Ibid.*

Evil perpetually tends to disappear.² *The Evanescence of Evil.*

Morality knows nothing of geographical boundaries or distinctions of race. *Ibid.*

No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy. *Ibid.*

The Republican form of government is the highest form of government: but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature — a type nowhere at present existing. *The Americans.*

¹ SHAKESPEARE: *Henry V*, act iv. sc. i.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out.

² WALT WHITMAN: *Roaming in Thought.*

The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools.

State Tamperings with Money Banks.

If a single cell, under appropriate conditions, becomes a man in the space of a few years, there can surely be no difficulty in understanding how, under appropriate conditions, a cell may, in the course of untold millions of years, give origin to the human race.¹

Principles of Biology.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL. 1829–1908.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose — easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught, only to be cherished in slimy waters.

Reveries of a Bachelor.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL. 1829–1914.

Up anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dreamland
Are thine for a day.

Dreamland.

Death 's but one more to-morrow,

Of one who seemed to have failed.

When youth as lord of my unchallenged fate,²
And time seemed but the vassal of my will,
I entertained certain guests of state —
The great of older days.

On a Boy's first Reading of "King Henry V."

¹ TENNYSON: *Maud*.

As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man.

² See Henley, page 829.

ALEXANDER SMITH. 1830-1867.

Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

A Life Drama. Sc. 2.

In winter, when the dismal rain
Comes down in slanting lines,
And Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines.

Ibid.

A poem round and perfect as a star.

Ibid.

Some books are drenchèd sands
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy.

Ibid.

The saddest thing that befalls a soul
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.

Sc. 12.

We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,¹
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! And then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist and cloud and foam,
To meet no more.

Part iv.

We hear the wail of the remorseful winds
In their strange penance. And this wretched orb
Knows not the taste of rest; a maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing through the deep she goes.

Unrest and Childhood.

The soul of man is like the rolling world,
One half in day, the other dipt in night;
The one has music and the flying cloud,
The other, silence and the wakeful stars.

Horton.

¹ LONGFELLOW: *The Theologian's Tale: Elizabeth*, page 644. THOMAS MOORE *The Meeting of the Ships*, page 644, note. EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON: *A Lament*, page 631.

Each time we love,
 We turn a nearer and a broader mark
 To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.

City Poem: A Boy's Dream.

Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine.

Dreamthorpe.

The man who in this world can keep the whiteness of
 his soul is not likely to lose it in any other. *Ibid.*

Death is the ugly fact which Nature has to hide, and
 she hides it well. *Ibid. The Fear of Dying.*

Everything is sweetened by risk. *Ibid.*

In life there is nothing more unexpected and surprising
 than the arrivals and departures of pleasure. If we find
 it in one place to-day, it is vain to seek it there to-morrow.
 You can not lay a trap for it. *Ibid.*



PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE. 1830–1886.

I think, oftentimes, that lives of men may be
 Likened to wandering winds that come and go
 Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
 O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee. *A Comparison.*

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
 I own a princely service. *My Study.*



CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI. 1830–1894.

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth,
 Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth,
 Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white,
 Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight.
 Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
 But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

Hope is like a Harebell.

My heart is like a singing bird. *A Birthday.*

Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad. *Ibid.*

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land.
Sonnet. Remember.

All earth's full rivers can not fill
The sea that drinking thirsteth still. *By the Sea.*

One day in the country
Is worth a month in town. *Summer.*

Silence more musical than any song. *Sonnet. Rest.*



THOMAS EDWARD BROWN. 1830–1897.

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
 Ferned grot,
The veriest school of Peace; and yet the fool contends
 that God is not —
Not God! in Gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign:
'T is very sure God walks in mine. *My Garden.*



CHARLES HAMILTON AÏDÉ. 1830–1906.

I sit beside my lonely fire
 And pray for wisdom yet:
For calmness to remember
 Or courage to forget.
Remember or Forget.

Do you recall that night in June
 Upon the Danube River;
 We listened to the ländler-tune,
 We watched the moonbeams quiver.

The Danube River.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY. 1831-1884.

I have a liking old
 For thee, though manifold
 Stories, I know, are told
 Not to thy credit!

Ode to Tobacco.

I sit alone at present, dreaming darkly of a Dun.

In the Gloaming.

I can not sing the old songs now!
 It is not that I deem them low;
 'T is that I can't remember how
 They go.

Changeá.

O my own, my beautiful, my blue-eyed!
 To be young once more and bite my thumb
 At the world and all its cares with you, I'd
 Give no inconsiderable sum.

First Love.

The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair
 (*Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese*)
 And I met with a ballad, I can't say where,
 That wholly consisted of lines like these.

Ballad.

'T was ever thus from childhood's hour!
 My fondest hopes would not decay:
 I never loved a tree or flower
 Which was the first to fade away.¹

Disaster.

Forever; 't is a single word!
 Our rude forefathers deemed it two:
 Can you imagine so absurd
 A view?

Forever.

¹ See THOMAS MOORE. *The Fire Worshippers.* Page 526.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON. 1831-1885.

All lost things are in the angels' keeping, Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping, Love.

At last.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days:
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.

I know each day will bring its task,
And being blind no more I ask.

Spinning.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead
And made his eldest son one day
Slave in his father's stead.

Coronation.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
How I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun.

A last Prayer.

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine
Sweet May!

May.EDWARD LYTTON, EARL OF LYTTON (OWEN
MEREDITH). 1831-1891.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling, where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one is n't loved every day.

Changes.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man can not live without cooks.

He may live without books, — what is knowledge but
grieving?

He may live without hope — what is hope but deceiving?

He may live without love, — what is passion but pining?

But where is the man that can live without dining?

Lucile. Part i. Canto ii.

Those true eyes

Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise

The sweet soul shining through them.¹

Part ii. Canto ii.

The man who seeks one thing in life and but one

May hope to achieve it before life is done;

But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes

Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows

A harvest of barren regrets.

Ibid.

Thought alone is eternal.

Canto vi.

Let any man show the world that he feels

Afraid of its bark and 't will fly at his heels:

Let him fearlessly face it, 't will leave him alone:

But 't will fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

Canto vii.

The world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings.

Grasp it firmly, it stings not.²

Part iii. Canto ii.

Art is Nature made by Man

To Man the interpreter of God.

The Artist.

The things which must be must be for the best.

Imperfection.

Oh, moment of sweet peril, perilous sweet!

When woman joins herself to man.

The Wanderer. Prologue. Stanza 1.

¹ Eyes so transparent that through them the soul is seen.

(*Ils sont si transparents qu'ils laissent voir votre âme.*)

THEOPHILE GAUTIER: *The Two Beautiful Eyes.*

² See AARON HILL, page 313.

The ages roll
 Forward; and forward with them draw my soul
 Into Time's infinite sea.
 And to be glad or sad I care no more;
 But to have done and to have been before
 I cease to do and be!

The Wanderer. Book iv. Stanza 9.

Genius does what it must, talent does what it can.

Last Words.

—◆—

NORA PERRY. 1832-1896.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her raven ringlets in;
 But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
 For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within. *The Love-knot.*

Who knows the thoughts of a child? *Who Knows?*

They sat and combed their beautiful hair,
 Their long, bright tresses, one by one,
 As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
 After the revel was done. *After the Ball.*

—◆—

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON (LEWIS
 CARROLL). 1832-1898.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
 "And your hair has become very white;
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

Alice in Wonderland. Chap. v.

"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's
 got a moral if only you can find it." *Chap. viii*

Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves. *Alice in Wonderland. Chap. ix.*

“Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with,” the Mock Turtle replied, “and the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.” *Chap. x.*

’T was brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Through the Looking-glass. Chap. i.

He chortled in his joy.

Ibid.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.

Chap. iii.

As large as life and twice as natural.

Chap. vii.



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. 1832-1904.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends: —
Faithful friends! It lies I know
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, ‘Abdallah’s dead!’
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss.
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine—it is not I. *After Death in Arabia.*

What good I see humbly I seek to do
 And live obedient to the law, in trust
 That what will come and must come will come well.

The Light of Asia.

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
 Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
 Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
 A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

The Deva's Song.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. 1832-1911.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
 Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Rock me to sleep.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
 I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
 Toil without recompense, tears all in vain!
 Take them, and give me my childhood again! *Ibid.*

Behold, we live through all things, — famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body, — but we can not die,
 Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn, —
 Lo, all things can be borne! *Endurance.*

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON (LIONEL GORDON).
 1833-1870.

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
 Two things stand like stone: —
 Kindness in another's trouble,
 Courage in our own.

Ye weary Wayfarer. Finis E cooptatus.

ISAAC H. BROMLEY. 1833-1898.

Listen! John A. Logan is the Head Center, the Hub, the King Pin, the Main Spring, Mogul and Mugwump of the final plot by which partisanship was installed in the Commission. *Editorial in New York Tribune, Feb. 16, 1877.*



ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL. 1833-1899.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty — they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars — they are at peace. In the midst of battles, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

Memorial Day Vision.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud — and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word. But in the night of Death Hope sees a star and listening Love can hear the rustling of a wing.

At his Brother's Grave.

An honest God is the noblest work of man. *Epigram.*

Is there beyond the silent night

An endless day?

Is death a door that leads to light? ¹

We cannot say.

Declaration of the Free.

¹ *The Rubaiyat, stanza 64, "the door of Darkness."*

JOHN JAMES INGALLS. 1833-1900.

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream.

Epigram.

Every man is the center of a circle, whose fatal circumference he can not pass.

Eulogy on Benjamin Hill, United States Senate, Jan. 23, 1882.



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. 1833-1908.

I dare aver

He is a brave discoverer

Of climes his elders do not know.

He has more learning than appears

On the scroll of twice three thousand years.

The Discoverer.

Crops failed; wealth took a flight; house, treasure, land,
Slipped from my hold — thus plenty comes and goes.
One friend I had, but he too loosed his hand
(Or was it I?) the year I met with Rose.

The World well lost.

Give me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear!

Mors Benefica.



SIR LEWIS MORRIS. 1833-1907.

The wind that sighs before the dawn

Chases the gloom of night,

The curtains of the East are drawn,

And suddenly — 't is light. *Le Vent de l'Esprit.*

The love of the Right, tho' cast down, the hate of victorious Ill,
All are sparks from the central fire of a boundless beneficent will.

A new Orphic Hymn.

Sound, jocund strains; on pipe and viol sound,
 Young voices sing;
 Wreathe every door with snow-white voices round,
 For lo! 't is Spring!
 Winter has passed with its sad funeral train,
 And Love revives again. *Life-Music.*

Toil is the law of life and its best fruit.

The Ode of perfect Years.

The victories of Right
 Are born of strife.
 There were no Day were there no Night,
 Nor, without dying, Life. *The Ode of Evil.*

The world still needs
 Its champion as of old, and finds him still.

The Epic of Hades. Herakles.

Call no faith false which e'er hath brought
 Relief to any laden life,
 Cessation to the pain of thought,
 Refreshment mid the dust of strife. *Tolerance.*

Rest springs from strife and dissonant chords beget
 Divinest harmonies. *Love's Suicide.*

The passionate love of Right, the burning hate of Wrong.
The Diamond Jubilee.

—◆—

GEORGE ARNOLD. 1834-1865.

"Learn while you're young," he often said,
 "There is much to enjoy, down here below;
 Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old Pedagogue.

"The living need charity more than the dead." *Ibid.*

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE (ARTEMUS WARD).
1834-1868.

My pollertics, like my religion, being of an exceedin'
accommodatin' character. *The Crisis.*

The fack can't be no longer disgised that a Krysis is
onto us. *Ibid.*

I am not a politician, and my other habits are good.
Fourth of July Oration.

The prevailin' weakness of most public men is to Slop
over. G. Washington never slopt over. *Ibid.*

I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am
saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are
sadder even than I am. *Artemus Ward's Lecture.*

N. B. This is rote Sarcastikul. *A Visit to Brigham Young.*

Did you ever have the measels, and if so, how many?
The Census.

Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?
Moses, the Sassy.

Let us all be happy and live within our means, even if
we have to borrow the money to do it with.
Natural History.

The sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and
so, I may add, has a hen. *A Morman Romance, IV.*

He is dreadfully married. "He's the most married
man I ever saw in my life."
Moses, the Sassy.

RICHARD REALF. 1834–1878.

His eyes
 All radiant with glad surprise,
 Looked forward through the Centuries
 And saw the seeds which sages cast
 In the world's soil in cycles past
 Spring up and blossom at the last;
 Saw how the souls of men had grown,
 And where the scythes of Truth had mown
 Clear space for Liberty's white throne;
 Saw how, by sorrow tried and proved,
 The blackening stains had been removed
 Forever from the land he loved;
 Saw Treason crushed and Freedom crowned,
 And clamorous Faction, gagged and bound,
 Gasping its life out on the ground.

Apocalypse.

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL.

1834–1894.

With whisper of her mellowing grain,
 With treble of brook and bud and tree,
 Earth joys for ever to sustain
 The bass eternal of the sea.

Beatrice.

Ah! what if some unshamed iconoclast
 Crumbling old fetish raiments of the past,
 Rises from dead cerements the Christ at last?
 What if men take to following where He leads,
 Weary of mumbling Athanasian creeds?

The red Flag

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU
MAURIER. 1834-1896.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going — and so good-day! ¹

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing — and so, good-night.

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing — and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing — and so — good-bye!

Trilby.

—◆—

WILLIAM MORRIS. 1834-1896.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
The idle singer of an empty day.

An Apology.

¹ Ah, brief is Life,
Love's short sweet way,
With dreamings rife,
And then — Good-day!

And Life is vain —
Hope's vague delight,
Grief's transient pain,
And then — Good-night.

Montenaeken (Translated by Louise Chandler Moulton). **The original is as follows:**

PEU DE CHOSE
La vie est vaine,
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine,
Et puis — Bonjour!

La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve
Et puis — Bon soir!

Masters, I have to tell a tale of woe,
 A tale of folly and of wasted life,
 Hope against hope, the bitter dregs of strife,
 Ending, where all things end, in death at last.

The Earthly Paradise. Prologue.

Slayer of the Winter, art thou here again?
 O welcome, thou that bring'st the Summer nigh!
 The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,
 Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.

Ibid. March.

Rejoice, lest pleasureless ye die.
 Within a little time must ye go by.
 Stretch forth your open hands, and while ye live
 Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give!

Ibid.

Forgetfulness of grief I yet may gain;
 In some wise may come ending to my pain;
 It may be yet the Gods will have me glad!
 Yet, Love, I would that thee and pain I had!

Ibid. The Death of Paris.

Earth, left silent by the wind of night,
 Seems shrunken 'neath the gray unmeasured height.

Ibid. December.

Late February days; and now, at last,
 Might you have thought that Winter's woe was past;
 So fair the sky was and so soft the air.

Ibid. February.

A world made to be lost, —
 A bitter life 'twixt pain and nothing tost.

Ibid. The Hill of Venus.

To happy folk
 All heaviest words no more of meaning bear
 Than far-off bells saddening the Summer air.

Ibid.

But boundless risk must pay for boundless gain.¹

Ibid. The Wanderers.

¹ Naught venture, naught have. THOMAS TUSSER. (See Heywood, page 15).

Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea,
Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such.

Life and Death of Jason. Book ix.

The majesty
That from man's soul looks through his eager eyes.

Book xvii.

Now such an one for daughter Creon had
As maketh wise men fools and young men mad. *Book xvii.*

O thrush, your song is passing sweet
But never a song that you have sung,
Is half so sweet as thrushes sang
When my dear Love and I were young.

Other Days.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise:
"It is the meaner part that dies."

Comfort.



JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE. 1834–1903.

The enthusiastic and pleasing illusions of youth.

John Inglesant.

All creeds and opinions are nothing but the mere result
of chance and temperament. *Ibid.*

Nothing but the infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite
pathos of human life. *Ibid.*



PHILLIPS BROOKS. 1835–1893.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
 The everlasting Light;
 The hopes and fears of all the years
 Are met in thee to-night.

O little Town of Bethlehem.

Life comes before literature, as the material always comes before the work. The hills are full of marble before the world blooms with statues.

Literature and Life.

CELIA THAXTER. 1835-1894.

The summer day was spoiled with fitful storm;
 At night the wind died and the soft rain dropped;
 With lulling murmur, and the air was warm,
 And all the tumult and the trouble stopped.

The Nestling Swallows.

Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
 That sunrise never failed us yet.

The Sunrise never failed us yet.

Already the dandelions
 Are changed into vanishing ghosts. *Already.*

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sand-piper and I;

The Sand-piper.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB (JOHN PAUL).

1834-1905.

Friends I have had both old and young,
 And ale we drank and songs we sung:
 Enough you know when this is said,
 That, one and all, they died in bed.

In bed they died and I'll not go
 Where all my friends have perished so.

Dum vivimus vigilamus.

I send thee a shell from the ocean-beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.

Hold to thine ear
And plain thou'lt hear¹

Tales of ships. *With a Nantucket Shell.*

Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea. *Ibid.*



RICHARD GARNETT. 1835–1906.

The three eldest children of Necessity: God, the World
and love. *De Flagello myrteo.*

Love is God's essence; Power but his attribute: there-
fore is his love greater than his power. *iv.*

Thou canst not pray to God without praying to Love,
but mayest pray to Love without praying to God. *xiii.*

When Silence speaks for Love she has much to say. *lxxiii.*

Sweet are the words of Love, sweeter his thoughts:
Sweetest of all what Love nor says nor thinks. *clxv.*

Were Love exempt from the militations of Necessity,
he were greater than God and the World. *ccxxv.*



THEODORE TILTON. 1835–1907.

I won a noble fame;
But with a sudden frown,
The people snatched my crown,
And, in the mire, trod down
My lofty name.

Sir Marmaduke's Musings.

¹ D. G. ROSSETTI: *The Sea Hints*. Page 769. EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON: Page 824.

But I account it worth
 All pangs of fair hopes crost —
 All loves and honors lost, —
 To gain the heavens, at cost
 Of losing earth. *Sir Marmaduke's Musings.*

So, lest I be inclined
 To render ill for ill, —
 Henceforth in me instil,
 O God, a sweet good-will
 To all mankind. *Ibid.*

“What is wealth?” the king would say,
 “Even this shall pass away.”
All Things shall pass away.

“Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
 Even this shall pass away.” *Ibid.*

“Pain is hard to bear,” he cried,
 “But with patience, day by day,
 Even this shall pass away.” *Ibid.*

“What is fame?
 Fame is but a slow decay —
 Even this shall pass away.” *Ibid.*



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 1835–1908.

Bend low, O dusky Night,
 And give my spirit rest,
 Hold me to your deep breast,
 And put old cares to flight.
 Give back the lost delight
 That once my soul possest,
 When Love was loveliest. *To-night.*

I hied me off to Arcady —

The month it was the month of May,
 And all along the pleasant way,
 The morning birds were mad with glee,
 And all the flowers sprang up to see,
 As I went on to Arcady.¹ *The Secret of Arcady.*

This Life is a fleeting breath,
 And whither and how shall I go,
 When I wander away with Death
 By a path that I do not know?

When I wander away with Death.



BISHOP HENRY CODMAN POTTER. 1835-1908.

We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was in truth only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity.

*Address at the Washington Centennial Service in
 St. Paul's Chapel, New York, April 30, 1889.*

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent, — a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue. *Ibid.*



SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK
 TWAIN). 1835-1910.

This is petrified truth. *A Complaint about Correspondents.*

This poor little one-horse town. *The Undertaker's Story.*

¹ See Henry C. Bunner, page 834.

They spell it Vinci and pronounce it Vinchy; foreigners always spell better than they pronounce.

The Innocents Abroad.

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare:
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

Chorus:

Punch, brothers, punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

Punch, Brothers, punch.

He is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

Henry Ward Beecher's Farm.

Barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

A mysterious Visit.

An experienced, industrious, ambitious, and often quite picturesque liar.

My military Campaign.

When I'm playful, I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine, and drag the Atlantic ocean for whales. I scratch my head with the lightning and purr myself to sleep with the thunder.

Life on the Mississippi.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in Spring than in any other season. In the Spring I have counted one

hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of twenty-four hours.

New England Weather (Speech at dinner of New England Society. New York, Dec. 22, 1876.)

Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning. *Ibid.*

ALFRED AUSTIN. 1835-1913.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right.

Is Life worth living.

So long as faith with freedom reigns
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still. *Ibid.*

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. 1835——.

The awful phantom of the hungry poor.

Sonnet. A Winter's Night.

Ah, happy world, where all things live
Creatures of one great law, indeed;
Bound by strong roots, the splendid flower, —
Swept by great seas, the drifting seed!

The Story of the Flower.

A place of dream, the Holy Land
Hangs midway between earth and heaven.

The Holy Land.

Beauty vanishes like a vapor,
Preach the men of musty morals.

Evanescence.



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. 1836-1907.

Somewhere — in desolate wind-swept space —
In Twilight-land — in No-man's land —
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

“And who are you?” cried one, agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.

“I know not,” said the second Shape,
“I only died last night.”

Identity.

So precious life is! Even to the old
The hours are as a miser's coins!

Broken Music.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
Named of the four winds, North, South, East and West;
Portals that lead to an enchanted land . . .
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage
And Honor honor, and the humblest man
Stand level with the highest in the law.
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed
And with the vision brightening in their eyes
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of Fate,
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
To waste the gifts of Freedom.

Unguarded Gates.

Here is woe, a self and not the mask of woe. *Andromeda.*

That was indeed to live —
 At one bold swoop to wrest
 From darkling death the best
 That Death to Life can give!

Shaw. Memorial Ode.

What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open-wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and blue-birds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last Spring. In Summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing birds all the year round.

Miss Mehitabel's Son.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. 1836-1914.

London is the clearing-house of the world.

Speech. Guildhall, London, Jan. 19, 1904.

The day of small nations has passed away; the day of Empires has come.

Speech. Birmingham, May 13, 1904.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT. 1836-1911.

You have a daughter, Captain Reese,
 Ten female cousins and a niece,
 A ma, if what I'm told is true,
 Six sisters and an aunt or two.

Now, somehow, Sir, it seems to me,
 More friendly-like we all should be
 If you united of them to
 Unmarried members of the crew. *Captain Reese.*

Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite
 And the crew of the captain's gig.¹

The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."

Roll on, thou ball, roll on
 Through pathless realms of space,
 Roll on!

To the Terrestrial Globe.

It's true I've got no shirts to wear,
 It's true my butcher's bill is due,
 It's true my prospects all look blue,
 But don't let that unsettle you!

Never *you* mind!

Roll on!

(It rolls on.)

Ibid.

He is an Englishman!

For he himself has said it,
 And it's greatly to his credit,
 That he's an Englishman!

For he might have been a Rooshian
 A French or Turk or Proosian;
 Or perhaps Itali-an.

But in spite of all temptations
 To belong to other nations,

He remains an Englishman.

The Englishman.

I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
 Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man
 And I can't think why!

The disagreeable Man.

¹ There were three sailors of Bristol city
 Who took a boat and went to sea.
 But first with beef and captain's biscuits
 And pickled pork they loaded she.
 There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
 And the youngest he was little Billee.
 Now when they got as far as the Equator
 They'd nothing left but one split pea.

W. M. THACKERAY: *Little Billee.*

Ah, take one consideration with another
A policeman's lot is not a happy one!

The Policeman's Lot.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found
I've got a little list — I've got a little list.
Of social offenders who might well be under ground
And who never would be missed — who never would be
missed. *They 'll none of them be missed.*

Bad language or abuse
I never, never use,
Whatever the emergency;
Though "Bother it" I may
Occasionally say,
I never never use a big, big D.

The first Lord's Song.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree
If your soul is n't fettered to an office stool
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:
Stick close to your desks and *never go to sea*
And you all may be Rulers of the Queen's Navee.

Ibid.

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lords, embody the Law.

The Lord Chancellor's Song.

Things are seldom what they seem,
Skim milk masquerades as cream.

H. M. S. Pinafore.

On a tree by a river a little tomtit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?'"

“Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?” I cried,
 “Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?”
 With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
 “Oh, Willow, titwillow, titwillow!”

The Suicide's Grave.

My object all sublime
 I shall achieve in time —
 To let the punishment fit the crime.

The humane Mikado.

Life's a pudding full of plums;
 Care's a canker that benumbs,
 Wherefore waste our elocution
 On impossible solution?
 Life's a pleasant institution,
 Let us take it as it comes!

The tangled Skein.

Man is nature's sole mistake.

Princess Ida.

As innocent as a new-laid egg.

Engaged.



WILLIAM WINTER. 1836——.

Though all the bards of earth were dead,
 And all their music passed away,
 What Nature wishes should be said
 She'll find the rightful voice to say.

The golden Silence.

When will the dead world cease to dream,
 When will the morning break? *The Night Watch.*

White sail upon the ocean verge,
 Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
 Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
 Thy happy homeward course to run
 And winged hope, with heart of fire,
 To gain the bliss of thy desire.

Arthur.

The golden time of Long Ago. *I. H. Bromley*

His love was like the liberal air, —
 Embracing all, to cheer and bless;
 And every grief that mortals share
 Found pity in his tenderness. *Ibid.*

Fierce for the right, he bore his part
 In strife with many a valiant foe;
 But Laughter winged his polished dart,
 And kindness tempered every blow. *Ibid.*



SARAH MORGAN BRYANT PIATT. 1836——.

“My mother says I must not pass
 Too near that glass;
 She is afraid that I will see
 A little witch that looks like me,
 With a red mouth to whisper low
 The very thing I should not know.”
The Witch in the Glass.

This was your butterfly, you see —
 His fine wings made him vain:
 The caterpillars crawl, but he
 Passed them in rich disdain. —
 My pretty boy says, “Let him be
 Only a worm again!” *After Wings.*



HENRY MILLS ALDEN. 1836——.

The Angel of Death is the invisible Angel of Life.
A Study of Death.

RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE. 1837-1892.

Only a little while now and we shall be again together and with us those other noble and well-beloved souls gone before. I am sure I shall meet you and them; that you and I shall talk of a thousand things and of that unforgettable day and of all that followed it; and that we shall clearly see that all were parts of an infinite plan which was wholly wise and good.

From Dedication of Cosmic Consciousness.

GROVER CLEVELAND. 1837-1908.

Honor lies in honest toil.

Letter Accepting Nomination for Presidency, Aug. 18, 1884.

After an existence of nearly twenty years of almost innocuous desuetude these laws are brought forth.

Message, March 1, 1886.

It is a condition which confronts us — not a theory.¹

Annual Message, 1887.

I have considered the pension list of the republic a roll of honor.

Veto of Dependent Pension Bill, July 5, 1888.

Party honesty is party expediency.

Interview in New York Commercial Advertiser, Sept. 19, 1889.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

1837-1909.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time with a gift of tears,
Grief with a glass that ran,

¹ See Disraeli, page 624.

Pleasure with pain for leaven,
 Summer with flowers that fell,
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And Madness risen from hell,
 Strength without hands to smite,
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And Life, the shadow of death.

Atalanta in Calydon. Chorus.

His speech is a burning fire. *Ibid.*

His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep. *Ibid.*

At the door of life by the gate of breath,
 There are worse things waiting for men than death.

The Triumph of Time.

And lo, between the sundawn and the sun
 His day's work and his night's work are undone:
 And lo, between the nightfall and the light,
 He is not, and none knoweth of such an one.

Laus Veneris.

Ah, yet would God this flesh of mine might be
 Where air might wash and long leaves cover me;
 Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
 Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea. *Ibid.*

Marvellous mercies and infinite love. *Les Noyades.*

Forget that I remember
 And dream that I forget. *Rococo.*

Our way is where God knows
 And Love knows where:
 We are in Love's hand to-day. *Love at Sea.*

Despair the twin-born of devotion. *Dolores.*

From too much love of living,
 From hope and fear set free,
 We thank with brief thanksgiving
 Whatever gods may be
 That no man lives forever,
 That dead men rise up never;
 That even the weariest river
 Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The Garden of Proserpine.

For in the days we know not of
 Did fate begin
 Weaving the web of days that wove
 Your doom.

Faustine.

I remember the way we parted,
 The day and the way we met;
 You hoped we were both broken-hearted
 And knew we should both forget.

An Interlude.

And the best and the worst of this is
 That neither is most to blame,
 If you have forgotten my kisses
 And I have forgotten your name.

Ibid.

Change lays not her hand upon truth.

Dedication.

Stately, kindly, lordly friend
 Condescend
 Here to sit by me.

To a Cat.

Not with dreams, but with blood and with iron,
 Shall a nation be moulded at last.

A Word for the Country.

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
 Such light as never heaven let through
 To lighten earth from Paradise?

A Baby's Death.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink
 Might tempt, should heaven see meet,
 An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
 A baby's feet. *Etude réalistique.*

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat,
 They stretch and spread and wink
 Their ten soft buds that part and meet. *Ibid.*

The sweetest flowers in all the world —
 A baby's hands. *Ibid.*

Though our works
 Find righteous or unrighteous judgment, this
 At least is ours, to make them righteous.
Marini Faliero. Act iii. Sc. 1.

My loss may shine yet goodlier than your gain
 When Time and God give judgment. *Act. v. Sc. 2.*

Is not Precedent indeed a King of men?
A Word from the Psalmist.

Fear that makes faith may break faith.
Bothwell. Act i. Sc. 3.

There grows
 No herb of help to heal a coward heart.
Act ii. Sc. 13.

The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain;
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain. *A forsaken Garden.*

Though one were fair as roses
 His beauty clouds and closes.
The Garden of Proserpine.

Gone deeper than all plummet's sound. *Félice.*

Ah that such sweet things should be fleet,
 Such fleet things sweet! *Ibid.*

Those eyes the greenest of things blue
The bluest of things grey.

Félice.

It is long since Mr. Carlyle expressed his opinion that if any poet or other literary creature could really be "killed off by one critique" or many, the sooner he was so despatched the better; a sentiment in which I for one humbly but heartily concur.

Under the Microscope.

A blatant Bassarid of Boston, a rampant Maenad of Massachusetts.

Ibid.

To wipe off the froth of falsehood from the foaming lips of inebriated virtue, when fresh from the sexless orgies of morality and reeling from the delirious riot of religion, may doubtless be a charitable office.

Ibid.

The more congenial page of some tenth-rate poeticule worn out with failure after failure and now squat in his hole like the tailless fox, he is curled up to snarl and whimper beneath the inaccessible vine of song.

Ibid.

The tadpole poet will never grow into anything bigger than a frog; not though in that stage of development he should puff and blow himself till he bursts with windy adulation at the heels of the laureled ox.

Ibid.



MARY GARDINER BRAINARD. 1837-1905.

I see not a step before me as I tread on another year;
But I've left the Past in God's keeping,—the Future
His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I
draw near.

Not knowing.

I would rather walk with God in the dark than go alone
in the light.

Ibid.

That which we look on with unselfish love
And true humility is surely ours,
Even as a lake looks at the stars above
And makes within itself a heaven of stars. *Ownership.*

SIR FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND. 1837——.

It 's no matter what you do
If your heart be only true,
And his heart *was* true to Poll. *True to Poll.*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. 1837——.

We live, but a world has passed away
With the years that perished to make us men.
The Mulberries.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept. *Thanksgiving*

Her mouth is a honey-blossom,
No doubt, as the poet sings;
But within her lips, the petals,
Lurks a cruel bee that stings. *The sarcastic Fair.*

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE (GAIL HAMILTON).
1838–1896.

Whatever an author puts between the two covers of his book is public property; whatever of himself he does not put there is his private property, as much as if he had never written a word.

Country Living and Country Thinking. Preface.

The total depravity of inanimate things. *Epigram.*

WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY
1838-1903.

Whence has come thy lasting power.

On an old Song.

The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore;
And while the great and wise decay,
And all their trophies pass away,
Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,
Still floats above the wrecks of Time.

Ibid.

MARY MAPES DODGE. 1838-1905.

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-by!
Good-by, dear clouds, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

Snowflakes.

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts — "How warm and soft the day!"
"T is summer!" and it melts away.

Ibid.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

The two Mysteries.

But I believe that God is overhead
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Ibid.

JOHN HAY. 1838-1905.

He never finked and he never lied
I reckon he never knowed how.

Jim Bludso.

He were n't no saint — but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim.
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That would n't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing —
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men. *Jim Bludso.*

At my door the Pale Horse stands
 To carry me to unknown lands.
The Stirrup Cup.

The people will come to their own at last, —
 God is not mocked forever.
The Sphynx of the Tuileries.

I think that saving a little child
 And bringing him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafing around the throne.
Little Breeches.

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER. 1838-1912.

I know — yet my arms are empty,
 That fondly folded seven,
 And the mother heart within me
 Is almost starved for heaven.
Are the Children at Home.

Never yet was a springtime,
 Late though lingered the snow,
 That the sap stirred not at the whisper
 Of the southwind, sweet and low;
 Never yet was a springtime
 When the buds forgot to blow. *Awakening.*

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY. 1838——.

Evolution is not a force but a process; not a cause but a law. *On Compromise.*

It is not enough to do good; one must do it the right way. *Ibid.*

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. *Ibid.*

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without, and to depart. *Address on Aphorisms. 1887.*

Those who would treat politics and morality apart will never understand the one or the other. *Rousseau.*

You can not demonstrate an emotion or prove an aspiration. *Ibid.*

Literature — the most seductive, the most deceiving, the most dangerous of professions. *Burke.*

No man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character. *Robespierre.*

A great interpreter of life ought not himself to need interpretation. *Emerson.*

The most frightful idea that has ever corroded human nature — the idea of eternal punishment. *Vauvenargues.*

Where it is a duty to worship the sun it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat. *Voltaire.*

Simplicity of character is no hindrance to subtlety of intellect. *Life of Gladstone.*

Every man of us has all the centuries in him. *Ibid.*

FRANCIS BRET HARTE. 1839-1902.

Which I wish to remark, —
 And my language is plain, —
 That for ways that are dark
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar.

Plain Language from truthful James.

Ah Sin was his name. *Ibid.*

With the smile that was childlike and bland. *Ibid.*

We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor. *Ibid.*

He smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor
 And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

The Society upon the Stanislaus.

With unpronounceable awful names. *The Tale of a Pony.*

For there be women, fair as she,
 Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Mrs. Judge Jenkins.

 JAMES RYDER RANDALL. 1839-1908.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple-door,
 Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland, my Maryland! *My Maryland.*

Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death
 Our young Marcellus sleeps. *John Pelham.*

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt —
 The Champion of the Truth —
 He bore his banner to the very front
 Of our immortal youth.

John Pelham.

—◆—

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT. 1839–1911.

Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with a peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft sweet accent of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. 'T was the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks.

Speech on the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Bill, Jan. 27, 1871.

—◆—

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. 1840–1893.

No seed shall perish which the soul hath sown.

Sonnet. Versöhnung. A Belief.

Gods fade; but God abides and in man's heart
 Speaks with the clear unconquerable cry
 Of energies and hopes that can not die.

Sonnet. On the Sacro Monte.

She smiled, and the shadows departed;
 She shone, and the snows were rain;
 And he who was frozen-hearted
 Bloomed up into love again.

Eyebright.

—◆—

EDMUND GOSSE. 1840——.

The wizard silence of the hours of dew. *The white Throat.*

Canst thou not wait for Love one flying hour
 O heart of little faith?

Sonnet. Dejection and Delay.

The Past is like a funeral gone by,
The Future comes like an unwelcome guest.

Sonnet. May-Day.

Where are the cities of old time?

The Ballade of dead Cities.

If I could read you like a book
Or like a wizard's glass of old
I might discover why you look so cold. *The Cast.*



HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON. 1840——.

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays forever
Their red it never dies:
But Phillida, my Phillida!
Her color comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily, —
It wavers to a rose.

At the Sign of the Lyre



THOMAS HARDY. 1840——.

When false things are brought low,
And swift things have grown slow,
Feigning like froth shall go,
Faith be for aye. *Between us now*

Whence comes solace? Not from seeing,
What is doing, suffering, being;
Not from noting Life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream
And in gazing at the Gleam
Whereby gray things golden seem.

On a fine Morning.

Why doth IT so and so, and ever so,
This viewless, voiceless Turner of the Wheel?

The Dynasts. Fore Scene. Spirit of the Pities.

A local thing called Christianity.

Spirit of the Years. Sc. 6.

Aggressive Fancy working spells
Upon a mind o'erwrought. *Act i. Sc. 6. Napoleon.*

Ere systemed suns were globed and lit
The slaughters of the race were writ.

Act ii. Sc. 5. Semichorus.

My argument is that War makes rattling good history;
but Peace is poor reading. *Ibid. Spirit sinister.*

A nice unparticular man. *Far from the madding Crowd.*

A little one-eyed blinking sort of place.

Tess of the D'Urbervilles.

Like the British Constitution, she owes her success in
practice to her inconsistencies in principle.

The Hand of Ethelberta.

A lover without indiscretion is no lover at all. *Ibid.*



ROBERT WILLIAM BUCHANAN. 1841–1901.

Beauty and Truth, tho' never found, are worthy to be
sought. *To David in Heaven.*

I saw the starry Tree
Eternity
Put forth the blossom Time. *Proteus.*
Full of a sweet indifference. *Charmian.*

I say the world is lovely
And that loveliness is enough. *Artist and Model.*

Believing hath a core of unbelieving. *Songs of Seeking.*

A race that binds
 Its body in chains and calls them Liberty,
 And calls each fresh link Progress.

Political Mystics. Titan and Avatar.

Their hearts and sentiments were free, their appetites
 were hearty. *City of the Saints.*

All that is beautiful shall abide,
 All that is base shall die.

Balder the Beautiful.



CINCINNATUS HINER MILLER (JOAQUIN
 MILLER). 1841-1912.

I saw the lightning's gleaming rod
 Reach forth and write upon the sky
 The awful autograph of God. *The Ship in the Desert.*

The very clouds have wept and died
 And only God is in the sky. *Ibid.*



SIDNEY LANIER. 1842-1881.

Virginal shy lights,
 Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
 When lovers pace timidly down through the green colon-
 nades
 Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
 That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn. *The Marshes of Glynn.*

The sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West. *Ibid.*

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-with-
 holding and free
 Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
 the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the
sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

The Marshes of Glynn.

The incalculable Up-and-Down of Time.

Clover.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT (PELEG ARKWRIGHT).
1842—1897.

A man sat on a rock and sought
Refreshment from his thumb;
A dinotherium wandered by
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock
He sat upon was shale.

One feature quite distinguished him —
He had a tail.

Prehistoric Smith.

Nature abhors imperfect work
And on it lays her ban;
And all creation must despise
A tailless man.

Ibid.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS. 1842——.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot comes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As ever you dit see.
He runs und schumps and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

Leedle Yawcob Strauss.

SARAH DOUDNEY. 1843——.

The pure, the beautiful, the bright,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes, —
These things can never die.

Things that never die.

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.

1843——.

Look when the clouds are blowing
And all the winds are free:
In fury of their going
They fall upon the sea.
But though the blast is frantic,
And though the tempest raves,
The deep immense Atlantic
Is still beneath the waves.¹

Wind, Moon and Tides.

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

1844—1881.

We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams; —

¹ HARRIET BEECHER STOWE:

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean. Page 700.

World-losers and world-forsakers,
 On whom the pale moon gleams:
 We are the movers and shakers
 Of the world forever it seems. *Ode.*

One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown:
 And three with a new song's measure
 Can trample a kingdom down. *Ibid.*

Each age is a dream that is dying,
 Or one that is coming to birth. *Ibid.*



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. 1844-1890.

Though it lash the shallows that line the beach,
 Afar from the great sea-deeps,
 There is never a storm whose might can reach
 Where the vast leviathan sleeps.
 Like a mighty thought in a mighty mind
 In the clear cold depths he swims;
 Whilst above him the pettiest form of his kind
 With a dash o'er the surface skims.

Prelude to the amber whale.

They who see the Flying Dutchman never, never reach
 the shore. *The Flying Dutchman.*

Doubt is brother-devil to Despair. *Prometheus.*

The world is large when weary leagues two loving hearts
 divide

But the world is small when your enemy is loose on the
 other side. *Distance.*

Be silent and safe — silence never betrays you.
Rules of the Road.

I 'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.
Bohemia.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON. 1844-1901.

When Spring is old, and dewy winds
 Blow from the south, with odors sweet,
 I see my love, in shadowy groves,
 Speed down dark aisles on shining feet.

Atalanta's Race.

She throws a kiss, and bids me run
 In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
 I know I can not win the race,
 And at the end, I know, is death.

Ibid.

Bubble, bubble, flows the stream
 Like an old tune through a dream.

In Haunts of Bass and Bream.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER. 1844-1909.

Not from the whole wide world I chose thee,
 Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
 The wide, wide world could not inclose thee,
 For thou art the whole wide world to me.

Song.

Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way
 That leads from darkness to the perfect day!

After-song.

I am a woman — therefore I may not
 Call to him, cry to him,
 Fly to him,
 Bid him delay not.

A Woman's Thought.

O white and midnight sky, O starry bath,
 Wash me in thy pure, heavenly crystal flood:
 Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and seath —
 Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!

The celestial Passion.

ANDREW LANG. 1844-1912.

There's a joy without canker or cark,
 There's a pleasure eternally new,
 'T is to gloat on the glaze and the mark
 Of china that's ancient and blue.

Ballade of blue China.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park
 In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
 Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
 Lived, died and were changed into two
 Bright birds that eternally flew
 Through the boughs of the may, as they sang;
 'T is a tale was undoubtedly true
 In the reign of the Emperor Hwang. *Ibid.*

The windy lights of Autumn flare;
 I watch the moonlit sails go by;
 I marvel how men toil and fare,
 The weary business that they play!
 Their voyaging is vanity,
 And fairy gold is all their gain,
 And all the winds of winter cry,
 "My Love returns no more again."

Ballade of Autumn.

ROBERT BRIDGES. 1844——.

Beneath the crisp and wintry carpet hid
 A million buds but stay their blossoming
 And trustful birds have built their nests amid
 The shuddering boughs, and only wait to sing
 Till one soft shower from the south shall bid
 And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of Spring.

The Growth of Love. Sonnet vi.

I live on hope and that I think do all
 Who come into this world.

Sonnet lxxiii.

Scatter the clouds that hide
 The face of heaven, and show
 Where sweet peace doth abide,
 Where Truth and Beauty grow.

Morning Hymn.

Behind the western bars
 The shrouded day retreats,
 And unperceived the stars
 Steal to their sovran seats.

And whiter grows the foam,
 The small moon lightens more;
 And as I turn me home,
 My shadow walks before.

The Clouds have left the Sky



JOHN HENRY BONER. 1845–1903.

Gather leaves and grasses,
 Love, to-day;
 For the Autumn passes
 Soon away.
 Chilling winds are blowing.
 It will soon be snowing.

Gather Leaves and Grasses.

Ah, we fondly cherish
 Faded things
 That had better perish.
 Memory clings
 To each leaf it saves.
 Chilly winds are blowing.
 It will soon be snowing
 On our graves.

Ibid.

“I love you because
 You’re a sweet little fool!”

The sweet little Fool (The Sequel).

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY (SUSAN
COOLIDGE). 1845-1905.

The Autumn seems to cry for thee,
Best lover of the Autumn-days! *Helen.*

The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that night has shed.
New every Morning.

These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them.
Secrets.

Men die but sorrow never dies.
The cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON. 1845-1907.

The hollow sea-shell, which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent, and we hear
The faint, far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea.¹ The Sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near.
Sonnet. Sea-shell Murmurs.

JOHN BANISTER TABB. 1845-1909.

Why should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I,
But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss nor gain nor change in me is found, —
A life-complete in death-complete to die. *The Bubble.*

¹ See Dante Gabriel Rossetti, page 769, and Charles Henry Webb, page 793.

WILL CARLETON. 1845-1912.

Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got
 And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old House, Nancy.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or
 see,

But you seem like a human bein' — a dear old friend to me;
 And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion
 stands,

Until we commence a-keepin' house in the house not made
 with hands. *Ibid.*

Things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out.

Betsy and I are out.

I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
 And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree.

Ibid.

Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own. *Ibid.*

The more we arg'ed the question the more we did n't
 agree. *Ibid.*

I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
 Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

Ibid.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary
 way. *Over the Hill to the Poor-house.*

To appreciate heaven well

'T is good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

Gone with a handsomer Man.

CHARLES FLETCHER DOLE. 1845——.

Good Will is the mightiest practical force in the universe.
Cleveland Address.

The Golden Rule works like gravitation. *Ibid.*

When the first just and friendly man appeared on the earth, from that day a fatal Waterloo was visible for all the men of pride and fraud and blood.

The coming People.

It is absurd to suppose, if this is God's world, that men must always be selfish barbarians. *Ibid.*

The truly civilized man has no enemies.

The Smoke and the Flame.

Religion is as healthy and normal as life itself.

The coming Religion.

Democracy is on trial in the world, on a more colossal scale than ever before.

The Spirit of Democracy.

It is a world of startling possibilities.

The Hope of Immortality (Ingersoll Lecture, 1906).

Golden hours of vision come to us in this present life, when we are at our best, and our faculties work together in harmony. *Ibid.*



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. 1847-1908.

A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

Sir Hugo's Choice.

The love of man and woman is as fire
 To warm, to light, but surely to consume
 And self-consuming die . . .
 But comrade-love is as a welding blast
 Of candid flame and ardent temperature:
 Glowing more fervent, it doth bind more fast;
 And melting both but makes the union sure.
 The dross alone is burnt — till at the last
 The steel, if cold, is one and strong and pure.

My Comrade.

I 'd rather be handsome than homely;
 I 'd rather be youthful than old;
 If I can't have a bushel of silver
 I'll do with a barrel of gold.

Contentment.

All loved Art in a seemly way
 With an earnest soul and a capital A.

The V-a-s-e.

—◆—
 GEORGE ROBERT SIMS. 1847——.

Lor', but women's rum cattle to deal with, the first man
 found that to his cost,
 And I reckon it's just through a woman the last man on
 earth 'll be lost.

Dagonet Ballads. Moll Jarvis o' Morley.

—◆—
 ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, EARL OF
 ROSEBERY. 1847——.

Few speeches which have produced an electrical effect
 on an audience can bear the colorless photography of a
 printed record.

Life of Pitt.

It is beginning to be hinted that we are a nation of
 amateurs.

Rectorial Address. Glasgow. Nov. 16, 1900.

GEORGE BARLOW. 1847—

What men have done can still be done
And shall be done to-day. *The Song of Abu Klea.*

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. 1848–1908.

Brer Fox, he lay low. *Legends of the old Plantation.*

Ez soshubble ez a baskit er kittens. *Ibid.*

Lazy fokes's stummucks don't git tired.
Plantation Proverbs.

Jay-bird don't rob his own nes'. *Ibid.*

Licker talks mighty loud w'en it gits loose from de jug.
Ibid.

Hungry rooster don't cackle w'en he fine a wum. *Ibid.*

Youk'n hide de fier, but w'at you gwine do wid de
smoke? *Ibid.*

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. 1848—

The energies of our system will decay; the glory of the
sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert,
will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment
disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit and
all his thoughts will perish. *The Foundations of Belief.*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY. 1849–1903.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul. *To R. T. H. B.*

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul.¹ *To R. T. H. B.*

Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame.
In Hospital.

Far in the stillness a cat
 Languishes loudly. *Ibid*

From the winter's gray despair,
 From the summer's golden languor,
 Death, the lover of Life,
 Frees us for ever. *Ibid.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 1850-1894.

Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
 Nor a friend to know me;
 All I ask: the heaven above
 And the road below me. *The Vagabond.*

In winter I get up at night
 And dress by yellow candle-light.
 In summer, quite the other way,
 I have to go to bed by day. *Bed in Summer.*

The pleasant Land of Counterpane.
The Land of Counterpane.

Youth now flees on feathered foot.
To Will H. Low.

The world is so full of a number of things,
 I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.
Couplet.

Arise, O Soul, and gird thee up anew,
 Though the black camel Death kneel at thy gate;
 No beggar thou that thou for alms shouldst sue:
 Be the proud captain still of thine own fate.

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.

Under the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live, and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
 "Here he lies, where he longed to be;
 Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill."

Requiem (and Epitaph).

The cruelest lies are often told in silence.

Virginibus Puerisque.

Old and young we are all on our last cruise.

Crabbed Age and Youth.

For God's sake give me the young man who has brains
 enough to make a fool of himself. *Ibid.*

Youth is wholly experimental.

A Letter to a young Gentleman.

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the
 man. *Prince Otto.*

Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers.

The Master of Ballantrae.



EUGENE FIELD. 1850-1895.

A little peach in an orchard grew, —
 A little peach of emerald hue;
 Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew
 It grew. *The little Peach.*

We twain
 Discussed with buoyant hearts
 The various things that appertain
 To bibliomaniac arts. *Dibdin's Ghost.*

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
 Sailed off in a wooden shoe —
 Sailed on a river of crystal light
 Into a sea of dew. *Wynken, Blynken and Nod.*

The fire upon the hearth is low,
 And there is stillness everywhere,
 And, like winged spirits, here and there
 The firelight shadows fluttering go. *In the Firelight.*

The little toy-dog is covered with dust
 But sturdy and stanch he stands;
 And the little toy-soldier is red with rust
 And his musket moulds in his hands;
 Time was when the little toy-dog was new,
 And the soldier was passing fair;
 And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
 Kissed them and put them there *Little Boy Blue.*

—◆—
 THEOPHILE MARZIALS. 1850——.

And also there's a little star
 So white a virgin's it must be: —
 Perhaps the lamp my love in heaven
 Hangs out to light the way for me. *Song.*

“Ahoy! and Oho, and it's who's for the ferry?”
 (The brier's in bud and the sun going down:)
 “And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
 And 't is but a penny to Twickenham Town.
Twickenham Ferry.”

—◆—
 ROSE HARTWICK THORPE. 1850——.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops far
 away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad
 day;

And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden
 fair, —
 He with footsteps slow and weary; she with sunny, float-
 ing hair;
 He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she with lips
 so cold and white,
 Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not
 ring to-night." *Curfew must not ring To-night.*



GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. 1851-1898.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
 (O still celestial beam!)
 Whatever it touches it fills
 With the life of its lambent gleam.

The sunshine of thine eyes,
 Oh, let it fall on me!
 Though I be but a mote of the air,
 I could turn to gold for thee.

The Sunshine of thine Eyes.



MARY AUGUSTA (ARNOLD) WARD.
 1851——.

One may as well preach a respectable mythology as
 anything else. *Robert Elsmere.*

This Laodicean cant of tolerance. *Book ii. Chap. xii.*

All things change, creeds and philosophies and out-
 ward systems — but God remains. *Book iv. Chap. xxvi.*

Truth has never been, can never be, contained in any
 one creed or system. *Book vi. Chap. xxviii.*

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. 1852——.

The ripest peach is highest on the tree. *The ripest Peach.*

O'er folded blooms
 On swirls of musk,
 The beetle booms adown the glooms
 And bumps along the dusk. *The Beetle.*

One naked star has waded through
 The purple shadows of the night,
 And faltering as falls the dew
 It drips its misty light. *Ibid.*

An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you don't watch out. *Little Orphant Annie.*



FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON. 1852——.

The Night has a thousand eyes,
 And the Day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done. *Light.*



EDWIN MARKHAM. 1852——.

The crest and crowning of all good,
 Life's final star, is Brotherhood. *Brotherhood.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
 The emptiness of ages in his face,
 And on his back the burden of the world.

The Man with the Hoe.

HENRY VAN DYKE. 1852——.

Men have dulled their eyes with sin,
 And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,
 And built their temple-walls to shut thee in,
 And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.

God of the open Air.

Often faltering feet

Come surest to the goal. *Reliance.*

The blessing of earth is toil. *The Toiling of Felix.*

He that planteth a tree is the servant of God,
 He provideth a kindness for many generations,
 And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

The friendly Trees.



HENRY CUYLER BUNNER. 1855—1896.

Love must kiss that mortal's eyes
 Who hopes to see fair Arcady.
 No gold can buy you entrance there;
 But beggared Love may go all bare —
 No wisdom won with weariness;
 But Love goes in with Folly's dress —
 No fame that wit could ever win;
 But only Love may lead Love in.

*The Way to Arcady.*¹

Ah woe is me, through all my days
 Wisdom and wealth I both have got,
 And fame and name and great men's praise;
 But Love, ah! Love I have it not.

Ibid.

¹ See LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON: *The Secret of Arcady.*
 Page 795

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS.

1855——.

Life is a voyage. The winds of life come strong
 From every point; yet each will speed thy course along,
 If thou with steady hand when tempests blow
 Canst keep thy course aright and never once let go.

The Voyage of Life.

Death is an angel with two faces:
 To us he turns
 A face of terror, blighting all things fair;
 The other burns
 With glory of the stars, and love is there.

A Thanatopsis.

GEORGE MOORE. 1855——.

After all there is but one race — humanity.

The Bending of the Bough. Act iii.

The difficulty in life is the choice.

Act iv.

The wrong way always seems the more reasonable.

Ibid.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. 1855——.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
 Weep, and you weep alone;
 For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
 But has trouble enough of its own.

The Way of the World.

No question is ever settled
 Until it is settled right.

Settle the Question Right.

OSCAR FINGALL O'FLAHERTIE WILDE.
1856-1900.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

Ibid.

The vilest deeds like poison-weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate
And the Warder is Despair.

Ibid.

The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it.

The Picture of Dorian Gray.

He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing.

Ibid.

As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

The Critic as Artist.

Where there is sorrow there is holy ground.

De Profundis.

It is through Art and through Art only that we can realize our perfection; through Art and Art only that we can shield ourselves from the sordid perils of actual existence.

Art.

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA McLEOD). 1856-1905.

Across the silent stream
 Where the dream-shadows go,
 From the dim blue Hill of Dream
 I have heard the west wind blow.
From the Hills of Dream.

Love is a beautiful dream. *Cor Cordium.*

Ah, the strange, sweet, lonely delight
 Of the Valleys of Dream. *Dream Fantasy.*

Down beyond the haven the tide comes with a shout.
An old Tale of Three.

The desire of love, Joy:
 The desire of life, Peace:
 The desire of the soul, Heaven:
 The desire of God . . . a flame-white secret forever. *Desire.*

The gray silence, the gray waves, the gray wastes of the
 sea. *Longing.*

I hear the little children of the wind
 Crying solitary in lonely places.
Little Children of the Wind.

—◆—
 AGNES M. F. R. DARMESTETER. 1857—

You hail from Dream-land, Dragon-fly?
 A stranger hither? So am I,
 And (sooth to say) I wonder why
 We either of us came! *To a Dragon-fly.*

—◆—
 INGRAM CROCKETT. 1856—

The splendor of Silence, — of snow-jeweled hills and of
 ice. *Orion.*

The way of the Wind is a strange, wild way. *The Wind.*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. 1856——.

A great devotee of the Gospel of Getting On.

Mrs. Warren's Profession.

A lifetime of happiness! No man alive could bear it:
it would be hell on earth. *Man and Superman. Act i.*

The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is. *Ibid.*

You think that you are Ann's suitor; that you are the pursuer and she the pursued; that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool: it is you who are the pursued, the marked-down quarry, the destined prey. *Act. ii.*

Marry Ann and at the end of a week you'll find no more inspiration in her than in a plate of muffins. *Ibid.*

Kings are not born: they are made by universal hallucination. *The Revolutionist's Handbook.*



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN KING, JR. 1857—1894.

If I should die to-night ¹
And you should come in deepest grief and woe —
And say: — "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?" *If I should die.*

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude. *The Pessimist.*

¹ Parody on:

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair.

BELLE E. SMITH.

JOHN DAVIDSON. 1857-1909.

That minister of ministers,
 Imagination, gathers up
 The undiscovered Universe,
 Like jewels in a jasper cup.

There is a Dish to hold the Sea.

My feet are heavy now but on I go,
 My head erect beneath the tragic years.

I felt the World a-spinning on its Nave.

 SAM WALTER FOSS. 1858-1911.

We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on his throne.

The volunteer Organist.

The sweet mellifluous milking of the cow.

The Milking of the Cow.

He had a startling genius, but somehow it did n't emerge;
 Always on the evolution of things that would n't evolve;
 Always verging toward some climax, but he never reached
 the verge;

Always nearing the solution of some theme he could not
 solve.

The Inventor.

There are purple grapes in the Land of Git-Thare.

The Land of Git-Thare.

I say the very things that make the greatest Stir
 An' the most interestin' things, are things that did n't
 occur.¹

Things that did n't occur.

Strew gladness on the paths of men —
 You will not pass this way again.

I shall not pass this Way again.²

¹ DISRAELI: *Henrietta Temple*.

What we anticipate seldom occurs. LOWELL. Page 741.

² A saying of William Penn.

A hundred thousand men were led
 By one calf near three centuries dead;
 They followed still his crooked way
 And lost a hundred years a day;
 For thus such reverence is lent
 To well-established precedent.

The Calf-Path

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. 1858——.

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency.

The strenuous Life.

A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country is good enough to be given a square deal afterward. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

Speech. Springfield (Illinois). July 4, 1903.

I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life.

Speech before the Hamilton Club, Chicago. April 10, 1899.

WILLIAM WATSON. 1858——.

Hate and mistrust are the children of blindness —

England to Ireland.

Best they honor thee
 Who honor in thee only what is best.

The true Patriotism.

And though circuitous and obscure
 The feet of Nemesis how sure!

Europe at the Play.

Braying of arrogant brass, whimper of querulous reeds.

Hymn to the Sea. Part iii. 8.

Deemest thou labor
 Only is earnest?
 Grave is all beauty,
 Solemn is joy. *England my Mother. Part iv.*

Empires dissolve and peoples disappear,
 Song passes not away. *Lacrymae Musarum.*

In this world with starry dome,
 Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
 Shall I never feel at home,
 Never wholly be at ease? *World-Strangeness.*

On from room to room I stray,
 Yet mine Host can ne'er espy,
 And I know not to this day,
 Whether guest or captive I. *Ibid.*



FRANCIS THOMPSON. 1859–1907.

I fear to love you, Sweet, because
 Love's the ambassador of loss. *To Olivia.*

The hills look over on the South,
 And Southward dreams the sea;
 And with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
 Came innocence and she. *Daisy.*

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
 Once, and just so small as I?
 And what did it feel to be
 Out of Heaven and just like me? *Ex Ore Infantum.*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
The Hound of Heaven

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN. 1859——.

Now, of my three score years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy years a score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

Loveliest of Trees.

When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard a wise man say:
 "Give crowns and pounds and guineas
 But not your heart away."

A Shropshire Lad.

To-day, the road all runners come,
 Shoulder-high, we bring you home,
 And set you at your threshold down,
 Townsman of a stiller town.

To an Athlete dying young.

—◆—

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. 1859——.

You shall not change, but a nobler race of men
 Shall walk beneath the stars and wander by the shore;
 I can not guess their glory, but I think the sky and sea
 Will bring to them more gladness than they brought to
 us of yore.

Man in Nature.

—◆—

NIXON WATERMAN. 1859——.

No man can feel himself alone
 The while he bravely stands
 Between the best friends ever known
 His two good, honest hands.

Interludes.

Though life is made up of mere bubbles,
 'T is better than many aver,
 For while we've a whole lot of troubles,
 The most of them never occur.¹

Shreds and Patches.

A rose to the living is more
 Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

A Rose to the Living.

CHARLOTTE P. S. GILMAN. 1860——.

A million million worlds that move in peace;
 A million mighty laws that never cease;
 And one small ant-heap, hidden by small weeds,
 Rich with eggs, slaves and store of millet-seeds.
 They sleep beneath the sod
 And trust in God.

A common Inference.

Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
 In rage and anger high,
 "You ignominious idiot,
 Those wings are made to fly!"

A Conservative.

"I do not want to be a fly,
 I want to be a worm!"

Ibid.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. 1860——.

The humblest citizen of all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause is stronger than all the hosts of Error.

Speech at the National Democratic Convention. Chicago, 1896.

¹ See Disraeli, page 628, LOWELL, page 741, and Foss, page 830.

You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this
crown of thorn. You shall not crucify mankind upon a
cross of gold.

Speech of the National Democratic Convention. Chicago, 1896.

MARY E. COLERIDGE. 1861-1907.

Breathe slumbrous music round me, sweet and slow,

To honied phrases set!

Into the land of dreams I long to go.

Bid me forget!

Mandragora.

Where is delight? and what are pleasures now? —

Moths that a garment fret.

The world is turned memorial, crying, "Thou

Shalt not forget!"

Ibid.

Is this wide world not large enough to fill thee,

Nor Nature, nor that deep man's Nature, Art?

Are they too thin, too weak and poor to still thee,

Thou little heart?

Self-Question.

BLISS CARMAN. 1861——.

Here's to the day when it is May

And care as light as a feather,

When your little shoes and my big boots

Go tramping over the heather.

A Toast.

There paused to shut the door

A fellow called the Wind,

With mystery before,

And reticence behind.

At the granite Gate.

The glad indomitable sea,

The strong white sun.

A Sea Child

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON. 1861——.

Everything has an ending: there will be
 An ending one sad day for you and me,
 And ending of the days we had together,
 The good companionship, all kinds of weather.

Everything has an Ending.

OWEN SEAMAN. 1861——.

Whene'er I walk the public ways,
 How many poor that lack ablution
 Do probe my heart with pensive gaze,
 And beg a trivial contribution!¹

The bitter Cry of the great Unpaid.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. 1862——.

To-day, whatever may annoy,
 The word for me is Joy, just simple Joy.

The Word.

Whate'er there be of Sorrow
 I'll put off till To-morrow,
 And when To-morrow comes, why then
 'T will be To-day and Joy again.

Ibid.

For me, my craft is sailing on,
 Through mists to-day, clear seas anon.
 Whate'er the final harbor be
 'T is good to sail upon the sea!

The Voyage.

¹ See the anonymous travesty.

Whene'er I walk this beauteous earth.
 How many poor I see,
 But as I never speaks to them,
 They never speaks to me.

HENRY J. NEWBOLT. 1862——.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game above the prize.

The Island Race. Clifton Chapel.

The work of the world must still be done,
And minds are many though truth be one. *The Echo.*

Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.

Craven.



RICHARD HOVEY. 1864–1900.

In all climes we pitch out tents,
Cronies of the elements,
With the secret lords of birth
Intimate and free.

The Wander-lovers.

The people blossoms armies and puts forth
The splendid summer of its noiseless might.

The Call of the Bugles.

The great white cold walks abroad!

Dartmouth Winter-song.

Nor love they least

Who strike with right good will

To vanquish ill

And fight God's battle upward from the beast.

Bugles.

Who would not rather founder in the fight
Than not have known the glory of the fray.

Two ana rate.

Praise be to you, O hills, that you can breathe
Into our souls the secret of your power!

Comrades.

Spring in the world!

And all things are made new!

Spring.

For 't is always fair weather
 When good fellows get together
 With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

Spring.

The East and the West in the spring of the world shall
 blend ¹

As a man and a woman that plight
 Their troth in the warm spring night.

Ibid.

How loving is the Lord God and how strong withal!

Benzaquen.

Shall the iron argue with the smith what it would be?
 Or, shall the wrought iron reason with the monger
 To whom it would be sold?

Ibid.

Love seeks a guerdon; friendship is as God,
 Who gives and asks no payment.

The Marriage of Guenevere. Act i. Sc. 1.

Fair weather weddings make fair weather lives.

Sc. 3.

There is no sorrow like a love denied
 Nor any joy like love that has its will.

Ibid.

There are worser ills to face
 Than foemen in the fray;
 And many a man has fought because —
 He feared to run away.

Act. iv. Sc. 3.

I have need of the sky,
 I have business with the grass;
 I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling
 Lone and high,
 And the slow clouds go by.
 I will get me away to the waters that glass
 The clouds as they pass.
 I will get me away to the woods. *I have Need of the Sky.*

¹ RUDYARD KIPLING: Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL. 1864——.

How full and rich a world
 Theirs to inhabit is —
 Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
 Playmates' glad symphony,
 Cool touch of western wind,
 Sunshine's divine caress.

How should they know or feel
 They are in darkness?

But, oh, the miracle!
 If a Redeemer came,
 Laid finger on their eyes —
 One touch and what a world,
 New-born in loveliness! *Blind Children.*

What a dark world — who knows? —
 Ours to inhabit is!
 One touch and what a strange
 Glory might burst on us,
 What a hid universe! *Ibid.*

Oh, for the simple life,
 For tents and starry skies! *Aspiration.*



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. 1865.——.

The land of faery,
 Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
 Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
 Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.
Land of Heart's Desire.

Life moves out of a red flare of dreams
 Into a common light of common hours,
 Until old age bring the red flare again. *Ibid.*

I would mould a world of fire and dew ¹
 With no one bitter, grave, or over wise,
 And nothing marred or old to do you wrong.

Land of Heart's Desire.

Land of Heart's Desire,
 Where beauty has no ebb, decay no flood,
 But joy is wisdom, Time an endless song. *Ibid.*



ALFRED COCHRANE. 1865——.

Her reasoning is full of tricks
 And butterfly suggestions,
 I know no point to which she sticks;
 She begs the simplest questions,
 And, when her premises are strong
 She always draws her inference wrong.

Upon Lebia Arguing

I once admitted — to my shame —
 That football was a brutal game.
 Because She hates it. *Tc Anthea.*



MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN. 1865——.

At daybreak Morn shall come to me
 In raiment of the white winds spun. *Quiet.*

Some shall reap that never sow
 And some shall toil and not attain. *Success.*

A moonlight traveler in Fancy's land. *Unqualified.*

¹ See FITZGERALD: Omar Khayyám. *Rubaiyat*, lxxviii.

Ah Love! could Thou and I with Fate conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
 Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Into the sunset's turquoise marge
 The moon dips, like a pearly barge;
 Enchantment sails through magic seas,
 To fairyland Hesperides,
 Over the hills and away. *At Sunset. Stanza. 1.*

What magic shall solve us the secret
 Of beauty that's born for an hour? *Interpreted.*



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. 1866——.

Yea, howso we dream,
 Or how bravely we do;
 The end is the same,
 Be we traitor or true:
 And after the bloom
 And the passion is past
 Death comes at last.

An old Man's Song.

Time's horses gallop down the lessening hill.
Time flies.

There's too much beauty upon this earth
 For lonely men to bear.
A Ballad of too much Beauty.



WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. 1869–1910.

Time softly there
 Laughs through the abyss of radiance with the gods.
The Fire-Bringer. Act i.

The gods despise enforced offerings.
 When the heart brings its dearest and its last
 Then only will they hear — if then, if then! *Act ii.*

Hark, below, the many-voiced earth,
 The chanting of the old religious trees,
 Rustle of far-off waters, woven sounds
 Of small and multitudinous lives awake,
 Peopling the grasses and the pools with joy,
 Uttering their meaning to the mystic night!

The Fire-Bringer. Act ii.

Passion is power,
 And, kindly tempered, saves. All things declare
 Struggle hath deeper peace than sleep can bring.

The Masque of Judgment. Act iii. Sc. 2.



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. 1869——.

He was himself and he had lost the speed
 He started with, and he was left behind.

Captain Craig.

You have made
 The cement of your churches out of tears
 And ashes, and the fabric will not stand.

Ibid.

The gods are growing old;
 The stars are singing Golden hair to gray
 Green leaf to yellow leaf, — or chlorophyl
 To xanthophyl, to be more scientific.

Ibid.

We are young
 And we are friends of time.

Ibid.



RUDYARD KIPLING. 1865——.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin'
 man.

Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

Ibid.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
 (Even as you and I)
 To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
 (We called her the woman who did not care)
 But the fool he called her his lady fair.

The Vampire.

The tumult and the shouting dies, —
 The Captains and the Kings depart, —
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.

Recessional.

Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Ibid.

Oh the road to Mandalay
 Where the flyin'-fishes play
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
 China 'crost the Bay!

Mandalay.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like
 the worst,

Where there ar'n't no Ten Commandments an' a man can
 raise a thirst.

Ibid.

Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain
 shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judg-
 ment Seat.

Ballad of East and West.

It's Tommy this an' Tommy that an' "Chuck 'im out,
 the brute"

But it's "Savior of 'is country," when the guns begin to
 shoot.

Tommy.

Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.

Ibid.

It's clever, but is it art? *The Conundrum of the Workshops.*

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away
 An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the morning.

Danny Deever.

But he could n't lie if you paid him and he'd starve before he stole. *The Mary Gloster.*

Take up the White Man's burden. *The White Man's Burden.*

Humble because of knowledge; mighty by sacrifice. *The Islanders.*

Daughter am I in my mother's house;
But mistress in my own. *Our Lady of the Snows.*

When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took — the same as we!
Barrack-Room Ballads. Introduction.

For the colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady,
Are sisters under their skins. *Ibid.*

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide —
It never done no good to me
But I can't drop it if I tried. *For to admire.*

An' I learned about women from 'er. *The Ladies.*

And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke. *The Betrothed.*

But that's another story. *Mulvaney. Soldiers Three.*

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it — lie down for
an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work
anew! *L'Envoi.*

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
 shall blame;
 And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
 for fame;
 But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
 separate star,
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It, for the God of Things
 as They Are! *L'Envoi.*



ALFRED NOYES. 1880——.

Enough of dreams! No longer mock
 The burdened hearts of men!
 Not on the cloud, but on the rock. *The secret Inn.*

There was music all about us, we were growing quite
 forgetful
 We were only singing seamen from the dirt of London-
 town. *Forty singing Seamen.*

There's a magic in the distance, where the sea-line meets
 the sky. *Ibid.*

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it is n't far from London!)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's
 wonder-land;
 Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it is n't far from London!),
The Barrel-organ.

Ye that follow the vision
 Of the world's weal afar,
 Have ye met with derision
 And the red laugh of war?
 Yet the thunder shall not hurt you
 Nor the battle storms dismay;
 Tho' the sun in heaven desert you
 "Love will find out the way."

Love will find out the Way.

HENRY HOWARTH BASHFORD. 1880——.

As I came down the Highgate Hill,
 The Highgate Hill, the Highgate Hill,
 As I came down the Highgate Hill ¹
 I met the sun's bravado,
 And saw below me, fold on fold,
 Grey to pearl and pearl to gold,
 This London like a land of old,
 The land of Eldorado.

Romance.

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A. E.").

Our hearts were drunk with a beauty
 Our eyes could never see.

The unknown God.

Ah, to think how thin the veil that lies
 Between the pain of hell and paradise!

Janus.

Oh, I am so old, meseems
 I am next of kin to Time.

The Grey Eros.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
 And looked with grave ethereal eyes;
 Ensouled by ancient Quietness,
 A gentle priestess of the Wise.

Forgiveness.

Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,
 And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast.

Refuge.

We are in the calm and proud possession of eternal things.

Babylon.

¹ ALFRED NOYES: *Go down to Kew in Lilac-time.*

MATTHIAS BARR.

Only a baby small,¹
 Dropt from the skies;
 Small, but how dear to us
 God knoweth best.

Only a Baby Small.

ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER. 1863——.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stept into his
 place,
 There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's
 face,
 And when responding to the cheers he lightly doft his hat,
 No stranger in the crowd could doubt, 't was Casey at the
 bat.

Casey at the Bat.

“Strike one” the Umpire said.
 From the bleachers black with people there rose a sullen
 roar,
 Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and dis-
 tant shore,
 “Kill him! Kill the Umpire!” shouted some one from the
 stand —
 And it 's likely they 'd have done it had not Casey raised
 his hand.

Ibid.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining
 bright,
 The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts
 are light,
 And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children
 shout;
 But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty Casey has
 “struck out.”

Ibid.

¹ Also attributed to Addie Layton.

MARGARET WITTER FULLER.

I am immortal! I know it! I feel it!
 Hope floods my heart with delight!
 Running on air, mad with life, dizzy, reeling,
 Upward I mount — faith is sight, life is feeling,
 Hope is the day-star of might!

Dryad Song. Stanza 1.

It was thy kiss, Love, that made me immortal¹

Ibid. Stanza 2.

Chance cannot touch me! Time cannot hush me!
 Fear, hope, and longing, at strife,
 Sink as I rise, on, on, upward forever,
 Gathering strength, gaining breath, — naught can sever
 Me from the Spirit of Life!

Ibid. Stanza 4.

—◆—

 MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

“O star on the breast of the river!
 O marvel of bloom and grace!
 Did you fall right down from heaven,
 Out of the sweetest place?
 You are white as the thoughts of an angel,
 Your heart is steeped in the sun;
 Did you grow in the Golden City,
 My pure and radiant one?”

“Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
 None gave me my saintly white;
 It slowly grew from the darkness,
 Down in the dreary night.
 From the ooze of the silent river,
 I win my glory and grace,
 White souls fall not, O my poet,
 They rise to the sweetest place.”

The Water Lily.

¹ See MARLOWE, page 40. Make me immortal with a kiss.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.

JOHN KEPLER (1571-1630). *Martyrs of Science* (Brewster). P. 197.

Needle in a bottle of hay.

FIELD (— -1641): *A Woman's a Weathercock*. (Reprint, 1612, p. 20.)

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

SAMUEL TUKE (— -1673): *Adventures of Five Hours*. Act v. Sc. 3.

Laugh and be fat.

JOHN TAYLOR (1580? -1684). Title of a Tract, 1638.

Diamond cut diamond.

JOHN FORD (1586-1639): *The Lover's Melancholy*. Act i. Sc. 1.

A liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest.

JOHN WINTHROP (1588-1649): *Life and Letters*. Vol. ii. p. 341.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691): *Love breathing Thanks and Praise*

Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE (1616-1704): *Fables from Several Authors*.
Fable 398.

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

STEPHEN HARVEY (circa 1627): *Juvenal, Satire ix*

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

WALTER POPE (1630-1714): *The Old Man's Wish*.

When change itself can give no more,
'T is easy to be true.

CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701): *Reasons for Constancy*.

The real Simon Pure.

SUSANNAH CENTLIVRE (1667-1723): *A bold Stroke for a Wife*.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

GEORGE SEWELL (— -1726): *The Suicide*.

Studious of ease, and fond of humble things.

AMBROSE PHILLIPS (1671-1749): *From Holland to a Friend in England*.

My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!),
A horrid chasm disclosed.

JOHN PHILIPS (1676-1708): *The Splendid Shilling*. Line 121.

For twelve honest men have decided the cause,
Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.

WILLIAM PULTENEY (1682-1764): *The Honest Jury*.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' thee I hae mony days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758): *Lochaber no More*.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I.

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696-1761): *On a Fly drinking out of a Cup of Ale*.

Thus Raleigh, thus immortal Sidney shone
(Illustrious names!) in great Eliza's days.

THOMAS EDWARDS (1699-1757): *Canons of Criticism*.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

ROBERT DODSLEY (1703-1764): *The Parting Kiss*

A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky. CHARLES WESLEY: *Christian Fidelity*.

Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down. *Divine Love*.

Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refined as ever Athens heard;
 And (strange to tell!) he practised what he preached.
 JOHN ARMSTRONG (1709-1779): *The Art of Preserving
 Health. Book iv. Line 301.*

Gentle shepherd, tell me where. SAMUEL HOWARD (1710-1782).
 Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your
 tongue!
 Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
 Remember, when the judgment's weak the prejudice is
 strong. KANE O'HARA (—-1782): *Midas. Act i. Sc. 4.*

Where passion leads or prudence points the way.
 ROBERT LOWTH (1710-1787): *Choice of Hercules, i.*

And he that will this health deny,
 Down among the dead men let him lie.
 — DYER (published in the early part of the reign of George I.).

Each cursed his fate that thus their project crossed;
 How hard their lot who neither won nor lost!
 RICHARD GRAVES (1715-1804): *The Festoon* (1767).

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
 List, ye landsmen all, to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.
 GEORGE A. STEVENS (1720-1784): *The Storm*.

That man may last, but never lives,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives;
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank, —
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.
 THOMAS GIBBONS (1720-1785): *When Jesus dwelt*.

In this awfully stupendous manner, at which Reason stands aghast, and Faith herself is half confounded, was the grace of God to man at length manifested.

RICHARD HURD (1720-1808): *Sermons*. Vol. ii. p. 287.

There is such a choice of difficulties that I am myself at a loss how to determine.

JAMES WOLFE (1726-1759): *Despatch to Pitt, Sept. 2, 1759*.

Kathleen mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill.

ANNE CRAWFORD (1734-1801): *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

Who can refute a sneer?

WILLIAM PALEY (1743-1805): *Moral Philosophy*. Vol. ii.
Book v. Chap. 9.

Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?

ROWLAND HILL (1744-1833).

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Grey?
And why does thy nose look so blue?

THOMAS HOLCROFT (1745-1809): *Gaffer Grey*.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY (1746-1825), — when Ambassador to the French Republic, 1796.

And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE (1747-1794): *The Siller Crown*.

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we 're all good fellows together.

JOHN O'KEEFE (1747-1833): *Sprigs of Laurel*. Act ii. Sc. 1.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree.

JOHN LOWE (1750-—): *Mary's Dream*.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and child of the skies!
 Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817): *Columbia*.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Hope, and comfort from above;
 Let us each, thy peace possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

ROBERT HAWKER (1753-1827): *Benediction*.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me,
 As I came o'er the braes of Balloch?

ANNE GRANT (1755-1838): *Roy's Wife*.

Bounding billows, cease your motion,
 Bear me not so swiftly o'er.

MARY ROBINSON (1758-1799): *Bounding Billows*.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762-1827): *Trust in Providence*.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES (1762-1837): *Sonnet on the
 Death of Sir Walter Scott*.

Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
 Just parted from the shore,
 And to the fisher's chorus-note
 Soft moves the dipping oar.

JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1857): *Oh swiftly glides the Bonnie Boat*.

'T was whisper'd in heaven, 't was mutter'd in hell,
 And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
 On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,
 And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE (1764-1834): *Enigma. The letter H*.

Oh, it's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island.

THOMAS DIBDIN (1771-1841): *The snug little Island*.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE (1772-1811): *Adams and Liberty*

They [the blacks] had no rights which the white man
was bound to respect.

ROGER B. TANEY (1777-1864): *The Dred Scott Case* (Howard
Rep. 19, p. 407).

To make a mountain of a mole-hill.

HENRY ELLIS (1777-1869): *Original Letters. Second
Series, p. 312.*

March to the battle-field,
The foe is now before us;
Each heart is Freedom's shield,
And heaven is shining o'er us.

B. E. O'MEARA (1778-1836): *March to the Battle-Field*.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations
may she always be in the right; but our country, right
or wrong.

STEPHEN DECATUR (1779-1820): *Toast given at Norfolk,
April, 1816.*

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledg'd to Religion, Liberty, and Law.

JOSEPH STORY (1779-1845): *Motto of the "Salem Register."*
(Life of Story, Vol. i. p. 127.)

Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man
write my epitaph: no man can write my epitaph.

ROBERT EMMET (1780-1803): *Speech on his Trial and Conviction
for High Treason, September, 1803.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

C. C. COLTON (1780-1832): *The Lacon*.

Behold how brightly breaks the morning!
 Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm.

JAMES KENNEY (1780-1849): *Behold how brightly breaks*

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
 I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung.

PRINCESS AMELIA (1783-1810)

A sound so fine, there's nothing lives
 'Twixt it and silence.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862) *Virginus, Act v. Sc. 2*

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.

OLIVER H. PERRY (1785-1820): *Letter to General Harrison*
 (dated "United States Brig Niagara. Off the Western
 Sisters. Sept. 10, 1813, 4 P. M.").

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
 Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
 She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
 Last at his cross and earliest at his grave.

EATON S. BARRETT (1785-1820): *Woman, Part i.* (ed. 1822).

They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors
 belong the spoils of the enemy.

WILLIAM L. MARCY (1786-1857): *Speech in the United States
 Senate, January, 1832.*

Say to the seceded States, "Wayward sisters, depart
 in peace."

WINFIELD SCOTT (1786-1861): *Letter to W. H. Seward,*
March 3, 1861.

Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
 I lay me down in peace to sleep.

EMMA WILLARD (1787-1870): *The Cradle of the Deep*

Right as a trivet.

R. H. BARHAM (1788-1845) *The Ingoldsby Legends. Auto-da-fe.*

My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close
 Is scattered on the ground — to die.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE (1789-1847) : *My Life is like the Summer Rose.*

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne
 a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own
 originality.

CHARLES PHILLIPS (1789-1859) : *The Character of Napoleon.*

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay your golden cushion down ;
 Rise up ! come to the window, and gaze with all the town.

JOHN G. LOCKHART (1794-1854) : *The Bridal of Andalla.*

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters
 Dwelt a youth, whose fond heart, night and day,
 For the fairest of fair Zurich's daughters
 In a dream of love melted away.

CHARLES DANCE (1794-1863) : *Fair Zurich's Waters*

Oh, leave the gay and festive scenes,
 The halls of dazzling light.

H. S. VANDYK (1798-1828) : *The Light Guitar.*

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag,
 shoot him on the spot.

JOHN A. DIX (1798-1879) : *An Official Despatch, Jan. 29, 1861.*

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem :
 There 's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
 But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
 Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.

LAMAN BLANCHARD (1803-1845) : *Sonnet. Hidden Joys.*

Fifty-four forty or fight.

WILLIAM ALLEN (1806-1879), — in the United States Senate
 during the Presidential election of 1844.

I envy them, those monks of old ;
Their books they read, and their beads they told.

G. P. R. JAMES (1801-1860): *The Monks of Old*.

To have a thing is nothing if you've not the chance to
show it,
And to know a thing is nothing, unless others know you
know it.

LORD NANCY.

We are swinging round the circle.

ANDREW JOHNSON (1808-1875): *On the Presidential Reconstruction
Tour, August, 1866.*

All we ask is to be let alone.

JEFFERSON DAVIS (1808-1889): *First Message to the
Confederate Congress, March, 1861.*

We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our
party and identify ourselves with the party whose ante-
cedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.

SAMUEL D. BURCHARD (1812-1891), — one of the deputation
visiting Mr. Blaine.

Well, General, we have not had many dead cavalry-
men lying about lately.

JOSEPH HOOKER (1813-1879): *A Remark to General Averill,
November, 1862.*

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?

Who blushes at the name?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame?

JOHN K. INGRAM (1820—): *The Dublin Nation, April 1,
1843. Vol. ii. p. 339.*

On Fame's eternal camping-ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead.

THEODORE O'HARA (1820-1867): *The Bivouac of the
Dead. (August, 1847.)*

Oh the heart is a free and a fetterless thing, —
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!

JULIA PARDOE (1816-1862): *The Captive Greek Girl*.

Hold the fort! I am coming!

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN (1820-1891), — signalled to General Corse
in Allatoona from the top of Kenesaw, Oct. 5, 1864.

We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the
money too.

We've fought the Bear before and while we're Britons
true,

The Russians shall not have Constantinople.¹

G. W. HUNT.

When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards ride no more.

J. K. STEPHEN: *Lapsus Calami*.

For every wave with dimpled face
That leap'd upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

AMELIA B. WELBY (1821-1852): *Musings*. Stanza 4.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909): *Rule of the "Harry
Wadsworth Club"* (from "Ten Times One is Ten," 1870).

A mugwump is a person educated beyond his intellect.

HORACE PORTER (1837- —), — a *bon-mot* in the Cleveland-
Blaine campaign of 1884.

¹ Sung by "the great Macdermott" in 1878; it added the term "Jingo" to the political vocabulary.

When seven long years had come and fled;
 When grief was calm and hope was dead;
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny came hame.

HOGG, JAMES (1770-1835): *The Queen's Wake*.

After the verb "To Love," "To Help" is the most beautiful verb in the world!

BARONESS VON SUTTNER (1848-1914).

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

RICHARD RUMBOLD, *on the scaffold, 1685. History of England (Macaulay), Chap. 1.*

The last link is broken
 That bound me to thee,
 And the words thou hast spoken
 Have render'd me free.

FANNY STEERS: *Song*.

Old Simon the cellarer keeps a rare store
 Of Malmsey and Malvoisie.

G. W. BELLAMY: *Simon the Cellarer*.

Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins.

SCROPE DAVIES: *Letter to Thomas Raikes, May 25, 1835.*

She's all my fancy painted her;
 She's lovely, she's divine.

WILLIAM MEE: *Alice Gray*.

Stately and tall he moves in the hall,
 The chief of a thousand for grace.

KATE FRANKLIN: *Life at Olympus, Lady's Book. Vol. xxiii. p. 33.*

When the sun's last rays are fading
 Into twilight soft and dim.

THEODORE L. BARKER: *Thou wilt think of me again.*

Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee
 And cherish'd thine image for years;
 Thou hast taught me at last to forget thee,
 In secret, in silence, and tears.

MRS. (DAVID) PORTER: *Thou hast wounded the Spirit.*

Speak gently! 't is a little thing
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring
 Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD: *Speak gently.*

Hope tells a flattering tale,¹
 Delusive, vain, and hollow.
 Ah! let not hope prevail,
 Lest disappointment follow.

MISS — WROTHER: *The Universal Songster. Vol. ii. p. 86.*

Nose, nose, nose, nose!
 And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
 Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
 And that gave me my jolly red nose.

RAVENS-CROFT: *Deuteromela, Song No. 7.*² (1609.)

The mother said to her daughter, "Daughter, bid thy
 daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's daughter
 hath a daughter."

GEORGE HAKEWILL: *Apologie. Book iii. Chap. v. Sect. 9.*³

¹ Hope told a flattering tale,
 That Joy would soon return;
 Ah! naught my sighs avail,
 For Love is doomed to mourn.

ANONYMOUS (air by Giovanni Paisiello, 1741-
 1816): *Universal Songster, vol. i. p. 320.*

² BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The Knight of the Burning Pestle, act i.
 sc. 3.*

³ Hakewill translated this from the "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ," vol. ii.

Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
 Mercy I ask'd ; mercy I found.¹ WILLIAM CAMDEN: *Remains*

Begone, dull Care ! I prithee begone from me !
 Begone, dull Care ! thou and I shall never agree.

PLAYFORD: *Musical Companion*. (1687.)

Much of a muchness.

VANBRUGH: *The Provoked Husband*, Act i. Sc. 1.

Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John,
 The bed be blest that I lye on.

THOMAS ADY: *A Candle in the Dark*, p. 58. (London, 1656.)

Junius, Aprilis, Septémq ; Nouemq ; tricenos,
 Vnum plus reliqui, Februs tenet octo vicanos,
 At si bissextus fuerit superadditur vnus.

WILLIAM HARRISON: *Description of Britain* (prefixed to Holinshed's "Chronicle," 1577).

Thirty dayes hath Nouember,
 Aprill, June, and September,
 February hath xxviii alone,
 And all the rest have xxxi.

RICHARD GRAFTON: *Chronicles of England*. (1590.)

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November,
 February has twenty-eight alone,
 All the rest have thirty-one ;
 Excepting leap year, — that 's the time
 When February's days are twenty-nine.

The Return from Parnassus. (London, 1606.)

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November ;
 All the rest have thirty-one,
 Excepting February alone,
 Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
 Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

Common in the New England States

¹ Altered by Johnson (1783), —

Between the stirrup and the ground,
 I mercy ask'd : I mercy found.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
 Thirty days to each affix ;
 Every other thirty-one
 Except the second month alone.

Common in Chester County, Penn., among the Friends.

“Be of good comfort, Master Ridley,” Latimer cried
 at the crackling of the flames. “Play the man ! We shall
 this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England,
 as I trust shall never be put out.”¹

There is a garden in her face,
 Where roses and white lilies show ;
 A heavenly paradise is that place,
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow.
 There cherries hang that none may buy,
 Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

An Howres Recreation in Musike. (1606. Set to music by Richard
 Alison. Oliphant’s “La Messa Madrigalesca,” p. 229.)

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row ;
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow.

Ibid.

A vest as admired Voltiger had on,
 Which from this Island’s foes his grandsire won,
 Whose artful colour pass’d the Tyrian dye,
 Obliged to triumph in this legacy.²

The British Princes, p. 96. (1669.)

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
 Who was then the gentleman ?

*Lines used by John Ball in Wat Tyler’s Rebellion.*³

¹ I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be
 put out. — ² *Esdra*s xiv. 25.

² The oft-quoted lines, —

A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won,

have been ascribed to Blackmore, but suppressed in the later editions of his
 poems.

³ HUME : *History of England, vol. i. chap. xvii. note 8.*

Now bething the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf, and Eve span.¹

MS. of the Fifteenth Century (British Museum)

Use three Physicians, —
Still-first Dr. Quiet;
Next Dr. Mery-man,
And Dr. Dyet.²

Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum (edition of 1607).

The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

*Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North.*³

*From The New England Primer.*⁴

In Adam's fall
We sinned all.

My Book and Heart
Must never part.

Young Obadiah,
David, Josias, —
All were pious.

Peter denied
His Lord, and cried.

¹ The same proverb existed in German : —

So Adam reutte, und Eva span,
Wer war da ein eddelman ?

AGRICOLA: *Proverbs, No. 254.*

² See Swift, page 293.

³ A quarto tract printed in London in 1642, p. 3. This is called "Old Tarlton's Song."

⁴ As early as 1691, Benjamin Harris, of Boston, advertised as in press the second impression of the New England Primer. The oldest copy known to be extant is 1737.

Young Timothy
Learnt sin to fly.

Xerxes did die,
And so must I.

Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see.

Our days begin with trouble here,
Our life is but a span,
And cruel death is always near,
So frail a thing is man.

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,¹
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

His wife, with nine small children and one at the breast, following him to the stake.

Martyrdom of John Rogers. Burned at Smithfield, Feb. 14, 1554.

And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why.²

¹ It is said that in the earliest edition of the *New England Primer* this prayer is given as above, which is copied from the reprint of 1777. In the edition of 1784 it is altered to "Now I lay me down to sleep." In the edition of 1814 the second line of the prayer reads, "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

² The true date of his death is Feb. 4, 1555.

³ Robert Stephen Hawker incorporated these lines into "The Song of the Western Men," written by him in 1825. It was praised by Sir Walter Scott and Macaulay under the impression that it was the ancient song. It has been a popular proverb throughout Cornwall ever since the imprisonment by James II. of the seven bishops, — one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny.

Mater ait natae, dic natae, natam
Ut moneat natae, plangere filiolum.

The mother to her daughter spake :
" Daughter," said she, " arise !
Thy daughter to her daughter take,
Whose daughter's daughter cries."

*A Distich, according to Zwinger, on a Lady of the Dalburg
Family who saw her descendants to the sixth generation.*

A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done.

*Poem spoken by Mr. Eusden at a Cambridge Commencement.*¹

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.²

*Author unknown.*³

The gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination,
the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspira-
tion.⁴

Letters of Junius. Letter vii. To Sir W. Draper.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate,
but as an example to deter. *Letter xii. To the Duke of Grafton.*

The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a king
and the superecilious hypocrisy of a bishop.⁵ *Letter xxxv.*

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or
the hand to execute.⁶

Letter xxxvii. City Address, and the King's Answer.

¹ It was printed for the second time, in London, 1714.

² In the Preface to Mr. Nichols's work on Autographs, among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum is that of David Krieg, with James Bobart's autograph (Dec. 8, 1697) and the verses, —

Virtus sui gloria.

" Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

Bobart died about 1726. He was a son of the celebrated botanist of that name. The verses are given as an early instance of their use.

³ This is found in Staniford's " Art of Reading," third edition, p. 27 (Boston, 1803).

⁴ See Burke, page 412.

⁵ See Choate, page 598.

⁶ See Clarendon, page 255.

Private credit is wealth; public honour is security.
The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its
flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to
the earth.

Letters of Junius. Letter xlii. Affair of the Falkland Islands.

'T is well to be merry and wise,
'T is well to be honest and true;
'T is well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new.

*Lines used by Maturin as the motto to "Bertram," produced
at Drury Lane, 1816.*

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing,
That I love thee, — that I dearly love thee still.

Opera of La Sonnambula

Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why ar'n't they all contented like me?

Opera of La Bayadère.

It is so soon that I am done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

*Epitaph on a child who died at the age of three weeks
(Cheltenham Churchyard).*

An Austrian army, awfully array'd,
Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;
Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,
For fame, for freedom, fight, fierce furious fray.
Gen'ral's 'gainst gen'ral's grapple, — gracious God!
How honors Heav'n heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.
Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'midst mounds, motes, mountains, murd'rous
mines.

Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,
 Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought ;
 Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest !
 Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter, quarter" quest ;
 Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,
 Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds !
 Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train !
 Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine !
 Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain !
 Why wish we warfare ? wherefore welcome won
 Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon ?
 Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell !
 Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal
 Again attract ; arts against arms appeal.
 All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away !
 Et cætera, et cætera, et cæterā.

Alliteration, or the Siege of Belgrade: a Rondeau.¹

But were it to my fancy given
 To rate her charms, I 'd call them heaven ;
 For though a mortal made of clay,
 Angels must love Ann Hathaway ;
 She hath a way so to control,
 To rapture the imprisoned soul,
 And sweetest heaven on earth display,
 That to be heaven Ann hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Ann Hathaway, —
 To be heaven's self Ann hath a way.

Attributed to Shakespeare.

I had a hat. It was not all a hat, —
 Part of the brim was gone ;
 Yet still I wore it on.²

¹ These lines having been incorrectly printed in a London publication, we have been favoured by the author with an authentic copy of them.—*Wheeler's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 244. (Winchester, England, 1828.)

² A parody on Byron's "Darkness," the first line of which is, "I had a dream which was not all a dream." — *Author unknown.*

TRANSLATIONS.

PILPAY (OR BIDPAI.)¹

WE ought to do our neighbour all the good we can. If you do good, good will be done to you; but if you do evil, the same will be measured back to you again.²

Dabschelim and Pilpay. Chap. i.

It has been the providence of Nature to give this creature [the cat] nine lives instead of one.³

The Greedy and Ambitious Cat. Fable iii.

There is no gathering the rose without being pricked by the thorns.⁴

The Two Travellers. Chap. ii. Fable vi.

Wise men say that there are three sorts of persons who are wholly deprived of judgment, — they who are ambitious of preferments in the courts of princes; they who make use of poison to show their skill in curing it; and they who intrust women with their secrets. *Ibid.*

Men are used as they use others.

The King who became Just. Fable ix.

What is bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh.⁵

The Two Fishermen. Fable xiv.

Guilty consciences always make people cowards.⁶

The Prince and his Minister. Chap. iii. Fable iii.

¹ Pilpay is supposed to have been a Brahmin gymnosophist, and to have lived several centuries before Christ. The earliest form in which his Fables appear is in the Pancha-tantra and Hitopadesa of the Sanskrit. The first translation was into the Pehlvi language, and thence into the Arabic, about the seventh century. The first English translation appeared in 1570.

² And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. — *Matthew vii. 2.*

³ See Heywood page 16.

⁴ See Herrick, page 203.

⁵ See Heywood, page 19.

⁶ See Shakespeare, page 136.

Whoever . . . prefers the service of princes before his duty to his Creator, will be sure, early or late, to repent in vain. *The Prince and his Minister. Chap. iii. Fable iii.*

There are some who bear a grudge even to those that do them good. *A Religious Doctor. Fable vi.*

There was once, in a remote part of the East, a man who was altogether void of knowledge and experience, yet presumed to call himself a physician.

The Ignorant Physician. Fable viii.

He that plants thorns must never expect to gather roses.¹ *Ibid.*

Honest men esteem and value nothing so much in this world as a real friend. Such a one is as it were another self, to whom we impart our most secret thoughts, who partakes of our joy, and comforts us in our affliction; add to this, that his company is an everlasting pleasure to us. *Choice of Friends. Chap. iv.*

That possession was the strongest tenure of the law.²

The Cat and the two Birds. Chap. v. Fable iv



HESIOD. *Circa 720 (?) B. C.*

(Translation by J. Banks, M. A., with a few alterations.³)

We know to tell many fictions like to truths, and we know, when we will, to speak what is true.

The Theogony. Line 27.

On the tongue of such an one they shed a honeyed dew,⁴ and from his lips drop gentle words. *Line 82.*

Night, having Sleep, the brother of Death.⁵ *Line 75**

¹ See Butler, page 214.

² See Cibber, page 296.

³ Bohn's Classical Library.

⁴ See Coleridge, page 500

⁵ See Shelley, page 567.

From whose eyelids also as they gazed dropped love.¹

The Theogony. Line 910.

Both potter is jealous of potter and craftsman of craftsman; and poor man has a grudge against poor man, and poet against poet.²

Works and Days. Line 25.

Fools! they know not how much half exceeds the whole.³

Line 40.

For full indeed is earth of woes, and full the sea; and in the day as well as night diseases unbidden haunt mankind, silently bearing ills to men, for all-wise Zeus hath taken from them their voice. So utterly impossible is it to escape the will of Zeus.

Line 101.

They died, as if o'ercome by sleep.

Line 116.

Oft hath even a whole city reaped the evil fruit of a bad man.⁴

Line 240.

For himself doth a man work evil in working evils for another.

Line 265.

Badness, look you, you may choose easily in a heap: level is the path, and right near it dwells. But before Virtue the immortal gods have put the sweat of man's brow; and long and steep is the way to it, and rugged at the first.

Line 287.

This man, I say, is most perfect who shall have understood everything for himself, after having devised what may be best afterward and unto the end.

Line 293.

Let it please thee to keep in order a moderate-sized farm, that so thy garners may be full of fruits in their season.

Line 304.

¹ See Milton, page 246.

² See Gay, page 349.

³ Pittacus said that half was more than the whole. — DIOGENES LAERTIUS: Pittacus, ii.

⁴ One man's wickedness may easily become all men's curse. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: Maxim 463.

Invite the man that loves thee to a feast, but let alone
thine enemy. *Works and Days. Line 342.*

A bad neighbour is as great a misfortune as a good
one is a great blessing. *Line 346.*

Gain not base gains; base gains are the same as losses.
Line 353.

If thou shouldst lay up even a little upon a little, and
shouldst do this often, soon would even this become great.
Line 360.

At the beginning of the cask and at the end take thy
fill, but be saving in the middle; for at the bottom saving
comes too late. Let the price fixed with a friend be suf-
ficient, and even dealing with a brother call in witnesses,
but laughingly. *Line 366.*

Diligence increaseth the fruit of toil. A dilatory man
wrestles with losses. *Line 412.*

The morn, look you, furthers a man on his road, and
furthers him too in his work. *Line 579.*

Observe moderation. In all, the fitting season is best.
Line 694.

Neither make thy friend equal to a brother; but if
thou shalt have made him so, be not the first to do him
wrong. *Line 707*



THEOGNIS. 570 (?)—490 (?) B. C.

Wine is wont to show the mind of man.
Maxims. Line 500.

No one goes to Hades with all his immense wealth.¹
Line 72b.

¹ For when he dieth ne shall carry nothing away, his glory shall not descend after him. -- *Psalm cxix. 17.*

[These selections from the most famous gnostic sayings of the great tragic writers of Greece — Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides — are chiefly from the fragments and not from their complete plays. The numbers of the fragments refer to the edition of Nauck. They are selected and translated by M. H. Morgau, Ph. D., of Harvard University.]

ÆSCHYLUS. 525–456 B. C.

I would far rather be ignorant than wise in the foreboding of evil.¹ *Suppliants, 453.*

“Honour thy father and thy mother” stands written among the three laws of most revered righteousness.² *707.*

Words are the physicians of a mind diseased.³ *Prometheus, 378.*

Time as he grows old teaches many lessons. *981.*

God’s mouth knows not to utter falsehood, but he will perform each word.⁴ *1032.*

Learning is ever in the freshness of its youth, even for the old.⁵ *Agamemnon, 584.*

Few men have the natural strength to honour a friend’s success without envy. . . . I well know that mirror of friendship, shadow of a shade. *832.*

Exiles feed on hope. *1668.*

Success is man’s god. *Choephoraë, 59.*

¹ See Gray, page 382.

² The three great laws ascribed to Triptolemus are referred to, — namely, to honour parents; to worship the gods with the fruits of the earth; to hurt no living creature. The first two laws are also ascribed to the centaur Cheiron.

³ Apt words have power to suage
The tumours of a troubl’d mind.

MILTON: *Samson Agonistes.*

⁴ God is not a man that he should lie; . . . hath he said, and shall he not do it? — *Numbers xxiii. 19.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 64.

So in the Libyan fable it is told
 That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
 Said, when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
 "With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
 Are we now smitten."¹ *Frag. 135 (trans. by Plumptre)*

Of all the gods, Death only craves not gifts :
 Nor sacrifice, nor yet drink-offering poured
 Avails ; no altars hath he, nor is soothed
 By hymns of praise. From him alone of all
 The powers of heaven Persuasion holds aloof.
Frag. 146 (trans. by Plumptre)

O Death the Healer, scorn thou not, I pray,
 To come to me : of cureless ills thou art
 The one physician. Pain lays not its touch
 Upon a corpse. *Frag. 250 (trans. by Plumptre).*

A prosperous fool is a grievous burden. *Frag. 383.*

Bronze is the mirror of the form ; wine, of the heart.
Frag. 384.

It is not the oath that makes us believe the man, but
 the man the oath. *Frag. 385.*



SOPHOCLES. 496-406 B. C.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be
 right. *Antigone, 706.*

Death is not the worst evil, but rather when we wish
 to die and cannot. *Electra, 1007.*

There is an ancient saying, famous among men, that
 thou shouldst not judge fully of a man's life before he
 dieth, whether it should be called blest or wretched.²
Trachiniæ, 1.

In a just cause the weak o'ercome the strong.³
Ædipus Coloneus, 880.

¹ See Waller, page 219.

² The saying "Call no man happy before he dies" was ascribed to Solon
 Herodotus, i. 32.

³ See Marlowe, page 40.

A lie never lives to be old. *Acrisius. Frag. 59.*

Nobody loves life like an old man. *Frag. 63*

A short saying oft contains much wisdom.¹
Aletes. Frag. 99.

Do nothing secretly; for Time sees and hears all things, and discloses all. *Hipponous. Frag. 280.*

It is better not to live at all than to live disgraced.
Peleus. Frag. 445.

War loves to seek its victims in the young.
Scyrii. Frag. 507.

If it were possible to heal sorrow by weeping and to raise the dead with tears, gold were less prized than grief. *Frag. 510.*

Children are the anchors that hold a mother to life.
Phædra. Frag. 619.

The truth is always the strongest argument. *Frag. 737.*

The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily. *Frag. 809.*

Fortune is not on the side of the faint-hearted.
Frag. 842.

No oath too binding for a lover. *Frag. 848*

Thoughts are mightier than strength of hand.
Frag. 854.

A wise player ought to accept his throws and score them, not bewail his luck. *Frag. 862.*

If I am Sophocles, I am not mad; and if I am mad, I am not Sophocles. *Vit. Anon. p. 64 (Plumptre's Trans.).*



EURIPIDES. 484-406 B. C.

Old men's prayers for death are lying prayers, in which they abuse old age and long extent of life. But when death draws near, not one is willing to die, and age no longer is a burden to them. *Alcestis. 669.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 133.

The gifts of a bad man bring no good with them.

Medea. 618.

Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven.

636.

I know, indeed, the evil of that I purpose; but my inclination gets the better of my judgment.¹

1078.

There is in the worst of fortune the best of chances for a happy change.²

Iphigenia in Tauris. 721.

Slowly but surely withal moveth the might of the gods.³

Bacchæ. 882.

Thou didst bring me forth for all the Greeks in common, not for thyself alone.

Iphigenia in Aulis. 1386.

Slight not what's near through aiming at what's far.⁴

Rhesus. 482.

The company of just and righteous men is better than wealth and a rich estate.

Ægeus. *Frag.* 7.

A bad beginning makes a bad ending.

Æolus. *Frag.* 32.

Time will explain it all. He is a talker, and needs no questioning before he speaks.

Frag. 38.

Waste not fresh tears over old griefs.

Alexander. *Frag.* 44.

The nobly born must nobly meet his fate.⁵

Alcmene. *Frag.* 100.

Woman is woman's natural ally.

Alope. *Frag.* 109.

Man's best possession is a sympathetic wife.

Antigone. *Frag.* 164.

Ignorance of one's misfortunes is clear gain.⁶

Antiope. *Frag.* 204.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 60. Also Garth, page 295.

² The darkest hour is that before the dawn. — HAZLITT: *English Proverbs*

³ See Herbert, page 206.

⁴ See Heywood, page 15.

⁵ Noblesse oblige. — BOHN: *Foreign Proverbs*.

⁶ See Davenant, page 217.

Try first thyself, and after call in God;
For to the worker God himself lends aid.¹

Hippolytus. Frag. 435.

Second thoughts are ever wiser.²

Frag. 436.

Toil, says the proverb, is the sire of fame.

Licymnius. Frag. 477.

Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but
not in it.

Meleager. Frag. 523.

A woman should be good for everything at home, but
abroad good for nothing.

Frag. 525.

Silver and gold are not the only coin; virtue too passes
current all over the world.

Œdipus. Frag. 546.

When good men die their goodness does not perish,
But lives though they are gone. As for the bad,
All that was theirs dies and is buried with them.

Temenidæ. Frag. 724.

Every man is like the company he is wont to keep.

Phœnix. Frag. 809.

Who knows but life be that which men call death,³
And death what men call life?

Phrixus. Frag. 830.

Whoso neglects learning in his youth, loses the past
and is dead for the future.

Frag. 927.

The gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children.

Frag. 970.

MIMNERMUS (TRAGEDIAN).

We are all clever enough at envying a famous man
while he is yet alive, and at praising him when he is
dead.

Frag.

¹ See Herbert, page 206.

² See Henry, page 283.

³ See Diogenes Laertius, page 943.

HIPPOCRATES. 460-359 B. C.

Life is short and the art long.¹ *Aphorism i.*

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.² *Ibid.*



DIONYSIUS THE ELDER. 430-367 B. C.

Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent. *Frag. 6*



PLAUTUS. 254 (?)—184 B. C.

(Translated by Henry Thomas Riley, B. A., with a few variations.
The references are to the text of Ritschl's second edition.³)

What is yours is mine, and all mine is yours.⁴
Trinummus. Act ii. Sc. 2, 48. (329.)

Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired.
88. (367.)

These things are not for the best, nor as I think they ought to be; but still they are better than that which is downright bad. *111. (392.)*

He whom the gods favour dies in youth.⁵
Bacchides. Act iv. Sc. 7, 18. (816.)

¹ See Chaucer, page 6.

² See Shakespeare, page 141.

For a desperate disease a desperate cure. — MONTAIGNE: *Chap. iii The Custom of the Isle of Cea.*

³ Bohn's Classical Library.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 50.

⁵ See Wordsworth, page 479.

You are seeking a knot in a bulrush.¹

Menæchmi. Act ii. Sc. 1, 22. (247.)

In the one hand he is carrying a stone, while he shows the bread in the other.²

Aulularia. Act ii. Sc. 2, 18. (195.)

I had a regular battle with the dunghill-cock.

Act iii. Sc. 4, 13. (472.)

It was not for nothing that the raven was just now croaking on my left hand.³

Act iv. Sc. 3, 1. (624.)

There are occasions when it is undoubtedly better to incur loss than to make gain.

Captivi. Act ii. Sc. 2, 77. (327.)

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.⁴

Rudens. Act ii. Sc. 5, 71

If you are wise, be wise; keep what goods the gods provide you.

Act iv. Sc. 7, 3. (1229.)

Consider the little mouse, how sagacious an animal it is which never entrusts its life to one hole only.⁵

Truculentus. Act iv. Sc. 4, 15. (868.)

Nothing is there more friendly to a man than a friend in need.⁶

Epidicus. Act iii. Sc. 3, 44. (425.)

Things which you do not hope happen more frequently than things which you do hope.⁷

Mostellaria. Act i. Sc. 3, 40. (197.)

To blow and swallow at the same moment is not easy.

Act iii. Sc. 2, 104. (791.)

Each man reaps on his own farm.

112. (799.)

¹ A proverbial expression implying a desire to create doubts and difficulties where there really were none. It occurs in Terence, the "Andria," act 7. sc. 4, 38; also in Ennius, "Saturæ," 46.

² What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? — *Matthew vii. 9.*

³ See Gay, page 349.

⁴ Patience is a remedy for every sorrow. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 170*

⁵ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁶ A friend in need is a friend indeed. — HAZLITT: *English Proverbs.*

⁷ The unexpected always happens. — *A common proverb.*

TERENCE. 185-159 B. C.

(From the translation of Henry Thomas Riley, B. A., with occasional corrections. The references are to the text of Umpfenbach.¹)

Do not they bring it to pass by knowing that they know nothing at all?
Andria. The Prologue. 17.

Of surpassing beauty and in the bloom of youth.
Act i. Sc. 1, 45. (72.)

Hence these tears.
99. (126.)

That is a true proverb which is wont to be commonly quoted, that "all had rather it were well for themselves than for another."
Act ii. Sc. 5, 15. (42^o.)

The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love.²
Act iii. Sc. 3, 23. (555.)

Look you, I am the most concerned in my own interests.³
Act iv. Sc. 1, 12. (636.)

In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before.
Eunuchus. The Prologue. 41.

It is up with you; all is over; you are ruined.
Act i. Sc. 1, 9. (54.)

If I could believe that this was said sincerely, I could put up with anything.
Sc. 2, 96. (176.)

Immortal gods! how much does one man excel another! What a difference there is between a wise person and a fool!
Act ii. Sc. 2, 1. (232.)

I have everything, yet have nothing; and although I possess nothing, still of nothing am I in want.⁴
Ibid. 12. (243.)

¹ Bohn's Classical Library.

² See Edwards, page 21.

³ Equivalent to our sayings, "Charity begins at home;" "Take care of Number One."

⁴ See Wotton, page 174.

There are vicissitudes in all things.

Eunuchus. Act ii. Sc. 2, 45. (276.)

The very flower of youth.

Sc. 3, 28. (319.)

I did not care one straw.

Act iii. Sc. 1, 21. (411.)

Jupiter, now assuredly is the time when I could readily consent to be slain,¹ lest life should sully this ecstasy with some disaster.

Sc. 5, 2. (550.)

This and a great deal more like it I have had to put up with.

Act iv. Sc. 6, 8. (746.)

Take care and say this with presence of mind.²

Sc. 6, 31. (769.)

It behooves a prudent person to make trial of everything before arms.

Sc. 7, 19. (789.)

I know the disposition of women: when you will, they won't; when you won't, they set their hearts upon you of their own inclination.

42. (812.)

I took to my heels as fast as I could. *Act v. Sc. 2, 5. (844.)*

Many a time, . . . from a bad beginning great friendships have sprung up.

34. (873.)

I only wish I may see your head stroked down with a slipper.³

Sc. 7, 4. (1028.)

I am a man, and nothing that concerns a man do I deem a matter of indifference to me.⁴

Heautontimoroumenos. Act i. Sc. 1, 25. (77.)

This is a wise maxim, "to take warning from others of what may be to your own advantage."

Sc. 2, 36. (210.)

¹ If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy.

SHAKESPEARE: *Othello, act ii. sc. 1.*

² Literally, "with a present mind," — equivalent to Cæsar's *præsentia animi* (*De Bello Gallico*, v. 43, 4).

³ According to Lucian, there was a story that Omphale used to beat Hercules with her slipper or sandal.

⁴ Cicero quotes this passage in *De Officiis*, i. 30.

That saying which I hear commonly repeated, — that time assuages sorrow.

Heautontimoroumenos. Act iii. Sc. 1, 12. (421.)

Really, you have seen the old age of an eagle,¹ as the saying is.

Sc. 2, 9. (520.)

Many a time a man cannot be such as he would be, if circumstances do not admit of it.

Act iv. Sc. 1, 53. (666.)

Nothing is so difficult but that it may be found out by seeking.

Sc. 2, 8. (675.)

What now if the sky were to fall? ²

Sc. 3, 41. (719.)

Rigorous law is often rigorous injustice.³

Sc. 5, 48. (796.)

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.

Sc. 6, 1. (805.)

How many things, both just and unjust, are sanctioned by custom!

Sc. 7, 11. (839.)

Fortune helps the brave.⁴

Phormio. Act i. Sc. 4, 25. (203.)

It is the duty of all persons, when affairs are the most prosperous,⁵ then in especial to reflect within themselves in what way they are to endure adversity.

Act ii. Sc. 1, 11. (241.)

As many men, so many minds; every one his own way.

Sc. 4, 14. (454.)

¹ This was a proverbial expression, signifying a hale and vigorous old age.

² See Heywood, page 11.

Some ambassadors from the Celtæ, being asked by Alexander what in the world they dreaded most, answered, that they feared lest the sky should fall upon them. — ARRIANUS: *lib. i. 4.*

³ Extreme law, extreme injustice, is now become a stale proverb in discourse. — CICERO: *De Officiis, i. 33.*

Une extrême justice est souvent une injure (Extreme justice is often injustice. — RACINE: *Frères Ennemis, act iv. sc. 3.*

Mais l'extrême justice est une extrême injure. — VOLTAIRE: *Œdipe, act iii. sc. 3.*

⁴ Pliny the Younger says (book vi. letter xvi.) that Pliny the Elder said this during the eruption of Vesuvius: "Fortune favours the brave."

⁵ CICERO: *Tusculan Questions, book iii. 30.*

As the saying is, I have got a wolf by the ears.¹

Phormio. Act iii. Sc. 2, 21. (506.)

I bid him look into the lives of men as though into a mirror, and from others to take an example for himself.

Adelphoe. Act iii. Sc. 3, 61. (415.)

According as the man is, so must you humour him.

77. (431.)

It is a maxim of old that among themselves all things are common to friends.²

Act v. Sc. 3, 18. (803.)

What comes from this quarter, set it down as so much gain.

30. (816.)

It is the common vice of all, in old age, to be too intent upon our interests.³

Sc 8, 30. (953.)



CICERO. 106–43 B. C.

For as lack of adornment is said to become some women, so this subtle oration, though without embellishment, gives delight.⁴

De Oratore. 78.

Thus in the beginning the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events.⁵

De Divinatione. i. 118.

He is never less at leisure than when at leisure.⁶

De Officiis. iii. 1.

While the sick man has life there is hope.⁷

Epistolarum ad Atticum. ix. 10, 4.

¹ A proverbial expression, which, according to Suetonius, was frequently in the mouth of Tiberius Cæsar.

² All things are in common among friends. — DIOGENES LAËRTIUS: *Diogenes, vi.*

³ Cicero quotes this passage (Tusculan Questions, book iii.), and the maxim was a favourite one with the Stoic philosophers.

⁴ See Thomson, page 356.

⁵ See Coleridge, page 504.

⁶ See Rogers, page 455.

⁷ See Gay, page 349.

LUCRETIUS. 95-55 B. C.

Continual dropping wears away a stone.¹

De Rerum Natura. i. 313.

What is food to one man may be fierce poison to others.²

iv. 637.

In the midst of the fountain of wit there arises something bitter, which stings in the very flowers.³

**133.*

 HORACE. 65-8 B. C.

Brave men were living before Agamemnon.⁴

Odes. iv. 9, 25.

In peace, as a wise man, he should make suitable preparation for war.⁵

Satires. ii. 2. (111.)

You may see me, fat and shining, with well-cared-for hide, . . . a hog from Epicurus's herd.⁶

4, 15.

What the discordant harmony of circumstances would and could effect.⁷

Epistles. i. 12, 19.

If you wish me to weep, you yourself must feel grief.⁸

Ars Poetica. 102.

The mountains will be in labour; an absurd mouse will be born.⁹

139.

Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods.¹⁰

359.

¹ See Lycop, page 32.

² See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 199.

³ See Byron, page 540.

⁵ See Washington, page 425.

⁷ See Burke, page 409.

⁴ See Byron, page 555.

⁶ See Mason, page 393.

⁸ See Churchill, page 412.

⁹ A mountain was in labour, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a mouse -- PHÆDRUS: *Fables, iv. 22, 1.*

The old proverb was now made good: "The mountain had brought forth a mouse." — PLUTARCH: *Life of Agesilaus II.*

¹⁰ See Pope, page 323.

OVID. 43 B. C.—18 A. D.

They come to see; they come that they themselves
may be seen.¹ *The Art of Love. i. 99.*

Nothing is stronger than custom. *ii. 345.*

Then the omnipotent Father with his thunder made
Olympus tremble, and from Ossa hurled Pelion.²

Metamorphoses. i.

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigour is
in our immortal soul.³ *xiii.*

The mind, conscious of rectitude, laughed to scorn the
falsehood of report.⁴ *Fasti. iv. 311.*



OF UNKNOWN AUTHORSHIP.

Love thyself, and many will hate thee. *Frag. 146.*

Practice in time becomes second nature.⁵ *Frag. 227.*

When God is planning ruin for a man, He first deprives
him of his reason.⁶ *Frag. 379.*

When I am dead let fire destroy the world;
It matters not to me, for I am safe. *Frag. 430.*

Toil does not come to help the id'le. *Frag. 440.*

¹ See Chaucer, page 3. *Petrarch's: one - of his*

² See Pope, page 344. *not a tyrant, but a tyrant*

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus. — RABELAIS: *Works, book iv. chap. xxxviii.*

³ See Watts, page 303.

⁴ And the mind conscious of virtue may bring to thee suitable rewards. — VIRGIL: *Aeneid, i. 604*

⁵ Custom is almost a second nature. — PLUTARCH: *Rules for the Preservation of Health, 18.*

⁶ See Dryden. page 269.

This may have been the original of the well known (but probably post-classical) line, "Quem Jupiter vult perdere, dementat prius." Publus Syrus has, "Stultum facit fortuna quem vult perdere."

PUBLIUS SYRUS.¹ 42 B. C..

(Translation by Darius Lyman. The numbers are those of the translator.)

As men, we are all equal in the presence of death.

Maxim 1.

To do two things at once is to do neither.

Maxim 7.

We are interested in others when they are interested in us.²

Maxim 16.

Every one excels in something in which another fails.

Maxim 17.

The anger of lovers renews the strength of love.³

Maxim 24.

A god could hardly love and be wise.⁴

Maxim 25.

The loss which is unknown is no loss at all.⁵

Maxim 38.

He sleeps well who knows not that he sleeps ill.

Maxim 77.

A good reputation is more valuable than money.⁶

Maxim 108.

It is well to moor your bark with two anchors.

Maxim 119.

Learn to see in another's calamity the ills which you should avoid.⁷

Maxim 120.

An agreeable companion on a journey is as good as a carriage.

Maxim 143.

Society in shipwreck is a comfort to all.⁸

Maxim 144.

Many receive advice, few profit by it.

Maxim 149.

¹ Commonly called Publius, but spelled Publilius by Pliny (*Natural History*, 35, sect. 199).

² We always like those who admire us. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 294.*

³ See Edwards, page 21.

⁴ It is impossible to love and be wise. — BACON: *Of Love* (quoted).

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 154.

⁶ A good name is better than riches. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part ii. book ii. chap. xxxiii.

⁷ The best plan is, as the common proverb has it, to profit by the folly of others. — PLINY: *Natural History*, book xviii. sect. 31.

⁸ See Maxim 995.

Patience is a remedy for every sorrow.¹ *Maxim 170.*

While we stop to think, we often miss our opportunity.
Maxim 185.

Whatever you can lose, you should reckon of no account.
Maxim 191.

Even a single hair casts its shadow.
Maxim 228.

It is sometimes expedient to forget who we are.
Maxim 233.

We may with advantage at times forget what we know.
Maxim 234.

You should hammer your iron when it is glowing hot.²
Maxim 262.

What is left when honour is lost?
Maxim 265.

A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.
Maxim 267.

Fortune is not satisfied with inflicting one calamity.
Maxim 274.

When Fortune is on our side, popular favour bears her company.
Maxim 275.

When Fortune flatters, she does it to betray.
Maxim 277.

Fortune is like glass, — the brighter the glitter, the more easily broken.
Maxim 280.

It is more easy to get a favour from fortune than to keep it.
Maxim 282.

His own character is the arbiter of every one's fortune.³
Maxim 283.

There are some remedies worse than the disease.⁴
Maxim 301.

Powerful indeed is the empire of habit.⁵
Maxim 305.

Amid a multitude of projects, no plan is devised.⁶
Maxim 319.

¹ See Plautus, page 887.

² See Heywood, page 10.

³ See Bacon, page 167.

⁴ See Bacon, page 165.

Marius said, "I see the cure is not worth the pain." — PLUTARCH
Life of Caius Marius.

⁵ Habit is second nature. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays*, book iii. chap. x.

⁶ He that hath many irons in the fire, some of them will cool. — HAZLITT
English Proverbs.

- It is easy for men to talk one thing and think another.
Maxim 322.
- When two do the same thing, it is not the same thing
after all. *Maxim 338.*
- A cock has great influence on his own dunghill.¹
Maxim 357.
- Any one can hold the helm when the sea is calm.²
Maxim 358.
- No tears are shed when an enemy dies. *Maxim 376.*
- The bow too tensely strung is easily broken.
Maxim 388.
- Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy.
Maxim 402.
- No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety.³
Maxim 406.
- The judge is condemned when the criminal is ac-
quitted.⁴ *Maxim 407.*
- Practice is the best of all instructors.⁵ *Maxim 429.*
- He who is bent on doing evil can never want occasion.
Maxim 459.
- One man's wickedness may easily become all men's
curse. *Maxim 463.*
- Never find your delight in another's misfortune.
Maxim 467.
- It is a bad plan that admits of no modification.
Maxim 469.
- It is better to have a little than nothing. *Maxim 484.*
- It is an unhappy lot which finds no enemies.
Maxim 499.

¹ See Heywood, page 14.

² The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast.

SHAKESPEARE: *Troilus and Cressida*, act i. sc. 3.

³ See Cowper, page 419.

⁴ *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*, — the motto adopted for the
"Edinburgh Review."

⁵ Practice makes perfect. — *Proverb.*

The fear of death is more to be dreaded than death itself.¹ *Maxim 511.*

A rolling stone gathers no moss.² *Maxim 524.*

Never promise more than you can perform. *Maxim 528.*

A wise man never refuses anything to necessity.³
Maxim 540.

No one should be judge in his own cause.⁴ *Maxim 545.*

Necessity knows no law except to conquer.⁵ *Maxim 553.*

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently.⁶
Maxim 557.

We desire nothing so much as what we ought not to have. *Maxim 559.*

It is only the ignorant who despise education.
Maxim 571.

Do not turn back when you are just at the goal.⁷
Maxim 580.

It is not every question that deserves an answer.
Maxim 581.

No man is happy who does not think himself so.⁸
Maxim 584.

Never thrust your own sickle into another's corn.⁹
Maxim 593.

You cannot put the same shoe on every foot.
Maxim 596.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 48.

² See Heywood, page 14.

³ Yet do I hold that mortal foolish who strives against the stress of necessity. — EURIPIDES: *Hercules Furens*, line 281.

⁴ It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause. — PASCAL: *Thoughts*, chap. iv. 1.

⁵ See Milton, page 232.

⁶ See Chaucer, page 3.

⁷ When men are arrived at the goal, they should not turn back. — PLUTARCH: *Of the Training of Children*.

⁸ No man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it. — JOHNSON: *The Rambler*, p. 150.

⁹ Did thrust as now in others' corn his sickle. — DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes*, part ii. *Second Weeke*.

Not presuming to put my sickle in another man's corn. — NICHOLAS YONGE: *Musica Transalpini. Epistle Dedicatory. 1588.*

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so. *Maxim 598.*

A guilty conscience never feels secure.¹ *Maxim 617.*

Every day should be passed as if it were to be our last.² *Maxim 633.*

Familiarity breeds contempt.³ *Maxim 640.*

Money alone sets all the world in motion. *Maxim 656.*

He who has plenty of pepper will pepper his cabbage. *Maxim 673.*

You should go to a pear-tree for pears, not to an elm.⁴ *Maxim 674.*

It is a very hard undertaking to seek to please everybody. *Maxim 675.*

We should provide in peace what we need in war.⁵ *Maxim 709.*

Look for a tough wedge for a tough log. *Maxim 723.*

How happy the life unembarrassed by the cares of business! *Maxim 725.*

They who plough the sea do not carry the winds in their hands.⁶ *Maxim 759.*

He gets through too late who goes too fast. *Maxim 767.*

In every enterprise consider where you would come out.⁷ *Maxim 777.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 136.

² Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last. — MARCUS AURELIUS : *Meditations*, ii. 5.

³ See Shakespeare, page 45.

⁴ You may as well expect pears from an elm. — CERVANTES : *Don Quixote*, part ii. book ii. chap. xl.

⁵ See Washington, page 425.

⁶ The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds. — PLUTARCH : *Of the Tranquillity of the Mind*.

⁷ In every affair consider what precedes and what follows, and then undertake it. — EPICTETUS : *That everything is to be undertaken with circumspection*, chap. xv.

It takes a long time to bring excellence to maturity.

Maxim 780.

The highest condition takes rise in the lowest.

Maxim 781.

It matters not what you are thought to be, but what you are.

Maxim 785.

No one knows what he can do till he tries.

Maxim 786.

The next day is never so good as the day before.

Maxim 815.

He is truly wise who gains wisdom from another's mishap.

Maxim 825.

Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings.

Maxim 827.

It matters not how long you live, but how well.

Maxim 829.

It is vain to look for a defence against lightning.¹

Maxim 835.

No good man ever grew rich all at once.²

Maxim 837.

Everything is worth what its purchaser will pay for it.³

Maxim 847.

It is better to learn late than never.⁴

Maxim 864.

Better be ignorant of a matter than half know it.⁵

Maxim 865.

Better use medicines at the outset than at the last moment.

Maxim 866.

Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them.

Maxim 872.

Whom Fortune wishes to destroy she first makes mad.⁶

Maxim 911.

Let a fool hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage.

Maxim 914.

He knows not when to be silent who knows not when to speak.

Maxim 930.

¹ Syrus was not a contemporary of Franklin.

² No just man ever became rich all at once. — MENANDER: *Fragment*.

³ See Butler, page 213.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 64.

⁵ See Bacon, page 166.

⁶ See Dryden, page 269.

You need not hang up the ivy-branch over the wine that will sell.¹

Maxim 968.

It is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in misery.²

Maxim 995.

Unless degree is preserved, the first place is safe for no one.³

Maxim 1042.

Confession of our faults is the next thing to innocency.

Maxim 1060.

I have often regretted my speech, never my silence.⁴

Maxim 1070.

Keep the golden mean⁵ between saying too much and too little.

Maxim 1072.

Speech is a mirror of the soul: as a man speaks, so is he.

Maxim 1073.



SENECA. 8 B. C.—65 A. D.

Not lost, but gone before.⁶

Epistolæ. 63, 16.

Whom they have injured they also hate.⁷

De Ira. ii. 33.

Fire is the test of gold; adversity, of strong men.⁸

De Providentia. 5, 9

There is no great genius without a tincture of madness.⁹

De Tranquillitate Animi. 17.

Do you seek Alcides' equal? None is, except himself.¹⁰

Hercules Furens. i. 1, 84.

¹ See Shakespeare page 72.

² See Maxim 144.

³ See Shakespeare, page 102.

⁴ Simonides said "that he never repented that he held his tongue, but often that he had spoken." — PLUTARCH: *Rules for the Preservation of Health.*

⁵ See Cowper, page 424.

⁶ See Rogers, page 455.

⁷ See Dryden, page 275.

⁸ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197

⁹ See Dryden, page 267.

¹⁰ See Theobald, page 352.

Successful and fortunate crime is called virtue.¹

Hercules Furens. 255.

A good man possesses a kingdom.²

Thyestes. 380.

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.³

On a Happy Life. 2. (L'Étrange's Abstract, Chap. i.)



PHÆDRUS. 8 A. D.

(*Translation by H. T. Riley, B. A.*)

Submit to the present evil, lest a greater one befall you.

Book i. Fable 2, 31.

He who covets what belongs to another deservedly loses his own.

Fable 4, 1.

That it is unwise to be heedless ourselves while we are giving advice to others, I will show in a few lines.

Fable 9, 1.

Whoever has even once become notorious by base fraud, even if he speaks the truth, gains no belief.

Fable 10, 1.

By this story [The Fox and the Raven] it is shown how much ingenuity avails, and how wisdom is always an overmatch for strength.

Fable 13, 13.

No one returns with good-will to the place which has done him a mischief.

Fable 18, 1.

It has been related that dogs drink at the river Nile running along, that they may not be seized by the crocodiles.⁵

Fable 25, 3

¹ See Harrington, page 39.

² See Dyer, page 22.

³ See Watts, page 303.

⁴ Bohn's Classical Library.

⁵ Pliny in his "Natural History," book viii, sect. 148, and Ælian in his "Various Histories" relate the same fact as to the dogs drinking from the Nile. "To treat a thing as the dogs do the Nile" was a common proverb with the ancients, signifying to do it superficially.

Every one is bound to bear patiently the results of his own example. *Book i. Fable 26, 12.*

Come of it what may, as Sinon said.

Book iii. The Prologue, 27.

Things are not always what they seem.¹

Book iv. Fable 2, 5.

Jupiter has loaded us with a couple of wallets: the one, filled with our own vices, he has placed at our backs; the other, heavy with those of others, he has hung before.²

Fable 10, 1.

A mountain was in labour, sending forth dreadful groans, and there was in the region the highest expectation. After all, it brought forth a mouse.³

Fable 23, 1.

A fly bit the bare pate of a bald man, who in endeavouring to crush it gave himself a hard slap. Then said the fly jeeringly, "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Book v. Fable 3, 1.

"I knew that before you were born." Let him who would instruct a wiser man consider this as said to himself.

Fable 9, 4

PLINY THE ELDER. 23-79 A. D.

(*Translation by J. Bostock, M. D., and H. T. Riley, B. A., with slight alterations.*⁴)

In comparing various authors with one another, I have discovered that some of the gravest and latest writers have transcribed, word for word, from former works, without making acknowledgment.

Natural History. Book i. Dedication, Sect. 22.

¹ See Longfellow, page 638.

² Also alluded to by Horace, *Satires*. ii. 3, 299; Catullus, 22, 21; and Persius, 4, 24.

³ See Horace, page 892.

⁴ Bohn's Classical Library.

The world, and whatever that be which we call the heavens, by the vault of which all things are enclosed, we must conceive to be a deity, to be eternal, without bounds, neither created nor subject at any time to destruction. To inquire what is beyond it is no concern of man; nor can the human mind form any conjecture concerning it.

Natural History. Book ii. Sect. 1.

It is ridiculous to suppose that the great head of things, whatever it be, pays any regard to human affairs.

Sect. 20.

Everything is soothed by oil, and this is the reason why divers send out small quantities of it from their mouths, because it smooths every part which is rough.¹

Sect. 234.

It is far from easy to determine whether she [Nature] has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless step-mother.²

Book vii. Sect. 1.

Man alone at the very moment of his birth, cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries and lamentations.³

Sect. 2.

¹ Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves? — PLUTARCH: *Natural Questions*, ix.

The venerable Bede relates that Bishop Adain (A. D. 651) gave to a company about to take a journey by sea "some holy oil, saying, 'I know that when you go abroad you will meet with a storm and contrary wind; but do you remember to cast this oil I give you into the sea, and the wind shall cease immediately.'" — *Ecclesiastical History*, book iii. chap. xiv.

In Sparks's edition of Franklin's Works, vol. vi. p. 354, there are letters between Franklin, Brownrigg, and Parish on the stilling of waves by means of oil.

² To man the earth seems altogether

No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.

DU BARTAS: *Divine Weekes and Workes*, first week, third day.

³ He is born naked, and falls a whining at the first. — BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i. sect. 2, mem. 3, subsect. 10.

And when I was born I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature; and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do. — *The Wisdom of Solomon*, vii. 3.

It was the custom among the ancients to place the new-born child upon the ground immediately after its birth.

To laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.¹

Natural History. Book vii. Sect. 2.

Man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing without being taught. He can neither speak nor walk nor eat, and in short he can do nothing at the prompting of nature only, but weep.²

Sect. 4.

With man, most of his misfortunes are occasioned by man.³

Sect. 5.

Indeed, what is there that does not appear marvellous when it comes to our knowledge for the first time? ⁴ How many things, too, are looked upon as quite impossible until they have been actually effected? *Sect. 6.*

The human features and countenance, although composed of but some ten parts or little more, are so fashioned that among so many thousands of men there are no two in existence who cannot be distinguished from one another.⁵

Sect. 8.

All men possess in their bodies a poison which acts upon serpents; and the human saliva, it is said, makes them take to flight, as though they had been touched with boiling water. The same substance, it is said, destroys them the moment it enters their throat.⁶ *Sect. 15.*

¹ This term of forty days is mentioned by Aristotle in his *Natural History*, as also by some modern physiologists.

² See Tennyson, page 675.

³ See Burns, page 446.

⁴ *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* (Everything that is unknown is taken to be grand). — Tacitus: *Agricola*, 30.

⁵ See Sir Thomas Browne, page 218.

⁶ Madame d'Abrantes relates that when Bonaparte was in Cairo he sent for a serpent-detector (Psylli) to remove two serpents that had been seen in his house. He having enticed one of them from his hiding-place, caught it in one hand, just below the jaw-bone, in such a manner as to oblige the mouth to open, when spitting into it, the effect was like magic: the reptile appeared struck with instant death. — *Memoirs, vol. i. chap. lix.*

It has been observed that the height of a man from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot is equal to the distance between the tips of the middle fingers of the two hands when extended in a straight line.

Natural History. Book vii. Sect. 77.

When a building is about to fall down, all the mice desert it.¹

Book viii. Sect. 103.

Bears when first born are shapeless masses of white flesh a little larger than mice, their claws alone being prominent. The mother then licks them gradually into proper shape.²

Sect. 126.

It is asserted that the dogs keep running when they drink at the Nile, for fear of becoming a prey to the voracity of the crocodile.³

Sect. 148.

It has become quite a common proverb that in wine there is truth.⁴

Book xiv. Sect. 141.

Cincinnatus was ploughing his four jugera of land upon the Vaticanian Hill, — the same that are still known as the Quintian Meadows, — when the messenger brought him the dictatorship, finding him, the tradition says, stripped to the work.

Book xviii. Sect. 20.

The agricultural population, says Cato, produces the bravest men, the most valiant soldiers, and a class of citizens the least given of all to evil designs. . . . A bad bargain is always a ground for repentance.

Sect. 26.

¹ This is alluded to by Cicero in his letters to Atticus, and is mentioned by Ælian (*Animated Nature*, book vi. chap. 41). It is like our proverb, "Rats leave a sinking ship."

² See Burton, page 186.

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth ;
But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.

DU BARTAS : *Divine Weekes and Workes*, first week,
first day.

³ See Phædrus, page 901.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 152.

The best plan is, as the common proverb has it, to profit by the folly of others.¹

Natural History. Book xviii. Sect. 31.

Always act in such a way as to secure the love of your neighbour.²

Sect. 44.

It is a maxim universally agreed upon in agriculture, that nothing must be done too late; and again, that everything must be done at its proper season; while there is a third precept which reminds us that opportunities lost can never be regained.

Ibid.

The bird of passage known to us as the cuckoo.

Sect. 249.

Let not things, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration. *Book xix. Sect. 59.*

Why is it that we entertain the belief that for every purpose odd numbers are the most effectual? ³

Book xxviii. Sect. 23.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other, — a practice which has now passed into a proverb.⁴ It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in his studio, while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms. . . . Under these circumstances, they say that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one latchet too few. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks

¹ See Publius Syrus, page 899.

² A maxim of Cato.

³ See Shakespeare, page 46. Also Lover, page 590.

Numero deus impari gaudet (The god delights in odd numbers). — VIRGIL: *Eclogæ*, 8, 75.

⁴ Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit. — ERASMUS.

The form generally quoted, "Nulla dies sine linea" (No day without a line), is not attested.

to his advice, began to criticise the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes,¹—a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying.

Natural History. Book xxxv. Sect. 84.

QUINTILIAN. 42–118 A. D.

We give to necessity the praise of virtue.²

Institutiones Oratoriæ. i. 8, 14.

A liar should have a good memory.³

iv. 2, 31.

Vain hopes are often like the dreams of those who wake.⁴

vi. 2, 30.

Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish.⁵

x. 7, 21.

JUVENAL. 47–138 A. D.

No man ever became extremely wicked all at once.⁶

Satire ii. 83.

Grammarian, orator, geometrician; painter, gymnastic teacher, physician; fortune-teller, rope-dancer, conjuror,—he knew everything.⁷

iii. 76.

Nobility is the one only virtue.⁸

viii. 20.

¹ Ne supra crepidam sutor judicaret (Let not a shoemaker judge above his shoe).

² See Chaucer, page 3.

⁸ See Sidney, page 264.

⁴ See Prior, page 288.

⁵ See Pope, page 332.

⁶ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 197.

⁷ See Dryden, page 268.

⁸ See Percy, page 406.

MARTIAL. 40-102 A. D.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; this only I can say, I do not love thee.¹ *Epigram i. 32.*

The good man prolongs his life; to be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.² *x. 23, 7.*

The bee enclosed and through the amber shown
Seems buried in the juice which was his own.³

Book iv. 32

Neither fear, nor wish for, your last day.⁴ *x. 47, 13.*

 PLUTARCH. 46 (?)–120 (?) A. D.

(From Dryden's translation of Plutarch's Lives, corrected and revised by A. H. Clough.)

As geographers, Sosius, crowd into the edges of their maps parts of the world which they do not know about, adding notes in the margin to the effect that beyond this lies nothing but sandy deserts full of wild beasts, and unapproachable bogs.⁵ *Life of Theseus.*

From Themistocles began the saying, "He is a second Hercules." *Ibid.*

The most perfect soul, says Heraclitus, is a dry light, which flies out of the body as lightning breaks from a cloud. *Life of Romulus.*

Anacharsis coming to Athens, knocked at Solon's door, and told him that he, being a stranger, was come to be his guest, and contract a friendship with him; and Solon replying, "It is better to make friends at home," Anacharsis replied, "Then you that are at home make friendship with me." *Life of Solon.*

¹ See Brown, page 286.

² See Pope, page 336.

³ See Bacon, page 168.

⁴ See Milton, page 240.

⁵ See Swift, page 289.

Themistocles said that he certainly could not make use of any stringed instrument; could only, were a small and obscure city put into his hands, make it great and glorious.

Life of Themistocles.

Eurybiades lifting up his staff as if he were going to strike, Themistocles said, "Strike, if you will; but hear."¹

Ibid.

Themistocles said to Antiphales, "Time, young man, has taught us both a lesson."

Ibid.

Laughing at his own son, who got his mother, and by his mother's means his father also, to indulge him, he told him that he had the most power of any one in Greece: "For the Athenians command the rest of Greece, I command the Athenians, your mother commands me, and you command your mother."²

Ibid.

"You speak truth," said Themistocles; "I should never have been famous if I had been of Seriphus;³ nor you, had you been of Athens."

Ibid.

Themistocles said that a man's discourse was like to a rich Persian carpet, the beautiful figures and patterns of which can be shown only by spreading and extending it out; when it is contracted and folded up, they are obscured and lost.⁴

Ibid.

¹ "Strike," said he, "but hear me." — *Apophegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Themistocles.*)

² Diophantus, the young son of Themistocles, made his boast often and in many companies, that whatsoever pleased him pleased also all Athens; for whatever he liked, his mother liked; and whatever his mother liked, Themistocles liked; and whatever Themistocles liked, all the Athenians liked. — *Of the Training of Children.*

When the son of Themistocles was a little saucy toward his mother, he said that this boy had more power than all the Grecians; for the Athenians governed Greece, he the Athenians, his wife him, and his son his wife. — *Apophegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Themistocles.*)

³ An obscure island.

⁴ Themistocles said speech was like to tapestry; and like it, when it was spread it showed its figures, but when it was folded up, hid and spoiled them. — *Apophegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (*Themistocles.*)

When he was in great prosperity, and courted by many, seeing himself splendidly served at his table, he turned to his children and said: "Children, we had been undone, if we had not been undone." *Life of Themistocles.*

Moral good is a practical stimulus; it is no sooner seen than it inspires an impulse to practise.

Life of Pericles.

For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty.¹ *Ibid.*

So very difficult a matter is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history. *Ibid.*

Be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all. *Ibid.*

To conduct great matters and never commit a fault is above the force of human nature. *Life of Fabius.*

Menenius Agrippa concluded at length with the celebrated fable: "It once happened that all the other members of a man mutinied against the stomach, which they accused as the only idle, uncontributing part in the whole body, while the rest were put to hardships and the expense of much labour to supply and minister to its appetites." *Life of Coriolanus.*

Knowledge of divine things for the most part, as Heraclitus says, is lost to us by incredulity. *Ibid.*

A Roman divorced from his wife, being highly blamed by his friends, who demanded, "Was she not chaste? Was she not fair? Was she not fruitful?" holding out his shoe, asked them whether it was not new and well made. "Yet," added he, "none of you can tell where it pinches me." *Life of Æmilius Paulus.*

The saying of old Antigonus, who when he was to fight at Andros, and one told him, "The enemy's ships

¹ See Claucer. page 3.

are more than ours," replied, "For how many then wilt thou reckon me?"¹

Life of Pelopidas.

Archimedes had stated, that given the force, any given weight might be moved; and even boasted that if there were another earth, by going into it he could remove this.

Life of Marcellus.

It is a difficult task, O citizens, to make speeches to the belly, which has no ears.²

Life of Marcus Cato.

Cato used to assert that wise men profited more by fools than fools by wise men; for that wise men avoided the faults of fools, but that fools would not imitate the good examples of wise men.

Ibid.

He said that in his whole life he most repented of three things: one was that he had trusted a secret to a woman; another, that he went by water when he might have gone by land; the third, that he had remained one whole day without doing any business of moment.

Ibid.

Marius said, "I see the cure is not worth the pain."³

Life of Caius Marius.

Extraordinary rains pretty generally fall after great battles.⁴

Ibid.

Lysander said that the law spoke too softly to be heard in such a noise of war.

Ibid.

As it is in the proverb, played Cretan against Cretan.⁵

Life of Lysander.

Did you not know, then, that to-day Lucullus sups with Lucullus?

Life of Lucullus.

¹ The pilot telling Antigonus the enemy outnumbered him in ships, he said, "But how many ships do you reckon my presence to be worth?" *Aphorisms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Antigonus II.)*

² The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair words. — RABELAIS *book iv. chap. lcvii.*

³ See Bacon, page 165.

⁴ This has been observed in modern times, and attributed to the effect of gunpowder.

⁵ Or cheat against cheat. The Cretans were famous as liars.

It is no great wonder if in long process of time, while fortune takes her course hither and thither, numerous coincidences should spontaneously occur. If the number and variety of subjects to be wrought upon be infinite, it is all the more easy for fortune, with such an abundance of material, to effect this similarity of results.¹

Life of Sertorius.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence; and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.

Ibid.

Agesilaus being invited once to hear a man who admirably imitated the nightingale, he declined, saying he had heard the nightingale itself.²

Life of Agesilaus II.

It is circumstance and proper measure that give an action its character, and make it either good or bad.

Ibid.

The old proverb was now made good, "the mountain had brought forth a mouse."³

Ibid.

Pompey bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun.⁴

Life of Pompey.

¹ 'Tis one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays, book ii. chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.*

I shall be content if those shall pronounce my History useful who desire to give a view of events as they did really happen, and as they are very likely, in accordance with human nature, to repeat themselves at some future time, — it not exactly the same, yet very similar. — THUCYDIDES: *Historia, i. 2, 2.*

What is this day supported by precedents will hereafter become a precedent. — *Ibid., Annals, xi. 24.*

² Agesilaus being exhorted to hear one that imitated the voice of a nightingale, "I have often," said he, "heard nightingales themselves." — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Agesilaus.)*

³ See Horace, page 892.

⁴ See Garrick, page 387.

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro in no obscure and indirect terms "with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising." — TACITUS: *Annals, book iv c. 47, 20.*

When some were saying that if Cæsar should march against the city they could not see what forces there were to resist him, Pompey replied with a smile, bidding them be in no concern, "for whenever I stamp my foot in any part of Italy there will rise up forces enough in an instant, both horse and foot." *Life of Pompey*

The most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men.

Life of Alexander.

Whenever Alexander heard Philip had taken any town of importance, or won any signal victory, instead of rejoicing at it altogether, he would tell his companions that his father would anticipate everything, and leave him and them no opportunities of performing great and illustrious actions.¹

Ibid.

Alexander said, "I assure you I had rather excel others in the knowledge of what is excellent, than in the extent of my power and dominion."

Ibid.

When Alexander asked Diogenes whether he wanted anything, "Yes," said he, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun."

Ibid.

When asked why he parted with his wife, Cæsar replied, "I wished my wife to be not so much as suspected."²

Life of Cæsar.

For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome.³

Ibid.

Using the proverb frequently in their mouths who enter upon dangerous and bold attempts, "The die is cast," he took the river.⁴

Ibid.

¹ While Alexander was a boy, Philip had great success in his affairs, at which he did not rejoice, but told the children that were brought up with him, "My father will leave me nothing to do." — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. (Alexander.)*

² Cæsar's wife ought to be free from suspicion. — *Roman Apophthegms. (Cæsar.)*

³ I had rather be the first in this town than second in Rome. — *Ibid.*

⁴ He passed the river Rubicon, saying, "Let every die be thrown." — *Ibid.*

“And this,” said Cæsar, “you know, young man, is more disagreeable for me to say than to do.”¹

Life of Cæsar.

Go on, my friend, and fear nothing; you carry Cæsar and his fortunes in your boat.²

Ibid.

Cæsar said to the soothsayer, “The ides of March are come;” who answered him calmly, “Yes, they are come, but they are not past.”³

Ibid.

Even a nod from a person who is esteemed is of more force than a thousand arguments or studied sentences from others.

Life of Phocion.

Demosthenes told Phocion, “The Athenians will kill you some day when they once are in a rage.” “And you,” said he, “if they are once in their senses.”⁴

Ibid.

Pythias once, scoffing at Demosthenes, said that his arguments smelt of the lamp.

Life of Demosthenes.

Demosthenes overcame and rendered more distinct his inarticulate and stammering pronunciation by speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

Ibid.

In his house he had a large looking-glass, before which he would stand and go through his exercises.

Ibid.

Cicero called Aristotle a river of flowing gold, and said of Plato’s Dialogues, that if Jupiter were to speak, it would be in language like theirs.

Life of Cicero.

(From Plutarch’s Morals. Translated by several hands; corrected and revised by W. W. Goodwin, Ph. D., Harvard University.)

For water continually dropping will wear hard rocks hollow.⁵

Of the Training of Children.

¹ Cæsar said to Metellus, “This, young man, is harder for me to say than do.” — *Roman Apophthegms.* (Cæsar.)

² Trust Fortune, and know that you carry Cæsar. — *Ibid.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 112.

⁴ Demosthenes the orator told Phocion, “If the Athenians should be mad, they would kill you.” “Like enough,” said he, — “me if they were mad, but you if they were wise.” — *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.* (Phocion.)

⁵ See Lyly, page 32.

It is a true proverb, that if you live with a lame man you will learn to halt. *Of the Training of Children.*

The very spring and root of honesty and virtue lie in the felicity of lighting on good education. *Ibid.*

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended, but the glory belongs to our ancestors. *Ibid.*

According to the proverb, the best things are the most difficult. *Ibid.*

To sing the same tune, as the saying is, is in everything cloying and offensive; but men are generally pleased with variety. *Ibid.*

Children are to be won to follow liberal studies by exhortations and rational motives, and on no account to be forced thereto by whipping. *Ibid.*

Nothing made the horse so fat as the king's eye. *Ibid.*

Democritus said, words are but the shadows of actions. *Ibid.*

'T is a wise saying, Drive on your own track. *Ibid.*

It is a point of wisdom to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well. *Ibid.*

Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls, and waste them with vexatious cares.¹ *Ibid.*

Abstain from beans; that is, keep out of public offices, for anciently the choice of the officers of state was made by beans. *Ibid.*

When men are arrived at the goal, they should not turn back.² *Ibid.*

The whole life of man is but a point of time; let us enjoy it, therefore, while it lasts, and not spend it to no purpose. *Ibid.*

An old doting fool, with one foot already in the grave.³ *Ibid.*

¹ See Spenser, page 30.

² See Publius Syrus page 897.

³ See Beaumont and Fletcher, page 198.

Xenophanes said, "I confess myself the greatest coward in the world, for I dare not do an ill thing."

Of Bashfulness.

One made the observation of the people of Asia that they were all slaves to one man, merely because they could not pronounce that syllable No.

Ibid.

Euripides was wont to say, "Silence is an answer to a wise man."

Ibid.

Zeno first started that doctrine that knavery is the best defence against a knave.¹

Ibid.

Alexander wept when he heard from Anaxarchus that there was an infinite number of worlds; and his friends asking him if any accident had befallen him, he returns this answer: "Do you not think it a matter worthy of lamentation that when there is such a vast multitude of them, we have not yet conquered one?"

On the Tranquillity of the Mind.

Like the man who threw a stone at a bitch, but hit his step-mother, on which he exclaimed, "Not so bad!"

Ibid.

Pittacus said, "Every one of you hath his particular plague, and my wife is mine; and he is very happy who hath this only."

Ibid.

He was a man, which, as Plato saith, is a very inconstant creature.²

Ibid.

The pilot cannot mitigate the billows or calm the winds.³

Ibid.

I, for my own part, had much rather people should say of me that there neither is nor ever was such a man as Plutarch, than that they should say, "Plutarch is an unsteady, fickle, froward, vindictive, and touchy fellow."

Of Superstition.

¹ Set a thief to catch a thief. — BOHN: *A Hand-book of Proverbs.*

² Man in sooth is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject. — MONTAIGNE: *Works, book i. chap. i. That Men by various Ways arrive at the same End.*

³ See Publius Syrus, page 898.

Scilurus on his death-bed, being about to leave four-score sons surviving, offered a bundle of darts to each of them, and bade them break them. When all refused, drawing out one by one, he easily broke them, — thus teaching them that if they held together, they would continue strong; but if they fell out and were divided, they would become weak.

*Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders.*¹ *Scilurus.*

Dionysius the Elder, being asked whether he was at leisure, he replied, “God forbid that it should ever befall me!”

Dionysius.

A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. He answered, “In silence.”

Archelaus.

When Philip had news brought him of divers and eminent successes in one day, “O Fortune!” said he, “for all these so great kindnesses do me some small mischief.”

Philip.

There were two brothers called Both and Either; perceiving Either was a good, understanding, busy fellow, and Both a silly fellow and good for little, Philip said, “Either is both, and Both is neither.”

Ibid.

Philip being arbitrator betwixt two wicked persons, he commanded one to fly out of Macedonia and the other to pursue him.

Ibid.

Being about to pitch his camp in a likely place, and hearing there was no hay to be had for the cattle, “What a life,” said he, “is ours, since we must live according to the convenience of asses!”

Ibid.

“These Macedonians,” said he, “are a rude and clownish people, that call a spade a spade.”²

Ibid.

¹ Rejected by some critics as not a genuine work of Plutarch. — EMERSON.

² Τὰ σῦκα σῦκα, τὴν σκάφην δὲ σκάφην ὀνομάζων. — ARISTOPHANES, as quoted in Lucian, Quom. Hist. sit conscrib. 41.

Brought up like a rude Macedon, and taught to call a spade a spade. — GOSSON : *Ephemerides of Phialo* (1579).

He made one of Antipater's recommendation a judge; and perceiving afterwards that his hair and beard were coloured, he removed him, saying, "I could not think one that was faithless in his hair could be trusty in his deeds." *Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Philip.*

Being nimble and light-footed, his father encouraged him to run in the Olympic race. "Yes," said he, "if there were any kings there to run with me." *Alexander.*

When Darius offered him ten thousand talents, and to divide Asia equally with him, "I would accept it," said Parmenio, "were I Alexander." "And so truly would I," said Alexander, "if I were Parmenio." But he answered Darius that the earth could not bear two suns, nor Asia two kings. *Ibid.*

When he was wounded with an arrow in the ankle, and many ran to him that were wont to call him a god, he said smiling, "That is blood, as you see, and not, as Homer saith, 'such humour as distils from blessed gods.'" *Ibid.*

Aristodemus, a friend of Antigonus, supposed to be a cook's son, advised him to moderate his gifts and expenses. "Thy words," said he, "Aristodemus, smell of the apron." *Antigonus I.*

Thrasyllus the Cynic begged a drachm of Antigonus. "That," said he, "is too little for a king to give." "Why, then," said the other, "give me a talent." "And that," said he, "is too much for a Cynic (or, for a dog) to receive." *Ibid.*

Antagoras the poet was boiling a conger, and Antigonus, coming behind him as he was stirring his skillet, said, "Do you think, Antagoras, that Homer boiled congers when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon?" Antagoras replied, "Do you think, O king, that Agamemnon, when he did such exploits, was a peeping in his army to see who boiled congers?" *Ibid.*

Pyrrhus said, "If I should overcome the Romans in another fight, I were undone."

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Pyrrhus.

Themistocles being asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, said, "Which would you rather be, — a conqueror in the Olympic games, or the crier that proclaims who are conquerors?"

Themistocles.

He preferred an honest man that wooed his daughter, before a rich man. "I would rather," said Themistocles, "have a man that wants money than money that wants a man."

Ibid.

Alcibiades had a very handsome dog, that cost him seven thousand drachmas; and he cut off his tail, "that," said he, "the Athenians may have this story to tell of me, and may concern themselves no further with me."

Alcibiades.

Being summoned by the Athenians out of Sicily to plead for his life, Alcibiades absconded, saying that that criminal was a fool who studied a defence when he might fly for it.

Ibid.

Lamachus chid a captain for a fault; and when he had said he would do so no more, "Sir," said he, "in war there is no room for a second miscarriage." Said one to Iphicrates, "What are ye afraid of?" "Of all speeches," said he, "none is so dishonourable for a general as 'I should not have thought of it.'"

Iphicrates.

To Harmodius, descended from the ancient Harmodius, when he reviled Iphicrates [a shoemaker's son] for his mean birth, "My nobility," said he, "begins in me, but yours ends in you."¹

Ibid.

Once when Phocion had delivered an opinion which pleased the people, . . . he turned to his friend and said, "Have I not unawares spoken some mischievous thing or other?"

Phocion.

¹ I am my own ancestor. — JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTES (when asked as to his ancestry).

Phocion compared the speeches of Leosthenes to cypress-trees. "They are tall," said he, "and comely, but bear no fruit."

Apophthegms of Kings and Great Commanders. Phocion.

Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian brought long hair into fashion among his countrymen, saying that it rendered those that were handsome more beautiful, and those that were deformed more terrible. To one that advised him to set up a democracy in Sparta, "Pray," said Lycurgus, "do you first set up a democracy in your own house."

Lycurgus.

King Agis said, "The Lacedæmonians are not wont to ask how many, but where the enemy are."

Agis

Lysander said, "Where the lion's skin will not reach, it must be pieced with the fox's."¹

Lysander

To one that promised to give him hardy cocks that would die fighting, "Prithee," said Cleomenes, "give me cocks that will kill fighting."

Cleomenes.

When Eudæmonidas heard a philosopher arguing that only a wise man can be a good general, "This is a wonderful speech," said he; "but he that saith it never heard the sound of trumpets."

Eudæmonidas.

A soldier told Pelopidas, "We are fallen among the enemies." Said he, "How are we fallen among them more than they among us?"

Pelopidas.

Cato the elder wondered how that city was preserved wherein a fish was sold for more than an ox.

Roman Apophthegms. Cato the Elder.

Cato instigated the magistrates to punish all offenders, saying that they that did not prevent crimes when they might, encouraged them.² Of young men, he liked them that blushed better than those who looked pale. *Ibid.*

¹ Lysander said, "When the lion's skin cannot prevail, a little of the fox's must be used." — *Laconic Apophthegms. (Lysander.)*

² Pardon one offence, and you encourage the commission of many. — PUBLIUS SYRUS: *Maxim 750.*

Cato requested old men not to add the disgrace of wickedness to old age, which was accompanied with many other evils. *Roman Apophthegms. Cato the Elder.*

He said they that were serious in ridiculous matters would be ridiculous in serious affairs. *Ibid.*

Cicero said loud-bawling orators were driven by their weakness to noise, as lame men to take horse. *Cicero.*

After the battle in Pharsalia, when Pompey was fled, one Nonius said they had seven eagles left still, and advised to try what they would do. "Your advice," said Cicero, "were good if we were to fight jackdaws." *Ibid.*

After he routed Pharnaces Ponticus at the first assault, he wrote thus to his friends: "I came, I saw, I conquered."¹ *Cæsar.*

As Cæsar was at supper the discourse was of death, — which sort was the best. "That," said he, "which is unexpected." *Ibid.*

As Athenodorus was taking his leave of Cæsar, "Remember," said he, "Cæsar, whenever you are angry, to say or do nothing before you have repeated the four-and-twenty letters to yourself." *Cæsar Augustus.*

"Young men," said Cæsar, "hear an old man to whom old men hearkened when he was young." *Ibid.*

Remember what Simonides said, — that he never repented that he had held his tongue, but often that he had spoken.² *Rules for the Preservation of Health. 7.*

Custom is almost a second nature.³ *18.*

Epaminondas is reported wittily to have said of a good man that died about the time of the battle of Leuctra, "How came he to have so much leisure as to die, when there was so much stirring?"

25

¹ Veni, vidi, vici.

² See Publius Syrus, page 900.

³ See "Of Unknown Authorship," page 893. Also Publius Syrus, page 895.

Have in readiness this saying of Solon, "But we will not give up our virtue in exchange for their wealth."

How to profit by our Enemies.

Socrates thought that if all our misfortunes were laid in one common heap, whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be contented to take their own and depart.

Consolation to Apollonius.

Diogenes the Cynic, when a little before his death he fell into a slumber, and his physician rousing him out of it asked him whether anything ailed him, wisely answered, "Nothing, sir; only one brother anticipates another, — Sleep before Death."

Ibid.

About Pontus there are some creatures of such an extempore being that the whole term of their life is confined within the space of a day; for they are brought forth in the morning, are in the prime of their existence at noon, grow old at night, and then die.

Ibid.

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.

Ibid.

For many, as Cranton tells us, and those very wise men, not now but long ago, have deplored the condition of human nature, esteeming life a punishment, and to be born a man the highest pitch of calamity; this, Aristotle tells us, Silenus declared when he was brought captive to Midas.

There are two sentences inscribed upon the Delphic oracle, hugely accommodated to the usages of man's life: "Know thyself,"¹ and "Nothing too much;" and upon these all other precepts depend.

Ibid.

To one commending an orator for his skill in amplifying petty matters, Agesilaus said, "I do not think that

¹ See Pope, page 317.

Plutarch ascribes this saying to Plato. It is also ascribed to Pythagoras, Chilo, Thales, Cleobulus, Bias, and Socrates; also to Phemonè, a mythical Greek poetess of the ante-Homeric period. Juvenal (Satire xi. 27) says that this precept descended from heaven.

shoemaker a good workman that makes a great shoe for a little foot.”

Laconic Apophthegms. Of Agesilaus the Great.

“I will show,” said Agesilaus, “that it is not the places that grace men, but men the places.”

Ibid.

When one asked him what boys should learn, “That,” said he, “which they shall use when men.”

Ibid.

Agesilaus was very fond of his children; and it is reported that once toying with them he got astride upon a reed as upon a horse, and rode about the room; and being seen by one of his friends, he desired him not to speak of it till he had children of his own.

Ibid.

When Demaratus was asked whether he held his tongue because he was a fool or for want of words, he replied, “A fool cannot hold his tongue.”

Of Demaratus.

Lysander, when Dionysius sent him two gowns, and bade him choose which he would carry to his daughter, said, “She can choose best,” and so took both away with him.

Of Lysander.

A physician, after he had felt the pulse of Pausanias, and considered his constitution, saying, “He ails nothing,” “It is because, sir,” he replied, “I use none of your physic.”

Of Pausanias the Son of Plistoanax.

And when the physician said, “Sir, you are an old man,” “That happens,” replied Pausanias, “because you never were my doctor.”

Ibid.

When one told Plistarchus that a notorious railer spoke well of him, “I’ll lay my life,” said he, “somebody hath told him I am dead, for he can speak well of no man living.”

Of Plistarchus.

Anacharsis said a man’s felicity consists not in the outward and visible favours and blessings of Fortune, but in the inward and unseen perfections and riches of the mind.

The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. 11

Said Periander, "Hesiod might as well have kept his breath to cool his pottage."¹

The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men. 14.

Socrates said, "Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live."²

How a Young Man ought to hear Poems. 4.

And Archimedes, as he was washing, thought of a manner of computing the proportion of gold in King Hiero's crown by seeing the water flowing over the bathing-stool. He leaped up as one possessed or inspired, crying, "I have found it! Eureka!"

Pleasure not attainable according to Epicurus. 11.

Said Scopas of Thessaly, "We rich men count our felicity and happiness to lie in these superfluities, and not in those necessary things."³

Of the Love of Wealth.

That proverbial saying, "Ill news goes quick and far."

Of Inquisitiveness.

A traveller at Sparta, standing long upon one leg, said to a Lacedæmonian, "I do not believe you can do as much." "True," said he, "but every goose can."

Remarkable Speeches.

Spintharus, speaking in commendation of Epaminondas, says he scarce ever met with any man who knew more and spoke less.

Of Hearing. 6.

It is a thing of no great difficulty to raise objections against another man's oration, — nay, it is a very easy matter; but to produce a better in its place is a work extremely troublesome.

Ibid.

Antiphanes said merrily, that in a certain city the cold was so intense that words were congealed as soon

¹ Spare your breath to cool your porridge. — RABELAIS: *Works*, book v. chap. xxviii.

² See Fielding, page 363.

He used to say that other men lived to eat, but that he ate to live. — DIOGENES LAËRTIUS: *Socrates*, xiv.

³ See Holmes, page 692.

as spoken, but that after some time they thawed and became audible; so that the words spoken in winter were articulated next summer.¹ *Of Man's Progress in Virtue.*

As those persons who despair of ever being rich make little account of small expenses, thinking that little added to a little will never make any great sum. *Ibid.*

What is bigger than an elephant? But this also is become man's plaything, and a spectacle at public solemnities; and it learns to skip, dance, and kneel. *Of Fortune.*

No man ever wetted clay and then left it, as if there would be bricks by chance and fortune. *Ibid.*

Alexander was wont to say, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." *Of the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander the Great.*

When the candles are out all women are fair.² *Conjugal Precepts.*

Like watermen, who look astern while they row the boat ahead.³ *Whether 't was rightfully said, Live Concealed.*

Socrates said he was not an Athenian or a Greek, but a citizen of the world.⁴ *Of Banishment.*

Anaximander says that men were first produced in fishes, and when they were grown up and able to help themselves were thrown up, and so lived upon the land. *Symposiacs. Book. viii. Question viii.*

Athenodorus says hydrophobia, or water-dread, was first discovered in the time of Asclepiades. *Question ix.*

¹ In the "Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (Rudolphe Erich Raspe), stories gathered from various sources, is found the story of sound being frozen for a time in a post-horn, which when thawed gave a variety of tunes. A somewhat similar account is found in Rabelais, book iv. chaps. lv. lvi., referring to Antiphanes.

² See Heywood, page 11.

³ See Burton, page 186.

⁴ See Garrison, page 633.

Let us not wonder if something happens which never was before, or if something doth not appear among us with which the ancients were acquainted.

Symposiacs. Book viii. Question ix.

Why does pouring oil on the sea make it clear and calm? Is it for that the winds, slipping the smooth oil, have no force, nor cause any waves? ¹

The great god Pan is dead. ²

Why the Oracles cease to give Answers.

I am whatever was, or is, or will be; and my veil no mortal ever took up. ³

Of Isis and Osiris.

When Hermodotus in his poems described Antigonus as the son of Helios, "My valet-de-chambre," said he, "is not aware of this." ⁴

Ibid.

There is no debt with so much prejudice put off as that of justice.

Of those whom God is slow to punish.

It is a difficult thing for a man to resist the natural necessity of mortal passions.

Ibid.

He is a fool who lets slip a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush. ⁵

Of Garrulity.

¹ See Pliny, page 903.

² See Mrs. Browning, page 658.

Plutarch relates (Isis and Osiris) that a ship well laden with passengers drove with the tide near the Isles of Paxi, when a loud voice was heard by most of the passengers calling unto one Thanus. The voice then said aloud to him, "When you are arrived at Palodes, take care to make it known that the great god Pan is dead."

³ I am the things that are, and those that are to be, and those that have been. No one ever lifted my skirts; the fruit which I bore was the sun. — PROCLUS: *On Plato's Timæus*, p. 30 D. (Inscription in the temple of Neith at Sais, in Egypt.)

⁴ No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. — MARSHAL CATAINAT (1637-1712).

Few men have been admired by their domestics. — MONTAIGNE: *Essays*, book iii. chap. 2.

This phrase, "No man is a hero to his valet," is commonly attributed to Madame de Sévigné, but on the authority of Madame Aissé (Letters, edited by Jules Ravenal, 1853) it really belongs to Madame Cornuel.

⁵ See Heywood, page 15.

We are more sensible of what is done against custom than against Nature.

Of Eating of Flesh. Tract 1.

When Demosthenes was asked what was the first part of oratory, he answered, "Action;" and which was the second, he replied, "Action;" and which was the third, he still answered, "Action."

Lives of the Ten Orators

Xenophon says that there is no sound more pleasing than one's own praises.

Whether an Aged Man ought to meddle in State Affairs.

Lampis, the sea commander, being asked how he got his wealth, answered, "My greatest estate I gained easily enough, but the smaller slowly and with much labour."

Ibid.

The general himself ought to be such a one as can at the same time see both forward and backward.

Ibid.

Statesmen are not only liable to give an account of what they say or do in public, but there is a busy inquiry made into their very meals, beds, marriages, and every other sportive or serious action.

Political Precepts

Leo Byzantius said, "What would you do, if you saw my wife, who scarce reaches up to my knees? . . . Yet," went he on, "as little as we are, when we fall out with each other, the city of Byzantium is not big enough to hold us."

Ibid.

Cato said, "I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up, than why it is."

Ibid.

It was the saying of Bion, that though the boys throw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs do not die in sport but in earnest.¹

Which are the most crafty, Water or Land Animals? 7.

¹ Though this may be play to you,

'Tis death to us.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE : *Fables from Several Authors. Fable 398.*

Both Empedocles and Heraclitus held it for a truth that man could not be altogether cleared from injustice in dealing with beasts as he now does.

Which are the most crafty, Water or Land Animals? 7.

For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human.¹

Against Colotes.

Simonides calls painting silent poetry, and poetry speaking painting.

Whether the Athenians were more Warlike or Learned. 3.

As Meander says, "For our mind is God;" and as Heraclitus, "Man's genius is a deity."

Platonic Questions. 8.

Pythagoras, when he was asked what time was, answered that it was the soul of this world.

viii. 4.

EPICTETUS. *Circa 60 A. D.*

(The translation used here is that of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, based on that of Elizabeth Carter (1866).)

To a reasonable creature, that alone is insupportable which is unreasonable; but everything reasonable may be supported.

Discourses. Chap. ii.

Yet God hath not only granted these faculties, by which we may bear every event without being depressed or broken by it, but like a good prince and a true father, hath placed their exercise above restraint, compulsion, or hindrance, and wholly without our own control.

Chap. vi.

In a word, neither death, nor exile, nor pain, nor anything of this kind is the real cause of our doing or not doing any action, but our inward opinions and principles.

Chap. xi.

¹ See Pope, page 325.

Reason is not measured by size or height, but by principle. *Discourses. Chap. xii.*

O slavish man! will you not bear with your own brother, who has God for his Father, as being a son from the same stock, and of the same high descent? But if you chance to be placed in some superior station, will you presently set yourself up for a tyrant? *Chap. xiii.*

When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone, for you are not alone; but God is within, and your genius is within, — and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? *Chap. xiv.*

No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me that you desire a fig, I answer you that there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen. *Chap. xv.*

Any one thing in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence to an humble and grateful mind. *Chap. xvi.*

Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan. *Ibid.*

Since it is Reason which shapes and regulates all other things, it ought not itself to be left in disorder. *Chap. xvii.*

If what the philosophers say be true, — that all men's actions proceed from one source; that as they assent from a persuasion that a thing is so, and dissent from a persuasion that it is not, and suspend their judgment from a persuasion that it is uncertain, — so likewise they seek a thing from a persuasion that it is for their advantage. *Chap. xviii.*

Practise yourself, for heaven's sake, in little things; and thence proceed to greater. *Ibid.*

Every art and every faculty contemplates certain things as its principal objects. *Discourses. Chap. xx.*

Why, then, do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod? *Chap. xxi.*

When one maintains his proper attitude in life, he does not long after externals. What would you have, O man? *Ibid.*

Difficulties are things that show what men are. *Chap. xxiv.*

If we are not stupid or insincere when we say that the good or ill of man lies within his own will, and that all beside is nothing to us, why are we still troubled? *Chap. xxv.*

In theory there is nothing to hinder our following what we are taught; but in life there are many things to draw us aside. *Chap. xxvi.*

Appearances to the mind are of four kinds. Things either are what they appear to be; or they neither are, nor appear to be; or they are, and do not appear to be; or they are not, and yet appear to be. Rightly to aim in all these cases is the wise man's task. *Chap. xxvii.*

The appearance of things to the mind is the standard of every action to man.

That we ought not to be angry with Mankind. Chap. xxviii.

The essence of good and evil is a certain disposition of the will. *Of Courage. Chap. xxix.*

It is not reasonings that are wanted now; for there are books stuffed full of stoical reasonings. *Ibid.*

For what constitutes a child? — Ignorance. What constitutes a child? — Want of instruction; for they are our equals so far as their degree of knowledge permits.

That Courage is not inconsistent with Caution. Book ii. Chap. i.

Appear to know only this, — never to fail nor fall.

That Courage is not inconsistent with Caution. Book ii. Chap. i.

The materials of action are variable, but the use we make of them should be constant.

How Nobleness of Mind may be consistent with Prudence. Chap. v.

Shall I show you the muscular training of a philosopher? “What muscles are those?” — A will undispappointed; evils avoided; powers daily exercised; careful resolutions; unerring decisions.

Wherein consists the Essence of Good. Chap. viii.

Dare to look up to God and say, “Make use of me for the future as Thou wilt. I am of the same mind; I am one with Thee. I refuse nothing which seems good to Thee. Lead me whither Thou wilt. Clothe me in whatever dress Thou wilt.”

That we do not study to make Use of the established Principles concerning Good and Evil. Chap. xvi.

What is the first business of one who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks that he already knows.

How to apply general Principles to particular Cases. Chap. xvii.

Every habit and faculty is preserved and increased by correspondent actions, — as the habit of walking, by walking; of running, by running.

How the Semblances of Things are to be combated. Chap. xviii.

Whatever you would make habitual, practise it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practise it, but habituate yourself to something else. *Ibid.*

Reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. *Ibid.*

Be not hurried away by excitement, but say, "Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are and what you represent. Let me try you."

How the Semblances of Things are to be combated. Chap. xviii.

Things true and evident must of necessity be recognized by those who would contradict them.

Concerning the Epicureans. Chap. xx.

There are some things which men confess with ease, and others with difficulty.

Of Inconsistency. Chap. xxi.

Who is there whom bright and agreeable children do not attract to play and creep and prattle with them?

Concerning a Person whom he treated with Disregard. Chap. xxiv.

Two rules we should always have ready, — that there is nothing good or evil save in the will; and that we are not to lead events, but to follow them.

In what Manner we ought to bear Sickness. Book iii. Chap. x.

In every affair consider what precedes and what follows, and then undertake it.¹

That Everything is to be undertaken with Circumspection. Chap. xv.

There is a fine circumstance connected with the character of a Cynic, — that he must be beaten like an ass, and yet when beaten must love those who beat him, as the father, as the brother of all.

Of the Cynic Philosophy. Chap. xxii.

First say to yourself what you would be; and then do what you have to do.

Concerning such as read and dispute ostentatiously. Chap. xxiii.

Let not another's disobedience to Nature become an ill to you; for you were not born to be depressed and unhappy with others, but to be happy with them. And if any is unhappy, remember that he is so for himself; for God made all men to enjoy felicity and peace.

That we ought not to be affected by Things not in our own Power. Chap. xxiv.

Everything has two handles, — one by which it may be borne; another by which it cannot. *Enchiridion. xlviii.*

¹ See Publius Syrus, page 898.

TACITUS. 54-119 A. D.

(The Oxford Translation. Bohn's Classical Library.)

The images of twenty of the most illustrious families — the Manlii, the Quinctii, and other names of equal splendour — were carried before it [the bier of Junia]. Those of Brutus and Cassius were not displayed; but for that very reason they shone with pre-eminent lustre.¹

Annales. iii. 76. 11.

He had talents equal to business, and aspired no higher.²

vi. 39, 17.

He [Tiberius] upbraided Macro, in no obscure and indirect terms, “with forsaking the setting sun and turning to the rising.”³

52 (46).

He possessed a peculiar talent of producing effect in whatever he said or did.⁴

Historiæ. ii. 80.

Some might consider him as too fond of fame; for the desire of glory clings even to the best men longer than any other passion.⁵

iv. 6.

The gods looked with favour on superior courage.⁶

17.

They make solitude, which they call peace.⁷

Agricola. 30.

Think of your ancestors and your posterity.⁸

32.

It belongs to human nature to hate those you have injured.⁹

42

¹ Lord John Russell, alluding to an expression used by him (“Conspicuous by his absence”) in his address to the electors of the city of London, said, “It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity.”

² See Mathew Henry, page 284.

⁴ See Chesterfield, page 353.

⁶ See Gibbon, page 430

⁸ See John Quincy Adams, page 458.

⁵ See Plutarch, page 912.

⁵ See Milton, page 247.

⁷ See Byron, page 550.

⁹ See Seneca, page 94.

PLINY THE YOUNGER. 61-105 A. D.

(Translation by William Melmoth. Bohn's Classical Library.)

Modestus said of Regulus that he was "the biggest rascal that walks upon two legs."

*Letters.*¹ *Book i. Letter v. 14.*

There is nothing to write about, you say. Well, then, write and let me know just this, — that there *is* nothing to write about; or tell me in the good old style if you are well. That's right. I am quite well.²

Letter xi. 1.

Never do a thing concerning the rectitude of which you are in doubt.

Letter xviii. 5.

The living voice is that which sways the soul.

Book ii. Letter iii. 9.

An object in possession seldom retains the same charm that it had in pursuit.³

Letter xv. 1.

He [Pliny the Elder] used to say that "no book was so bad but some good might be got out of it."⁴

Book iii. Letter v. 10.

This expression of ours, "Father of a family."

Book v. Letter xix. 2.

That indolent but agreeable condition of doing nothing.⁵

Book viii. Letter ix. 3.

Objects which are usually the motives of our travels by land and by sea are often overlooked and neglected if they lie under our eye. . . . We put off from time to time going and seeing what we know we have an opportunity of seeing when we please.

Letter xx. 1.

His only fault is that he has no fault.⁶

Book ix. Letter xxvi. 1.

¹ Book vi. Letter xvi. contains the description of the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, as witnessed by Pliny the Elder.

² This comes to inform you that I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are in the same. Ay, that's the old beginning. — COLMAN: *The Heir at Law*, act iii. sc. 2.

³ See Goldsmith, page 402.

⁴ "There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it." — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part ii. chap. iii.

⁵ *Il dolce far niente* (The sweet do nothing). — *A well known Italian proverb.*

⁶ See Carlyle, page 585.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS. 121-180 A. D.

(Translated by M. H. Morgan, Ph. D., of Harvard University.)

This Being of mine, whatever it really is, consists of a little flesh, a little breath, and the part which governs.

Meditations. ii. 2.

The ways of the gods are full of providence. 3.

Thou wilt find rest from vain fancies if thou doest every act in life as though it were thy last.¹ 5.

Thou seest how few be the things, the which if a man has at his command his life flows gently on and is divine.

Ibid.

Find time still to be learning somewhat good, and give up being desultory. 7.

No state sorrier than that of the man who keeps up a continual round, and pries into "the secrets of the nether world," as saith the poet, and is curious in conjecture of what is in his neighbour's heart. 13.

Though thou be destined to live three thousand years and as many myriads besides, yet remember that no man loseth other life than that which he liveth, nor liveth other than that which he loseth. 14.

For a man can lose neither the past nor the future; for how can one take from him that which is not his? So remember these two points: first, that each thing is of like form from everlasting and comes round again in its cycle, and that it signifies not whether a man shall look upon the same things for a hundred years or two hundred, or for an infinity of time; second, that the longest lived and the shortest lived man, when they come to die, lose one and the same thing. *Ibid.*

¹ See Publius Syrus, page 897.

A similar saying falls from his lips at another time: "Let every act and speech and purpose be framed as though this moment thou mightest take thy leave of life."

As for life, it is a battle and a sojourning in a strange land; but the fame that comes after is oblivion.

Meditations. ii. 17.

Waste not the remnant of thy life in those imaginations touching other folk, whereby thou contributest not to the common weal. *iii. 4.*

The lot assigned to every man is suited to him, and suits him to itself.¹ *Ibid.*

Be not unwilling in what thou doest, neither selfish nor unadvised nor obstinate; let not over-refinement deck out thy thought; be not wordy nor a busybody. 5.

A man should *be* upright, not be *kept* upright. *Ibid.*

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect. 7.

Respect the faculty that forms thy judgments. 9.

Remember that man's life lies all within this present, as 't were but a hair's-breadth of time; as for the rest, the past is gone, the future yet unseen. Short, therefore, is man's life, and narrow is the corner of the earth wherein he dwells. 10

Nothing has such power to broaden the mind as the ability to investigate systematically and truly all that comes under thy observation in life. 11.

As surgeons keep their instruments and knives always at hand for cases requiring immediate treatment, so shouldst thou have thy thoughts ready to understand things divine and human, remembering in thy every act, even the smallest, how close is the bond that unites the two. 13

The ruling power within, when it is in its natural state, is so related to outer circumstances that it easily

¹ The translator is in doubt about this passage. Commentators differ in regard to it, and the text may be corrupt.

changes to accord with what can be done and what is given it to do. *Meditations. iv. 1.*

Let no act be done at haphazard, nor otherwise than according to the finished rules that govern its kind. *2.*

By a tranquil mind I mean nothing else than a mind well ordered. *3.*

Think on this doctrine, — that reasoning beings were created for one another's sake; that to be patient is a branch of justice, and that men sin without intending it. *Ibid.*

The universe is change; our life is what our thoughts make it. *3.*

Nothing can come out of nothing, any more than a thing can go back to nothing. *4.*

Death, like generation, is a secret of Nature. *5.*

That which makes the man no worse than he was makes his life no worse: it has no power to harm, without or within. *8.*

Whatever happens at all happens as it should; thou wilt find this true, if thou shouldst watch narrowly. *10.*

Many the lumps of frankincense on the same altar; one falls there early and another late, but it makes no difference. *15.*

Be not as one that hath ten thousand years to live; death is nigh at hand: while thou livest, while thou hast time, be good. *17.*

How much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbour says or does or thinks, but only at what he does himself, to make it just and holy. *18.*

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised. *20.*

Doth perfect beauty stand in need of praise at all? Nay; no more than law, no more than truth, no more than loving kindness, nor than modesty.

Meditations. iv. 20.

All that is harmony for thee, O Universe, is in harmony with me as well. Nothing that comes at the right time for thee is too early or too late for me. Everything is fruit to me that thy seasons bring, O Nature. All things come of thee, have their being in thee, and return to thee.

23.

“Let thine occupations be few,” saith the sage,¹ “if thou wouldst lead a tranquil life.”

24.

Love the little trade which thou hast learned, and be content therewith.

31.

Remember this, — that there is a proper dignity and proportion to be observed in the performance of every act of life.

32.

All is ephemeral, — fame and the famous as well.

35.

Observe always that everything is the result of a change, and get used to thinking that there is nothing Nature loves so well as to change existing forms and to make new ones like them.

36.

Search men’s governing principles, and consider the wise, what they shun and what they cleave to.

33.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away

43.

All that happens is as usual and familiar as the rose in spring and the crop in summer.

44.

That which comes after ever conforms to that which has gone before.

45.

¹ DEMOCRITUS *apud* SENECAM: *De Ira*, iii. 6; *De Animi Tranquillitate*, 13.

Mark how fleeting and paltry is the estate of man, — yesterday in embryo, to-morrow a mummy or ashes. So for the hair's-breadth of time assigned to thee live rationally, and part with life cheerfully, as drops the ripe olive, extolling the season that bore it and the tree that matured it.

Meditations. iv. 48.

Deem not life a thing of consequence. For look at the yawning void of the future, and at that other limitless space, the past.

50.

Always take the short cut; and that is the rational one. Therefore say and do everything according to soundest reason.

51.

In the morning, when thou art sluggish at rousing thee, let this thought be present; "I am rising to a man's work."

v. 1.

A man makes no noise over a good deed, but passes on to another as a vine to bear grapes again in season.

6.

Flinch not, neither give up nor despair, if the achieving of every act in accordance with right principle is not always continuous with thee.

9.

Nothing happens to anybody which he is not fitted by nature to bear.

18.

Prize that which is best in the universe; and this is that which useth everything and ordereth everything.

21.

Live with the gods.

27.

Look beneath the surface; let not the several quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee.

vi. 3.

The controlling Intelligence understands its own nature, and what it does, and whereon it works.

3.

Do not think that what is hard for thee to master is impossible for man; but if a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it attainable by thee.

19.

If any man can convince me and bring home to me that I do not think or act aright, gladly will I change; for I search after truth, by which man never yet was harmed. But he is harmed who abideth on still in his deception and ignorance. *Meditations. vi. 21.*

Death, — a stopping of impressions through the senses, and of the pulling of the cords of motion, and of the ways of thought, and of service to the flesh. *28.*

Suit thyself to the estate in which thy lot is cast. *39.*

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee. *54.*

How many, once lauded in song, are given over to the forgotten; and how many who sung their praises are clean gone long ago! *vii. 6*

One Universe made up of all that is; and one God in it all, and one principle of Being, and one Law, the Reason, shared by all thinking creatures, and one Truth. *9.*

To a rational being it is the same thing to act according to nature and according to reason. *11.*

Let not thy mind run on what thou lackest as much as on what thou hast already. *27.*

Just as the sand-dunes, heaped one upon another, hide each the first, so in life the former deeds are quickly hidden by those that follow after. *34.*

The art of living is more like wrestling than dancing, in so far as it stands ready against the accidental and the unforeseen, and is not apt to fall. *61.*

Remember this, — that very little is needed to make a happy life. *67.*

Remember that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right, is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before. *viii. 16.*

Look to the essence of a thing, whether it be a point of doctrine, of practice, or of interpretation.

Meditations. viii. 22.

A man's happiness, — to do the things proper to man.

26.

Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought.

51.

He that knows not what the world is, knows not where he is himself. He that knows not for what he was made, knows not what he is nor what the world is.

52.

The nature of the universe is the nature of things that are. Now, things that are have kinship with things that are from the beginning. Further, this nature is styled Truth; and it is the first cause of all that is true.

ix. 1.

He would be the finer gentleman that should leave the world without having tasted of lying or pretence of any sort, or of wantonness or conceit.

2.

Think not disdainfully of death, but look on it with favour; for even death is one of the things that Nature wills.

3.

A wrong-doer is often a man that has left something undone, not always he that has done something.

5.

Blot out vain pomp; check impulse; quench appetite; keep reason under its own control.

7.

Things that have a common quality ever quickly seek their kind.

9.

All things are the same, — familiar in enterprise, momentary in endurance, coarse in substance. All things now are as they were in the day of those whom we have buried.

14.

The happiness and unhappiness of the rational, social animal depends not on what he feels but on what he does; just as his virtue and vice consist not in feeling but in doing.

16.

Everything is in a state of metamorphosis. Thou thyself art in everlasting change and in corruption to correspond; so is the whole universe. *Meditations. ix. 19.*

Forward, as occasion offers. Never look round to see whether any shall note it. . . . Be satisfied with success in even the smallest matter, and think that even such a result is no trifle. *29*

He that dies in extreme old age will be reduced to the same state with him that is cut down untimely. *33.*

Whatever may befall thee, it was preordained for thee from everlasting. *x. 5.*

“The earth loveth the shower,” and “the holy ether knoweth what love is.”¹ The Universe, too, loves to create whatsoever is destined to be made. *21.*

Remember that what pulls the strings is the force hidden within; there lies the power to persuade, there the life, — there, if one must speak out, the real man. *38.*

No form of Nature is inferior to Art; for the arts merely imitate natural forms. *xi. 10.*

If it is not seemly, do it not; if it is not true, speak it not. *xii. 17.*

TERTULLIAN. 160–240 A. D.

See how these Christians love one another.

Apologeticus. c. 39.

Blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

c. 50.

It is certain because it is impossible.²

De Carne Christi. c. 5.

He who flees will fight again.³

De Fuga in Persecutione. c. 10.

¹ *Fragmenta Euripidis, apud Aristotelem, N. A. viii. 1, 6.*

² *Certum est, quia impossibile est.* This is usually misquoted, “*Credo quia impossibile*” (I believe it because it is impossible).

³ See Butler, pages 215, 216.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. *Circa* 200 A. D.

(From "The Lives and Opinions of Eminent Philosophers." Translated by C. D. Yonge, B. A., with occasional corrections. Bohn's Classical Library.)

Alcæus mentions Aristodemus in these lines:—

'T is money makes the man; and he who's none
Is counted neither good nor honourable.

Thales. vii.

Thales said there was no difference between life and death. "Why, then," said some one to him, "do not you die?" "Because," said he, "it *does* make no difference."

ix.

When Thales was asked what was difficult, he said, "To know one's self." And what was easy, "To advise another."

Ibid.

He said that men ought to remember those friends who were absent as well as those who were present.

Ibid.

The apophthegm "Know thyself" is his.¹

xiii.

Writers differ with respect to the apophthegms of the Seven Sages, attributing the same one to various authors.

xiv.

Solon used to say that speech was the image of actions; . . . that laws were like cobwebs,—for that if any trifling or powerless thing fell into them, they held it fast; while if it were something weightier, it broke through them and was off.

Solon. x.

Solon gave the following advice: "Consider your honour, as a gentleman, of more weight than an oath. Never tell a lie. Pay attention to matters of importance."

xvii.

As some say, Solon was the author of the apophthegm, "Nothing in excess."²

xvi

¹ See Pope, page 317. Also Plutarch, page 922.

² Μηδὲν ἄγαν, *nequid nimis*.

Chilo advised, "not to speak evil of the dead."¹

Chilo. ii.

Pittacus said that half was more than the whole.²

Pittacus. ii.

Heraclitus says that Pittacus, when he had got Alcæus into his power, released him, saying, "Forgiveness is better than revenge."³

iii.

One of his sayings was, "Even the gods cannot strive against necessity."⁴

iv.

Another was, "Watch your opportunity."

vii.

Bias used to say that men ought to calculate life both as if they were fated to live a long and a short time, and that they ought to love one another as if at a future time they would come to hate one another; for that most men were bad.

Bias. i.

Ignorance plays the chief part among men, and the multitude of words;⁵ but opportunity will prevail.

Cleobulus. iv.

The saying, "Practice is everything," is Periander's.⁶

Periander. vi.

Anarcharsis, on learning that the sides of a ship were four fingers thick, said that "the passengers were just that distance from death."⁷

Anarcharsis. v.

He used to say that it was better to have one friend of great value than many friends who were good for nothing.

Ibid.

¹ De mortuis nil nisi bonum (Of the dead be nothing said but what is good.) — *Of unknown authorship.*

² See Hesiod, page 879.

³ Quoted by Epictetus (Fragment lxii.), "Forgiveness is better than punishment; for the one is the proof of a gentle, the other of a savage nature."

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 115.

⁵ In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin. — *Proverbs x. 19.*

⁶ See Publius Syrus, page 896.

⁷ "How thick do you judge the planks of our ship to be?" "Some two good inches and upward," returned the pilot. "It seems, then, we are within two fingers' breadth of damnation." — *RABELAIS: book iv. chap. xxiii.*

It was a common saying of Myson that men ought not to investigate things from words, but words from things; for that things are not made for the sake of words, but words for things.

Myson. iii.

Epimenides was sent by his father into the field to look for a sheep, turned out of the road at mid-day and lay down in a certain cave and fell asleep, and slept there fifty-seven years; and after that, when awake, he went on looking for the sheep, thinking that he had been taking a short nap.¹

Epimenides. ii.

There are many marvellous stories told of Pherecydes. For it is said that he was walking along the seashore at Samos, and that seeing a ship sailing by with a fair wind, he said that it would soon sink; and presently it sank before his eyes. At another time he was drinking some water which had been drawn up out of a well, and he foretold that within three days there would be an earthquake; and there was one.

Pherecydes. ii.

Anaximander used to assert that the primary cause of all things was the Infinite, — not defining exactly whether he meant air or water or anything else.

Anaximander. ii.

Anaxagoras said to a man who was grieving because he was dying in a foreign land, "The descent to Hades is the same from every place."

Anaxagoras. vi.

Aristophanes turns Socrates into ridicule in his comedies, as making the worse appear the better reason.²

Socrates. v.

Often when he was looking on at auctions he would say, "How many things there are which I do not need!"

x.

Socrates said, "Those who want fewest things are nearest to the gods."

xi.

¹ The story of Rip Van Winkle.

² See Milton, page 226.

He said that there was one only good, namely, knowledge; and one only evil, namely, ignorance.

Socrates. xiv.

He declared that he knew nothing, except the fact of his ignorance.

xvi.

Being asked whether it was better to marry or not, he replied, "Whichever you do, you will repent it."

Ibid.

He used to say that other men lived to eat, but that he ate to live.¹

Ibid.

Aristippus being asked what were the most necessary things for well-born boys to learn, said, "Those things which they will put in practice when they become men."

Aristippus. iv.

Aristippus said that a wise man's country was the world.²

xiii.

Like sending owls to Athens, as the proverb goes.

Plato. xxxii.

Plato affirmed that the soul was immortal and clothed in many bodies successively.

xl.

Time is the image of eternity.

xli.

That virtue was sufficient of herself for happiness.³

xlii.

That the gods superintend all the affairs of men, and that there are such beings as dæmons.

Ibid.

There is a written and an unwritten law. The one by which we regulate our constitutions in our cities is the written law; that which arises from custom is the unwritten law.

li.

Plato was continually saying to Xenocrates, "Sacrifice to the Graces."⁴

Xenocrates. iii.

¹ See Plutarch, page 924.

² See Garrison, page 633.

³ See Walton, page 207.

In that [virtue] does happiness consist. — ZENO (page 950).

⁴ See Chesterfield, page 353.

Arcesilaus had a peculiar habit while conversing of using the expression, "My opinion is," and "So and so will not agree to this." *Arcesilaus. xii.*

Bion used to say that the way to the shades below was easy; he could go there with his eyes shut. *Bion. iii.*

Once when Bion was at sea in the company of some wicked men, he fell into the hands of pirates; and when the rest said, "We are undone if we are known," — "But I," said he, "am undone if we are not known." *Ibid.*

Of a rich man who was niggardly he said, "That man does not own his estate, but his estate owns him." *Ibid.*

Bion insisted on the principle that "The property of friends is common." ¹ *ix.*

Very late in life, when he was studying geometry, some one said to Lacydes, "Is it then a time for you to be learning now?" "If it is not," he replied, "when will it be?" *Lacydes. v.*

Aristotle was once asked what those who tell lies gain by it. Said he, "That when they speak truth they are not believed." *Aristotle. xi.*

The question was put to him, what hope is; and his answer was, "The dream of a waking man." ² *Ibid.*

He used to say that personal beauty was a better introduction than any letter; ³ but others say that it was Diogenes who gave this description of it, while Aristotle called beauty "the gift of God;" that Socrates called it "a short-lived tyranny;" Theophrastus, "a silent deceit;" Theocritus, "an ivory mischief;" Carneades, "a sovereignty which stood in need of no guards." *Ibid*

¹ All things are in common among friends. — *DIOGENES* (page 949).

² See Prior, page 288.

³ See Publius Syrus, page 895.

On one occasion Aristotle was asked how much educated men were superior to those uneducated: "As much," said he, "as the living are to the dead."¹

Aristotle. xi.

It was a saying of his that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.

Ibid.

He was once asked what a friend is, and his answer was, "One soul abiding in two bodies."²

Ibid.

Asked what he gained from philosophy, he answered, "To do without being commanded what others do from fear of the laws."

Ibid.

The question was once put to him, how we ought to behave to our friends; and the answer he gave was, "As we should wish our friends to behave to us."

Ibid.

He used to define justice as "a virtue of the soul distributing that which each person deserved."

Ibid.

Another of his sayings was, that education was the best viaticum of old age.

Ibid.

The chief good he has defined to be the exercise of virtue in a perfect life.

xiii.

He used to teach that God is incorporeal, as Plato also asserted, and that his providence extends over all the heavenly bodies.

Ibid.

It was a favourite expression of Theophrastus that time was the most valuable thing that a man could spend.³

Theophrastus. x.

Antisthenes used to say that envious people were devoured by their own disposition, just as iron is by rust.

Antisthenes. iv.

¹ Quoted with great warmth by Dr. Johnson (Boswell). — LANGTON: *Collectanea*.

² See Pope, page 340.

³ See Franklin, page 361.

When he was praised by some wicked men, he said, "I am sadly afraid that I must have done some wicked thing."¹ *Antisthenes. iv*

When asked what learning was the most necessary, he said, "Not to unlearn what you have learned." *Ibid.*

Diogenes would frequently praise those who were about to marry, and yet did not marry. *Diogenes. iv.*

"Bury me on my face," said Diogenes; and when he was asked why, he replied, "Because in a little while everything will be turned upside down." *vi.*

One of the sayings of Diogenes was that most men were within a finger's breadth of being mad; for if a man walked with his middle finger pointing out, folks would think him mad, but not so if it were his forefinger. *Ibid.*

All things are in common among friends.² *Ibid.*

"Be of good cheer," said Diogenes; "I see land." *Ibid.*

Plato having defined man to be a two-legged animal without feathers, Diogenes plucked a cock and brought it into the Academy, and said, "This is Plato's man." On which account this addition was made to the definition, — "With broad flat nails." *Ibid.*

A man once asked Diogenes what was the proper time for supper, and he made answer, "If you are a rich man, whenever you please; and if you are a poor man, whenever you can."³ *Ibid.*

Diogenes lighted a candle in the daytime, and went round saying, "I am looking for a man."⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ See Plutarch, page 919.

² See Terence, page 891. Also, page 947.

³ The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has anything to eat --
RABELAIS : book iv. chap. lxxv.

⁴ The same is told of Æsop.

When asked what he would take to let a man give him a blow on the head, he said, "A helmet."

Diogenes. vi.

Once he saw a youth blushing, and addressed him, "Courage, my boy! that is the complexion of virtue."¹

Ibid.

When asked what wine he liked to drink, he replied, "That which belongs to another."

Ibid.

Asked from what country he came, he replied, "I am a citizen of the world."²

vi.

When a man reproached him for going into unclean places, he said, "The sun too penetrates into privies, but is not polluted by them."³

Ibid.

Diogenes said once to a person who was showing him a dial, "It is a very useful thing to save a man from being too late for supper."

Menedemus. iii.

When Zeno was asked what a friend was, he replied, "Another I."⁴

Zeno. xix.

They say that the first inclination which an animal has is to protect itself.

lii.

One ought to seek out virtue for its own sake, without being influenced by fear or hope, or by any external influence. Moreover, that in *that* does happiness consist.⁵

liii.

The Stoics also teach that God is unity, and that he is called Mind and Fate and Jupiter, and by many other names besides.

lxxviii.

They also say that God is an animal immortal, rational, perfect, and intellectual in his happiness, unsusceptible of any kind of evil, having a foreknowledge of

¹ See Mathew Henry, page 283.

² See Garrison, page 633.

³ See Bacon, page 169.

⁴ See page 948.

⁵ See page 946.

the universe and of all that is in the universe; however, that he has not the figure of a man; and that he is the creator of the universe, and as it were the Father of all things in common, and that a portion of him pervades everything.

Zeno. lxxii.

But Chrysippus, Posidonius, Zeno, and Boëthus say, that all things are produced by fate. And fate is a connected cause of existing things, or the reason according to which the world is regulated.

lxxiv.

Apollodorus says, "If any one were to take away from the books of Chrysippus all the passages which he quotes from other authors, his paper would be left empty."

Chrysippus. iii.

One of the sophisms of Chrysippus was, "If you have not lost a thing, you have it."

xi.

Pythagoras used to say that he had received as a gift from Mercury the perpetual transmigration of his soul, so that it was constantly transmigrating and passing into all sorts of plants or animals.

Pythagoras. iv.

He calls drunkenness an expression identical with ruin.¹

vi.

Among what he called his precepts were such as these: Do not stir the fire with a sword. Do not sit down on a bushel. Do not devour thy heart.²

xvii.

In the time of Pythagoras that proverbial phrase "Ipse dixit"³ was introduced into ordinary life.

xxv.

Xenophanes was the first person who asserted . . . that the soul is a spirit.

Xenophanes. iiii.

It takes a wise man to discover a wise man.

Ibid.

Protagoras asserted that there were two sides to every question, exactly opposite to each other.

Protagoras. iii.

¹ See Hall, page 457.

² See Spenser, page 30.

³ Ἀὐτὸς ἔφα (The master said so).

Nothing can be produced out of nothing.¹

Diogenes of Apollonia. ii.

Xenophanes speaks thus :—

And no man knows distinctly anything,

And no man ever will.

Pyrrho. viii.

Democritus says, “But we know nothing really; for truth lies deep down.”

Ibid.

Euripides says, —

Who knows but that this life is really death,

And whether death is not what men call life?

Ibid.

The mountains, too, at a distance appear airy masses and smooth, but seen near at hand, they are rough.²

ix.

If appearances are deceitful, then they do not deserve any confidence when they assert what appears to them to be true.

xi.

The chief good is the suspension of the judgment, which tranquillity of mind follows like its shadow.

Ibid.

Epicurus laid down the doctrine that pleasure was the chief good.

Epicurus vi.

He alludes to the appearance of a face in the orb of the moon.

xxv.

Fortune is unstable, while our will is free.

xxvii.



ATHENÆUS. *Circa* 200 A. D.

(*Translation by C. D. Yonge, B. A.*)

It was a saying of Demetrius Phalereus, that “Men having often abandoned what was visible for the sake of what was uncertain, have not got what they expected, and have lost what they had, — being unfortunate by an enigmatical sort of calamity.”³

The Deipnosophists. vi. 23.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 146.

² See Campbell, page 512.

³ Said with reference to mining operations.

Every investigation which is guided by principles of Nature fixes its ultimate aim entirely on gratifying the stomach.¹

The Deipnosophists. vii. 11.

Dorion, ridiculing the description of a tempest in the "Nautilus" of Timotheus, said that he had seen a more formidable storm in a boiling saucepan.²

viii. 19.

On one occasion some one put a very little wine into a wine-cooler, and said that it was sixteen years old. "It is very small for its age," said Gnathæna.

xiii. 47.

Goodness does not consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness.³

xiv. 46.

SAINT AUGUSTINE. 354—430.

When I am here, I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday.⁴

Epistle 36. To Casulanus.

The spiritual virtue of a sacrament is like light, — although it passes among the impure, it is not polluted.⁵

Works. Vol. iii. In Johannis Evangelum, c. tr. 5, Sect. 15.

ALI BEN ABOU TALEB.⁶ — — — 660.

Believe me, a thousand friends suffice thee not;
In a single enemy thou hast more than enough.⁷

¹ See Johnson, page 371.

² Tempest in a teapot. — *Proverb.*

³ See Chapman, page 37.

⁴ See Burton, page 193.

⁵ See Bacon, page 169.

⁶ Ali BenAbouTaleb, son-in-law of Mahomet, and fourth caliph, who was for his courage called "The Lion of God," was murdered A. D. 660. He was the author of a "Hundred Sayings."

⁷ Translated by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and wrongly called by him a translation from Omar Khayyám.

Found in Dr. Hermann Tolowicz's "Polyglotte der Orientalischen Poesie."

Translated by James Russell Lowell thus:—

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.

OMAR KHAYYÁM. — —1123.

(Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.)

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

Rubáiyát. Stanza xix.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
 And, Lo ! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
 The NOTHING it set out from. Oh, make haste !

Stanza xlviii.

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
 And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire. *Stanza lxxii.*

The Moving Finger writes ; and having writ,
 Moves on ; nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. *Stanza lxxi.*

And this I know : whether the one True Light
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
 One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright. *Stanza lxxvii.*

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
 And in your blissful errand reach the spot
 Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass.
Stanza ci.

ALPHONSO THE WISE. 1221-1284.

Had I been present at the creation, I would have given
 some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.¹

¹ Carlyle says, in his "History of Frederick the Great," book ii. chap. vii. that this saying of Alphonso about Ptolemy's astronomy, "that it seemed a crank machine; that it was pity the Creator had not taken advice," is still remembered by mankind, — this and no other of his many sayings.

DANTE. 1265-1321.

(Cary's Translation.)

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

*Hell. Canto iii. Line 9.*The wretched souls of those who lived
Without or praise or blame.*Line 34.*

No greater grief than to remember days

Of joy when misery is at hand.¹*Canto v. Line 121*FRANÇOIS VILLON. *Circa* 1430-1484.Where are the snows of last year? ²*Des Dames du Temps jadis. i.*

I know everything except myself.

Autre Ballade. i.

Good talkers are only found in Paris.

Des Femmes de Paris. ii.

MICHELANGELO. 1474-1564.

(Translation by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.)

As when, O lady mine!

With chiselled touch

The stone unhewn and cold

Becomes a living mould.

The more the marble wastes,

The more the statue grows.

*Sonnet.*¹ See Longfellow, page 648.² But where is last year's snow? This was the greatest care that Villon, the Parisian poet, took. — RABELAIS: *book ii. chap. xiv.*

MARTIN LUTHER. 1483–1546.

A mighty fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our helper He amid the flood
 Of mortal ills prevailing.

Psalm. Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott (trans. by
 Frederic H. Hedge).

Tell your master that if there were as many devils at
 Worms as tiles on its roofs, I would enter.¹

Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me.
 Amen!

Speech at the Diet of Worms.

For where God built a church, there the Devil would
 also build a chapel.²

Table-Talk. lxxvii.

A faithful and good servant is a real godsend; but
 truly 'tis a rare bird in the land.

clvi.

 FRANCIS RABELAIS. 1495–1553.

I am just going to leap into the dark.³

Motteux's Life.

Let down the curtain: the farce is done.

Ibid.

He left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three
 articles as his last will: "I owe much; I have nothing;
 I give the rest to the poor."

Ibid.

One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
 Because to laugh is proper to the man.

To the Reader.

¹ On the 16th of April, 1521, Luther entered the imperial city [of
 Worms]. . . . On his approach . . . the Elector's chancellor entreated
 him, in the name of his master, not to enter a town where his death was
 decided. The answer which Luther returned was simply this. — BUNSEN:
Life of Luther.

I will go, though as many devils aim at me as there are tiles on the roofs
 of the houses. — RANKE: *History of the Reformation, vol. i. p. 533* (Mrs.
 Austin's translation).

² See Burton, page 192.

³ Je m'en vay chercher un grand peut-estre

- To return to our wethers.¹ *Works. Book i. Chap. i. n. 2.*
- I drink no more than a sponge. *Chap. v.*
- Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.² *Ibid.*
- Thought the moon was made of green cheese. *Chap. xi.*
- He always looked a given horse in the mouth.³ *Ibid.*
- By robbing Peter he paid Paul,⁴ . . . and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.⁵ *Ibid.*
- He laid him squat as a flounder. *Chap. xxvi.*
- Send them home as merry as crickets. *Chap. xxix.*
- Coin is the sinews of war.⁶ *Chap. xlv.*
- How shall I be able to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? *Chap. lii.*
- Subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called lack of money. *Book ii. Chap. xvi.*
- He did not care a button for it. *Ibid.*
- How well I feathered my nest. *Chap. xvii.*
- So much is a man worth as he esteems himself. *Chap. xxix.*
- A good crier of green sauce. *Chap. xxxi.*
- Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that the one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth. *Chap. xxxii.*
- This flea which I have in mine ear. *Book iii. Chap. xxxi.*
- You have there hit the nail on the head.⁷ *Chap. xxxiv.*
- Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges. *Book iv. Chap. xix.*

¹ "Revenons à nos moutons," — a proverb taken from the French farce of "Pierre Patelin," edition of 1762, p. 90.

² My appetite comes to me while eating. — MONTAIGNE : *Book iii. chap. 12. Of Vanity.*

³ See Heywood, page 11.

⁴ See Heywood, page 14.

⁵ See Heywood, page 11.

⁶ See page 1002.

⁷ See Heywood, page 20.

- I'll go his halves. *Works. Book iv. Chap. xxiii.*
- The Devil was sick, — the Devil a monk would be ;
The Devil was well, — the devil a monk was he. *Chap. xxiv.*
- Do not believe what I tell you here any more than if
it were some tale of a tub. *Chap. xxviii.*
- I would have you call to mind the strength of the an-
cient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain
Pelion on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady
Olympus.¹ *Ibid.*
- Which was performed to a T.² *Chap. xli.*
- He that has patience may compass anything. *Chap. xlvi.*
- We will take the good will for the deed.³ *Chap. xlix.*
- You are Christians of the best edition, all picked and
culled. *Chap. l.*
- Would you damn your precious soul ? *Chap. liv.*
- Let us fly and save our bacon. *Chap. lv.*
- Needs must when the Devil drives.⁴ *Chap. lvii.*
- Scampering as if the Devil drove them. *Chap. lxii.*
- He freshly and cheerfully asked him how a man
should kill time. *Chap. lxii.*
- The belly has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair
words.⁵ *Ibid.*
- Whose cockloft is unfurnished.⁶
The Author's Prologue to the Fifth Book.
- Speak the truth and shame the Devil.⁷ *Ibid.*
- Plain as a nose in a man's face.⁸ *Ibid.*

¹ See Ovid, page 893.

² See Swift, page 292.

³ See Plutarch, page 911.

⁷ See Shakespeare, page 85.

² See Johnson, page 375.

⁴ See Heywood, page 18.

⁶ See Bacon, page 170.

⁸ See Shakespeare, page 44.

- Like hearts of oak.¹ *Prologue to the Fifth Book.*
- You shall never want rope enough. *Ibid.*
- Looking as like . . . as one pea does like another.²
Book v. Chap. ii.
- Nothing is so dear and precious as time.³ *Chap. v.*
- And thereby hangs a tale.⁴ *Chap. iv.*
- It is meat, drink,⁵ and cloth to us. *Chap. vii.*
- And so on to the end of the chapter. *Chap. x.*
- What is got over the Devil's back is spent under the belly.⁶ *Chap. xi.*
- We have here other fish to fry.⁷ *Chap. xii.*
- What cannot be cured must be endured.⁸ *Chap. xv.*
- Thought I to myself, we shall never come off scot-free. *Ibid.*
- It is enough to fright you out of your seven senses.⁹ *Ibid.*
- Necessity has no law.¹⁰ *Ibid.*
- Panurge had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the high-rope. *Chap. xviii.*
- We saw a knot of others, about a baker's dozen. *Chap. xxi.*
- Others made a virtue of necessity.¹¹ *Ibid.*
- Spare your breath to cool your porridge.¹² *Chap. xxviii.*
- I believe he would make three bites of a cherry. *Ibid.*

¹ See Garrick, page 388.² See Lyly, page 33.³ See Franklin, page 361. Also Diogenes Laertius, page 948.⁴ See Shakespeare, page 68.⁵ See Shakespeare, page 71.⁶ Isocrates was in the right to insinuate that what is got over the Devil's back is spent under his belly. — LE SAGE: *Gil Blas*, book viii. chap. ix.⁷ I have other fish to fry. — CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, part ii. chap. xxxv.⁸ See Burton, page 190.⁹ See Scott, page 493.¹⁰ See Shakespeare, page 115.¹¹ See Chaucer, page 3¹² See Plutarch, page 924.

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. 1533-1592.

(Works.¹ Cotton's translation, revised by Hazlitt and Wight.)

Man in sooth is a marvellous, vain, fickle, and unstable subject.²

Book i. Chap. i. That Men by various Ways arrive at the same End.

All passions that suffer themselves to be relished and digested are but moderate.³

Chap. ii. Of Sorrow.

It is not without good reason said, that he who has not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.⁴

Chap. ix. Of Liars.

He who should teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live.⁵

Chap. xviii. That Men are not to judge of our Happiness till after Death.

The laws of conscience, which we pretend to be derived from nature, proceed from custom.

Chap. xxii. Of Custom.

Accustom him to every thing, that he may not be a Sir Paris, a carpet-knight,⁶ but a sinewy, hardy, and vigorous young man.

Chap. xxv. Of the Education of Children.

We were halves throughout, and to that degree that methinks by outliving him I defraud him of his part.

Chap. xxvii. Of Friendship.

There are some defeats more triumphant than victories.⁷

Chap. xxx. Of Cannibals.

¹ This book of Montaigne the world has indorsed by translating it into all tongues, and printing seventy-five editions of it in Europe. — EMERSON: *Representative Men. Montaigne.*

² See Plutarch, page 916.

³ See Raleigh, page 25.

Curæ leves loquantur ingentes stupent (Light griefs are loquacious, but the great are dumb). — SENECA: *Hippolytus, ii. 3, 607.*

⁴ See Sidney, page 264.

Mendacem memorem esse oportere (To be a liar, memory is necessary). — QUINTILIAN: *iv. 2, 91.*

⁵ See Tickell, page 313.

⁶ See Burton, page 187.

⁷ See Bacon, page 171.

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least know.

Book i. Chap. xxxi. Of Divine Ordinances.

A wise man never loses anything, if he has himself.

Chap. xxviii. Of Solitude.

Even opinion is of force enough to make itself to be espoused at the expense of life. *Chap. xl. Of Good and Evil.*

Plato says, "Tis to no purpose for a sober man to knock at the door of the Muses;" and Aristotle says "that no excellent soul is exempt from a mixture of folly."¹

Book ii. Chap. ii. Of Drunkenness.

For a desperate disease a desperate cure.²

Chap. iii. The Custom of the Isle of Cea.

And not to serve for a table-talk.³

Ibid.

To which we may add this other Aristotelian consideration, that he who confers a benefit on any one loves him better than he is beloved by him again.⁴

Chap. viii. Of the Affection of Fathers.

The middle sort of historians (of which the most part are) spoil all; they will chew our meat for us.

Chap. x. Of Books.

The only good histories are those that have been written by the persons themselves who commanded in the affairs whereof they write.

Ibid.

She [virtue] requires a rough and stormy passage; she will have either outward difficulties to wrestle with,⁵ . . . or internal difficulties.

Chap. xi. Of Cruelty.

There is, nevertheless, a certain respect and a general duty of humanity that ties us, not only to beasts that have life and sense, but even to trees and plants. *Ibid.*

¹ See Dryden, page 267.

² See Shakespeare, page 141

³ See Shakespeare, page 64.

⁴ ARISTOTLE: *Ethics*, ix. 7.

⁵ See Milton, page 255.

Some impose upon the world that they believe that which they do not; others, more in number, make themselves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe.

Book ii. Chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.

When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me? *Ibid.*

'T is one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past.¹ *Ibid.*

The souls of emperors and cobblers are cast in the same mould. . . . The same reason that makes us wrangle with a neighbour causes a war betwixt princes. *Ibid.*

Man is certainly stark mad; he cannot make a worm, and yet he will be making gods by dozens. *Ibid.*

Why may not a goose say thus: "All the parts of the universe I have an interest in: the earth serves me to walk upon, the sun to light me; the stars have their influence upon me; I have such an advantage by the winds and such by the waters; there is nothing that yon heavenly roof looks upon so favourably as me. I am the darling of Nature! Is it not man that keeps and serves me?"² *Ibid.*

Arts and sciences are not cast in a mould, but are formed and perfected by degrees, by often handling and polishing, as bears leisurely lick their cubs into form.³ *Ibid.*

He that I am reading seems always to have the most force. *Ibid.*

¹ See Plutarch, page 912.

² See Pope, page 318.

³ See Burton, page 186.

Apollo said that every one's true worship was that which he found in use in the place where he chanced to be.¹

Book ii. Chap. xii. Apology for Raimond Sebond.

How many worthy men have we seen survive their own reputation!²

Chap. xvi. Of Glory.

The mariner of old said to Neptune in a great tempest, "O God! thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but whether or no, I will steer my rudder true."³

Ibid.

One may be humble out of pride.

Chap. xvii. Of Presumption.

I find that the best virtue I have has in it some tincture of vice.

Chap. xx. That we taste nothing pure.

Saying is one thing, doing another.

Chap. xxxi. Of Anger.

Is it not a noble farce, wherein kings, republics, and emperors have for so many ages played their parts, and to which the whole vast universe serves for a theatre?⁴

Chap. xxxvi. Of the most Excellent Men.

Nature forms us for ourselves, not for others; to be, not to seem.

Chap. xxxvii. Of the Resemblance of Children to their Brothers.

There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity.⁵

Of the Resemblance of Children to their Fathers.

The public weal requires that men should betray and lie and massacre.

Book iii. Chap. i. Of Profit and Honesty.

Like rowers, who advance backward.⁶

Ibid.

I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and I dare a little the more as I grow older.

Chap. ii. Of Repentance.

¹ XENOPHON : *Mem. Socratis*, i. 3, 1.

² See Bentley, page 284.

³ SENECA : *Epistle 85*.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 69.

⁵ See Browne, page 218.

⁶ See Burton, page 186.

Few men have been admired by their own domestics.¹

Book iii. Chap. ii. Of Repentance.

It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out.²

Chap. v. Upon some Verses of Virgil.

And to bring in a new word by the head and shoulders, they leave out the old one. *Ibid.*

All the world knows me in my book, and my book in me. *Ibid.*

'T is so much to be a king, that he only is so by being so. The strange lustre that surrounds him conceals and shrouds him from us; our sight is there broken and dissipated, being stopped and filled by the prevailing light.³

Chap. vii. Of the Inconveniences of Greatness.

We are born to inquire after truth; it belongs to a greater power to possess it. It is not, as Democritus said, hid in the bottom of the deeps, but rather elevated to an infinite height in the divine knowledge.⁴

Chap. viii. Of the Art of Conversation.

I moreover **affirm** that our wisdom itself, and wisest consultations, for the most part commit themselves to the conduct of chance.⁵ *Ibid.*

What if he has borrowed the matter and spoiled the form, as it oft falls out? ⁶ *Ibid.*

The oldest and best known evil was ever more supportable than one that was new and untried.⁷

Chap. ix. Of Vanity.

¹ See Plutarch, page 926.

² See Davies, page 176.

³ See Tennyson, page 677.

⁴ LACTANTIUS: *Divin. Instit. iii. 28.*

⁵ Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of great design as of chance. — ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maxim 57.*

⁶ See Churchill, page 413.

⁷ LIVY, *xxiii. 3.*

Not because Socrates said so, . . . I look upon all men as my compatriots.

Book iii. Chap. ix. Of Vanity.

My appetite comes to me while eating.¹ *Ibid.*

There is no man so good, who, were he to submit all his thoughts and actions to the laws, would not deserve hanging ten times in his life.

Ibid.

Saturninus said, "Comrades, you have lost a good captain to make him an ill general."

Ibid.

A little folly is desirable in him that will not be guilty of stupidity.²

Ibid.

Habit is a second nature.³

Chap. x.

We seek and offer ourselves to be gulled.

Chap. xi. Of Cripples.

I have never seen a greater monster or miracle in the world than myself.

Ibid.

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand.

Ibid.

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together.

Chap. xii. Of Physiognomy.

Amongst so many borrowed things, I am glad if I can steal one, disguising and altering it for some new service.⁴

Ibid.

I am further of opinion that it would be better for us to have [no laws] at all than to have them in so prodigious numbers as we have.

Chap. xiii. Of Experience.

There is more ado to interpret interpretations than to interpret the things, and more books upon books than upon all other subjects; we do nothing but comment upon one another.

Ibid.

¹ See Rabelais, page 957.

² See Walpole, page 389.

³ See Shakespeare, page 44.

⁴ See Churchill, page 413.

For truth itself has not the privilege to be spoken at all times and in all sorts. *Book iii. Chap. xiii. Of Experience.*

The diversity of physical arguments and opinions embraces all sorts of methods. *Ibid.*

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way; she better understands her own affairs than we. *Ibid.*

I have ever loved to repose myself, whether sitting or lying, with my heels as high or higher than my head. *Ibid.*

I, who have so much and so universally adored this *ἄριστον μέτρον*, "excellent mediocrity,"¹ of ancient times, and who have concluded the most moderate measure the most perfect, shall I pretend to an unreasonable and prodigious old age? *Ibid.*

DU BARTAS. 1544–1590.

(*From his "Divine Weekes and Workes," translated by
J. Sylvester.*)

The world's a stage² where God's omnipotence,
His justice, knowledge, love, and providence
Do act the parts. *First Week, First Day.*

And reads, though running,³ all these needful motions. *Ibid.*

Mercy and justice, marching cheek by joule. *Ibid.*

Not unlike the bear which bringeth forth
In the end of thirty dayes a shapeless birth;
But after licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.⁴ *Ibid.*

¹ See Cowper, page 424.

³ See Cowper, page 422.

² See Shakespeare, page 69.

⁴ See Burton, page 186.

What is well done is done soon enough.

First Week, First Day.

And swans seem whiter if swart crowes be by. *Ibid.*

Night's black mantle covers all alike.¹ *Ibid.*

Hot and cold, and moist and dry.² *Second Day.*

Much like the French (or like ourselves, their apes),
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes;
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the manners of each other nation.³ *Ibid.*

With tooth and nail. *Ibid.*

From the foure corners of the worlde doe haste.⁴ *Ibid.*

Oft seen in forehead of the frowning skies.⁵ *Ibid.*

From north to south, from east to west.⁶ *Ibid.*

Bright-flaming, heat-full fire,
The source of motion.⁷ *Ibid.*

Not that the earth doth yield
In hill or dale, in forest or in field,
A rarer plant.⁸ *Third Day.*

'T is what you will, — or will be what you would. *Ibid.*

Or savage beasts upon a thousand hils.⁹ *Ibid.*

¹ Come, civil night, . . . with thy black mantle. — SHAKESPEARE : *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 2.

² See Milton, page 229.

³ Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

SHAKESPEARE : *Richard II.* act ii. sc. 1.

⁴ See Shakespeare, page 80.

⁵ See Milton, page 248.

⁶ From north to south, from east to west. — SHAKESPEARE : *Winter's Tale*, act i. sc. 2.

⁷ Heat considered as a Mode of Motion (title of a treatise, 1863). — JOHN FYNDALE.

⁸ See Marlowe, page 40.

⁹ The cattle upon a thousand hills. — *Psalms* i. 10.

To man the earth seems altogether
No more a mother, but a step-dame rather.¹

First Week, Third Day

For where's the state beneath the firmament
That doth excel the bees for government? ²

Fifth Day, Part i.

A good turn at need,
At first or last, shall be assur'd of meed.

Sixth Day.

There is no theam more plentiful to scan
Than is the glorious goodly frame of man.³

Ibid.

These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul.⁴

Ibid.

Or almost like a spider, who, confin'd
In her web's centre, shakt with every winde,
Moves in an instant if the buzzing flie
Stir but a string of her lawn canapie.⁵

Ibid.

Even as a surgeon, minding off to cut
Some cureless limb, — before in ure he put
His violent engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a senseless slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by use and art),
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part.

Ibid.

Two souls in one, two hearts into one heart.⁶

Ibid.

Which serves for cynosure ⁷
To all that sail upon the sea obscure.

Seventh Day.

¹ See Pliny, page 717.

² So work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

SHAKESPEARE: *Henry V. act i. sc. 3.*

³ See Pope, page 903.

⁴ Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes. — SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III act v. sc. 3.*

⁵ See Davies, page 176.

⁶ See Pope, page 340.

⁷ See Milton, page 2^d.

Yielding more wholesome food than all the messes
That now taste-curious wanton plenty dresses.¹

Second Week, First Day, Part i.

Turning our seed-wheat-kennel tares,
To burn-grain thistle, and to vaporie darnel,
Cockle, wild oats, rough burs, corn-cumbring
Tares.²

Part iii.

In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.³

Ibid.

Dog, ounce, bear, and bull,
Wolfe, lion, horse.⁴

Ibid.

Apoplexie and lethargie,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy.

Ibid.

Living from hand to mouth.

Part iv.

In the jaws of death.⁵

Ibid.

Did thrust as now in others' corn his sickle.⁶

Second Day, Part ii.

Will change the pebbles of our puddly thought
To orient pearls.⁷

Third Day, Part i.

Soft carpet-knights, all scenting musk and amber.⁸

Ibid.

The will for deed I doe accept.⁹

Part ii.

¹ See Milton, page 248.

² Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

SHAKESPEARE: *Lear, act iv. sc. 4.*

³ See Shakespeare, page 48.

⁴ Lion, bear, or wolf, or bull. — SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii. sc. 1.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 77.

⁶ See Publius Syrus, page 897.

⁷ See Milton, page 234.

Orient pearls. — SHAKESPEARE: *A Midsummer Night's Dream, act iv sc. 1.*

⁸ See Burton, page 187.

⁹ See Swift, page 292.

- Only that he may conform
To tyrant custom.¹ *Second Week, Third Day, Part ii.*
- Sweet grave aspect.² *Fourth Day, Book i.*
- Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him. *Book ii.*
- Who well lives, long lives ; for this age of ours
Should not be numbered by years, daies, and hours.³ *Ibid.*
- My lovely living boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.⁴ *Ibid.*
- Out of the book of Natur's learned brest.⁵ *Ibid.*
- Flesh of thy flesh, nor yet bone of thy bone. *Ibid.*
- Through thick and thin, both over hill and plain.⁶ *Book iv.*
- Weakened and wasted to skin and bone.⁷ *Ibid.*
- I take the world to be but as a stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their personage.⁸ *Dialogue between Heraclitus and Democritus.*
- Made no more bones. *The Maiden Blush.*

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. 1547-1616.

Don Quixote. (Motteux's Translation.)

- I was so free with him as not to mince the matter.
Don Quixote. The Author's Preface.
- They can expect nothing but their labour for their
pains.⁹ *Ibid*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 151.

² See Shakespeare, page 99. Also Milton, page 227.

³ See Sheridan, page 443.

⁴ My fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world.

SHAKESPEARE: *King John*; act iii. sc. 4.

⁵ The book of Nature is that which the physician must read ; and to do so he must walk over the leaves. — PARACELSUS, 1490-1541. (From the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ninth edition, vol. xviii. p. 234.)

⁶ See Spenser, page 28.

⁷ See Byrom, page 351.

⁸ See Shakespeare, page 69.

⁹ See Shakespeare, page 101.

As ill-luck would have it.¹ *Part i. Book i. Chap. ii.*

The brave man carves out his fortune, and every man
is the son of his own works.² *Chap. iv.*

Which I have earned with the sweat of my brows. *Ibid.*

Can we ever have too much of a good thing?³ *Chap. vi.*

The charging of his enemy was but the work of a
moment. *Chap. viii.*

And had a face like a blessing.⁴ *Book ii. Chap. iv.*

It is a true saying that a man must eat a peck of salt
with his friend before he knows him. *Book iii. Chap. i.*

Fortune leaves always some door open to come at a
remedy. *Ibid.*

Fair and softly goes far. *Chap. ii.*

Plain as the nose on a man's face.⁵ *Chap. iv.*

Let me leap out of the frying-pan into the fire;⁶ or,
out of God's blessing into the warm sun.⁷ *Ibid.*

You are taking the wrong sow by the ear.⁸ *Ibid.*

Bell, book, and candle. *Ibid.*

Let the worst come to the worst.⁹ *Chap. v.*

You are come off now with a whole skin. *Ibid.*

Fear is sharp-sighted, and can see things under ground,
and much more in the skies. *Chap. vi.*

Ill-luck, you know, seldom comes alone.¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 46.

² See Bacon, page 167.

³ See Shakespeare, page 71.

⁴ He had a face like a benediction. — *Jarvis's translation.*

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 44.

⁶ See Heywood, page 18.

⁷ See Heywood, page 17.

⁸ See Heywood, page 19.

⁹ See Middleton, page 172.

¹⁰ See Shakespeare, page 143.

- Why do you lead me a wild-goose chase ?
Part i. Book iii. Chap. vi.
- I find my familiarity with thee has bred contempt.¹
Ibid.
- The more thou stir it, the worse it will be. *Ibid.*
- Now had Aurora displayed her mantle over the blushing skies, and dark night withdrawn her sable veil. *Ibid.*
- I tell thee, that is Mambrino's helmet. *Chap. vii.*
- Give me but that, and let the world rub; there I'll stick. *Ibid.*
- Sure as a gun.² *Ibid.*
- Sing away sorrow, cast away care. *Chap. viii.*
- Thank you for nothing. *Ibid.*
- After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it. *Ibid.*
- Of good natural parts and of a liberal education. *Ibid.*
- Would puzzle a convocation of casuists to resolve their degrees of consanguinity. *Ibid.*
- Let every man mind his own business. *Ibid.*
- Murder will out.³ *Ibid.*
- Thou art a cat, and a rat, and a coward. *Ibid.*
- It is the part of a wise man to keep himself to-day for to-morrow, and not to venture all his eggs in one basket. *Chap. ix.*
- I know what's what, and have always taken care of the main chance.⁴ *Ibid.*
- The ease of my burdens, he staff of my life. *Ibid.*

¹ See Shakespeare, page 45.² See Butler, page 211.³ See Chaucer, page 5.⁴ See Lyly, page 33.

I am almost frightened out of my seven senses.¹

Part i. Book iii. Chap. ix.

Within a stone's throw of it. *Ibid.*

Let us make hay while the sun shines.² *Chap. xi.*

I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine; every man for himself, and God for us all.³ *Ibid.*

Little said is soonest mended.⁴ *Ibid.*

A close mouth catches no flies. *Ibid.*

She may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry. *Ibid.*

You are a devil at everything, and there is no kind of thing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to. *Ibid.*

It will grieve me so to the heart, that I shall cry my eyes out. *Ibid.*

Delay always breeds danger.⁵ *Book iv. Chap. ii.*

They must needs go whom the Devil drives.⁶ *Chap. iv.*

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.⁷ *Ibid.*

More knave than fool.⁸ *Ibid.*

I can tell where my own shoe pinches me; and you must not think, sir, to catch old birds with chaff. *Chap. v.*

I never saw a more dreadful battle in my born days. *Chap. viii.*

Here is the devil-and-all to pay. *Chap. x.*

I begin to smell a rat.⁹ *Ibid.*

¹ See Scott, page 493.

³ See Heywood, page 20.

⁵ See Shakespeare, page 93.

⁷ See Heywood, page 15. Also Plutarch, page 926.

⁸ See Marlowe, page 41.

² See Heywood, page 10.

⁴ See Wither, page 200.

⁶ See Heywood, page 18.

⁹ See Middleton, page 172

I will take my corporal oath on it.

Part i. Book iv. Chap. x

It is past all controversy that what costs dearest is, and ought to be, most valued.

Chap. xi.

I would have nobody to control me; I would be absolute: and who but I? Now, he that is absolute can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes can take his pleasure; he that can take his pleasure can be content; and he that can be content has no more to desire. So the matter's over; and come what will come, I am satisfied.¹

Chap. xxiii.

When the head aches, all the members partake of the pain.²

Part ii. Chap. ii.

He has done like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, "As it may hit;" and when he had scrawled out a misshapen cock, was forced to write underneath, in Gothic letters, "This is a cock."³

Chap. iii.

There are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters.

Ibid.

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it."⁴

Ibid.

Every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.

Chap. iv.

¹ I would do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it. — *Jarvis's translation.*

² For let our finger ache, and it endues

Our other healthful members even to that sense

Of pain. — *Othello, act iii. sc. 4.*

³ The painter Orbaneja of Ubeda, if he chanced to draw a cock, he wrote under it, "This is a cock," lest the people should take it for a fox. — *Jarvis's translation.*

⁴ See Pliny the Younger, page 934.

Spare your breath to cool your porridge.¹

Part ii. Chap. v.

A little in one's own pocket is better than much in another man's purse.

Chap. vii.

Remember the old saying, "Faint heart never won fair lady."²

Chap. x.

There is a remedy for all things but death, which will be sure to lay us out flat some time or other.

Ibid.

Are we to mark this day with a white or a black stone?

Ibid.

Let every man look before he leaps.³

Chap. xiv.

The pen is the tongue of the mind.

Chap. xvi.

There were but two families in the world, Have-much and Have-little.

Chap. xx.

He has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pie.

Chap. xxii.

Patience, and shuffle the cards.

Chap. xxiii.

Comparisons are odious.⁴

Ibid.

Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art.

Chap. xxviii.

The proof of the pudding is the eating.

Chap. xxiv.

He is as like one, as one egg is like another.⁵

Chap. xxvii.

You can see farther into a millstone than he.⁶

Chap. xxviii.

¹ See Rabelais, page 959.

² SPENSER: *Britain's Ida, canto v. stanza 1.* ELLERTON: *George a Greene* (a Ballad). WHETSTONE: *Rocke of Regard.* BURNS: *To Dr Blacklock.* COLMAN: *Love Laughs at Locksmiths, act i.*

³ See Heywood, page 9.

⁴ See Fortescue, page 7.

⁵ See Rabelais, page 959. Also Shakespeare, page 77.

⁶ See Heywood, page 13.

Sancho Panza by name, is my own self, if I was not changed in my cradle. *Part ii. Chap. xxx.*

“Sit there, clod-pate!” cried he; “for let me sit wherever I will, that will still be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee.”¹ *Chap. xxxi.*

Building castles in the air,² and making yourself a laughing-stock. *Ibid.*

It is good to live and learn. *Chap. xxxvii.*

He is as mad as a March hare.³ *Chap. xxxviii.*

I must follow him through thick and thin.⁴ *Ibid.*

There is no love lost between us.⁵ *Ibid.*

In the night all cats are gray.⁶ *Ibid.*

All is not gold that glisters.⁷ *Ibid.*

I can look sharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. *Ibid.*

Honesty is the best policy. *Ibid.*

Time ripens all things. No man is born wise. *Ibid.*

A good name is better than riches.⁸ *Ibid.*

I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion. *Ibid.*

An honest man's word is as good as his bond. *Ibid.*

Heaven's help is better than early rising. *Chap. xxxiv.*

I have other fish to fry.⁹ *Chap. xxxv.*

¹ Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl! for let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee. — *Jarvis's translation.*

This is generally placed in the mouth of Macgregor: “Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table.” Emerson quotes it, in his “American Scholar,” as the saying of Macdonald, and Theodore Parker as the saying of the Highlander.

² See Burton, page 187.

⁴ See Spenser, page 28.

⁶ See Heywood, page 11.

⁸ See Publius Syrus, page 894.

³ See Heywood, page 18.

⁵ See Middleton, page 173.

⁷ See Chaucer, page 5.

⁹ See Rabelais, page 959.

There is a time for some things, and a time for all things; a time for great things, and a time for small things.¹

Part ii. Chap. xxv.

But all in good time.

Chap. xxvi.

Matters will go swimmingly.

Ibid.

Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves.

Chap. xxvii.

They had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot.

Ibid.

Good wits jump;² a word to the wise is enough.

Ibid.

You may as well expect pears from an elm.³

Chap. xi.

Make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world.⁴

Chap. xlii.

You cannot eat your cake and have your cake;⁵ and store's no sore.⁶

Chap. xliii.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

Ibid.

What a man has, so much he is sure of.

Ibid.

When a man says, "Get out of my house! what would you have with my wife?" there is no answer to be made.

Ibid.

The pot calls the kettle black.

Ibid.

This peck of troubles.

Chap. liii.

When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome.⁷

Chap. liv.

Many count their chickens before they are hatched; and where they expect bacon, meet with broken bones.

Chap. lv.

¹ To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose. — *Ecclesiastes iii. 1.*

² See Sterne, page 378.

⁴ See Chaucer, page 4.

⁶ See Heywood, page 11.

³ See Publius Syrus, page 898.

⁵ See Heywood, page 20.

⁷ See Burton, page 193.

My thoughts ran a wool-gathering; and I did like the countryman who looked for his ass while he was mounted on his back. *Part ii. Chap. lvii.*

Liberty . . . is one of the most valuable blessings that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. *Chap. lviii*

As they use to say, spick and span new.¹ *Ibid.*

I think it a very happy accident.² *Ibid.*

I shall be as secret as the grave. *Chap. lvii.*

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even.³ *Chap. lxxviii.*

Rome was not built in a day.⁴ *Chap. lxxi.*

The ass will carry his load, but not a double load; ride not a free horse to death. *Ibid.*

Never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last.⁵ *Chap. lxxiv.*

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted. *The Little Gypsy (La Gitanilla).*

My heart is wax moulded as she pleases, but enduring as marble to retain.⁶ *Ibid.*

¹ See Middleton, page 172.

² See Middleton, page 174.

³ Blessing on him who invented sleep, — the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. — *Jarvis's translation.*

⁴ See Heywood, page 15.

⁵ See Longfellow, page 640.

⁶ See Byron, page 554.

BARTHOLOMEW SCHIDONI. 1560-1616.

I, too, was born in Arcadia.¹

—◆—

JOHN SIRMOND. 1589 (?) -1649.

If on my theme I rightly think,
 There are five reasons why men drink, —
 Good wine, a friend, because I 'm dry,
 Or lest I should be by and by,
 Or any other reason why.² *Causæ Bibendi.*

—◆—

FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU. 1604-1655.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
 exceeding small;³
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
 grinds He all. *Retribution. (Sinngedichte.)*

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein;
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
 God-like is it all sin to leave. *Sin. (Ibid.)*

¹ Goethe adopted this motto for his "Travels in Italy."

² These lines are a translation of a Latin epigram (erroneously ascribed to Henry Aldrich in the "Biographia Britannica," second edition, vol. i. p. 131), which Menage and De la Monnoye attribute to Père Sirmond:

Si bene commemini, causæ sunt quinque bibendi:
 Hospitis adventus; præsens sitis atque futura;
 Et vini bonitas, et quælibet altera causa.

Menagiana, vol. i. p. 172

³ See Herbert, page 206.

Ὅψέ θεοῦ μύλοι ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἔλευρον. — *Oracula Sibylliana, libri viii. line 14.*

Ὅψέ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά. — LEUTSCH AND SCHNEI-DEWIN: *Corpus Papyrographorum Græcorum, vol. i. p. 444.*

Sextus Empiricus is the first writer who has presented the whole of the adage cited by Plutarch in his treatise "Concerning such whom God is slow to punish."

ISAAC DE BENSERADE. 1612–1691.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry ;
And, born in bed, in bed we die.
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.¹



FRANCIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.
1613–1680.

(*Reflections, or Sentences and Moral Maxims.*)

Our virtues are most frequently but vices disguised.²

We have all sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others. *Maxim 19.*

Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and future evils ; but present evils triumph over it.³ *Maxim 22.*

We need greater virtues to sustain good than evil fortune. *Maxim 25.*

Neither the sun nor death can be looked at with a steady eye. *Maxim 26.*

Interest speaks all sorts of tongues, and plays all sorts of parts, even that of disinterestedness. *Maxim 39.*

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we suppose. *Maxim 49.*

There are few people who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer. *Maxim 71.*

¹ Translated by Samuel Johnson.

² This epigraph, which is the key to the system of La Rochefoucauld, is found in another form as No. 179 of the *Maxims* of the first edition, 1665 ; it is omitted from the second and third, and reappears for the first time in the fourth edition at the head of the *Reflections*. — AIME MARTIN.

³ See Goldsmith, page 401.

True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen. *Maxim 76.*

The love of justice is simply, in the majority of men, the fear of suffering injustice. *Maxim 78.*

Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself. *Maxim 79.*

Friendship is only a reciprocal conciliation of interests, and an exchange of good offices; it is a species of commerce out of which self-love always expects to gain something. *Maxim 83.*

A man who is ungrateful is often less to blame than his benefactor. *Maxim 96.*

The understanding is always the dupe of the heart. *Maxim 102.*

Nothing is given so profusely as advice. *Maxim 110.*

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more knowing than others. *Maxim 127.*

Usually we praise only to be praised. *Maxim 146.*

Our repentance is not so much regret for the ill we have done as fear of the ill that may happen to us in consequence. *Maxim 180.*

Most people judge men only by success or by fortune. *Maxim 212.*

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue. *Maxim 218.*

Too great haste to repay an obligation is a kind of ingratitude. *Maxim 226.*

There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability. *Maxim 245.*

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we inspire.² *Maxim 259*

¹ See Shelley, page 566.

We always like those who admire us ; we do not always like those whom we admire. *Maxim 294.*

The gratitude of most men is but a secret desire of receiving greater benefits.¹ *Maxim 298.*

Lovers are never tired of each other, though they always speak of themselves. *Maxim 312.*

We pardon in the degree that we love. *Maxim 330.*

We hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.² *Maxim 347.*

The greatest fault of a penetrating wit is to go beyond the mark. *Maxim 377.*

We may give advice, but we cannot inspire the conduct. *Maxim 378.*

The veracity which increases with old age is not far from folly. *Maxim 416.*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.³ *Maxim 471.*

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side. *Maxim 496.*

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not exactly displeasing.⁴

¹ See Walpole, page 304.

² "That was excellently observed," say I when I read a passage in another where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken. — SWIFT : *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

³ See Byron, page 557.

⁴ This reflection, No. 99 in the edition of 1665, the author suppressed in the third edition.

In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends ;
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.

DEAN SWIFT : *A Paraphrase of Rochefoucauld's Maxim.*

J. DE LA FONTAINE. 1621-1695.

The opinion of the strongest is always the best.

The Wolf and the Lamb. Book i. Fable 10.

By the work one knows the workman.

The Hornets and the Bees. Fable 21.

It is a double pleasure to deceive the deceiver.

The Cock and the Fox. Book ii. Fable 15.

It is impossible to please all the world and one's father.

Book iii. Fable 1.

In everything one must consider the end.¹

The Fox and the Gnat. Fable 5.

"They are too green," he said, "and only good for fools."²

The Fox and the Grapes. Fable 11.

Help thyself, and God will help thee.³

Book vi. Fable 18.

The fly of the coach.

Book vii. Fable 9.

The sign brings customers. *The Fortune-Tellers. Fable 15*

Let ignorance talk as it will, learning has its value.

The Use of Knowledge. Book viii. Fable 19.

No path of flowers leads to glory.

Book x. Fable 14

 JEAN BAPTISTE MOLIÈRE. 1622-1673.

The world, dear Agnes, is a strange affair.

L'École des Femmes. Act ii. Sc. 6.

There are fagots and fagots.

Le Médecin malgré lui. Act i. Sc. 6.

We have changed all that.

Act ii. Sc. 6.

Although I am a pious man, I am not the less a man.

Le Tartuffe. Act iii. Sc. 3.

¹ Remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss. — *Ecclesiasticus* iii. 36.

² Sour grapes.

³ See Herbert, page 206.

The real Amphitryon is the Amphitryon who gives dinners.¹

Amphitryon. Act iii. Sc. 5.

Ah that I — You would have it so, you would have it so; George Dandin, you would have it so! This suits you very nicely, and you are served right; you have precisely what you deserve.

George Dandin. Act i. Sc. 19.

Tell me to whom you are addressing yourself when you say that.

I am addressing myself — I am addressing myself to my cap.

L'Avare. Act i. Sc. 3.

The beautiful eyes of my cash-box.

Act v. Sc. 3.

You are speaking before a man to whom all Naples is known.

Sc. 5.

My fair one, let us swear an eternal friendship.²

Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Act iv. Sc. 1.

I will maintain it before the whole world.

Sc. 5.

What the devil did he want in that galley?³

Les Fourberies de Scapin. Act ii. Sc. 11.

Grammar, which knows how to control even kings.⁴

Les Femmes savantes. Act ii. Sc. 6.

Ah, there are no longer any children!

Le Malade Imaginaire. Act ii. Sc. 11.



BLAISE PASCAL. 1623-1662.

(Translated by O. W. Wight.)

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed.

Thoughts. Chap. ii. 10.

It is not permitted to the most equitable of men to be a judge in his own cause.

Chap. iv. 1.

¹ See Dryden, page 277.

² See Frere, page 462.

³ Borrowed from Cyrano de Bergerac's "Pédant joué," act ii. sc. 4.

⁴ Sigismund I. at the Council of Constance, 1414, said to a prelate who had objected to his Majesty's grammar, "Ego sum rex Romanus, et supra grammaticam" (I am the Roman emperor, and am above grammar).

Montaigne¹ is wrong in declaring that custom ought to be followed simply because it is custom, and not because it is reasonable or just. *Thoughts. Chap. iv. 6.*

Thus we never live, but we hope to live; and always disposing ourselves to be happy, it is inevitable that we never become so.² *Chap. v. 2.*

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed. *Chap. viii. 29.*

The last thing that we find in making a book is to know what we must put first. *Chap. ix. 30.*

Rivers are highways that move on, and bear us whither we wish to go. *38.*

What a chimera, then, is man! what a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, feeble worm of the earth, depositary of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe!³ *Chap. x. 1.*

We know the truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart. *Ibid.*

For as old age is that period of life most remote from infancy, who does not see that old age in this universal man ought not to be sought in the times nearest his birth, but in those most remote from it?⁴

Preface to the Treatise on Vacuum.

NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPREAUX. 1636-1711.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.⁵

The Art of Poetry. Canto i. Line 75

¹ Book i. chap. xxii.

² See Pope, page 315.

³ See Pope, page 317.

⁴ See Bacon, page 169

⁵ See Dryden, page 273.

Every age has its pleasures, its style of wit, and its own ways. *The Art of Poetry. Canto iii. Line 374.*

He [Molière] pleases all the world, but cannot please himself. *Satire 2.*

"There, take," says Justice, "take ye each a shell; We thrive at Westminster on fools like you. 'T was a fat oyster! live in peace, — adieu." ¹ *Épître ii.*

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE. 1668–1747.

It may be said that his wit shines at the expense of his memory.² *Gil Blas. Book iii. Chap. xi.*

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste. *Book vii. Chap. iv.*

Isocrates was in the right to insinuate, in his elegant Greek expression, that what is got over the Devil's back is spent under his belly.³ *Book viii. Chap. ix.*

Facts are stubborn things.⁴ *Book x. Chap. i.*

Plain as a pike-staff.⁵ *Book xii. Chap. viii.*

FRANCIS M. VOLTAIRE. 1694–1778.

If there were no God, it would be necessary to invent him.⁶ *Épître à l'Auteur du Livre des Trois Imposteurs. cxi.*

The king [Frederic] has sent me some of his dirty linen to wash; I will wash yours another time.⁷ *Reply to General Manstein.*

Men use thought only as authority for their injustice, and employ speech only to conceal their thoughts.⁸ *Dialogue xiv. Le Chapon et la Poularde (1763).*

¹ See Pope, page 334.

³ See Rabelais, page 959.

⁵ See Middleton, page 172.

⁷ Voltaire writes to his niece Dennis, July 24, 1752, "Voilà le roi qui m'envoie son linge à blanchir."

² See Sheridan, page 443.

⁴ See Smollett, page 392.

⁶ See Tillotson, page 266.

⁸ See Young, page 310.

History is little else than a picture of human crimes and misfortunes.¹

L'Ingénu. Chap. x. (1767.)

'The first who was king was a fortunate soldier :

Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.²

Merope. Act i. Sc. 3.

In the best of possible worlds the château of monseigneur the baron was the most beautiful of châteaux, and madame the best of possible baronesses.

Candide. Chap. i.

In this country [England] it is well to kill from time to time an admiral to encourage the others.

Chap. xxiii.

The superfluous, a very necessary thing.

Le Mondain. Line 21.

Crush the infamous thing.

Letter to d'Alembert, June 23, 1760.

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times.

Letter to Cardinal de Bernis, April 23, 1761.

The proper mean.³

Letter to Count d'Argental, Nov. 28, 1765.

It is said that God is always on the side of the heaviest battalions.⁴

Letter to M. le Riche, Feb. 6, 1770.

Love truth, but pardon error.

Discours sur l'Homme. Discours 3.



MADAME DU DEFFAND. 1697-1784.

He [Voltaire] has invented history.⁵

It is only the first step which costs.⁶

In reply to the Cardinal de Polignac.

¹ See Gibbon, page 430.

² See Scott, page 494.

Borrowed from Lefranc de Pompignan's "Didon."

³ See Cowper, page 424.

⁴ See Gibbon, page 430.

BUSSY RABUTIN : *Lettres*, iv. 91. SÉVIGNE : *Lettre à sa Fille*, p. 202.

TACITUS : *Historia*, iv. 17. TERENCE : *Phormio*, i. 4. 26.

⁵ FOURNIER : *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*, p. 191.

⁶ Voltaire writes to Madame du Deffand, January, 1764, that one of her bon-mots is quoted in the notes of "La Pucelle," canto 1 : "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1712–1778.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array, —
Days of absence, I am weary :
She I love is far away.

Days of Absence.

—◆—
GESTA ROMANORUM.¹

We read of a certain Roman emperor who built a magnificent palace. In digging the foundation, the workmen discovered a golden sarcophagus ornamented with three circlets, on which were inscribed, "I have expended ; I have given ; I have kept ; I have possessed ; I do possess ; I have lost ; I am punished. What I formerly expended, I have ; what I gave away, I have."²

Tale xvi.

See how the world rewards its votaries.³

Tale xxxvi.

If the end be well, all is well.⁴

Tale lxxvii.

Whatever you do, do wisely, and think of the consequences.

Tale ciii.

¹ The "Gesta Romanorum" is a collection of one hundred and eighty-one stories, first printed about 1473. The first English version appeared in 1824, translated by the Rev. C. Swan. (Bohn's Standard Library.)

² Richard Gough, in the "Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain," gives this epitaph of Robert Byrkes, which is to be found in Doncaster Church, "new cut" upon his tomb in Roman capitals :—

Howe : Howe : who is heare :
I, Robin of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare.
That I spent, that I had ;
That I gave, that I have ;
That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1579.

The following is the epitaph of Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, according to Cleaveland's "Genealogical History of the Family of Courtenay," p. 142 :—

What we gave, we have ;
What we spent, we had ;
What we left, we lost.

³ Ecce quomodo mundus suis servitoribus reddit mercedem (See how the world its veterans rewards. — POPE : *Moral Essays*, epistle 1, line 243.

⁴ Si finis bonus est, totum bonum erit. — Probably the origin of the proverb, "All's well that ends well."

VAUVENARGUES (MARQUIS OF). 1715-1747.

Great thoughts come from the heart.¹ *Maxim cxxvii.*

—◆—

MICHEL JEAN SEDAINE. 1717-1797.

O Richard! O my king!
The universe forsakes thee!

*Sung at the Dinner given to the French Soldiers
in the Opera Salon at Versailles, Oct. 1, 1789.*

—◆—

PRINCE DE LIGNE. 1735-1814.

The congress of Vienna does not walk, but it dances.²

—◆—

GOETHE. 1749-1832.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping, and watching for the morrow, —
He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

Wilhelm Meister. Book ii. Chap. xii

Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose? ³

Book iii. Chap. i.

Art is long, life short; ⁴ judgment difficult, opportunity
transient.

Book vii. Chap. ix.

The sagacious reader who is capable of reading between these lines what does not stand written in them, but is nevertheless implied, will be able to form some conception.

Autobiography. Book xviii. Truth and Beauty.

¹ See Sidney, page 34.

² One of the Prince de Ligne's speeches that will last forever. — *Edinburgh Review, July, 1890, p. 244.*

³ See Byron, page 549.

⁴ See Chaucer, page 6.

MADAME ROLAND. 1754-1793.

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed
in thy name!¹

BERTRAND BARÈRE. 1755-1841.

The tree of liberty only grows when watered by the
blood of tyrants. *Speech in the Convention Nationale, 1792.*

It is only the dead who do not return. *Speech, 1794.*

SCHILLER. 1759-1805.

Against stupidity the very gods
Themselves contend in vain.

The Maid of Orleans. Act iii. Sc. 6.

The richest monarch in the Christian world;
The sun in my own dominions never sets.²

Don Carlos. Act i. Sc. 6.

JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE. 1760-——.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!

The Marseilles Hymn.

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved.
On victory or death!

Ibid.

¹ MACAULAY: *Essay on Mirabeau.*

² See Scott, page 495.

A. F. F. VON KOTZEBUE. 1761-1819.

There is another and a better world.¹

The Stranger. Act i. Sc. 1

J. G. VON SALIS. 1762-1834.

Into the silent land!
Ah, who shall lead us thither?

The Silent Land

Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the silent land!

Ibid.

JOSEPH FOUCHÉ. 1763-1820.

"It is more than a crime; it is a political fault,"² — words which I record, because they have been repeated and attributed to others.

Memoirs of Fouché.

Death is an eternal sleep.

Inscription placed by his orders on the Gates of the Cemeteries in 1794.

J. M. USTERI. 1763-1827.

Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close;
Why are we fond of toil and care?
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear?

Life let us cherish

¹ Translated by N. Schink, London, 1799.

² Commonly quoted, "It is worse than a crime, — it is a blunder," and attributed to Talleyrand.

H. B. CONSTANT. 1767–1830.

I am not the rose, but I have lived near the rose.¹



JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTES. 1771–1813.

I know nothing about it; I am my own ancestor.²
(When asked as to his ancestry.)



JOHANN L. UHLAND. 1787–1862.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee, —
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

The Passage. Edinburgh Review, October, 1832.



VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN. 1806–1871.

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.^o

*Ingomar the Barbarian.*⁴ Act ii.

¹ This saying, "Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle," is assigned to Constant by A. Hayward in his Introduction to the "Autobiography and Letters" of Mrs. Piozzi.

² See Plutarch, page 919.

Curtius Rufus seems to me to be descended from himself. (A saying of Tiberius). — TACITUS: *Annals*, book xi. c. xxi. 16.

³ See Pope, page 340.

Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag.

⁴ Translated by Maria Lovell.

ALFRED DE MUSSET. 1810–1857.

As all the perfumes of the vanished day
 Rise from the earth still moistened with the dew
 So from my chastened soul beneath thy ray
 Old love is born anew.

Remembrance, translated by George Murray.

GUSTAVE NADAUD. 1820–1893.

I'm growing old, I'm sixty years;
 I've labored all my life in vain.
 In all that time of hopes and fears,
 I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
 I see full well that here below
 Bliss unalloyed there is for none
 My prayer would else fulfilment know —
 Never have I seen Carcassonne!

Carcassonne. Translated by John Reuben Thompson. Stanza 1.

Yet could I these two days have spent,
 While still the autumn sweetly shone,
 Ah, me! I might have died content
 When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Ibid. Stanza 2.

They tell me every day is there
 Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
 In shining robes and garments fair
 The people walk upon their way.
 One gazes there on castle walls
 As grand as those of Babylon,
 A bishop and two generals!
 What joy to be in Carcassonne!
 Ah! might I but see Carcassonne!

Ibid. Stanza 3.

The vicar 's right; he says that we
 Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
 He tells us in his homily
 Ambition ruins all mankind;

Carcassone. Stanza 4.

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
 In this my prayer if I offend;
 One something sees beyond his reach
 From childhood to his journey's end.
 My wife, our little boy Aignan,
 Have travelled even to Narbonne;
 My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
 And I — have not seen Carcassonne.

Ibid. Stanza 5.



HENRI-FREDERIC AMIEL. 1821-1881.

There is no repose for the mind except in the absolute; for feeling, except in the infinite; for the soul, except in the divine. *Journal.*

Only one thing is necessary: to possess God — All the senses, all the forces of the soul and of the spirit, all the exterior resources are so many open outlets to the Divinity; so many ways of tasting and of adoring God. We should be able to detach ourselves from all that is perishable and cling absolutely to the eternal and the absolute and enjoy the all else as a loan, as a usufruct. . . . To worship, to comprehend, to receive, to feel, to give, to act: this our law, our duty, our happiness, our heaven.

Ibid.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness and of death. There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage. *Ibid.*

Truth is the secret of eloquence and of virtue, the basis of moral authority; it is the highest summit of art and of life. *Ibid.*

Life is the apprenticeship to progressive renunciation, to the steady diminution of our claims, of our hopes, of our powers, of our liberty. *Ibid.*

Doing easily what others find difficult is talent; doing what is impossible for talent is genius. *Ibid.*

A man without passion is only a latent force, only a possibility, like a stone waiting for the blow from the iron to give forth sparks. *Ibid.*

The efficacy of religion lies precisely in what is not rational, philosophic or eternal; its efficacy lies in the unforeseen, the miraculous, the extraordinary. Thus religion attracts more devotion according as it demands more faith, — that is to say, as it becomes more incredible to the profane mind. The philosopher aspires to explain away all mysteries, to dissolve them into light. Mystery on the other hand is demanded and pursued by the religious instinct; mystery constitutes the essence of worship, the power of proselytism. When the “cross” became the “foolishness” of the cross, it took possession of the masses. *Ibid.*

If ignorance and passion are the foes of popular morality, it must be confessed that moral indifference is the malady of the cultivated classes. The modern separation of enlightenment and virtue, of thought and conscience, of the intellectual aristocracy from the honest and common crowd is the greatest danger that can threaten liberty. *Ibid.*



HENRYK IBSEN. 1828–1906.

Only the spirit of rebellion craves for happiness in this life. What right have we human beings to happiness?

Ghosts.

What we have inherited from our fathers and mothers is not all that 'walks in us.' There are all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs. They have no tangibility, but they haunt us all the same and we can not get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see Ghosts gliding between the lines. Ghosts must be all over the country, as thick as the sands of the sea. *Ibid.*

One should never put on one's best trousers to go out in to fight for freedom. *The Enemy of the People.*



COUNT LYOF NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOI.

1828-1910.

All happy families resemble one another; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Anna Karénina. Part i. Chap. i.

There is one evident, indubitable manifestation of the Divinity, and that is the laws of right which are made known to the world through Revelation.

Ibid. Part viii. Chap. xix.

Error is the force that welds men together; truth is communicated to men only by deeds of truth.

My Religion. Chap. xii.

The happiness of men consists in life. And life is in labor.

What is to be done? Chap. xxxviii.

The vocation of every man and woman is to serve other people.

Ibid. Chap. xl. Note.

The only significance of life consists in helping to establish the kingdom of God; and this can be done only by means of the acknowledgment and profession of the truth by each one of us. *The Kingdom of God. Chap. xii.*

Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen.

What is Art? Chap. viii.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE. 1844-1900.

I teach you the Overman. Man is something which shall be surpassed. *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*

The good generally displeases us when it is beyond our ken.

Everyone who enjoys thinks that the principal thing to the tree is the fruit, but in point of fact the principal thing to it is the seed. — Herein lies the difference between them that create and them that enjoy.

He that prefers the beautiful to the useful in life will, undoubtedly, like children who prefer sweetmeats to bread, destroy his digestion and acquire a very fretful outlook on the world.

On the heights it is warmer than people in the valleys suppose, especially in winter. The thinker recognizes the full import of this simile.

In the mountains of truth, you never climb in vain. Either you already reach a higher point today, or you exercise your strength in order to be able to climb higher tomorrow.

The value of many men and books rests solely on their faculty for compelling all to speak out the most hidden and intimate things.

Merchant and pirate were for a long period one and the same person. Even today mercantile morality is really nothing but a refinement of piratical morality.

Many a man fails to become a thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good. *Maxims.*



MAURICE MAETERLINCK. 1864—.

The future is a world limited by ourselves; in it we discover only what concerns us and, sometimes, by chance, what interests those whom we love the most.

Jouzelle. Act i.

Men's weaknesses are often necessary to the purposes of life.

Joyzelle. Act ii.

All our knowledge merely helps us to die a more painful death than the animals that know nothing. A day will come when science will turn upon its error and no longer hesitate to shorten our woes. A day will come when it will dare and act with certainty; when life, grown wiser, will depart silently at its hour, knowing that it has reached its term.

Our Eternity.

EDMOND ROSTAND. 1868—

Malebranche would have it that not a soul is left;
We humbly think that there still are hearts.¹

Chantecler. Prélude.

Without doubt
I can teach crowing: for I gobble.²

Ibid. Act i. Sc. 2

I fall back dazzled at beholding myself all rosy red,
At having, I myself, caused the sun to rise.³

Ibid. Act ii. Sc. 3.

And sounding in advance its victory,
My song jets forth so clear, so proud, so peremptory,
That the horizon, seized with a rosy trembling,
Obeys me.⁴

Ibid.

¹ Malebranche dirait qu'il n'y a plus une âme:
Nous pensons humblement qu'il reste encor des cœurs.

² Sans doute
Je peux apprendre à coqueriquer: je glougloute.

³ Je recule
Ébloui de me voir moi même tout vermeil
Et d'avoir, moi, le coq, fait élever le soleil.

⁴ Et sonnante d'avance sa victoire,
Mon chant jaillit si net, si fier, si peremptoire,
Que l'horizon, saisi d'un rose tremblement,
M'obéit.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS.

Absolutism tempered by assassination.¹

A Cadmean victory.²

After us the deluge.³

All is lost save honour.⁴

Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.⁵

Architecture is frozen music.⁶

¹ Count Münster, Hanoverian envoy at St. Petersburg, discovered that Russian civilization is "merely artificial," and first published to Europe the short description of the Russian Constitution, — that it is "absolutism tempered by assassination."

² A Greek proverb. A Cadmean victory was one in which the victors suffered as much as their enemies.

Συμμισηγόντων δὲ τῆ ναυμαχίῃ, Καδμείη τις νίκη τοῖσι Φωκαιεῦσι ἐγένετο. — HERODOTUS : i. 166.

Where two discourse, if the one's anger rise,
The man who lets the contest fall is wise.

EURIPIDES : *Fragment 656. Protesilaus.*

³ On the authority of Madame de Hausset ("Mémoires," p. 19), this phrase is ascribed to Madame de Pompadour. Larousse ("Fleurs Historiques") attributes it to Louis XV.

⁴ It was from the imperial camp near Pavia that Francis I., before leaving for Pizzighetone, wrote to his mother the memorable letter which, thanks to tradition, has become altered to the form of this sublime laconism : "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur."

The true expression is, "Madame, pour vous faire savoir comme se porte le reste de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauvé." — MARTIN : *Histoire de France, tome viii.*

The correction of this expression was first made by Sismondi, vol. xvi. pp. 241, 242. The letter itself is printed entire in Dulaure's "Histoire de Paris" : "Pour vous avertir comment se porte le ressort de mon infortune, de toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie, — qui est sauvé."

⁵ Inserit se tantis viris mulier alienigeni sanguinis : quæ a Philippo rege temulento immerenter damnata, Provocarem ad Philippum, inquit, sed sobrium. — VALERIUS MAXIMUS : *Lib. vi. c. 2.*

⁶ Since it [architecture] is music in space, as it were a frozen music. . . . If architecture in general is frozen music. — SCHELLING : *Philosophie der Kunst. pp. 576, 593.*

La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée. — MADAME DE STAËL : *Corinne, livre iv. chap. 3.*

Beginning of the end.¹

Boldness, again boldness, and ever boldness.²

Dead on the field of honour.³

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.⁴

Extremes meet.⁵

Hell is full of good intentions.⁶

History repeats itself.⁷

I am here: I shall remain here.⁸

I am the state.⁹

It is magnificent, but it is not war.¹⁰

¹ Fournier asserts, on the written authority of Talleyrand's brother, that the only breviary used by the ex-bishop was "L'Improvisateur Français," a compilation of anecdotes and *bon-mots*, in twenty-one duodecimo volumes. Whenever a good thing was wandering about in search of a parent, he adopted it; amongst others, "C'est le commencement de la fin."

See Shakespeare, page 59.

² De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace — DANTON: *Speech in the Legislative Assembly, 1792.*

See Spenser, page 28.

³ This was the answer given in the roll-call of La Tour d'Auvergne's regiment after his death.

⁴ See Canning, page 464.

⁵ Les extrêmes se touchent. — MERCIER: *Tableaux de Paris* (1782), vol. iv. title of chap. 348.

⁶ See Johnson, page 372.

⁷ See Plutarch, page 912.

⁸ The reply of Marshal MacMahon, in the trenches before the Malakoff, in the siege of Sebastopol, September, 1855, to the commander-in-chief, who had sent him word to beware of an explosion which might follow the retreat of the Russians.

⁹ Dulaure (*History of Paris*, 1863, p. 387) asserts that Louis XIV. interrupted a judge who used the expression, "The king and the state," by saying, "I am the state."

¹⁰ Said by General Pierre Bosquet of the charge of the Light Brigade at the battle of Balaklava.

Leave no stone unturned.¹

Let it be. Let it pass.²

Medicine for the soul.³

Nothing is changed in France; there is only one Frenchman more.⁴

Order reigns in Warsaw.⁵

Ossa on Pelion.⁶

¹ EURIPIDES: *Heracleidæ*, 1002.

This may be traced to a response of the Delphic oracle given to Poly-crates, as the best means of finding a treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the field of Plataea. The oracle replied, Πάντα λίθον κίνει, "Turn every stone." — LEUTSCH AND SCHNEIDEWIN: *Corpus Paræmiographorum Græcorum*, vol. i. p. 146.

² This phrase, "Laissez faire, laissez passer!" is attributed to Gournay, Minister of Commerce at Paris, 1751; also to Quesnay, the writer on political economy. It is quoted by Adam Smith in the "Wealth of Nations."

³ Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. — DIODORUS SICULUS: i. 49, 3.

⁴ According to the "Contemporary Review," February, 1854, this phrase formed the opening of an address composed in the name of Comte d'Artois by Count Beugnot, and published in the "Moniteur," April 12, 1814.

⁵ General Sebastiani announced the fall of Warsaw in the Chamber of Deputies, Sept. 16, 1831: "Des lettres que je reçois de Pologne m'annoncent que la tranquillité règne à Varsovie." — DUMAS: *Mémoires*, Second Series, vol. iv. chap. iii.

⁶ See Ovid, page 893.

They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelius.

CHAPMAN: *Homer's Odyssey*, book xi. 426.

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;
On Ossa Pelion nods with all his wood.

POPE: *Odyssey*, book xi. 387.

Ossa on Olympus heave, on Ossa roll
Pelion with all his woods; so scale the starry pole.

SOTHEYBY: *Odyssey*, book xi. 315.

To the Olympian summit they essay'd
To heave up Ossa, and to Ossa's crown
Branch-waving Pelion.

COWPER: *Odyssey*, book xi. 379.

They on Olympus Ossa fain would roll;
On Ossa Pelion's leaf-quivering hill.

WORSLEY: *Odyssey*, book xi. 414

To fling
Ossa upon Olympus, and to pile

Scylla and Charybdis.¹

Sinews of war.²

Talk of nothing but business, and despatch that business quickly.³

The empire is peace.⁴

The guard dies, but never surrenders.⁵

The king reigns, but does not govern.⁶

Pelion with all its growth of leafy woods
On Ossa.

BRYANT: *Odyssey*, book xi. 390.

Ossa they pressed down with Pelion's weight,
And on them both impos'd Olympus' hill.

FITZ-GEFFREY: *The Life and Death of Sir Francis Drake*, stanza 99 (1596).

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam. — VIRGIL: *Georgics*, i. 281.

¹ See Shakespeare, page 64.

² See Rabelais, page 957.

Æschines (Adv. Ctesiphon, c. 53) ascribes to Demosthenes the expression *ὑποτέμνεται τὰ νεῦρα τῶν πραγμάτων*, "The sinews of affairs are cut." Diogenes Laertius, in his Life of Bion (lib. iv. c. 7, sect. 3), represents that philosopher as saying, *τὸν πλοῦτον εἶναι νεῦρα πραγμάτων*, — "Riches were the sinews of business," or, as the phrase may mean, "of the state." Referring perhaps to this maxim of Bion, Plutarch says in his Life of Cleomenes (c. 27), "He who first called money the sinews of the state seems to have said this with special reference to war." Accordingly we find money called expressly *τὰ νεῦρα τοῦ πολέμου*, "the sinews of war," in Libanius, Orat. xlvi. (vol. ii. p. 477, ed. Reiske), and by the scholiast on Pindar, Olymp. i. 4 (compare Photius, Lex. s. v. *Μεγάνορος πλούτου*). So Cicero, Philipp. v. 2, "nervos belli, infinitam pecuniam."

³ A placard of Aldus on the door of his printing-office. — DIEDIN: *Introduction*, vol. i. p. 436.

⁴ A saying occurs in Louis Napoleon's speech to the Chamber of Commerce in Bordeaux, Oct. 9, 1852.

⁵ Words engraved upon the monument erected to Cambronne at Nantes.

This phrase, attributed to Cambronne, who was made prisoner at Waterloo, was vehemently denied by him. It was invented by Rougemont, a prolific author of *mots*, two days after the battle, in the "Indépendant." — FOURNIER: *L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*.

⁶ A motto adopted by Thiers for the "Nationale," July 1, 1803. In the beginning of the seventeenth century Jan Zamoyski in the Polish parliament said, "The king reigns, but does not govern."

The style is the man himself.¹

“There is no other royal path which leads to geometry,” said Euclid to Ptolemy I.²

There is nothing new except what is forgotten.³

They have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.⁴

We are dancing on a volcano.⁵

Who does not love wine, women, and song
Remains a fool his whole life long.⁶

God is on the side of the strongest battalions.⁷

Terrible he rode alone,
With his Yemen sword for aid;
Ornament it carried none
But the notches on the blade.

*The Death Feud. An Arab War-song.*⁸

¹ BUFFON : *Discours de Reception* (Recueil de l'Académie, 1753).

See Burton, page 186.

² PROCLUS : *Commentary on Euclid's Elements*, book ii. chap. iv.

³ Attributed to Mademoiselle Bertin, milliner to Marie Antoinette.

“There is nothing new except that which has become antiquated,” — motto of the “Revue Rétrospective.”

⁴ This saying is attributed to Talleyrand. In a letter of the Chevalier de Panat to Mallet du Pau, January, 1796, it occurs almost literally, — “No one is right ; no one could forget anything, nor learn anything.”

⁵ Words uttered by Comte de Salvandy (1796-1856) at a fete given by the Duke of Orleans to the King of Naples, 1830.

⁶ Attributed to Luther, but more probably a saying of J. H. Voss (1751-1826), according to Redlich, “Die poetischen Beiträge zum Waudsbecker Bothen,” Hamburg, 1871, p. 67. — KING : *Classical and Foreign Quotations* (1887).

⁷ See Gibbon, page 430, and Voltaire, page 801.

Napoleon said, “Providence is always on the side of the last reserve.”

⁸ Anonymous translation from “Tait's Magazine,” July, 1850. The poem is of an age earlier than that of Mahomet.

THE BIBLE.

OLD TESTAMENT.

- And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.
Genesis i. 3.
- It is not good that the man should be alone. *ii. 18.*
- Bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh. *23.*
- They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves
aprons. *iii. 7.*
- In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. *19*
- For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.
Ibid.
- The mother of all living. *20.*
- Am I my brother's keeper? *iv. 9.*
- My punishment is greater than I can bear. *13.*
- There were giants in the earth in those days. *vi. 4.*
- And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty
nights. *vii. 12.*
- The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot. *viii. 9.*
- Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood
be shed. *ix. 6.*
- Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and
me. *xiii. 8*
- In a good old age. *xv. 15.*
- His hand will be against every man, and every man's
hand against him. *xvi. 12.*

Old and well stricken in age. *Genesis xviii. 11.*

His wife looked back from behind him, and she became
a pillar of salt. *xix. 26.*

The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands
of Esau. *xxvii. 22.*

They stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many
colours. *xxxvii. 23.*

Bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. *xli. 38.*

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. *xlix. 4.*

I have been a stranger in a strange land. *Exodus ii. 22.*

A land flowing with milk and honey. *iii. 8; Jeremiah xxxii. 22.*

Darkness which may be felt. *x. 21.*

The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a
cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of
fire. *xiii. 21.*

When we sat by the fleshpots. *xvi. 3.*

Love thy neighbour as thyself. *Leviticus xix. 18.*

The Lord opened the mouth of the ass, and she said
unto Balaam, What have I done unto thee, that thou
hast smitten me these three times? *Numbers xxii. 28.*

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last
end be like his! *xxiii. 10.*

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy taberna-
cles, O Israel! *xxiv. 5.*

Man doth not live by bread only. *Deuteronomy viii. 3.*

The wife of thy bosom. *xxiii. 6.*

Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for
foot. *xxix. 21.*

- Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.
Deuteronomy xxviii. 5.
- The secret things belong unto the Lord.
xxix. 29.
- He kept him as the apple of his eye.
xxvii. 10.
- Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked.
15.
- As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
xxviii. 25.
- His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.
xxiv. 7.
- I am going the way of all the earth.
Joshua xxiii. 14.
- I arose a mother in Israel.
Judges v. 7.
- The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.
20.
- She brought forth butter in a lordly dish.
25.
- At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down : at her feet
he bowed, he fell : where he bowed, there he fell down
dead.
27.
- Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better
than the vintage of Abi-ezer ?
viii. 2.
- He smote them hip and thigh.
xv. 8.
- The Philistines be upon thee, Samson.
xvi. 9.
- From Dan even to Beer-sheba.
xx. 1.
- The people arose as one man.
xx. 8.
- Whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodg-
est, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy
God my God.
Ruth i. 16.
- Quit yourselves like men.
1 Samuel iv. 9.
- Is Saul also among the prophets ?
x. 11.
- A man after his own heart.
xviii. 14.
- David therefore departed thence and escaped to the
cave Adullam.
xxii. 1.
- Tell it not in Gath ; publish it not in the streets of
Askelon.
2 Samuel i. 20

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

2 Samuel i. 23.

How are the mighty fallen! 25.

Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. 26.

Abner . . . smote him under the fifth rib. ii. 23.

Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown. x. 5.

Thou art the man. xii. 7.

As water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered up again. xiv. 14.

They were wont to speak in old time, saying, They shall surely ask counsel at Abel: and so they ended the matter. xx. 18.

The sweet psalmist of Israel. xxiii. 1.

So that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.¹

1 Kings vi. 7.

A proverb and a byword. ix. 7.

I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. xvii. 9.

An handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. 12.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail. 16.

How long halt ye between two opinions? xviii. 21.

There ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. 44.

A still, small voice. xix. 12.

¹ See Cowper, page 421.

Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself
as he that putteth it off. *1 Kings xx. 11.*

Death in the pot. *2 Kings iv. 40.*

Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great
thing? *viii. 13.*

Like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he
driveth furiously. *ix. 20.*

One that feared God and eschewed evil. *Job i. 1*

Satan came also. *6.*

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed
be the name of the Lord. *21.*

All that a man hath will he give for his life. *ii. 4.*

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the
weary be at rest. *iii. 17.*

Night, when deep sleep falleth on men. *iv. 13; xxxiii. 15.*

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.
v. 7.

He taketh the wise in their own craftiness. *13.*

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a
shock of corn cometh in in his season. *26.*

How forcible are right words! *vi. 25.*

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. *vii. 6.*

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his
place know him any more.¹ *vi. 10; cf. xvi. 22.*

I would not live alway. *16.*

The land of darkness and the shadow of death. *x. 21.*

Clearer than the noonday. *xi. 17.*

Wisdom shall die with you. *xii. 2.*

¹ The place thereof shall know it no more. — *Psalm ciii. 16.*

Usually quoted, "The place that has known him shall know him no
more."

- Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee. *Job xii. 8.*
- Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full
of trouble. *xiv. 1.*
- Miserable comforters are ye all. *xvi. 2.*
- The king of terrors. *xviii. 14.*
- I am escaped with the skin of my teeth. *xix. 20.*
- Oh that my words were now written! oh that they
were printed in a book! *23.*
- Seeing the root of the matter is found in me. *28.*
- Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he
hide it under his tongue. *xx. 12.*
- The land of the living. *xxviii. 13.*
- The price of wisdom is above rubies. *18.*
- When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when
the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. *xxix. 11.*
- I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. *13.*
- I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. *15.*
- The house appointed for all living. *xxx. 23.*
- My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a
book. *xxxi. 35.*
- Great men are not always wise. *xxxii. 9.*
- He multiplieth words without knowledge. *xxxv. 16.*
- Fair weather cometh out of the north. *xxxvii. 22.*
- Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without
knowledge? *xxxviii. 2.*
- The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of
God shouted for joy. *xxxviii. 7.*
- Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here
shall thy proud waves be stayed. *11.*

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? *Job xxxviii. 31.*

Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? *32.*

He smelleth the battle afar off. *xxxix. 25.*

Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? *xli. 1.*

Hard as a piece of the nether millstone. *24.*

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot. *31.*

I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. *xlii. 5.*

His leaf also shall not wither. *Psalms i. 3.*

Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. *iv. 6.*

Out of the mouth of babes¹ and sucklings. *viii. 2.*

Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.² *5.*

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. *xiv. 1; liii. 1.*

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. *xv. 4.*

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places;³ yea, I have a goodly heritage. *xvi. 6.*

Keep me as the apple of the eye,⁴ hide me under the shadow of thy wings. *xvii. 8.*

The sorrows of death compassed me. *xviii. 4.*

He rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.⁵ *10.*

¹ Of very babes. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² Thou madest him lower than. — *Ibid.*

³ The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground. — *Ibid.*

⁴ Apple of an eye. — *Ibid.*

⁵ He rode upon the cherubim, and did fly; he came flying upon the wings of the wind. — *Ibid.*

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. *Psalm cix. 1.*

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.¹ 2.

And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof. 6.

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. 10.

I may tell all my bones. *xxii. 17.*

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.² *xxiii. 2.*

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.³ 4.

My cup runneth over.⁴ 5.

From the strife of tongues. *xxxi. 20.*

He fashioneth their hearts alike.⁵ *xxxiii. 15.*

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. *xxxiv. 13.*

I have been young, and now am old ; yet have I not seen⁶ the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. *xxxvii. 25.*

Spreading⁷ himself like a green bay-tree. 35.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright. 37.

While I was musing the fire burned.⁸ *xxxix. 3.*

¹ One day telleth another; and one night certieth another. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. — *Ibid.*

³ Thy rod and thy staff comfort me. — *Ibid.*

⁴ My cup shall be full. — *Ibid.*

⁵ He fashioneth all the hearts of them. — *Ibid.*

⁶ And yet saw I never . . . begging their bread. — *Ibid.*

⁷ Flourishing. — *Ibid.*

⁸ While I was thus musing the fire kindled. — *Ibid.*

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am.¹

Psalm xxxix. 4.

Every man at his best state is altogether vanity.² 5.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not³ who shall gather them. 6

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. *xli. 1.*

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks.⁴ *xlii. 1.*

Deep calleth unto deep.⁵ 7.

My tongue is the pen of a ready writer. *xlv. 1.*

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.⁶ *xlvi. 1.*

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion,⁷ . . . the city of the great King. *xlviii. 2.*

Man being in honour abideth not ; he is like the beasts that perish.⁸ *xliv. 12, 20.*

The cattle upon a thousand hills. *l. 10*

Oh that I had wings like a dove ! *lv. 6.*

We took sweet counsel together. *lxiv. 14.*

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.⁹ *lxv. 15.*

¹ Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² Every man living is altogether vanity. — *Ibid.*

³ And cannot tell. — *Ibid.*

⁴ As the hart desireth the water-brooks. — *Ibid.*

⁵ One deep calleth another. — *Ibid.*

⁶ God is our hope and strength. — *Ibid.*

⁷ The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth. — *Ibid.*

⁸ Nevertheless, man will not abide in honour, seeing he may be compared unto the beasts that perish. — *Ibid.*

⁹ But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend. — *Ibid.*

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter,
but war was in his heart.¹ *Psalm lv. 21.*

My heart is fixed. *lvii. 7.*

They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear;
which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charm-
ing never so wisely.² *lviii. 4, 5.*

Vain is the help of man. *lx. 11; cviii. 12.*

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high
degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance they are alto-
gether lighter than vanity.³ *lvii. 9*

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.⁴
lxxii. 6.

His enemies shall lick the dust. *9*

As a dream when one awaketh. *lxxiii. 20.*

Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the
west, nor from⁵ the south: *lxxv. 6*

He putteth down one and setteth up another. *7.*

They go from strength to strength. *lxxix. 7.*

A day⁶ in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had
rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to
dwell in the tents of wickedness.⁷ *lxxxiv. 10*

Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and
peace have kissed each other. *lxxxv. 10.*

¹ The words of his mouth were softer than butter, having war in his heart. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² Like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ears; which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. — *Ibid.*

³ As for the children of men, they are but vanity: the children of men are deceitful upon the weights; they are altogether lighter than vanity itself. — *Ibid.*

⁴ He shall come down like the rain into a fleece of wool. — *Ibid.*

⁵ Nor yet. — *Ibid.*

⁶ One day in thy courts. — *Ibid.*

⁷ Ungodliness. — *Ibid.*

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past,¹ and as a watch in the night.

Psalm xc. 4.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.² 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.³ 10.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. 12.

Establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.⁴ 17.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.⁵ *xcv. 2.*

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for . . . the destruction that wasteth at noonday.⁶ 6.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.⁷ *xcvii. 12.*

The noise of many waters. *xcviii. 4.*

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice.⁸ *xcviii. 1.*

¹ Seeing that is past. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told. — *Ibid.*

³ The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. — *Ibid.*

⁴ Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us; oh prosper thou our handiwork. — *Ibid.*

⁵ I will say unto the Lord, Thou art my hope and my stronghold; my God, in him will I trust. — *Ibid.*

⁶ For the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday. — *Ibid.*

⁷ Like a palm-tree, and shall spread abroad like a cedar in Libanus. — *Ibid.*

⁸ The Lord is king; the earth may be glad thereof. — *Ibid.*

As for man his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth.¹ *Psalms ciii. 15.*

The wind passeth over it, and it is gone ;² and the place thereof shall know it no more. *16.*

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. *civ. 15.*

Man goeth forth unto his work³ and to his labour until the evening. *23.*

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.⁴ *cvi. 23.*

At their wits' end. *27.*

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning : thou hast the dew of thy youth.⁵ *cx. 3.*

I said in my haste, All men are liars. *cxvi. 11.*

Precious⁶ in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *15.*

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.⁷ *cxviii. 22.*

I have more understanding than all my teachers : for thy testimonies are my meditations.⁸ *cxix. 99.*

A lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.⁹ *105.*

¹ The days of man are but as grass ; for he flourisheth as a flower of the field. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone. — *Ibid.*

³ To his work. — *Ibid.*

⁴ And occupy their business. — *Ibid.*

⁵ In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will-offerings with an holy worship : the dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning. — *Ibid.*

⁶ Right dear. — *Ibid.*

⁷ The same stone which the builders refused is become the head stone in the corner. — *Ibid.*

⁸ I have more understanding than my teachers : for thy testimonies are my study. — *Ibid.*

⁹ A lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths. — *Ibid.*

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.¹ *Psalm cxxi. 6.*

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity² within thy palaces. *cxvii. 7.*

He giveth his beloved sleep. *cxvii. 2.*

Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them. 5.

Thy children like olive plants³ round about thy table. *cxviii. 3.*

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids.⁴ *cxviii. 4; Proverbs vi. 4*

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren⁵ to dwell together in unity. *cxviii. 1.*

We hanged our harps upon the willows.⁶ *cxvii. 2.*

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. 5.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell⁷ in the uttermost parts of the sea. *cxvix. 9.*

I am fearfully and wonderfully made.⁸ 14.

Put not your trust in princes. *cxlvi. 3.*

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. *Proverbs i. 10.*

Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the street. 20.

¹ The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night. — *Book of Common Prayer.*

² Plenteousness. — *Ibid.*

³ Like the olive branches. — *Ibid.*

⁴ I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyes to slumber. — *Ibid.*

⁵ How good and joyful a thing it is, brethren. — *Ibid.*

⁶ As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees. — *Ibid.*

⁷ And remain. — *Ibid.*

⁸ Though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth. — *Ibid.*

Length of days is in her right hand ; and in her left hand riches and honour. *Proverbs iii. 16.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. *17.*

Wisdom is the principal thing ; therefore get wisdom ; and with all thy getting get understanding. *iv. 7.*

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. *18.*

Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise. *vi. 6.*

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. *vi. 10 ; xxiv. 33.*

So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man. *vi. 11.*

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned ? *27.*

As an ox goeth to the slaughter. *vii. 22 ; Jeremiah xi. 19.*

Wisdom is better than rubies. *viii. 11.*

Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. *ix. 17.*

He knoweth not that the dead are there ; and that her guests are in the depths of hell. *18.*

A wise son maketh a glad father. *x. 1.*

The memory of the just is blessed. *7.*

The destruction of the poor is their poverty. *15.*

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. *xi. 14 ; xxiv. 6*

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it. *15*

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion. *Proverbs xi. 22.*

The liberal soul shall be made fat. *25.*

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. *xii. 10.*

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. *xiii. 12.*

The way of transgressors is hard. *15.*

He that spareth his rod hateth his son. *24.*

Fools make a mock at sin. *xiv. 9.*

The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. *10.*

The prudent man looketh well to his going. *15.*

The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. *23.*

The righteous hath hope in his death. *32.*

Righteousness exalteth a nation. *34.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath. *xv. 1.*

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance. *13.*

He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast. *15.*

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. *17.*

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! *23.*

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps. *xvi. 9.*

Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. *18.*

The hoary head is a crown of glory. *31.*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Proverbs xvi. 32.

The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing
thereof is of the Lord. 33.

A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that
hath it. *xvii. 8.*

He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. 9.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. 22.

The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth. 24.

He that hath knowledge spareth his words. 27.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted
wise. 28.

A wounded spirit who can bear? *xviii. 14.*

Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing. 22.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly;
and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. 24.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the
Lord. *xix. 17.*

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging. *xx. 1.*

Every fool will be meddling. 3.

The hearing ear and the seeing eye. 12.

It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when
he is gone his way, then he boasteth. 14.

It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop than
with a brawling woman in a wide house. *xxi. 9.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. *xxii. 1.*

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when
he is old he will not depart from it. 6.

- The borrower is servant to the lender. *Proverbs xxii. 7.*
- Remove not the ancient landmark. *28; xxiii. 10.*
- Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *29.*
- Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite. *xxiii. 2.*
- Riches certainly make themselves wings. *5.*
- As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. *7.*
- Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. *21.*
- Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup; . . . at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. *31, 32.*
- A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increaseth strength. *xxiv. 5.*
- If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small. *10.*
- A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *xxv. 11.*
- Heap coals of fire upon his head. *22.*
- As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country. *25.*
- As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come. *xxvi. 2.*
- Answer a fool according to his folly. *5.*
- Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him. *12.*
- There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets. *13.*
- Wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason. *16.*

Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein. *Proverbs xxvi. 27.*

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *xxvii. 1.*

Open rebuke is better than secret love. *5.*

Faithful are the wounds of a friend. *6.*

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. *15.*

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. *17.*

Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. *22.*

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion. *xxviii. 1.*

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent. *20.*

Where there is no vision, the people perish. *xxix. 18.*

Give me neither poverty nor riches. *xxx. 8.*

The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give. *15.*

In her tongue is the law of kindness. *xxxi. 26.*

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. *27.*

Her children arise up and call her blessed. *28.*

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. *29*

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain. *30*

Vanity of vanities, . . . all is vanity.

Ecclesiastes i. 2; xii. 8

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Ecclesiastes i. 4.*

The eye is not satisfied with seeing. 8.

There is no new thing under the sun. 9.

Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us.¹ 10.

All is vanity and vexation of spirit. 14.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. 18.

One event happeneth to them all. *ii. 14.*

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. *iii. 1.*

A threefold cord is not quickly broken. *iv. 12.*

Let thy words be few. *v. 2.*

Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. 5.

The sleep of a labouring man is sweet. 12.

A good name is better than precious ointment. *vii. 1.*

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting. 2.

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool. 6.

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. 14.

Be not righteous overmuch. 16.

One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found. 28.

¹ See Terence, page 888.

God hath made man upright ; but they have sought
out many inventions. *Ecclesiastes vii. 29.*

There is no discharge in that war. *viii. 8.*

To eat, and to drink, and to be merry.
viii. 15 ; Luke xii. 19.

A living dog is better than a dead lion. *ix. 4.*

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
might. *10.*

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the
strong. *11.*

A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which
hath wings shall tell the matter. *x. 20.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters ; for thou shalt find it
after many days. *xi. 1.*

In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. *3.*

He that observeth the wind shall not sow ; and he that
regardeth the clouds shall not reap. *4.*

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening with-
hold not thine hand. *6.*

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for
the eyes to behold the sun. *7.*

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth. *9.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
xii. 1.

The grinders cease because they are few. *3.*

The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall
fail ; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourn-
ers go about the streets. *5.*

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl
be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or
the wheel broken at the cistern. *6.*

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was ; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Ecclesiastes xii. 7.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies. 11.

Of making many books there is no end ; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. 12.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : Fear God, and keep his commandments ; for this is the whole duty of man. 13.

For, lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The Song of Solomon ii. 11, 12.

The little foxes, that spo'il the vines. 15.

Terrible as an army with banners. *vi. 4, 10.*

Like the best wine, . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak. *vii. 9.*

Love is strong as death ; jealousy is cruel as the grave. *viii. 6.*

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. 7.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib. *Isaiah i. 3.*

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. 5.

As a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. 8.

They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. *ii. 4 ; Micah iv. 3.*

In that day a man shall cast his idols . . . to the moles and to the bats. 20

Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils.

Isaiah ii. 22

The stay and the staff, the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water.

iii. 1.

Grind the faces of the poor.

15.

Walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go.

16.

In that day seven women shall take hold of one man.

iv. 1.

Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil.

v. 20.

I am a man of unclean lips.

vi. 5.

The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt.

vii. 18.

Wizards that peep and that mutter.

viii. 19.

To the law and to the testimony.

20.

The ancient and honorable.

ix. 15.

The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

xi. 2.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

6.

Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming.

xiv. 9.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!

12.

The burden of the desert of the sea.

xxi. 1

Babylon is fallen, is fallen.

9

Watchman, what of the night?

11

Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we shall die.

xxii. 13

- Fasten him as a nail in a sure place. *Isaiah xxii. 23*
- Whose merchants are princes. *xxiii. 8*
- A feast of fat things. *xxv. 6.*
- For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little. *xxviii. 10.*
- We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement. *15.*
- Their strength is to sit still. *xxx. 7.*
- Now go, write it before them in a table, and note it in a book. *8.*
- The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *xxxv. 1.*
- Thou trustest in the staff of this broken reed. *xxxvi. 6.*
- Set thine house in order. *xxxviii. 1.*
- All flesh is grass. *xl. 6.*
- The nations are as a drop of a bucket. *15.*
- A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench. *xlii. 3.*
- There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked. *xlviii. 22.*
- He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. *liii. 7.*
- Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. *lv. 7.*
- A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. *lx. 22.*
- Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. *lxi. 3.*
- I have trodden the wine-press alone. *lxviii. 2.*

We all do fade as a leaf. *Isaiah lxiv. 6.*

Peace, peace; when there is no peace.
Jeremiah vi. 14; viii. 11.

Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein.¹ *vi. 16.*

Amend your ways and your doings. *vii. 3; xxvi. 13.*

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? *viii. 22.*

Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men! *ix. 2.*

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? *xiii. 23.*

A man of strife and a man of contention. *xv. 10.*

Written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond. *xvii. 1.*

He shall be buried with the burial of an ass. *xviii. 19.*

As if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel.
Ezekiel x. 10.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. *xviii. 2; (Jeremiah xxxi. 29.)*

Stood at the parting of the way. *xxi. 21.*

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Daniel v. 27.*

According to the law of the Medes and Persians. *vi. 12.*

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. *xii. 4.*

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind. *Hosea viii. 7.*

I have multiplied visions, and used similitudes. *10*

¹ Stare super vias antiquas. — *The Vulgate.*

Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. *Joel ii. 28.*

Multitudes in the valley of decision. *iii. 14.*

They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree. *Micah iv. 4.*

Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. *Habakkuk ii. 2.*

Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever? *Zechariah i. 5.*

For who hath despised the day of small things? *iv. 10.*

Prisoners of hope. *ix. 12.*

I was wounded in the house of my friends. *xiii. 6.*

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings. *Malachi iv. 2.*

Great is truth, and mighty above all things.¹ *1 Esdras iv. 41.*

Unto you is paradise opened. *2 Esdras viii. 52.*

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out. *xiv. 25.*

So they [Azarias and Tobias] went forth both, and the young man's dog went with them. *Tobit v. 16.*

So they went their way, and the dog went after them. *xi. 4.*

Our time is a very shadow that passeth away. *Wisdom of Solomon ii. 5.*

Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered. *ii. 8.*

Wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. *iv. 8.*

¹ Magna est veritas et prævalet. — *The Vulgate.*

Usually quoted "Magna est veritas et prævalet."

When I was born I drew in the common air, and fell upon the earth, which is of like nature, and the first voice which I uttered was crying, as all others do.¹

Wisdom of Solomon vii. 3.

Observe the opportunity.

Ecclesiasticus iv. 20.

Be not ignorant of anything in a great matter or a small.

v. 15.

Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss.

vii. 36.

Miss not the discourse of the elders.

viii. 9.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable unto him. A new friend is as new wine : when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

ix. 10.

He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith.

xiii. 1.

He will laugh thee to scorn.

7.

Gladness of heart is the life of man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days.

xxx. 22.

Consider that I laboured not for myself only, but for all them that seek learning.

xxviii. 17.

For of the most High cometh healing.

xxxviii. 2.

Whose talk is of bullocks.

25.

These were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of the times.

xliv. 7.

There be of them that have left a name behind them.

8.

Nicanor lay dead in his harness.

2 Maccabees xv. 28.

If I have done well, and as is fitting, . . . it is that which I desired ; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.

38

¹ See Pliny, page 903.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.

Matthew ii. 18 ; Jeremiah xxxi. 15.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

iv. 4 ; Deuteronomy viii. 3.

Ye are the salt of the earth : but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted ?

Matthew v. 13.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

14.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.

43.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them.

vi. 1.

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

3.

They think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

7.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.

20.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

21.

The light of the body is the eye.

22.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

24.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink.

25.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin.

28.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow ; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

34.

Neither cast ye your pearls before swine.

vii. 6.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Matthew vii. 7.

Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth. 8.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? 9.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. 12.

Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction. 13.

Strait is the gate and narrow is the way. 14

By their fruits ye shall know them. 20

It was founded upon a rock. 25

The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. *viii. 20.*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. *ix. 37.*

Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. *x. 16.*

The very hairs of your head are all numbered. 30.

Wisdom is justified of her children. *xi. 19; Luke vii. 35.*

The tree is known by his fruit. *xii. 33.*

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. 34.

Pearl of great price. *xiii. 46.*

A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and in his own house. 57.

Be of good cheer : it is I ; be not afraid.

Matthew xiv. 27

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

xv. 14.

The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

27.

When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather : for the sky is red.

xvi. 2.

The signs of the times.

3.

Get thee behind me, Satan.

23.

What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?

26.

It is good for us to be here.

xvii. 4.

What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

xix. 6.

Love thy neighbour as thyself.

19.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

24.

Borne the burden and heat of the day.

xx. 12.

Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own ?

15.

For many are called, but few are chosen.

xxii. 14

They made light of it.

5.

Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.

21.

Woe unto you, . . . for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin.

xxiii. 23

Blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.

24

Whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones.

Matthew xxiii. 27

As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. 37.

Wars and rumours of wars. *xxiv. 6.*

The end is not yet. *Ibid.*

Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. 28.

Abomination of desolation. *15; Mark xiii. 14.*

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. *xxv. 29.*

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak. *xxvi. 41.*

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. *Mark ii. 27.*

If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. *iii. 25.*

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. *iv. 9.*

My name is Legion. *v. 9.*

My little daughter lieth at the point of death. 23.

Clothed, and in his right mind. *15; Luke viii. 35.*

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. *ix. 44.*

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. *Luke ii. 14.*

The axe is laid unto the root of the trees. *iii. 9.*

Physician, heal thyself. *iv. 23.*

Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you: *vi. 26.*

Nothing is secret which shall not be made manifest.
Luke viii. 17.

Peace be to this house. *x. 5.*

The labourer is worthy of his hire. *7; 1 Timothy v. 18.*

Go, and do thou likewise. *37.*

But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her. *42.*

He that is not with me is against me. *xi. 23.*

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. *xii. 19.*

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning. *35.*

Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it. *xiv. 28.*

The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. *xvi. 8.*

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea. *xvii. 2.*

Remember Lot's wife. *32.*

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee. *xix. 22.*

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? *xxiii. 31.*

He was a good man, and a just. *50.*

Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us? *xxiv. 32.*

The true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. *John i. 9.*

Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? *46.*

The wind bloweth where it listeth. *iii. 8.*

- He was a burning and a shining light. *John v. 35.*
- Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. *vi. 12.*
- Judge not according to the appearance. *vii. 24.*
- The truth shall make you free. *viii. 32.*
- There is no truth in him. *44.*
- The night cometh when no man can work. *ix. 4.*
- The poor always ye have with you. *xii. 8.*
- Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you. *35.*
- Let not your heart be troubled. *xiv. 1.*
- In my Father's house are many mansions. *2.*
- Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. *xv. 13.*
- Thy money perish with thee. *Acts viii. 20.*
- It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. *ix. 5.*
- Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. *36.*
- Lewd fellows of the baser sort. *xvii. 5.*
- Great is Diana of the Ephesians. *xix. 28.*
- The law is open. *38.*
- It is more blessed to give than to receive. *xx. 35.*
- Brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel. *xxii. 3.*
- When I have a convenient season, I will call for thee. *xxiv. 25.*
- I appeal unto Cæsar. *xxv. 11.*
- Words of truth and soberness. *xxvi. 25.*

- For this thing was not done in a corner. *Acts xxvi. 26.*
- Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian *28.*
- There is no respect of persons with God. *Romans ii. 11*
- Fear of God before their eyes. *18.*
- God forbid. *31.*
- Who against hope believed in hope. *iv. 18.*
- Speak after the manner of men. *vi. 19.*
- The wages of sin is death. *23.*
- For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. *viii. 19.*
- All things work together for good to them that love God. *28.*
- Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour? *ix. 21.*
- A zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. *x. 2.*
- Given to hospitality. *xii. 13.*
- Be not wise in your own conceits. *16.*
- Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. *17.*
- If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. *18.*
- If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. *20.*
- Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. *22*
- The powers that be are ordained of God. *xiii. 1.*
- Render therefore to all their dues. *7*
- Owe no man anything, but to love one another. *8*

Love is the fulfilling of the law. *Romans xiii. 10.*

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. *xiv. 5.*

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty.

1 Corinthians i. 27.

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. *iii. 6.*

Every man's work shall be made manifest. *13.*

Not to think of men above that which is written.¹ *iv. 6.*

Absent in body, but present in spirit. *v. 3.*

The fashion of this world passeth away. *vii. 31.*

I am made all things to all men. *ix. 22.*

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. *x. 12.*

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. *xiii. 1.*

Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. *2.*

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. *4.*

We know in part, and we prophesy in part. *9.*

When I was a child, I spake as a child. . . . When I became a man, I put away childish things. *11.*

Now we see through a glass, darkly. *12.*

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. *13.*

If the trumpet give an uncertain sound. *xiv. 8.*

¹ Usually quoted, "To be wise above that which is written."

Let all things be done decently and in order.	<i>1 Corinthians xiv. 40</i>
Evil communications corrupt good manners. ¹	<i>xv. 33.</i>
The first man is of the earth, earthy.	<i>47.</i>
In the twinkling of an eye.	<i>52.</i>
O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?	<i>55.</i>
Not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.	<i>2 Corinthians iii. 6.</i>
We have such hope, we use great plainness of speech.	<i>12.</i>
We walk by faith, not by sight.	<i>v. 7.</i>
Now is the accepted time.	<i>vi. 2.</i>
By evil report and good report.	<i>8.</i>
As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.	<i>10.</i>
Though I be rude in speech.	<i>xi. 6.</i>
Forty stripes save one.	<i>24.</i>
A thorn in the flesh.	<i>xii. 7.</i>
Strength is made perfect in weakness.	<i>9.</i>
The right hands of fellowship.	<i>Galatians ii. 9.</i>
Weak and beggarly elements.	<i>iv. 9.</i>
It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.	<i>18.</i>
Ye are fallen from grace.	<i>v. 4.</i>
A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.	<i>9.</i>
Every man shall bear his own burden.	<i>vi. 5.</i>

¹ Φθείρουσιν ἢθη χρήσθ' δμιλίας κακάι. — MENANDER (341 B. C.). (Dübner's edition of his "Fragments," appended to Aristophanes in Didot's *Bibliotheca Græca*, p. 102, line 101.)

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Galatians vi. 7.

Middle wall of partition.

Ephesians ii. 14.

Carried about with every wind of doctrine.

iv. 14.

Speak every man truth with his neighbour.

25.

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

26.

To live is Christ, and to die is gain.

Philippians i. 21.

Whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame.

iii. 19.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.

iv. 7.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

8.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

11.

Touch not; taste not; handle not.

Colossians ii. 21.

Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.

iii. 2.

Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt.

iv. 6.

Labour of love.

1 Thessalonians i. 3.

Study to be quiet.

iv. 11.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

v. 21.

The law is good, if a man use it lawfully.

1 Timothy i. 8.

Not greedy of filthy lucre.

iii. 3.

He hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.

v. 8.

- Busybodies, speaking things which they ought not. *1 Timothy v. 13.*
- Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake. *23.*
- The love of money is the root of all evil. *vi. 10.*
- Fight the good fight. *12.*
- Rich in good works. *18.*
- Science falsely so called. *20.*
- A workman that needeth not to be ashamed. *2 Timothy ii. 15.*
- I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. *iv. 7.*
- Unto the pure all things are pure. *Titus i. 15.*
- Such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. *Hebrews v. 12.*
- Every one that useth milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness : for he is a babe. *13.*
- Strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age. *14.*
- If God be for us, who can be against us. *Romans viii. 31.*
- Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. *Hebrews xi. 1.*
- Of whom the world was not worthy. *38.*
- A cloud of witnesses. *xii. 1.*
- Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. *6.*
- The spirits of just men made perfect. *23.*
- Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. *xiii. 2.*
- Yesterday, and to-day, and forever. *8.*
- Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life. *James i. 12.*

- Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.
James i. 19.
- How great a matter a little fire kindleth! *iii. 5.*
- The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil.¹
8.
- Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. *iv. 7.*
- Hope to the end. *1 Peter i. 13.*
- Fear God. Honour the king. *ii. 17.*
- Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. *iii. 4.*
- Giving honour unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel. *7.*
- Be ye all of one mind. *8.*
- Charity shall cover the multitude of sins. *iv. 8.*
- Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. *v. 8.*
- And the day star arise in your hearts. *2 Peter i. 19.*
- The dog is turned to his own vomit again. *ii. 22.*
- Bowels of compassion. *1 John iii. 17.*
- There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. *iv. 18.*
- Be thou faithful unto death. *Revelation ii. 10.*
- He shall rule them with a rod of iron. *27.*
- All nations and kindreds and tongues. *vii. 9.*
- I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. *xxii. 13.*

¹ Usually quoted, "The tongue is an unruly member."

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.

Morning Prayer.

The noble army of martyrs.

Ibid.

Afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate.

Prayer for all Conditions of Men.

Have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

The Litany.

From envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

Ibid.

The world, the flesh, and the devil.

Ibid.

The kindly fruits of the earth.

Ibid.

Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

Collect for the Second Sunday in Advent.

Renounce the Devil and all his works.

Baptism of Infants.

Grant that the old Adam in these persons may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up in them.

Baptism of those of Riper Years.

The pomps and vanity of this wicked world.

Catechism.

To keep my hands from picking and stealing.

Ibid.

To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

Ibid.

An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

Ibid.

Let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.

Solemnization of Matrimony.

To have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part.

Ibid.

To love, cherish, and to obey.

Solemnization of Matrimony.

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow.¹

Ibid.

In the midst of life we are in death.²

The Burial Service.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection.

Ibid.

Whose service is perfect freedom.

Collect for Peace.

Show thy servant the light of thy countenance.

The Psalter. Psalm xxxi. 18.

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and mine own familiar friend.

lv. 14.

Men to be of one mind in an house.

lxviii. 6.

The iron entered into his soul.

cv. 18.

The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

cx. 3.



TATE AND BRADY.³

Untimely grave.

Psalm vii.

And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.

xv. 5.

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

cxii. 6.

¹ With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow. — *Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.*

² This is derived from a Latin antiphon, said to have been composed by Notker, a monk of St. Gall, in 911, while watching some workmen building a bridge at Martinsbrücke, in peril of their lives. It forms the ground work of Luther's antiphon "De Morte."

³ Nahum Tate, 1652-1715; Nicholas Brady, 1659-1726.

APPENDIX.

All the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.

From the inscription on the tomb of the Duchess of Newcastle in Westminster Abbey.

Am I not a man and a brother ?

From a medallion by Wedgwood (1787), representing a negro in chains, with one knee on the ground, and both hands lifted up to heaven. This was adopted as a characteristic seal by the Antislavery Society of London.

Anything for a quiet life.

Title of a play by Middleton.

Art and part.

A Scotch law-phrase, — an accessory before and after the fact. A man is said to be *art and part* of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution of it. — SCOTT : *Tales of a Grandfather, chap. xxii. (Execution of Morton.)*

Art preservative of all arts.

From the inscription upon the façade of the house at Harlem formerly occupied by Laurent Koster (or Coster), who is charged, among others, with the invention of printing. Mention is first made of this inscription about 1628 : —

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
TYPOGRAPHIA
ARS ARTIUM OMNIUM
CONSERVATRIX.
HIC PRIMUM INVENTA
CIRCA ANNUM MCCCXXL.

As gingerly.

CHAPMAN : *May Day.* SHAKESPEARE : *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

The motto of David Crockett in the war of 1812.

Before you could say Jack Robinson.

This current phrase is said to be derived from a humorous song by Hudson, a tobacconist in Shoe Lane, London. He was a professional songwriter and vocalist, who used to be engaged to sing at supper-rooms and theatrical houses.

A warke it ys as easie to be done

As tys to saye *Jacke! robys on.*

HALLIWELL: *Archæological Dictionary.*

(Cited from an old Play.)

Begging the question.

This is a common logical fallacy, *petitio principii*; and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's "Topica," viii. 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "The Arte of Logike plainlie set forth in our English Tongue, &c." (1584.)

Better to wear out than to rust out.

When a friend told Bishop Cumberland (1632-1718) he would wear himself out by his incessant application, "It is better," replied the Bishop, "to wear out than to rust out." — HORNE: *Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth.*

BOSWELL: *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 18, note.

Beware of a man of one book.

When St. Thomas Aquinas was asked in what manner a man might best become learned, he answered, "By reading one book." The *homo unius libri* is indeed proverbially formidable to all conversational figurantes. — SOUTHEY: *The Doctor*, p. 164.

Bitter end.

This phrase is nearly without meaning as it is used. The true phrase, "better end," is used properly to designate a crisis, or the moment of an extremity. When in a gale a vessel has paid out all her cable, her cable has run out to the "better end," — the end which is secured within the vessel and little used. Robinson Crusoe in describing the terrible storm in Yarmouth Roads says, "We rode with two anchors ahead, and the cables veered out to the better end."

Cockles of the heart.

Latham says the most probable explanation of this phrase lies (1) in the likeness of a heart to a cockleshell, — the base of the former being compared to the hinge of the latter; (2) in the zoölogical name for the cockle and its congeners being *Cardium*, from *καρδια* (heart).

Castles in the air.

This is a proverbial phrase found throughout English literature, the first instance noted being in Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesy."

Consistency, thou art a jewel.

This is one of those popular sayings — like "Be good, and you will be happy," or "Virtue is its own reward" — that, like Topsy, "never was born, only jist growed." From the earliest times it has been the popular tendency to call this or that cardinal virtue, or bright and shining excellence, a jewel, by way of emphasis. For example, Iago says, —

"Good name, in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate *jewel* of their souls."

Shakespeare elsewhere calls *experience* a "jewel." Miranda says her *modesty* is the "jewel" in her dower; and in "All's Well that ends Well," Diana terms her *chastity* the "jewel" of her house. — R. A. WIGHT.

O discretion, thou art a jewel! — *The Skylark, a Collection of well-chosen English Songs.* (London, 1772.)

The origin of this expression is unknown. Some wag of the day allayed public curiosity in regard to its source with the information that it is from the ballad of Robin Roughhead in Murtagh's "Collection of Ballads (1754)." It is needless to say that Murtagh is a verbal phantom, and the ballad of Robin Roughhead first appeared in an American newspaper in 1867.

Cotton is King; or, Slavery in the Light of Political Economy.

This is the title of a book by David Christy (1855).

The expression "Cotton is king" was used by James Henry Hammond in the United States Senate, March, 1858.

Dead as Chelsea.

To get Chelsea; to obtain the benefit of that hospital. "Dead as Chelsea, by God!" an exclamation uttered by a grenadier at Fontenoy, on having his leg carried away by a cannon-ball. — *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, 1758 (quoted by Brady, "Varieties of Literature," 1826).

Die in the last ditch.

To William of Orange may be ascribed this saying. When Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the United Provinces, and asked him whether he did not see that the commonwealth was ruined, "There is one certain means," replied the Prince, "by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin, — I will die in the last ditch." — HUME: *History of England.* (1622.)

Drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament.

Macaulay ("History of England," chap. xii.) gives a saying "often in the mouth of Stephen Rice [afterward Chief Baron of the Exchequer], 'I will drive a coach and six through the Act of Settlement.'"

During good behaviour.

That after the said limitation shall take effect, . . . judge's commissions be made *quando se bene gesserit*. — *Statutes 12 and 13 William III. c. 2, sect. 3.*

Eclipse first, the rest nowhere.

Declared by Captain O'Kelley at Epsom, May 3, 1769. — *Annals of Sporting, vol. ii. p. 271.*

Emerald Isle.

Dr. William Drennan (1754–1820) says this expression was first used in a party song called "Erin, to her own Tune," written in 1795. The song appears to have been anonymous.

Era of good feeling.

The title of an article in the "Boston Centinel," July 12, 1817.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt. — JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN: *Speech upon the Right of Election, 1790. (Speeches. Dublin, 1808.)*

There is one safeguard known generally to the wise, which is an advantage and security to all, but especially to democracies as against despots. What is it? Distrust. — DEMOSTHENES: *Philippic 2, sect. 24.*

Fiat justitia ruat cælum.

WILLIAM WATSON: *Decacordon of Ten Quodlibeticall Questions* (1602). PRYNNE: *Fresh Discovery of Prodigious New Wandering-Blazing Stars* (second edition, London, 1646). WARD: *Simple Cobbler of Aggawam in America* (1647).

Fiat Justitia et ruat Mundus. — *Egerton Papers* (1552, p. 25). *Camden Society* (1840). AIKIN: *Court and Times of James I., vol. ii. p. 500* (1625).

January 31, 1642, the Duke of Richmond in a speech before the House of Lords used these words: *Regnet Justitia et ruat Cælum.* (Old Parliamentary History, vol. x. p. 28.)

Free soil, free men, free speech, Frémont.

The Republican Party rallying cry in 1856.

Gentle craft.

According to Brady ("Clavis Calendaria"), this designation arose from the fact that in an old romance a prince of the name of Crispin is made to exercise, in honour of his namesake, Saint Crispin, the trade of shoemaking. There is a tradition that King Edward IV., in one of his disguises, once drank with a party of shoemakers, and pledged them. The story is alluded to in the old play of "George a-Greene" (1599):—

Marry, because you have drank with the King,
And the King hath so graciously pledged you,
You shall no more be called shoemakers ;
But you and yours, to the world's end,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Gentlemen of the French guard, fire first.

Lord C. Hay at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745. To which the Comte d'Aueroches replied, "Sir, we never fire first; please to fire yourselves." — FOURNIER : *L'Esprit dans l'histoire*.

Good as a play.

AN exclamation of Charles II. when in Parliament attending the discussion of Lord Ross's Divorce Bill.

The king remained in the House of Peers while his speech was taken into consideration, — a common practice with him; for the debates amused his sated mind, and were sometimes, he used to say, as good as a comedy. — MACAULAY : *Review of the Life and Writings of Sir William Temple*.

Nullos his malleo ludos spectasse. — HORACE : *Satires*, ii. 8, 79.

Greatest happiness of the greatest number.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers. — HUTCHESON : *Inquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil*, sect. 3. (1720.)

Priestley was the first (unless it was Beccaria) who taught my lips to pronounce this sacred truth, — that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation. — BENTHAM : *Works*, vol. x. p. 142.

The expression is used by Beccaria in the introduction to his "Essay on Crimes and Punishments." (1764.)

Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys (edition of 1805, p. 5).

Hobson's choice.

Tobias Hobson (died 1630) was the first man in England that let out hackney horses. When a man came for a horse he was led into the stable, where there was a great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, — from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, "Hobson's choice." — *Spectator*, No. 509.

Where to elect there is but one,

T is Hobson's choice, — take that or none.

THOMAS WARD (1577-1639): *England's Reformation*, chap. iv. p. 326.

Intolerable in Almighty God to a black beetle.

Lord Coleridge remarked that Maule told him what he said in the "black beetle" matter: "Creswell, who had been his pupil, was on the other side in a case where he was counsel, and was very lofty in his manner. Maule appealed to the court: 'My lords, we are vertebrate animals, we are mammalia! My learned friend's manner would be intolerable in Almighty God to a black beetle.'" (Repeated to a member of the legal profession in the United States.)

It is a far cry to Lochow.

Lochow and the adjacent districts formed the original seat of the Campbells. The expression of "a far cry to Lochow" was proverbial. (Note to Scott's "Rob Roy," chap. xxix.)

Lucid interval.

BACON: *Henry VII.* SIDNEY: *On Government*, vol. i. chap. ii. sect. 24. FULLER: *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine*, book iv. chap. ii. SOUTH: *Sermon*, vol. viii. p. 403. DRYDEN: *MacFlecknoe*. MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries*, Psalm lxxxviii. JOHNSON: *Life of Lyttelton*. BURKE: *On the French Revolution*.

Nisi suadeat intervallis.

BRACTON: *Folio 1243 and folio 420 b. Register Original*, 267 a.

Mince the matter.

CERVANTES: *Don Quixote*, Author's Preface. SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*, act ii. sc. 3. WILLIAM KING: *Ulysses and Teresias*.

Months without an R.

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster. — BUTLER: *Dyet's Dry Dinner*. (1599.)

Nation of shopkeepers.

From an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams at the State House in Philadelphia, Aug. 1, 1776. (Philadelphia, printed; London, reprinted for E. Johnson, No. 4 Ludgate Hill, 1776.)

W. V. Wells, in his *Life of Adams*, says: "No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue. A German translation of this oration was printed in 1778, perhaps at Berne; the place of publication is not given."

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. — ADAM SMITH: *Wealth of Nations*, vol. ii. book iv. chap. vii. part 3. (1775.)

And what is true of a shopkeeper is true of a shopkeeping nation. — TUCKER (Dean of Gloucester): *Tract*. (1766.)

Let Pitt then boast of his victory to his nation of shopkeepers. — BERTRAND BARÈRE. (June 11, 1794.)

New departure.

This new page opened in the book of our public expenditures, and this new departure taken, which leads into the bottomless gulf of civil pensions and family gratuities. — T. H. BENTON: *Speech in the U. S. Senate against a grant to President Harrison's widow*, April, 1841.

Nothing succeeds like success.

(Rien ne réussit comme le succès. — DUMAS: *Ange Pitou*, vol. i. p. 72, 1854.) A French proverb.

Orthodoxy is my doxy; Heterodoxy is another man's doxy.

"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy';" but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean."

"Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, — "orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy." — PRIESTLEY: *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 572.

Paradise of fools; Fool's paradise.

The earliest instance of this expression is found in William Bullein's "Dialogue," p. 28 (1573). It is used by Shakespeare, Middleton, Milton, Pope, Fielding, Crabbe, and others.

Paying through the nose.

Grimm says that Odin had a poll-tax which was called in Sweden a nose-tax; it was a penny per nose, or poll. — *Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer*.

Public trusts.

It is not fit the public trusts should be lodged in the hands of any till they are first proved, and found fit for the business they are to be intrusted with. — MATHEW HENRY: *Commentaries, Timothy iii.*

To execute laws is a royal office; to execute orders is not to be a king.

However, a political executive magistracy, though merely such, is a great trust. — BURKE: *On the French Revolution.*

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property. — THOMAS JEFFERSON ("Winter in Washington, 1807"), in a conversation with Baron Humboldt. See Rayner's "Life of Jefferson," p. 356 (Boston, 1834).

The very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts, bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party. — JOHN C. CALHOUN: *Speech, July 13, 1835.*

The phrase, "public office is a public trust," has of late become common property. — CHARLES SUMNER (May 31, 1872).

The appointing power of the pope is treated as a public trust. — W. W. CRAPO (1831).

The public offices are a public trust. — DORMAN B. EATON (1831).

Public office is a public trust. — ABRAM S. HEWITT (1833).

He who regards office as a public trust. — DANIEL S. LAMONT (1834).

Rather your room as your company.

Marriage of Wit and Wisdom (circa 1570).

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.

From an inscription on the cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of a high hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica. — STILES: *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I.*

This supposititious epitaph was found among the papers of Mr. Jefferson, and in his handwriting. It was supposed to be one of Dr. Franklin's spirit-stirring inspirations. — RANDALL: *Life of Jefferson, vol. iii. p. 585.*

Rest and be thankful.

An inscription on a stone seat on the top of one of the Highlands in Scotland. It is also the title of one of Wordsworth's poems.

Rowland for an Oliver.

These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors of giving one a "Rowland for his Oliver," to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. — THOMAS WARBURTON.

Sardonic smile.

The island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes and mountains, has from the earliest period to the present been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil, and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants gave rise to the expression of sardonic smile, which is as old as Homer (*Odyssey*, xx. 302).—MAHON: *History of England*, vol. i. p. 287.

The explanation given by Mahon of the meaning of "sardonic smile" is to be sure the traditional one, and was believed in by the late classical writers. But in the Homeric passage referred to, the word is "sardanion" (*σαρδάκιον*), not "sardonion." There is no evidence that Sardinia was known to the composers of what we call Homer. It looks as though the word was to be connected with the verb *σαίρω*, "show the teeth;" "grin like a dog;" hence that the "sardonic smile" was a "grim laugh."—M. H. MORGAN.

Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?

The anxious question of one of the wives of Bluebeard.

Stone-wall Jackson.

This saying took its rise from the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Said General Bernard E. Bee, "See, there is Jackson, standing like a stone-wall."

The King is dead! Long live the King!

The death of Louis XIV. was announced by the captain of the body-guard from a window of the state apartment. Raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the centre, and throwing the pieces among the crowd, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Le Roi est mort!" Then seizing another staff, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Vive le Roi!"—PARDOE: *Life of Louis XIV.*, vol. iii. p. 457.

The woods are full of them!

Alexander Wilson, in the Preface to his "American Ornithology" (1808), quotes these words, and relates the story of a boy who had been gathering flowers. On bringing them to his mother, he said: "Look, my dear ma! What beautiful flowers I have found growing in our place! Why, all the woods are full of them!"

Thin red line.

The Russians dashed on towards that thin red-line streak tipped with a line of steel.—RUSSELL: *The British Expedition to the Crimea* (revised edition), p. 187.

Soon the men of the column began to see that though the scarlet line was slender, it was very rigid and exact.—KINGLAKE: *Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. iii. p. 455.

The spruce beauty of the slender red line.—*Ibid.* (sixth edition), vol. iii. p. 248.

What you are pleased to call your mind.

A solicitor, after hearing Lord Westbury's opinion, ventured to say that he had turned the matter over in his mind, and thought that something might be said on the other side; to which he replied, "Then, sir, you will turn it over once more in what you are *pleased to call your mind.*" — NASH: *Life of Lord Westbury*, vol. ii. 292.

When in doubt, win the trick.

HOYLE: *Twenty-four Rules for Learners*, Rule 12.

Wisdom of many and the wit of one.

A definition of a proverb which Lord John Russell gave one morning at breakfast at Mardock's, — "One man's wit, and all men's wisdom." — *Memoirs of Mackintosh*, vol. i. p. 473.

Wooden walls of England.

The credite of the Realme, by defending the same with our Woodden Walles, as Themistocles called the Ship of Athens. — *Preface to the English translation of Linschoten* (London).

But me no buts.

FIELDING: *Rape upon Rape*, act ii. sc. 2. AARON HILL: *Snake in the Grass*, sc. 1.

Cause me no causes.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act i. sc. 3.

Clerk me no clerks.

SCOTT: *Ivanhoe*, chap. xx.

Diamond me no diamonds! prize me no prizes!

TENNYSON: *Idylls of the King*. *Elaine*.

End me no ends.

MASSINGER: *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act v. sc. 3.

Fool me no fools.

BULWER: *Last Days of Pompeii*, book iii. chap. vi.

Front me no fronts.

FORD: *The Lady's Trial*, act ii. sc. 1.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle.

SHAKESPEARE : *Richard II.*, act ii. sc. 3.

Madam me no madam.

DRYDEN : *The Wild Gallant*, act ii. sc. 2.

Map me no maps.

FIELDING : *Rape upon Rape*, act i. sc. 5.

Midas me no Midas.

DRYDEN : *The Wild Gallant*, act ii. sc. 1.

O me no O's.

BEN JONSON : *The Case is Altered*, act v. sc. 1.

Parish me no parishes.

PEELE : *The Old Wives' Tail*.

Petition me no petitions.

FIELDING : *Tom Thumb*, act i. sc. 2.

Play me no plays.

FOOTE : *The Knight*, act ii.

Plot me no plots.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 5.

Thank me no thanks, nor proud me no prouds.

SHAKESPEARE : *Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 5.

Virgin me no virgins.

MASSINGER : *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, act iii. sc. 3.

Vow me no vows.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER : *Wit without Money*, act iv. sc. 4.

I N D E X.

INDEX.

- AARON's** serpent, like, 317.
 Abandon, all hope, 955.
 Abashed the devil stood, 234.
 Abates, that never falters nor, 647.
 Abbey, buried in the great, 602.
 Abbots, where slumber, 332.
 Abdallah is dead, 782.
 Abdiel, so spake the seraph, 235.
 Abel, ask counsel at, 1007.
 Abhorred in my imagination, 144.
 Abhorrence, repudiate with indignation and, 625.
 Abide, all that is beautiful shall, 817.
 and work in our stations, 727.
 with me, 569.
 Abides, place of thine, that there, 753.
 God, 814.
 Abi-ezer, vintage of, 1006.
 Ability, friendship demands, to do without, 619.
 knowing how to conceal, 981.
 out of my lean and low, 77.
 that they never perform, 102.
 to execute, 407.
 to investigate, 936.
 Able, more performance than they are, 102.
 Ablest navigators, 430.
 Ablution, how many poor that lack, 845.
 of pure, round earth's, 578.
 Abode, dread, 386.
 Abodes, aiming at the blest, 316.
 Abominable, newspapers are, 441.
 Abomination of desolation, 1033.
 Abora, singing of Mount, 500.
 Abou Ben Adhem, 536.
 Above, affections on things, 1039.
 all doubt beyond all fear, 691.
 all Greek fame, 329.
 all low delay, 524.
 all Roman fame, 329.
 all, this, 130.
 any Greek or Roman, 267.
 her head, bearing high, 704.
 know the rage that yells, 578.
 Lord descended from, 23.
 that which is written, 1037.
 the reach of ordinary men, 470.
 the smoke and stir, 243.
 the vulgar flight, 393.
 them and all stand, you, 743.
 Above, there is a life, 497.
 thy that are, 197.
 thy deep and dreamless sleep, 791.
 't is not so, 139.
 us, starlight of heaven, 714.
 Abra was ready ere I called, 288.
 Abraham's bosom, sleep in, 97.
 Abram, O father, 62.
 Abridgment of all that was pleasant in man, 399.
 Abroad, came flying all, 23, 327.
 let the soldier be, 527.
 the school master is, 527.
 Absence conquers love, 652.
 conspicuous by his, 933.
 days of, sad and dreary, 988.
 I dote on his very, 61.
 makes the heart grow fonder, 589.
 of mind, your, 509.
 of occupation is not rest, 415.
 still increases love, 589.
 Absent child, my, 79.
 friends, remember, 943.
 from him I roam, 497.
 from the body, 508.
 in body, but present in spirit, 1037.
 thee from felicity awhile, 146.
 winds and waves are, there, 580.
 Absents, presents endear, 509.
 Absolute, cling to the, 994.
 how, the knave is, 143.
 no repose except in the, 994.
 rule, eye sublime declared, 232.
 shall, 103.
 sway, with, 858.
 with good men not so, 579.
 Absolution of a faithful fight, 757.
 Absolutism tempered by assassination, 999.
 Abstain from beans, 915.
 Abstinence, easiness to the next, 141.
 easy as temperance is difficult, 375.
 Abstract and brief chronicles, 134.
 Absurd, to reason most, 127.
 Abundance he shall have, 1033.
 of the heart, out of the, 1031.
 poorest lived in, 642.
 Abundant summer redundant blueness, 713.
 Abuse, bad language or, 801.
 stumbling on, 106.
 Abuses me to damn me, 135.

- Abuses, they that level at my, 163.
 Abused, better to be much, 154.
 or disabused, by himself, 317.
 Abusing the king's English, 45.
 Abyss of time, dark, 42.
 Abyssmal dark, or the, 585.
 Abyss, into this wild, 229.
 of radiance, 850.
 Abyssinia, Prince of, 368.
 Abyssinian maid, it was an, 500.
 Academe, grove of, 241.
 Academes that nourish all the world,
 56.
 Academical Pharisees, our, 600.
 Accent of an angel's whisper, 814.
 Accents flow with artless ease, 437.
 that are ours, 39.
 Accept a miracle instead of wit, 311.
 Acceptation, worthy of all, 284.
 Accepted time, now is the, 1038.
 Access of stupidity, 371.
 Accident, a happy, 174, 402, 978.
 of an accident, 426.
 Accidents by flood and field, 150.
 chapter of, 353.
 will occur in the best, 701.
 Accommodated, excellent to be, 89.
 Accommodatin' character, polletics
 of an, 787.
 Accompany old age, that which, 124.
 Accomplishment of verse, 479.
 Accompt, more for number than, 48.
 Accord, good people all with one, 400.
 According to knowledge, not, 1036.
 to the appearance, 1035.
 Account, beggarly, of empty boxes, 108.
 it worth, 794.
 sent to my, 132.
 Accouted as I was I plunged in, 110.
 Accurst, not what God blessed, 711.
 traitor to humanity traitor most,
 733.
 Accuse not nature, 238.
 Accusing spirit, the, 379.
 Ace, coldest that ever turned up, 159.
 Achaians, again to the battle, 516.
 Ache, charm, with air, 53.
 penury and imprisonment, 49.
 while his heart doth, 266.
 Aches, fill all thy bones with, 42.
 Achieve a just and lasting peace, 662.
 all we, or are, 767.
 in time, I shall, 802.
 Achieved through liberty, that little,
 714.
 Achilles absent was Achilles still, 341.
 assumed, what name, 219.
 whom we knew, 668.
 Achilles' tomb, stood upon, 558.
 wrath to Greece, 336.
 Aching hands and bleeding feet, with,
 753.
 void, left an, 422.
 Achromatic white light of Heaven,
 636.
 Acid sect, melt not in an, 651.
 Acknowledgment of the truth, 996.
 A-cold, poor Tom's, 147.
 Acorn, the lofty oak from a small, 459.
 Acorns, tall oaks from little, 459.
 Acquaint, when we were first, 449.
 Acquaintance, decrease it upon better,
 45.
 my guide and mine, 1012.
 people for a visiting, 440.
 should auld, be forgot, 449.
 Acquaintances, new, 370.
 Acquire and beget a temperance, 137.
 Acre in Middlesex is better than, 604.
 of barren ground, 42.
 of his neighbor's corn, 472.
 Acres, Cleon hath a million, 718.
 few paternal, 334.
 over whose, walked, 82.
 Across the narrow beach, 792.
 the silent stream, 837.
 Act and know, does both, 263.
 and speech, 767.
 done at haphazard, 937.
 in the living present, 639.
 may show in some fifth, 683.
 my wish that failed of, 651.
 of common passage, 160.
 of God, man think himself an, 721.
 of life, dignity in every, 938.
 of salvation, 139.
 prologues to the swelling, 116.
 that blurs the grace, 140.
 that roars so loud, 140.
 well your part, 319.
 Acts being seven ages, 69.
 exemplary, lives in, 36.
 four first, already passed, 312.
 illustrious, high raptures do infuse,
 220.
 in memory, to keep good, 171.
 like a Samaritan, 632.
 little nameless, 467.
 nobly does well, 307.
 of Betsy, or any of her, 825.
 of dear benevolence, 342.
 our, our angels are, 183.
 so or so, to say why gals, 736.
 the best who thinks most, 721.
 those graceful, 238.
 unremembered, 467.
 Acting bravely a silent desperate part,
 746.
 lies, not in, 320.
 of a dreadful thing, 111.
 only when off the stage, 399.
 Action action action, 927.
 and counteraction, 409.
 cause of doing any, 928.
 circumstance gives character to, 912.
 dreams grow holy put in, 761.
 faithful in, 323.
 fine, makes that and the, 204.
 great end of life is, 762.
 how like an angel in, 134.
 in the tented field, 150.
 is transitory, 465.
 justice is truth in, 624.
 lies, there the, 139.
 lose the name of, 136.
 materials of, are variable, 931.

- Action measured by the sentiment,**
 602.
 no noble, done, 874.
 no stronger than a flower, 162.
 no worthy, done, 874.
 of the tiger, imitate in war, 91.
 pious, we sugar o'er, 135.
 Puritans gave the world, 699.
 single lovely, 740.
 suit the, to the word, 137.
 surfeit out of, 102.
 thought is the child of, 626.
 vice dignified by, 106.
Actions, all her words and, 238.
 are our epochs, 554.
 blest at no end of his, 37.
 great, no opportunities for, 913.
 habits increased by correspondent,
 931.
 men's, proceed from one source, 929.
 mightier than boastings, 645.
 no other speaker of my living, 101.
 not always show the man, 320.
 not our fears make us traitors, 123.
 of the just, 209.
 of the last age, 258.
 speech the image of, 943.
 virtuous, are born and die, 858.
 words the shadows of, 915.
Actor, condemn not the, 47.
 after a well-graced, 82.
 stops, a moment yet the, 697.
Actors are the usual three, 771.
 God and nature fill with, 194.
 these our, were all spirits, 43.
Actual existence, sordid perils of, 836.
Ad infinitum, so proceed, 290.
Ada! sole daughter, 542.
Adage, like the poor cat in the, 118.
Adam and Eve, son of, 288.
 cup of cold, 289.
 Cupid, young, 105, 150.
 dove and Eve span, 871.
 gardener, and his wife, 667.
 the goodliest man of men, 232.
 the offending, 90.
 the old, 1042.
 waked so customed, 234.
Adam's ale, and drink of, 289.
 ear left his voice, in, 237.
 fall, we sinned all in, 872.
 sons born in sin, 190.
Adamant, cased in, 484.
Adamas de rupe præstantissimus, 219.
Add to golden numbers, 182.
Adds a precious seeing to the eye, 56.
Adder, like the deaf, 1013.
 stingeth like an, 1020.
Adding fuel to the flame, 242.
Addison, days and nights to, 369.
Address, wiped with a little, 416.
Addressing myself to my cap, 984.
Adhem, Abou Ben, 536.
Adhere, nor time nor place did, 118.
Adieu, drop a tear and bid, 859.
 for evermore, 453.
 my native shore, 540.
 she cried, 348.
Adieu, so sweetly she bade me, 380.
Adjunct, learning is but an, 55.
Administered, whate'er is best, 318.
Administrations, most competent, 435.
Admirable, how express and, 134.
Admiral, last of all an, 508.
 to kill an, 987.
Admiration from most fastidious crit-
ics, 601.
 of virtue, 254.
 of weak minds, 240.
 season your, for a while, 128.
Admire, for to, and for to see, 853.
 like those who, us, 982.
 men of sense approve, fools, 324.
 where none, 377.
Admired, all who saw, 444.
 by our domestics, 964.
 disorder, with most, 122.
Admit impediments, 163.
Admits, nature, no lie, 583.
Admitted to that equal sky, 315.
Adolescens moritur, 479.
Adonis hath a sweet tooth, my, 33.
Adoption tried, their, 129.
Adoration, breathless with, 470.
Adore the hand that gives the blow,
 289.
Adores and burns, 316.
Adored in every clime, 334.
 through fear, 421.
Adorn a tale, point a moral, 365.
 looks the cottage might, 398.
 nothing he did not, 367.
Adorns and cheers our way, 399.
Adorned in her husband's eye, 463.
 in naked beauty more, 234.
 the most when unadorned, 356.
 whatever he spoke upon, 353.
Adorning with so much art, 261.
Adornment without embellishment,
 891.
Adrift with one, her heart's, 765.
Adulation, windy, 808.
Adullam, cave, 1006.
 into his political cave of, 700.
Adulteries of art, than all the, 178.
Advance spare not nor look behind,
 622.
Advantage dressed, nature to, 323.
 feet nailed for our, 82.
 forget at times with, 895.
Advantageous to life, 43.
Advent, harp at nature's, strung, 651.
Adventure of the diver, 704.
Adventuring both, oft found both, 60.
Adversaries, as, do in law, 72.
 souls of fearful, 95.
Adversary had written a book, 1009.
 the devil, your, 1041.
Adversite, fortunes sharpe, 5.
Adversity blessing of the New Testa-
ment, 164.
 bruised with, 50.
 contending with, 190.
 crossed with, a man I am, 44.
 day of, 1020, 1022.
 education a refuge in, 948.

- Adversity, good things that belong to, 164.
 hard upon a man, 585.
 is not without comforts, 164.
 of our best friends, 982.
 sweet are the uses of, 67.
 test of strong men, 899.
 tries friends, 899.
 what way to endure, 890.
- Adversity's sweet milk, 108.
- Advice, and with my, 590.
 cannot inspire conduct, 982.
 Creator not taking, 954.
 few profit by, 894.
 nothing given so profusely as, 981.
 't was good, 444.
- Advices, lengthened sage, 451.
- Advise another, easy to, 943.
 whom none could, 26.
- Æ, twa bairns and but, heart, 587.
- Ægrotō dum anima est, 349.
- Aeon, an, or two, 853.
- Aerial, upon rock, 480.
- Aery-light, his sleep was, 234.
- Afar from the great sea-deeps, 820.
- Afear'd, soldier and, 124.
- Affair, consider what precedes in every, 932.
 this world is a strange, 983.
- Affairs of love, office and, 51.
 of men, the gods superintend the, 946.
 of men, tide in the, 115.
 ridiculous in serious, 921.
- Affect little minds, little things, 627.
 study what you most, 72.
- Affects to nod, 271.
- Affected to be zealously, 1038.
- Affecting, natural simple, he was, 399.
- Affection cannot hold the bent, 75.
 hateth nicer hands, 27.
 my fond, thou hast seen, 589.
 never was wasted, 643.
 preferment goes by letter and, 149.
 strong to me-wards, 202.
 talk not of wasted, 643.
- Affections dark as Erebus, 66.
 mild, of, 335.
 on things above, 1039.
 run to waste, 546.
- Affectionate, compassionate, great individual, 745.
- Affinity with the soul of man, such, 694.
- Afflicted or distressed, 1042.
- Affliction may smile again, 54.
 tries our virtue, 380.
- Affliction's heaviest shower, 482.
 sons are brothers, 447.
- Affluence to poverty, 796.
- Affrighted nature recoils, 411.
- Affront, fear is, 313.
 me, a well-bred man will not, 415.
- Afire with God, every bush, 659.
- Afloat the peerless cup, 704.
- Afraid, and the just man is, 578.
 be not, it is I, 1032.
 whistling to keep from being, 277.
- Afric maps, geographers in, 289.
- Afric's burning shore, 388.
 sunny fountains, 536.
- Africa and golden joys, 90.
- After death the doctor, 205.
 heaven on our dull side, 680.
 its life, fleeing to ocean, 716.
 looking before and, 142.
 me the deluge, 205.
 the revel was done, 781.
 the verb to love, 868.
 the war aid, 205.
 times, light for, 507.
 times, written to, 253.
 us the deluge, 999.
 which was before come, 212.
 you with equal force grace, 743.
- After-loss, drop in for an, 162.
- Afternoon, custom of the, 132.
 multitude call the, 56.
 of her best days, 97.
 sunshine, time asleep in, 776.
- After-times every poet hopes that, 653.
- Afton, flow gently sweet, 449.
- Again, come never back, 596.
 cut and come, 444.
 not look upon his like, 128.
 oh to be home, 724.
 the shadow moveth o'er, 649.
- Against me, not with me is, 1034.
 sleep, who can wrestle, 696.
- Agamemnon, brave men before, 555, 892.
- Agape, cried one, 798.
- Agate-stone, no bigger than an, 104.
- Age ache penury, 49.
 actions of the last, 258.
 against time and, 24.
 and body of the time, 137.
 and clime, in every, 349.
 and dust, pays us with, 26.
 and hunger, 69.
 be comfort to my, 67.
 beautiful and free is their old, 471.
 begins anew, the world's great, 566.
 best in four things, 171.
 best vaticum of old, 948.
 cannot wither her, 157.
 come to thy grave in full, 1008.
 comes on apace, 428.
 companions for middle, 165.
 crabbed, and youth, 163.
 cradle of reposing, 328.
 dallies like the old, 75.
 disgrace of wickedness added to old, 921.
 each, is a dream that is dying, 820.
 every, has its pleasures, 986.
 father of all in every, 334.
 frigid theories of a generalizing, 628.
 golden, which exists only in, 603.
 grow dim with, 299.
 he that dies in old, 942.
 he was not of an, 179.
 heritage of old, 626.
 in a full, come to thy grave, 1008.
 in a good old, 1004.
 in a green old, 341.

- Age, in commendation of, 171.
 in the summer of her, 276.
 is as a lusty winter, 67.
 is grown so picked, 143.
 is in the wit is out, when the, 52.
 is not all decay, 760.
 know old, may come after you, 743.
 labour of an, 251.
 master spirits of this, 112.
 mirror to a gaping, 564.
 monumental pomp of, 479.
 most remote from infancy, 985.
 naked in mine, to mine enemies, 100.
 narrative with, 337.
 of cards, old, 321.
 of chivalry is gone, 410.
 of ease, youth of labor, 396.
 of gold, comes round the, 695.
 of gold, fetch the, 251.
 of revolution and reformation, 435.
 of sophisters, 410.
 old and well stricken in, 1005.
 old, in this universal man, 169.
 or antiquity is accounted, 169.
 prayer-books are the toys of, 318.
 pyramids dotting with, 222.
 ripe, 768.
 scarce expect one of my, 459.
 serene and bright, an old, 475.
 shakes Athena's tower, 541.
 should accompany old, 124.
 silvered o'er with, his head was, 348.
 smack of, in you, 88.
 small for its, 953.
 soul of the, 179.
 staff of my, 62.
 strong meat for full, 1040.
 stumbling lingers slowly, 686.
 talking, made for, 395.
 that melts in unperceived decay,
 365.
 that which should accompany old,
 124.
 those who compare the, 603.
 thou art shamed, 110.
 to perform promises of youth, 368.
 too late or cold, 238.
 torrent of a downward, 356.
 'twixt boy and youth, 489.
 unspotted life is old, 1028.
 vastness and, and memories, 655.
 veracity which increases with, 982.
 what more honourable than, 171.
 will marry, widow of doubtful, 698.
 without a name, 493.
 worm at the root of, 423.
 worn away with, 347.
 you'd scarce expect one of my, 459.
- Ages, alike all, 395.
 ere Homer's lamp appeared, 414.
 ere the Mantuan swan was heard,
 414.
 famous to all, 254.
 heir of all the, 669.
 hence, how many, 112.
 his acts being seven, 69.
 long gone by, of, 587.
 millions of, to making of man, 774.
- Ages of eternity, mighty, 760.
 on ages, 862.
 once in the flight of, 496.
 onward roll, the great, 667.
 probably pervaded all, 698.
 rock of, 432.
 roll forward, 781.
 stamp and esteem of, 266.
 the emptiness of, 833.
 three poets in three distant, 270.
 through the, 669.
 to the next, 170.
 unborn crowd not on my soul, 383.
 wakens the slumbering, 606.
 women faded for, 709.
 ye unborn, 383.
- Age's alms, prayers which are old,
 25.
 tooth, poison for the, 78.
- Aged bosom, confidence in an, 364.
 ears play truant at his tales, 55.
 later times are more, 169.
 men full loth and slow, 492.
- Agencies vary, how widely its, 593.
- Agent, trust no, 51.
- Agesilaus toying with his children, 923.
- Aggravate your choler, 89.
- Aggressive fancy working spells, 816.
- A-gley, gang aft, 446.
- Agnes, the world dear, 983.
- Ago, in the olden time long, 655.
 mighty while, 177.
 were the truths of long, 651.
- Agonies, exultations, and, 471.
- Agony, all we know of, 562.
 cannot be remembered, 504.
 distress, though oft to, 482.
 swimmer in his, 557.
 with words, charm, 53.
- Agree, agreed that we can't never,
 825.
 as angels do above, 221.
 not well together, 741.
 on the stage, 441.
 those who, with us, 982.
 though all things differ, all, 333.
 twain in faith in love, 651.
- Agreeable person, my idea of an, 629.
- Agreed to differ, 506.
- Agrees with me, agreeable person, 629.
- Agreement with hell, 1026.
- Agricultural population the bravest,
 905.
- Ah Sin was his name, 813.
- Ahoy and Oho, who's for the ferry,
 831.
- Aid, after war, 203.
 alliteration's artful, 413.
 for some wretch's, 333.
 friend of pleasure wisdom's, 390.
 of ornament, the foreign, 356.
 the truth, cannon-balls may, 718.
 then Heaven be thy, 578.
 win our battles by its, 718.
- Aids in the ebb-tide or flow, 718.
- Ails it now, something, 472.
- Aim, better have failed in the high,
 712.

- Aim, our being's end and, 318.
 Aiming at what's far, 884.
 Air a chartered libertine, 91.
 ampler ether, diviner, 482.
 and harmony of shape, 287.
 around with beauty, 545.
 as heavenly, is blent with blue, 729.
 babbling gossip of the, 75.
 be shook to, 102.
 bird of the, 1023.
 birds of the, have nests, 1031.
 bites shrewdly, 130.
 breasts the keen, 394.
 breath of flowers sweeter in the, 167.
 burns froze, the parching, 228.
 castles in the, 187, 791, 1046.
 charm ache with, 53.
 couriers of the, 118.
 desert rocks and fleeting, 181.
 dewy freshness fills the, 507.
 do not saw the, 137.
 eating the, 88.
 every flower enjoys the, 466.
 fairer than the evening, 41.
 fanés quiver in the, 610.
 field of, through the, 424.
 freshness fills the silent, 507.
 heaven's sweetest, 162.
 her keel plows, 37.
 her manners and her, 444.
 his love was like the liberal, 803.
 hurtles in the darkened, 384.
 I drew in the common, 1029.
 I'll charm the, 123.
 in heaven's sweetest, 162.
 into the murky, 239.
 is also man's dominion, 767.
 is calm and pleasant, when the, 254.
 is delicate, the, 117.
 is full of farewells, 642.
 listen to voices in the upper, 647.
 love free as, 333.
 man's life is but, 768.
 melted into thin, 43.
 meteor to the troubled, 383.
 might wash me, 805.
 mocking the, with colors, 80.
 most excellent canopy, 134.
 motionless fields of upper, 580.
 my highway is unfeatured, 725.
 nipping and an eager, 130.
 of delightful studies, 253.
 of glory, walking in an, 263.
 of night, through the balmy, 655.
 recommends itself, 117.
 russet year inhaled the dreamy, 751.
 saddening the, 790.
 scent the morning, 132.
 sewers annoy the, 239.
 shut up for want of, 307.
 so fair that like the, 608.
 so soft, so hushed an, 725.
 so soft the, 790.
 spread his sweet leaves to the, 104.
 strike our tune, let the, 173.
 summer's noontide, 227.
 sweetness in the desert, 385.
 sweetness on the desert, 385.
 Air, their lungs receive our, 418.
 thoughts shut up want, 307.
 through azure fields of, 751.
 through the field of, 424.
 throw a straw into the, 195.
 to rain in the, 30.
 trifles light as, 154.
 was warm, the, 792.
 with barbarous dissonance, 245.
 with beauty, fills the, 545.
 with idle state, mock the, 383.
 Airs and madrigals, 254.
 fresh gales and gentle, 238.
 from heaven, bring with thee, 130.
 lap me in soft Lydian, 249.
 melting, or martial, 422.
 of England, martial, 533.
 who shall silence all the, 254.
 Air-drawn dagger, 122.
 Airly, to take in God, gut to git up,
 734.
 Airy hopes my children, 480.
 nothing, a local habitation, 59.
 purposes, execute their, 224.
 reveries so, 419.
 servitors, nimble and, 253.
 tongues that syllable, 243.
 Aisle, long drawn, 384.
 Aisles of Christian Rome, 614.
 on my heart monastic, 614.
 speed down dark, 821.
 Ajax asks no more, 340.
 prayer of, was for light, 640.
 strives some rock to throw, 324.
 the great himself a host, 337.
 Akin to love, pity's, 282.
 Alabaster arms of death, 813.
 as monumental, 156.
 grandsire cut in, 60.
 Alacrity in sinking, a kind of, 46.
 Alarms of struggle, confused, 753.
 serene amidst, 428.
 used to war's, 594.
 Alarums changed to merry meetings,
 95.
 Alcibiades and his dog, 919.
 Alcides' equal, 900.
 Alcoran, the Talmud and the, 166.
 Aldeborontiphosphornio, 285.
 Alderman's forefinger, 104.
 Aldivalloch, Roy's wife of, 862.
 Ale and safety, a pot of, 91.
 drink of Adam's, 289.
 God send thee good, 23.
 no more cakes and, 75.
 older than their, 397.
 quart of mighty, 3.
 size of pots of, 210.
 spicy nut-brown, 249.
 we drank, 792.
 Alexander and Darius, 918.
 and Diogenes, 913.
 and Parmenio, 918.
 I would be Diogenes if I were not, 925.
 in the Olympic race, 918.
 noble dust of, 144.
 wept that he had not conquered a
 world, 916.

- Alexandrine, needless, 324.
 Algebra, tell what hour by, 210.
 Algiers, soldier lay dying in, 653.
 Alice, don't you remember sweet, 747.
 Alien corn, amid the, 575.
 firelight died away, the, 725.
 Alike all ages, 395.
 are sent, joys and tears, 630.
 they're needful to the flower, 630.
 were they free from fear, 642.
 Alive and so bold O earth, 566.
 at this day, the bricks are, 94.
 bliss to be, 476.
 All above is grace, 270.
 all for immortality, 742.
 along the pleasant way, 795.
 are needed by each one, 614.
 at once and nothing first, 691.
 but their faith overthrown, 746.
 cared not to be at, 226.
 creeds and opinions, 791.
 cry and no wool, 211.
 doubt beyond all fear above, 691.
 fear none aid you, 319.
 flesh is grass, 1026.
 for love, he was, 436.
 good to me is lost, 231.
 grief and misery, 783.
 happy families resemble one another,
 996.
 having nothing yet hath, 174.
 hearts confess the saints, 651.
 heaviest words, 790.
 highest virtue mother of them, 680.
 I ask the heaven above, 829.
 I better know than, 651.
 I fail of win, and, 651.
 I see is mine, but, 765.
 in all, manner is, 414.
 in all, take him for, 128.
 in the morning betime, 142.
 is done that men can do, 453.
 is lost save honour, 999.
 is not gold that glisteneth, 173.
 is not lost, 223.
 is ordered well, that, 715.
 is vanity, 1021, 1022.
 is well, God is and, 651.
 is well, God reigneth, 691.
 is well, if the end be well, 988.
 is well that ends well, 13.
 life will sleep at last, 685.
 lost things, 779.
 loved art in a seemly way, 827.
 loves and honors lost, 794.
 men are liars, 1015.
 men desire to be immortal, 694.
 men have their price, 304.
 my days are trances, and, 655.
 my nightly dreams, and, 655.
 my pretty chickens, 124.
 my ways are dewy wet, 766.
 of one mind, be ye, 1041.
 of us live too much in a circle, 627.
 one and, 792.
 our calm is in that balm, 654.
 pangs of fair hopes crost, 794.
 quiet along the Potomac, 766.
- All rosy red, 998.
 sad sounds are nature's funeral, 729.
 shall die, 89.
 that a man hath will he give, 1008.
 that is base shall die, 817.
 that is beautiful shall abide, 817.
 that lives must die, 127.
 that makes a man, and, 681.
 that may become a man, 118.
 that men held wise, 217.
 that we believe of heaven, 280.
 that we see or seem, 654.
 the brothers valiant, 1044.
 the charm of all the muses, 682.
 the fields are lying brown and bare,
 751.
 the flowers sprang up to see, 795.
 the gifts, take, 790.
 the heavens opened and blazed, 680.
 the sisters virtuous, 1044.
 the trees are brown, and, 728.
 the tumult stopped, 792.
 the world and his wife, 293.
 the world, for, 90.
 the world is old lad, when, 728.
 the world must see the world, 759.
 the years, hopes of, 792.
 things all day long, on, 679.
 things are made new, 846.
 things can be borne, 783.
 things change, 832.
 things fair, 835.
 things, he who seeks, 780.
 things produced by fate, 951.
 things that are, 62, 183.
 things to all men, 1037.
 things work and move, 717.
 things work together, 1036.
 this and heaven too, 282.
 to, always open always true, 754.
 was young, you loved when, 729.
 we have built do we discern, 753.
 your danger is in discord, 645.
 your strength is in your union, 645.
 your wish is woman to win, 697.
- Alla, fire from, 549.
 Allaying Thames, with no, 259.
 Tiber, not a drop of, 103.
 Alle night with open eye, 1.
 Allegory, headstrong as an, 440.
 All-enclosing freehold of content, 768.
 Alley titanic of cypress, through an,
 656.
 Alliances, entangling, 435.
 permanent, 425.
 Allies, thou hast great, 471.
 Alliteration's artful aid, 413.
 Allowed indulgence in such foolish-
 ness, 730.
 Allure thee, if parts, 319.
 to the whisper of vows, 817.
 Allured to brighter worlds, 396.
 Ally, woman's natural, 884.
 Almanacs of the last year, 258.
 Almighty difference of purpose be-
 tween, 662.
 dollar, the, 536.
 eye, could not 'scape the, 314.

- Almighty form, the, 547.
gentlemen, 268.
God, first planted a garden, 167.]
gold, 178, 431.
hand, led by the, 261.
has his own purposes, 661.
Lord, vicar of the, 6.
- Almighty's orders, the, 299.
- Almost at odds with morning, 123.
everything that is great, 628.
- Alms before men, 1030.
prayers which are old age's, 25.
when thou doest, 1030.
who gives himself with his, 734.
- Almsdeeds, good works and, 1035.
- Aloft, cherub that sits up, 436.
his soul has gone, 436.
- Alone all all alone, 498.
all we ask is to be let, 866.
and thou, art there, 610.
give me to live with love, 611.
I did it. — Boy! 103.
I lingered, on the shore, 613.
in solitude we are least, 544.
made up of loveliness, 608.
man dwells apart though not, 749.
man should not be, 1004.
never appear the Immortals, 502.
never say that you are, 929.
no man can feel himself, 842.
on a wide wide sea, 498.
speaks to the heart, 716.
than pine in a palace, 750.
than when alone, never less, 431,
455.
that worn-out word, 631.
topmost in heaven, wisdom sits, 723.
with his glory, 563.
with noble thoughts, 34.
- Along the pleasant way, 795.
- Alonso of Arragon, 171.
- Alloof, they stood, 500.
- Alp, many a fiery, 228.
- Alph, the sacred river, 500.
- Alpha and Omega, 1041.
- Alphonso's hints for the creation, 954.
- Alps on Alps arise, 323.
though perched on, 309.
- Alraschid, golden prime of, 665.
- Already the dandelions are changed,
792.
- Altama murmurs wild, 398.
- Altar, each mountain is a holy, 595.
love I bow before thine, 392.
of freedom, costly sacrifice on, 660.
reach the skies, let its, 465.
- Altars, priests, victims, 333.
strike for your, 561.
- Altar-stairs, world's, 675.
- Alteration finds, alters when it, 163.
- Alternate Heaven and Hell, 763.
- Although I enter not yet round, 696.
- Altissima quæque flumina, 25.
- Always, I would not live, 587, 1008.
- Always blind and often tipsy, 609.
find us young, 615.
making them, I am, 663.
right, feels and never reasons is, 621.
- Always to be blest, 315.
- Am, I am that I, 163.
- Amaranthine flower of faith, 482.
- Amaryliss in the shade, 247.
- Amateurs, a nation of, 827.
- Amaze me, it doth, 110.
the unlearned, 324.
- Amazed the gazing rustics, 397.
- Amazing brightness, 280.
- Ambassador is an honest man sent to
lie abroad, 175.
of loss, love's the, 841.
- Amber, bee enclosed in, 908.
flies in, 168.
fly in a bead of, 203.
pipe tipped with, 555.
scent of odorous perfume, 242.
snuff-box, 326.
straws in, 327.
whose foam is, 257.
- Amber-dropping hair, 246.
- Ambient ether, slight toss over, 765.
- Ambition and pride of kings, low, 314.
and thirst of praise, low, 414.
distraction, uglification, 782.
finds such joy, 231.
fing away, 100.
has no risk, 631.
heart's supreme, 377.
is like the sea wave, 685.
loves to slide not stand, 267.
lowly laid, high, 487.
made of sterner stuff, 113.
of a private man, 419.
of man, crueltie and, 27.
on what strange stuff, feeds, 724.
ruins all mankind, 994.
soldier's virtue, 158.
thrifless, 120.
to reign is worth, 224.
virtue, wars that make, 154.
which o'erleaps itself, vaulting, 118.
- Ambition's ladder, lowliness is, 111.
liar, 796.
- Ambitious finger, from his, 98.
- Ambrosial curls, 337.
- Ambuscadoes, breaches, 105.
- Ambush of my name, 47.
- Ambushings, poisonous counsels way-
side, 678.
- Amen, God help me, 776.
stuck in my throat, 119.
- Amend your ways, 1027.
- America, epocha in history of, 429.
half-brother of the world, 721.
has furnished a Washington, 530.
- American book, who reads an, 462.
flag, haul down the, 865.
I also am an, 530.
I was born an, 533.
I will live and die an, 533.
if I were an, 364.
not a Virginian, but an, 429.
strand, 205.
- Americans, good, 692.
- Amiable weakness, 364, 442.
weaknesses, 430.
words and courtliness, 681.

- Amicably if they can, 505.
 Amice gray, in, 241.
 Amid measureless grossness and slag,
 742.
 the city's jar, mine to feel, 753.
 Amiss, better to love, 444.
 never anything can be, 59.
 nothing comes, 72.
 Ammiral, mast of some great, 224.
 Among them but not of them, 544.
 Amorous causes, offence springs from,
 325.
 delay, reluctant, 232.
 descant sung, 233.
 fond and billing, 215.
 looking-glass, court an, 95.
 Amos Cottle! Phœbus! what a name!
 539.
 Amphitrio, into the shape of, 32.
 Amphitryon, the real, 984.
 the true, 277.
 Ample room and verge enough, 383.
 Ampler ether, 482.
 Amuck, to run, 328.
 Amusements, friend to public, 371.
 Analytic, with a glance, 723.
 Anarch lets the curtain fall, 332.
 Anarchy, digest of, 409.
 eternal, hold, 229.
 of drink, wild, 180.
 Anatomy, a mere, 50.
 Ancestor, I am my own, 992.
 Ancestors are good kind of folks, 440.
 glorious, 310.
 look backward to their, 409.
 no need of, 987.
 of nature, 229.
 that come after him, 44.
 the glory belongs to our, 915.
 think of your, 933.
 wisdom of our, 407.
 Ancestral trees, tall, 569.
 voices, 500.
 Anchor of our peace at home, 435.
 up, 774.
 Anchors, great, heaps of pearl, 96.
 moor with two, 894.
 that hold a mother, 883.
 Anchored ne'er shall be, 543.
 Anchorite, saintship of an, 540.
 see a lover in that, 741.
 Ancient and fish-like smell, 43.
 and honorable, 1025.
 as the sun, hills, 572.
 days, dames of, 395.
 ears, ring in my, 106.
 friend, never shall send our, 652.
 grudge I bear him, 61.
 landmark, remove not the, 1020.
 quietness, 855.
 sacrifice, 852.
 splendors fling, its, 695.
 tales say true, if, 540.
 times, these are the, 169.
 trusty drouthy crony, 451.
 Ancients of the earth, we are, 670.
 were not acquainted, 926.
 Anderson my jo John, John, 449.
- Anecdote, man in his, 628.
 Angel appear to each lover, 305.
 consideration like an, 90.
 curses his better, 156.
 death and his Maker, 502.
 down, she drew an, 272.
 dropped from the clouds, 86.
 ended, the, 237.
 good and bad, 187.
 guardian, o'er his life, 455.
 hands to valour given, 574.
 hold the fleet, 362, 648.
 hope thou hovering, 243.
 in action how like an, 134.
 is man an ape or an, 625.
 ministering, 144, 490.
 of death is angel of life, 803.
 on the outward side, 49.
 or earthly paragon, 160.
 shook his wings, as if an, 414.
 should write, though an, 520.
 sings, in his motion like an, 65.
 the recording, 379.
 those, faces smile, 607.
 thou hovering, 243.
 visits few and far between, 514.
 white as the thoughts of an, 857.
 whiteness, 52.
 with two faces, 835.
 who wrote like an, 388.
 woman yet think him an, 698.
 yet in this, of habits devil is, 141.
 Angels alone enjoy such liberty, 260.
 and ministers of grace, 130.
 are bright still, 124.
 are, our acts our, 183.
 are painted fair, 280.
 aspiring to be, 316.
 could no more, 307.
 do above, agree as, 221.
 down, which would drag, 532.
 entertained, and, 221.
 face shined bright, 27.
 fear to tread, where, 325.
 fell by that sin, 100.
 forget-me-nots of the, 616.
 guard thy bed, holy, 302.
 help, make assay, 139.
 I am on the side of the, 625.
 in some brighter dreams, 264.
 laugh at the good he has done, 690
 listen when she speaks, 279.
 little lower than the, 1010.
 men would be, 316.
 must love Ann Hathaway, 876.
 ne'er like, till passion dies, 182.
 plead like, 118.
 preventing, 269.
 pure in thought as are, 455.
 sad as, 513.
 said to be the speech of, 582.
 say sister spirit come away, 334.
 shared fire with, 549.
 sing, which now the, 695.
 sung the strain, guardian, 358.
 thousand liveried, 245.
 to fall, caused the, 165.
 tremble while they gaze, 382.

- Angels trumpet-tongued, 118.
 unawares, entertained, 1040.
 visits like those of, 355.
 wake thee, all, 367.
 weep, make the, 48.
 weep, tears such as, 225.
 with us unawares, 771.
 would be gods, 316.
- Angel's face shyned bright, 27.
 tear, passage of an, 576.
 wing, dropped from an, 484.
 wing, feather plucked from an, 484.
 wings, clip an, 574.
- Angels' keeping, 779.
 ken, far as, 223.
 lips, might tempt, 807.
 music, 'tjis, 205.
 visits short and bright, 281.
 whisper, accent of an, 814.
- Angelic songs are swelling, 717.
 Angelical, fiend, 107.
- Anger, biting for, 222.
 he that is slow to, 1019.
 is like a full-hot horse, 98.
 is one of the sinews of the soul,
 222.
 more in sorrow than, 128.
 of his lip, contempt and, 76.
 of lovers, 894.
- Angle, a brother of the, 207.
- Angler, if he be an honest, 208.
 no man is born an, 206.
 now with God, excellent, 208.
- Anglers or very honest men, 208.
- Angling, be quiet and go a, 208.
 deserves commendations, 207.
 innocent recreation, 208.
 is somewhat like poetry, 207.
 like mathematics, 206.
 like virtue, 207.
 wagered on your, 158.
- Angling-rod, a sturdy oak his, 217.
- Angry, be ye, and sin not, 1039.
 flood, leap into this, 110.
 heaven is not always, 289.
 passions rise, never let your, 302.
 reckon the days you have not been,
 931.
 repeat the four-and-twenty letters
 when, 921.
 roar, contend with, 700.
- Anguish, another's, 104.
 calmly bear, can every, 665.
 here tell your, 524.
 hopeless, poured his groan, 366.
 keeps the heavy gate, 836.
 wring the brow, 490.
- Angularity of facts, 618.
- Animal, happiness of the rational, 941.
 man is a noble, 219.
 man is a two-legged, 949.
 self-preservation of an, 950.
- Animals is justifiable, experiment on,
 663.
- Animated bust or storied urn, 384.
 only by faith and hope, 369.
 torrid-zone, thou, 617.
- Animosity, intoxicated with, 603.
- Anise and cumin, 1032.
- Ann Hathaway hath a way, 876.
- Ann's suitor, think you are, 838.
- Anna whom three realms obey, 326.
- Annals are not written, whose, 584.
 of the poor, 384.
 writ your, true, 103.
- Anne, yes by Saint, 75.
- Annihilate space and time, 330.
- Annihilating all that's made, 263.
 die, cannot but by, 236.
- Annihilation, man not doomed to
 complete, 663.
- Announce a life that shall be copious,
 745.
 the great individual, I, 745.
- Annoy, to-day whatever may, 845.
- Annual expenditure nineteen nineteen,
 701.
 income twenty pounds, 701.
- Anointed king, balm from an, 81.
 rail on the Lord's, 97.
 sovereign of sighs and groans, 55.
- Another and a better world, 991.
 and the same, 481.
 horse, give me, 97.
 I'm an owl you're, 723.
 if it enrich not the heart of, 643.
 man's doxy, 1050.
 man's ground, built on, 45.
 rock would crown the work, 704.
 setteth up, 1013.
 story, 853.
 yet the same, 331.
- Another's and another's, 514.
 eyes, to choose love by, 57.
 face commend, 377.
 sword laid him low, 514.
 woe, to feel, 334.
- Answer a fool, 1020.
 a wise man with silence, 916.
 all things faithfully, 66.
 echoes answer, 672.
 him ye owls, 331.
 me in one word, 70.
 not every question, 897.
 soft, turneth away wrath, 1018.
 the better, 52.
 ye evening tapers, 689.
- Answers till a husband cools, never,
 321.
- Answered you last night, yes I, 658.
- Ant, go to the, thou sluggard, 1017.
- Ants entombed, 168.
- Antagonist is our helper, our, 411.
- Antagoras boiling a conger, 918.
- Ante-room of hell, God-forsaken, 728.
- Ant-heap, one small, 843.
- Anthem, the pealing, 384.
- Anthems, singing of, 88.
- Anthosmial divine, sweet apples, 635.
- Anthropophagi, the, 150.
- Antic, old father, the law, 82.
 round, while you perform your, 123.
- Anticipate the past, 440.
 seldom occurs, what we, 628.
- Antidote, bane and, 299.
 some sweet oblivious, 125.

- Anti-everythings, lean hungry savage,** 690.
Antigonus and Thrasyllus, 918.
 the son of Helios, 926.
Antique Roman than a Dane, 146.
 song, metre of an, 161.
 towers, ye, 381.
 world, service of the, 67.
Antiquitas sæculi, 169.
Antiquities, living men were, 219.
Antiquity, a little skill in, 222.
 is accounted by farther distance, 169.
 ways of hoar, 403.
Anti-republican tendencies, 435.
Antres vast and deserts idle, 150.
Anvil, iron did cool on the, 80.
Anything but gay, a face that's, 697.
 but history, 304.
 can be amiss, never, 59.
 for a quiet life, 1044.
 glad he thanks God for, 370.
 owe no man, 1036.
 what is worth in, 213.
 whereof it may be said, 830.
Anythingarian, he is an, 292.
Apace, ill weed grows, 35.
Apart, are scarce long leagues, 727.
 forever, two are walking, 749.
 though not alone, man dwells, 749.
Apathy, in lazy, 317.
Ape, like an angry, 48.
 or an angel, is man an, 625.
 whom none take seriously, 729.
Apes, jollity for, 160.
Apert, prive and, 4.
Apollo, bards in fealty to, 576.
 from his shrine, 251.
 Pallas Jove and Mars, 699.
Apollo's laurel bough, burned is, 41.
 lute, musical as bright, 56, 245.
Apollos watered, 1037.
Apology too prompt, 239.
Apostles of equality, men of culture, 755.
 shrank, while, 864.
 twelve, he taught, 2.
 would have done as they did, the, 556.
Apostolic blows and knocks, 210.
Apothecary, I remember an, 108.
 ounce of civet good, 148.
Apparel, every true man's, 49.
 fashion wears out more, 52.
 oft proclaims the man, 130.
Apparelled in more precious habit, 53.
Apparition, a lovely, 474.
Apparitions, seen and gone, like, 281.
 thousand blushing, 52.
Appeal from Philip drunk, 999.
 unto Cæsar, 1035.
Appear beacons of hope ye, 754.
 the immortals, never, 502.
Appearance, not according to the, 1035.
 of things to the mind, 930.
Appearances are deceitful, 952.
Appearest thou present to my mind, 596.
Appendix to nobility, 187.
Appetite, breakfast with, 99.
 cloy the hungry edge of, 81.
 colours were then to me an, 467.
 comes with eating, 965, 977.
 coquetry whets the, 774.
 good digestion wait on, 122.
 grown by what it fed on, 128.
 man given to, 1020.
 may sicken and so die, 74.
 quench, check impulse, 941.
 with coyless sauce sharpen his, 157.
Appetites were hearty, 817.
Applaud the deed, 121.
 thee to the very echo, 125.
Applause, attentive to his own, 327.
 delight the wonder, the, 179.
 of a single human being, 374.
 of listening senates, 385.
Applauses of his countrymen, 537.
Apple of his eye, 1006.
 of the eye, 1010.
 rotten at the heart, 61.
Apples, anthosmial divine, sweet, 635.
 of gold, 1020.
 since Eve ate, 560.
 small choice in rotten, 72.
 swim, how we, 291.
Apple-blossom, and a cheek of, 678.
Apple-boughs down by the mill, under the, 724.
Apple-wood, that piece of, 799.
Appliance, desperate, 141.
Appliances and means, 89.
Appointed ways, 779.
Appreciate heaven well, to, 825.
Apprehend some joy, 59.
Apprehension, death most in, 48.
 how like a god in, 134.
 of the good, 81.
Apprentice, nature but an, 446.
Apprenticeship to progressiveness renunciation, 995.
Approach like the rugged Russian bear, 122.
 of even or morn, 230.
Approaches make the prospect less, 181.
Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, 457.
Appropinque an end, 212.
Appropriate, as difficult to invent as to, 621.
 conditions, under, 774.
Approved good masters, 149.
Approving Heaven, 355.
April day, uncertain glory of an, 44.
 dew, besprent with, 180.
 June and November, 870.
 of her prime, 161.
 proud-pied, 163.
 wears, pinks that, 49.
 when men woo, 71.
 with his shoures, 1.
Apron, thy words smell of the, 918.
Aprons of fig leaves, 1004.

- Aprons, with greasy, 159.
 Apt alliteration's artful aid, 413.
 and gracious words, 55.
 Arabia, all the perfumes of, 124.
 breathes from yonder box, 325.
 Arabian trees, 157.
 Arabs, fold their tents like the, 641.
 proverb of the, 630.
 Araby the blest, 232.
 Araby's daughter, farewell to thee,
 526.
 Arbitrer is taste, its sole, 657.
 of his own fortunes, 895.
 Arbitrator time, old common, 102.
 Arbitress, moon sits, 225.
 Arboretum with painted blossoms, 28.
 Arcades ambo, 558.
 Arcadia, I too was born in, 979.
 Arcadian scenes, 421.
 Arcady, as I went on to, 795.
 I hied me off to, 795.
 who hopes to see fair, 834.
 Arch, night's black, 451.
 night's blue, 424.
 on Prague's proud, 513.
 that fill'st the sky, 516.
 Arches of the years, 841.
 Archangel ruined, 225.
 Archelaus and the barber, 917.
 Archer, insatiate, 306.
 little meant, mark the, 492.
 that keen, 776.
 well-experienced, 161.
 Archimedes cried I have found it
 Eureka, 924.
 Architect of his own fortunes, 167.
 Architects of fate, all are, 647.
 Architecture is frozen music, 999.
 Arcs, on the earth the broken, 710.
 Arctic sky, Ophiuchus in the, 229.
 Arcturus with his sons, 1010.
 Arden, now am I in, 67.
 Ardent temperature, 827.
 Ardour, compulsive, gives the charge,
 140.
 radiant with, divine, 754.
 Are, we know not what we, 142.
 Areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought,
 797.
 Arg'ed the question, the more we, 825.
 Argosy, a wrecked, 775.
 Argue not against Heaven's hand, 252.
 though vanquished, 397.
 Argues an insensibility, 509.
 with women the heart, 754.
 yourselves unknown, 234.
 Arguing, owned his skill in, 397.
 Argument and intellect too, 402.
 for a week, 84.
 height of this great, 223.
 I have found you an, 375.
 knock-down, 277.
 not to stir without great, 142.
 of tyrants, necessity is the, 453.
 sheathed their swords for lack of,
 91.
 staple of his, 56.
 stateliest and most regal, 254.
 Argument to thy neighbor's creed, 614.
 truth is the strongest, 883.
 with an east wind, 741.
 wrong, his, 399.
 Arguments and questions, all kinds of
 163.
 I have no mockings or, 74.
 interminable and inconsistent, 626.
 nor waste, when they will be lost,
 634.
 use wagers, tools for, 213.
 Ariadne, minuet in, 441.
 Ariosto of the North, 545.
 Arise in the soul, diviner feelings, 607.
 my lady sweet, 159.
 O soul and gird thee, 829.
 Aristocracy, cool shade of, 537.
 intellectual, 995.
 is always cruel, 699.
 Aristotle and his philosophic, 1.
 Arithmetic, different branches of, 782.
 Ark, hunt it into Noah's, 416.
 mouldy rolls of Noah's, 268.
 to lay their hand upon the, 418.
 walked straight out of the, 460.
 Arm, she leant upon her lover's, 670.
 sits upon mine, 194.
 the obdured breast, 228.
 what a waist for an, 751.
 what an, what a waist, 751.
 Arms against a sea of troubles, 135.
 against a world in, 603.
 and the man I sing, 274.
 are empty, my, 811.
 glorious in, 55.
 had seven years' pith, 149.
 hung up for monuments, 95.
 imparadised in one another's, 233.
 invincible in, 428.
 it, Washington, 620.
 land of scholars nurse of, 395.
 lord of folded, 55.
 my soul's in, 296.
 never would lay down my, 364.
 of death, the alabaster, 813.
 of seeming, 273.
 or armour clashing, 236.
 puking in the nurse's, 69.
 ridiculous, made, 242.
 so he laid down his, 594.
 sure-unwinding, of cool-enfolding
 death, 744.
 take your last embrace, 109.
 the Smiths never had any, 460.
 the world in, 80.
 Timoleon's, 391.
 to, ye brave, 990.
 try everything before, 889.
 unstained and free, my, 725.
 upbear, and men my giant, 725.
 Armageddon of the race, the, 650.
 Arm-chair, old, 724.
 Armed at all points, 128.
 at point exactly, cap-a-pe, 128.
 gallantly, 86.
 great individual fully, 745.
 so strong in honesty, 114.
 thrice is he, 94.

- Armed thus am I doubly, 299.
 with more than complete steel, 40.
 with resolution, 295.
 without, he is, 329.
- Armies clad in iron, 242.
 clash by night, where ignorant, 753.
 disbanding hired, 584.
 swore terribly, our, 378.
 whole have sunk, where, 228.
- Arminian clergy, an, 365.
- Armory, all wisdom's, 771.
- Armour against fate, no, 209.
 clashing, brayed, 236.
 is his honest thought, 174.
 of a righteous cause, 843.
- Armourers accomplishing knights, 92.
- Army, hum of either, stilly sounds, 91.
 of martyrs, the noble, 1042.
 with banners, terrible as an, 1024.
- Aromatic pain, die of a rose in, 316.
 plants bestow no fragrance while
 they grow, 398.
- Around thee thou no ray of light, if,
 731.
 to say farewell, and looks, 697.
 us here, for why is all, 681.
 us like a cloud, lies, 700.
- Arrant, thankless, 25.
 thief, the moon is an, 109.
 traitor as any is, 93.
- Array, battle's stern, 543.
 sorrow's dark, 988.
- Arrays our battalions, field-marshal
 who, 727.
- Arrayed in his beauty, king all, 587.
- Arrears of pain and darkness, 711.
- Arrest, death is strict in his, 145.
- Arrivals of pleasure, 776.
- Arrogant brass, braying of, 840.
- Arrow for the heart, 560.
 from a well-experienced archer, 161.
 o'er the house, shot mine, 145.
- Arrows, of light, swift-winged, 416.
 of outrageous fortune, 135.
 of the early frost, slain by, 763.
 quiver bow and, 31.
 some Cupid kills with, 51.
 taunts are not so sharp as, 645.
- Arrowy Rhone, rushing of the, 543.
- Ars longa, vita brevis, 6.
- Arsenal, shook the, 241.
- Arsenals and forts, no need of, 645.
- Art, adorning thee with so much, 261.
 adulteries of, than all the, 178.
 all loved, in a seemly way, 827.
 all nature is but, 316.
 all the gloss of, 398.
 and part, 1044.
 beyond the reach of, 323.
 can wash her guilt away, what, 403.
 concealed by, 310.
 contemplates certain things, 930.
 cookery is become an, 187.
 ease in writing comes from, 324.
 elder days of, 642.
 every walk of, 457.
 failed in literature and, 629.
 first professor of our, 274.
- Art, glib and oily, 146.
 glory and good of, 712.
 had invented the, of printing, 584.
 he tried each, 396.
 her guilt to cover, the only, 403.
 imitates nature, 305.
 in the vaunted works of, 617.
 is a human activity, 996.
 is long, life short, 886, 989.
 is long time is fleeting, 638.
 is man's nature, 721.
 is nature made by man, 780.
 is too precise, 201.
 it's clever but is it, 852.
 last and greatest, 329.
 laughter oft is but an, 585.
 made tongue-tied, 162.
 may err Nature cannot miss, 272.
 mistress of her, 446.
 more matter with less, 133.
 nature is above, in that respect, 148.
 nature is but, 316.
 nature is God's, 721.
 nature lost in, 390.
 nature not inferior to, 942.
 nearly allied to invention, 441.
 not strength obtains the prize, 341.
 of artisans, 438.
 of God, nature is the, 218, 310.
 of scratch, engraving is, 747.
 pleasure disguised by, 403.
 poetry a mere mechanic, 414.
 preservative of all arts, 1044.
 so vast is, 323.
 subdues the strong, 344.
 summit, 995.
 than force, more by, 341.
 that in which hand head heart, 747.
 thou here again, 790.
 to blot, 329.
 to find the mind's construction, 117.
 war's glorious, 311.
 we can realize perfection through,
 836.
 we may live without, 779.
 with curious, 413.
 with the living hues of, 683.
- Arts and sciences not in the same
 mould, 962.
 fashion's brightest, 398.
 Greece mother of, 241.
 hunger is the teacher of the, 305.
 imitate natural forms, 942.
 in which the wise excel, 279.
 of peace, inglorious, 263.
 remote from common use, 556.
 taught the wheedling, 348.
 the academes, 56.
 the fine, once divorcing themselves,
 584.
 well fitted in, 55.
 which I loved, 260.
 with lenient, 328.
- Artaxerxes' throne, 241.
- Artery, each petty, 131.
- Arthur first in court, when, 406.
- Article of luxury, do without any, 586
 snuffed out by an, 560.

- Articles, all agree in the essential, 370.
 Artificer, another lean unwashed, 80.
 Artist, no man is born an, 206.
 greatest, has embodied greatest ideas, 746.
 wills, fashioned as the, 691.
 Artless jealousy, 142.
 As gingerly, 1044.
 he thinketh in his heart, 1020.
 it fell upon a day, 175.
 of some one gently rapping, 655.
 the case stands, 172.
 unto the bow the cord is, 645.
 Ascent, laborious at the first, 253.
 Ashamed, needeth not to be, 1040.
 of being loved, 980.
 the more, a man is, the more respectable, 838.
 with the noble shame, 729.
 Ashbourn, down thy hill romantic, 464.
 Ashbuds, more black than, 668.
 Ashen and sober, skies they were, 656.
 cold is fire yreken, 3.
 Ashes, beauty for, 1026.
 in itself to, burn, 645.
 laid old Troy in, 280.
 man is splendid in, 219.
 of his fathers, 604.
 out of tears and, 851.
 to ashes, dust to dust, 1043.
 violet made from his, 674.
 wonted firs live in our, 335.
 Asia could not bear two kings, 918.
 Aside, human to step, 448.
 last to lay the old, 324.
 Ask and it shall be given you, 1031.
 death-beds they can tell, 307.
 I do not, O Lord that life, 760.
 me no questions, 401.
 my wants are few, little I, 689.
 no more I, 779.
 no more of fate, man could, 738.
 not, wealth I, 829.
 the brave soldier, 520.
 to see, I do not, 607.
 where is the North, 318.
 Asked of echo 't other day, I, 720.
 Askelon, in the streets of, 1006.
 Asketh, every one that, 1031.
 Asking eye, explain the, 328.
 Asleep in lap of legends old, 575.
 lips of those that are, 1024.
 the very houses seem, 470.
 tide as moving seems, 685.
 time has fallen, 776.
 Asonder, houses fer, 2.
 Aspect, meet in her, 551.
 of princes, sweet, 99.
 sweet grave, 970.
 with grave, he rose, 227.
 Aspen leaf, right as an, 5.
 light quivering, 490.
 Asphodel, ever-flowing meads of, 347.
 Aspics' tongues, 155.
 Aspiration sees only one side, 739.
 you cannot prove an, 812.
 Aspired to be, what I, 710.
 Aspiring to be angels, 316.
 Aspiring to be gods, 316.
 to die, 37.
 youth, 296.
 Ass, a idiot, the law is a, 702.
 burial of an, 1027.
 countryman who looked for his, 978.
 egregiously an, 152.
 knoweth his master's crib, 1024.
 may bray a good while, 730.
 of Balaam, 1005.
 will carry his load, 978.
 write me down an, 53.
 Asses, to live according to the convenience of, 917.
 Assailant on perched roosts, 242.
 Assassination, absolutism tempered by, 999.
 could trammel up, if the, 117.
 Assault, death preparing his, 309.
 Assay, help angels make, 139.
 so hard so sharp, 6.
 Assayed, thrice he, 225.
 Assembled souls, 217.
 Assemblies, masters of, 1024.
 of the skies, bright, 345.
 Assembly, posterity is a most limited, 625.
 Assent with civil leer, 327.
 Assume a pleasing shape, 135.
 a virtue, if you have it not, 141.
 Assumes the god, 271.
 Assurance, before society with glib, 625.
 double sure, I'll make, 123.
 given by looks, 23.
 of a man, give the world, 140.
 Assured, ignorant of what he's most, 48.
 Assyrian bull, curled, 677.
 came down like the wolf, the, 551.
 Astray, and they fall, they go, 698.
 light that led, 447.
 like one that had been led, 250.
 Astronomer, undevout, is mad, 310.
 Astyanax the hope of Troy, 338.
 Asunder, let not man put, 1032.
 villain and he many miles, 108.
 Athanasian Creed, the, 629.
 creeds, weary of mumbling, 788.
 Atheism, philosophy inclineth to, 166.
 the owlet, 501.
 Atheist by night half believes a God, 308.
 novelist realist play your, 683.
 Atheist's laugh, 448.
 Athena's tower, age shakes, 541.
 Athens heard, truths refined as, 860.
 immortal influence of, 600.
 maid of, ere we part, 540.
 sending owls to, 946.
 the eye of Greece, 241.
 Atlantean shoulders, 227.
 Atlantic for whales, drag, 796.
 Ocean and Mrs. Partington, 462.
 the deep immense, 819.
 Atlas unremoved, 234.
 Atmosphere of dreams, softness like the, 653.

- Atomies, team of little, 104.
 Atoms, fortuitous concourse of, 284.
 into ruins hurled, 315.
 or systems, 315.
 Atossa cursed with granted prayer,
 321.
 Atrocious crime of being young, 376.
 Attack is the reaction, 372.
 Attain her, in hope to, 28.
 unto, that which I could, 1029.
 Attains the shore, the fragile skiff,
 810.
 the utmost round, 111.
 Attempt and not the deed, 119.
 by fearing to, 47.
 the end, 203.
 Attendance, to dance, 101.
 Attending ears, 106.
 strictly to business, 796.
 Attention like deep harmony, 81.
 still as night, 227.
 Attentive to his own applause, 327.
 Attic bird trills her notes, 241.
 taste, light and choice of, 252.
 tragedies, 254.
 Atticus were he, 327.
 Attire be comely, let thy, 32.
 walk in silk, 861.
 wild in their, 116.
 Attitude in life, proper, 930.
 Attraction robs the vast sea, 109.
 Attractive grace, sweet, 232.
 kind of grace, 23.
 metal more, 138.
 Attribute of God, 460.
 power but his, 793.
 to awe and majesty, 64.
 to God himself, 64.
 Attunes the spheres, with one breath,
 722.
 Auburn locks ye golden curls, 689.
 loveliest village, 395.
 Audacious unconsciously, 772.
 Audience, his look drew, 227.
 fit, though few, 236.
 Aught in malice, nor set down, 156.
 in the world beside, 452.
 that dignifies humanity, 606.
 that ever I could read, 57.
 Augur schœnobates, 268.
 Auld acquaintance, should, 449.
 but just rubbed his, poll, 590.
 claes, gars, 447.
 moon in her arm, 404.
 nature swears, 446.
 Aunt or two, 799.
 Aurora daughter of the dawn, 338,
 342.
 displayed her mantle, 972.
 shows her face, 357.
 Auspicious eye, an, 127.
 Austrian army awfully arrayed, 875.
 Authentic scripture, 310.
 watch, 256.
 Author choose as a friend, 278.
 man of rank as an, 374.
 no, ever spared a brother, 349.
 of lies, the devil the, 193.
 Author puts between the two covers
 of his book, 809.
 teaches such beauty, where is any,
 55.
 who speaks about his own books,
 625.
 would his brother kill, 258.
 Authors do not make acknowledg-
 ment, 902.
 essayist atheist novelist play your,
 683.
 like coins grow dear, 329.
 old, to read, 171.
 shelved round us lie mummied, 761.
 steal their works, most, 325.
 Authority and show of truth, 52.
 art made tongue-tied by, 162.
 drest in a little brief, 48.
 faith that stands on, is not faith,
 621.
 from others' books, 54.
 the basis of moral, 995.
 Autograph of God, the awful, 817.
 Automaton, mechanized, 567.
 Autumn fruit, fell like, 276.
 garner to the end of time, 705.
 is the mellow time, 770.
 nodding o'er the plain, 356.
 passes soon away, 823.
 saw old, in the misty morn, 594.
 seems to cry for thee, 824.
 sweetly shone, 993.
 that grew more by reaping, 159.
 the windy lights of, 822.
 Autumn's fire, 770.
 hush, still small voice in, 650.
 Autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa, 224.
 leaves, thick as, 337.
 Autumn-days, best lover of the, 824.
 Autumn-fields, happy, 673.
 Availeth, say not the struggle naught,
 726.
 Avarice, dreams of, 374, 378.
 old men sicken with, 173.
 old-gentlemanly vice, 556.
 Avaunt, conscience, 296.
 Avenge the patriotic gore, 813.
 Avenging day, that great, 337.
 Avenues of ill, seal up the, 616.
 Aver 't is better than many, 843.
 Aversion, begin with a little, 440.
 Avilion, island-valley of, 681.
 Avoid shame do not seek glory, 460.
 what is to come, 141.
 Avon, sweet swan of, 179.
 to the Severn runs, 484.
 A-wait at the gate of the west, 817.
 Await no gifts from chance, who, 754.
 Awake, lie ten nights, 51.
 my St. John, 314.
 my soul, 359.
 Awakes from the tomb, 428.
 Away, and Sheridan twenty miles, 751.
 owes its charm to the far, 631.
 pray scourge of war may pass, 661.
 Awe and majesty, attribute to, 64.
 of such a thing as I, 110.
 the soul of Richard, 296.

- Aweary of the sun, 126.
 Awe-inspiring God, 480.
 Awful autograph of God, the, 817.
 darkness and silence reign, when,
 703.
 goodness is, how, 234.
 guide in smoke and flame, 493.
 insane and, passion, 599.
 moment, face some, 476.
 names, with, 813.
 pause, Nature made an, 306.
 phantom of the hungry poor, 797.
 volume, within that, 494.
 Awhile, loved long since and lost, 607.
 Awkwardness has no forgiveness, 620.
 Axe, head off with a golden, 108.
 laid unto the root of the tree, 1033.
 many strokes with little, 94.
 neither hammer nor, 1007.
 to grind he has an, 528.
 woodman's, lies free, 570.
 Axes, no ponderous, rung, 535.
 Axis of the earth, 692.
 Axle, sleeps on her soft, 237.
 Ayont the twal, short hour, 446.
 Azan, he who died at, 782.
 Azure brow, no wrinkle on thine, 547.
 dome, his hall the, 617.
 fields of air, through, 751.
 hue, mountain in its, 512.
 main, from out the, 358.
 robe of night, the, 573.
 we shall navigate the, 767.
 Baälim and Peor, 251.
 Babbled of green fields, 91.
 Babbling dreams, hence, 296.
 gossip of the air, 75.
 Babe, bent o'er her, 427.
 in a house, a, 695.
 pity like a naked new-born, 118.
 she lost in infancy, 508.
 sinews of the new-born, 139.
 was sleeping on her breast, the, 568.
 Babes and sucklings, 1010.
 Babel, stir of the great, 420.
 Baby dear, where did you come from,
 759.
 figure of the giant mass, 102.
 small, only a, 856.
 was sleeping, 590.
 Baby's feet, a, 807.
 hands, 807.
 Babylon in all its desolation, 868.
 is fallen, is fallen, 1025.
 learned and wise, 483.
 Babylonish dialect, 210.
 Bacchus ever fair and young, 271.
 plumpy, with pink eyne, 153.
 Bachelor, I would die a, 51.
 of threescore, shall I never see a, 50.
 Back and side go bare, 23.
 bear thee to the battle, 623.
 borne me on his, 144.
 call yesterday, 81.
 come never, again, 596.
 die with harness on our, 126.
 got over the devil's, 959.
 Back, never a shirt on his, 286.
 on itself recoils, 238.
 over the devil's, 986.
 resounded death, 229.
 revolutions never go, 699.
 shout, our peals of laughter, 756.
 sits on his horse, 78.
 still looking back, 686.
 their opinions by a wager, 554.
 through creeks and inlets, far, 727.
 thumping on your, 423.
 thumps upon the, 312.
 to the field, with his, 514.
 to their springs like the rain, 643.
 to thy punishment, 229.
 Backed like a weasel, 139.
 Backing of your friends, 84.
 plague upon such, 84.
 Backward and abysm of time, 42.
 mutters, 246.
 turn backward, O time, 783.
 yesterdays look, 307.
 Bacon, broken bones for, 977.
 could have as easily created, 585.
 or brave Raleigh spoke, words, 330.
 save our, 958.
 shined, think how, 319.
 Bad affright afflict the best, the, 382.
 and good of every land, 721.
 as falling, the fear's as, 160.
 beginning makes a bad ending, 884.
 begins and worse remains, 141.
 begun, things, 121.
 better for being a little, 50.
 better than downright, 886.
 certain winds make men's temper,
 729.
 eminence, to that, 226.
 for the, all that was theirs dies, 885.
 in the best, 163.
 language or abuse, 801.
 man, a bold, 27, 98.
 men live to eat and drink, 924.
 most men were, 944.
 the world is grown so, 96.
 two nations, good and the, 263.
 wiser being good than, 711.
 Badder end, to the, 4.
 Bade each other stand, 798.
 me adieu, sweetly she, 380.
 Badge, nobility's, true, 103.
 of all our tribe, sufferance is the, 61.
 Badness choose in a heap, 879.
 Baffled oft is ever won, 548.
 still, betrayed and, 809.
 Bag and baggage, 70.
 empty, to stand upright, 360.
 Baizæ's bay, isle in, 565.
 Bailey, unfortunate Miss, 454.
 Bairsn, at scule, sad time twa, 587.
 twa, and but æ heart, 587.
 Bait, this melancholy, 60.
 Baits, good news, 242.
 Baited like eagles, 86.
 with a dragon's tail, 517.
 with many a deadly curse, 449.
 Baker's dozen, 959.
 Balaam's ass, 1005.

- Balance, in nice, 330.
 of power, 304.
 of the old world, 464.
 Balances, Jove lifts the golden, 341.
 weighed in the, 1027.
 Baldheaded, go into it, 735.
 Baldric, milky, of the skies, 573.
 Bales unopened to the sun, 307.
 Ball, roll on thou, 800.
 Ballad, I met with a, 778.
 of Sir Patrick Spence, 502.
 to his mistress' eyebrow, woful, 69.
 world was guilty of such a, 54.
 Ballads from a cart, sung, 274.
 of a nation, 281.
 sing from door to door, 189.
 ye are better than all the, 647.
 Ballad-mongers, same metre, 85.
 Ballad-singer's joy, the English, 473.
 Ballast to keep the mind steady, 740.
 Balloch o'er the braes of, 862.
 Balloon, something in a huge, 468.
 Ballot-box, 't is the, 538.
 Balm, all our calm is in that, 654.
 for every pain, and a, 596.
 for eyes grown weary, thy, 764.
 from an anointed king, 81.
 in Gilead, is there no, 1027.
 of hurt minds, 120.
 Balms for all our pain, there are, 763.
 Balmy air of night, through the, 655.
 pain, full of sweet desolation, 577.
 sweets, diffuse their, 398.
 Baltimore, that flecked the streets of,
 813.
 Ban, on it lays her, 818.
 Band, forth we went a gallant, 662.
 of brothers, 92.
 they march a blustering, 273.
 Bands of Orion, loose the, 1010.
 Bane and antidote, my, 299.
 of all genius virtue freedom, 567.
 of all that dread the Devil, 466.
 precious, 225.
 Bang, with many a, 211.
 Banish plump Jack, 85.
 strong potatoes, 432.
 Banished from my true country, lived,
 742.
 Banishment, bitter bread of, 81.
 Bank and bush, over, 28.
 and shoal of time, 118.
 moonlight sleeps upon this, 65.
 of violets, breathes upon a, 74.
 snow-white ram on a grassy, 481.
 to make a, 263.
 where wild thyme blows, 58.
 Banks and braes o' bonny Doon, 452.
 furnished with bees, 380.
 of the Yuba, played on the, 636.
 Bank-note world, this, 563.
 Banner, freedom's, 574.
 in the sky, to see that, 688.
 O, not houses of peace are you, 743.
 star-spangled, 517.
 the royal, 154.
 to the very front, he bore, 814.
 with the strange device, 641.
 Banners, army with, 1024.
 confusion on thy, 383.
 flout the sky, 115.
 hang out our, 125.
 wave, all thy, 515.
 Banquet, born but to, 344.
 is o'er, when the, 348.
 of the mind, 346.
 song and dance, 562.
 Banquet-hall deserted, 523.
 Baptism o'er the flowers, 202.
 Baptized in tears, 427.
 Bar, be no moaning of the, 685.
 man at the turn-pike, 590.
 of heaven, 769.
 Bars, behind the western, 823.
 nor iron, a cage, 260.
 to their windows, nor, 642.
 Barbarians all at play, 546.
 selfish, 826.
 Barbaric pearl and gold, 226.
 yawp, I sound my, 742.
 Barbarous dissonance, 245.
 skill, is but a, 261.
 Barber and a collier fight, 363.
 kept on shaving, and the, 723.
 Barber's shear, never has known the,
 697.
 Bard here dwelt more fat, 357.
 on Chian strand, that blind, 503.
 Bards in fealty to Apollo hold, 576.
 of earth, 802.
 of passion and of mirth, 577.
 saints heroes if we will, 754.
 who sung, Olympian, 599.
 Bare, and the walls around are, 756.
 back and side go, 23.
 fields are lying brown and, 751.
 imagination of a feast, 81.
 the mean heart, 328.
 too thin and, to hide offences, 101.
 Barefoot, him that makes shoes go, 186.
 Bargain catch cold, lest the, 159.
 hath sold him a, 55.
 in the way of, 85.
 repentance ground of a bad, 905.
 to sell a, 55.
 two words to that, 294.
 Barge, drag the slow, 424.
 like a pearly, 850.
 she sat in, 157.
 Bark and bite, dogs delight to, 301.
 at me, dogs, 95.
 at me, see they, 147.
 attendant sail, 320.
 deep, goes where traffic blows, 751.
 drives on and on, whose, 543.
 fatal and perfidious, 247.
 is on the sea, my, 553.
 is worse than his bite, 205.
 let no dog, 60.
 of man could navigate, 597.
 on even keel, thus I steer my, 354.
 scarfed, the, 62.
 sinks, if my, 725.
 that he feels afraid of its, 780.
 watch-dog's honest, 556.
 Barkis is willin', 701.

- Barleycorn, bold John, 451.
 Barrel, handful of meal in a, 1007.
 of gold, 827.
 of meal wasted not, 1007.
 Barren earth, small model of the, 82.
 peaks of two eternities, 784.
 regrets, 780.
 sceptre in my gripe, 121.
 't is all, 379.
 Barrenest of all mortals, the, 583.
 Barring that expression of villainy,
 796.
 Barty, Hans Breitmann gife, a, 759.
 Base, all that is, shall die, 817.
 born, bravest have been, 190.
 column with the buried, 546.
 fly from its firm, 491.
 him that uttered nothing, 665.
 Hungarian wight, 45.
 in kind, 413.
 in man, to keep down the, 681.
 is the slave that pays, 91.
 uses we may return, 144.
 who is here so, 113.
 world and worldlings, 90.
 Baseless fabric of this vision, 43.
 Baseness, the gods detest my, 158.
 to write fair, hold it, 145.
 Bashaw, three-tailed, 454.
 Bashful fifteen, maiden of, 442.
 sincerity and comely love, 52.
 virgin's sidelong looks, 396.
 Basis, moral authority, 995.
 no broader, for any government,
 634.
 of every truth, 409.
 Basket and store, 1006.
 eggs in one, 972.
 who was in the, 46.
 Baskit er kittens, 828.
 Bass eternal of the sea, the, 788.
 Bassarid of Boston, blatant, 808.
 Basso even contra-alto, 554.
 Bastard Freedom waves her flag, 518.
 Latin, soft, 554.
 to the time, he is but a, 78.
 Bastards, ancient families, 190.
 live like nature's, 246.
 Bastion fringed with fire, 674.
 Bat, Casey at the, 856.
 tongue of dog, wool of, 123.
 Bats, to the moles and the, 1024.
 Bate a jot of heart or hope, 252.
 Bated breath, 61.
 Bath, O starry, 821.
 sore labour's, 120.
 Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold,
 613.
 in fiery floods, 48.
 Bathing, caught Whigs, 624.
 Battalions, field-marshal who arrays
 our, 727.
 heaviest, 987.
 side of the strongest, 1003.
 sorrows come in, 142.
 Battle, again to the, 516.
 and the breeze, 514.
 Pen. was a soldier bold, 594
 Battle, care for him who has borne
 the, 662.
 cowards do not count in, 885.
 crimson flower of, blooms, 748.
 division of a, 149.
 feats of broil and, 150.
 for the free, won the, 562.
 for the last, of the world, 650.
 freedom's, once begun, 548.
 he has fought his last, 623.
 he who is in, slain, 403.
 I had a regular, 887.
 in the lost, 489.
 is lost and won, when the, 115.
 lanterns lit, ports all up, 739.
 life is a, 936.
 lost and battle won, 463.
 not to the strong, 1023.
 of life, who fell in the, 745.
 perilous edge of, 224.
 prize o' death in, 737.
 rages loud and long, the, 515.
 see the front of, lour, 450.
 sees the other's umbered face, 92.
 smelleth the, afar off, 101^c.
 storms dismay, 854.
 to bear thee to the, 623.
 was on once more, telling, 751.
 who in life's, 991.
 with my peers, delight of, 668.
 Battles, fought his, o'er again, 271.
 long ago, 473.
 rains fall after great, 911.
 sieges fortunes, 150.
 the flag of our stately, 748.
 win our, by its aid, 718.
 Battle's magnificently stern array,
 543.
 sound, no war or, 251.
 van, in the, 716.
 Battle-blood gory, 766.
 Battle-brunt, gentlest and bravest in
 the, 814.
 Battle-cry, freedom their, 756.
 Battled for the true and just, 675.
 Battle-field, march to the, 863.
 Battlements bore stars, 479.
 fate sits on these dark, 456.
 towers and, 248.
 Battle-queen of yore, 813.
 Bauble, pleased with this, 318.
 Baucis' busy care, 274.
 Bay of Biscay O, 453.
 the moon, be a dog and, 114.
 Bay-tree, like a green, 1011.
 Be, and so it might not, 720.
 as be we would, 38.
 at rest and free, 718.
 dreamed a dream that could not,
 758.
 glean on the years that shall, 631.
 good sweet maid, 727.
 home again, oh to, 724.
 lief not be as live to, 110.
 loved by me, to love and, 655.
 matters not what you are thought
 to, 899.
 may bring us there to, 700.

- Be no better than you should, 197.
 not afraid, it is I, 1032.
 not overcome of evil, 1036.
 not righteous overmuch, 1022.
 o'er lesser powers that, 731.
 or not to be, to, 135.
 powers that, 1036.
 sure you are right then go ahead,
 1044.
 the great business of life is to, 812.
 we know not what we may, 142.
 were it not better not to, 666.
 where the many mansions, 758.
 will, our safeguard, 579.
 ye all of one mind, 1041.
 ye angry and sin not, 1039.
- Beach, across the narrow, 792.
 fishermen that walk upon the, 148.
 my life is like a stroll upon the, 722.
 pebbles smoothed on rolling, 767.
 the strewn, 769.
 there came to the, 515.
- Beacon of the wise, 102.
- Beacons of hope ye appear, 754.
 of wise men, logical consequences,
 762.
- Bead of amber, flie within a, 203.
- Beadle to a humorous sigh, 55.
- Beadroll, Fame's eternal, 28.
- Beads and prayer-books, 318.
 in drops of rain, tell their, 639.
 pictures, rosaries, 215.
 they told, their, 866.
- Beak from out my heart, take thy,
 656.
- Beaker, fill every, up my men, 610.
 full of the warm south, 575.
- Beaker's brim, bubbles that swim on
 the, 633.
- Be-all and the end-all, 118.
- Beam, full midday, 255.
 O still celestial, 832.
 on the outward shape, cast a, 245.
 that smiles the clouds away, 550.
 unpolluted in his, 169.
- Beams athwart the sea, 668.
 full-dazzling, all his, 743.
 little candle throws his, 66.
 spreads his orient, 233.
 tricks his, 248.
- Beans, abstain from, 915.
- Bear a charmed life, 126.
 another's misfortunes, 336.
 bit you if it had been a, 292.
 borne and yet must, 566.
 can every anguish calmly, 665.
 how easy is a bush supposed a, 59.
 in mind your labor is for future,
 622.
 it calmly, we, 289.
 lick into form as a, 186.
 like the Turk, 327.
 me not so swiftly o'er, 862.
 no more of meaning, 790.
 or lion, sometime like a, 158.
 pain is hard to, 794.
 pain to the, 604.
 rugged Russian, 122.
- Bear the burden and the heat, we, 753.
 the palm alone, 110.
 thee to the battle back, to, 623.
 those ills we have, 136.
 to conquer our fate is to, 515.
 to live or dare to die, 318.
 to, to nurse to rear, 749.
 up and steer right onward, 252.
 we 've fought the, before, 867.
 with your own brother, 929.
- Bears and lions growl, 301.
 lick their cubs, 962, 966.
 when first born, 905.
- Bear-baiting heathenish, 604.
- Beard, an old man with a, 703.
 and hoary hair, 383.
 built their nests in my, 703.
 he that hath a, 50.
 of formal cut, 69.
 sanged the Spanish king's, 643.
 the lion in his den, 490.
 tradition wears a snowy, 650.
 was as white as snow, 142.
 was grizzled, 129.
- Beards be grown, until your, 1007.
 wag all, in hall where, 21.
 waveth all, when the, 21.
- Bearded like the pard, 69.
 men, tears of, 489.
- Bearing high above her head, 704.
 in thy palm the poppy-seeds, 764.
 there was pride in Casey's, 856.
- Bearings of this observation, 702.
- Beast, little better than a, 61.
 that wants discourse of reason, 128.
 the righteous man regardeth the
 life of his, 1018.
 to man, familiar, 45.
 upward from the, 846.
 very gentle, 59.
- Beasts, brutish, 113.
 man's injustice to, 928.
 nature teaches, 103.
 pair of very strange, 71.
 that perish, like the, 1012.
- Beat, John Bull was, at Waterloo, 609.
 the bush, 10.
 this ample field, 315.
 waves that, our coast, 580.
 wild on this world's shore, 654.
 your pate, you, 336.
- Beats, cold blast at the casement, 714.
 in every human breast, same heart,
 754.
 time, whereto the world, 685.
- Beaten, he that is, 212.
 hymn of the wounded the, 745.
 with his own rod, 9.
- Beatific vision, 225.
- Beating of my own heart, 664.
 of the storm-waves, 856.
- Beatings of my heart, 467.
- Beatitude, eighth, 347.
- Beatrice see a lover in that anchorite,
 741.
- Beaumont lie a little further, 179.
 lie a little nearer Spenser, rare, 179
- Beauteous, all that is most, 483.

- Beauteous eye of heaven**, 79.
 flower, may prove a, 106.
 ruin lay, lovely in death the, 308.
 ruin lies, prostrate the, 453.
- Beauties, lovers admire thy naked**,
 555.
 modestly conceals her, 378.
 of exulting Greece, 356.
 of holiness, 1015.
 of the night, meaner, 174.
 of the north, unripened, 298.
- Beautifier, rank is a great**, 630.
- Beautiful, all round thee lying**, 731.
 all that is, shall abide, 817.
 and free, their old age is, 471.
 and to be wooed, 93.
 as sweet and young as, 308.
 beneath his touch, grow, 514.
 beyond compare, 497.
 both were young and one was, 552.
 clear and purely, 553.
 dream, love is a, 837.
 early summer weather, 599.
 exceedingly, 499.
 eyes of my cash-box, 984.
 for situation, 1012.
 fresh roses dewy as morning, 751.
 is night, how, 507.
 to make the paths of June more, 779.
 most, verb in the world, 868.
 mouth in the world, most, 353.
 necessity, from a, 695.
 nothing happen more, than death,
 742.
- O night most, and rare**, 751.
 old rhyme, 163.
 outward, appear, 1033.
 over house-tops, moon, 743.
 palace, the, 266.
 peace is always, 744.
 pea-green boat, in a, 703.
 Rosalie Lee, was my, 635.
 seems right by force, 659.
 that war and all its deeds, 744.
 the seeds of godlike power, 754.
 the, the bright, 819.
 thought, thou wert a, 546.
 to the useful in life, 997.
 tyrant! fiend angelical, 107.
 what a deal of scorn looks, 76.
 within our hearts the, ideal, 763.
- Beautifuler, evening seemed**, 712.
- Beautifully blue**, 507, 559.
 less, fine by degrees and, 287.
- Beauty, a thing of**, 574.
 a witty, 772.
 adorned in naked, 234.
 and her chivalry, 542.
 and truth are worthy to be sought,
 816.
 and youth, wisdom rare in, 343.
 as could die, as much, 178.
 bereft of, 73.
 born of murmuring sound, 469.
 calls and glory shows the way, 281.
 come near your, 93.
 cost her nothing, 35.
 dead, black chaos comes again, 161.
- Beauty, dedicate his, to the sun**, 104.
 double, whenever a swan, 593.
 draws us with a single hair, 326.
 dreamed that life was, 719.
 drunk with a, 855.
 dwells in deep retreats, true, 485.
 e'er gave, all that, 384,
 elysian, 482.
 fatal gift of, 545.
 filling all the land with, 831.
 fills the air around with, 545.
 fires the blood, 273.
 for ashes, 1026.
 form of manliest, 436.
 full-blown flower of glorious, 276.
 garmented in light from her own,
 567.
 grave is all, 841.
 grew, the conscious stone to, 614.
 has no ebb, 849.
 hath its source in the beautiful, 937.
 hath strange power, 242.
 his, clouds and closes, 807.
 hold a plea, shall, 162.
 if she unmask her, 129.
 imaged there in happier, 482.
 immortal awakes, 428.
 in a brow of Egypt, 59.
 in his life, daily, 156.
 in need of praise, 938.
 in the, of the lilies, 748.
 is a joy forever, thing of, 574.
 is a short-lived tyranny, 947.
 is a silent deceit, 947.
 is a sovereignty in need of no guards,
 947.
 is an ivory mischief, 947.
 is easy enough to win, 779.
 is its own excuse for being, 615.
 is the best introduction, 947.
 is the gift of God, 947.
 is truth, truth beauty, 576.
 is vain, 1021.
 isle of, fare thee well, 589.
 king arrayed in his, 587.
 led captive, 240.
 like the night, walks in, 551.
 lingers, lines where, 548.
 makes this vault a feasting pres-
 ence, 109.
 making beautiful old rhyme, 163.
 of a thousand stars, clad in the, 41.
 of surpassing, 888.
 of the good old cause, 472.
 of the world, 262.
 on the shore, left their, 614.
 or form we are borrowers, to, 699.
 ornament of, is suspect, 162.
 poetry as rhythmical creation of,
 657.
 power of, I remember the, 272.
 provoketh thieves, 66.
 rings of, 766.
 see naught but vanity in, 730.
 seems right by force of, 659.
 seen is never lost, 650.
 she walks in, 551.
 slain, with him is, 161.

- Beauty smile from partial, 513.
 smiling in her tears, 513.
 soon grows familiar, 298.
 stands in the admiration, 240.
 such, as a woman's eye, 55.
 that's born for an hour, 850.
 ther's too much, 850.
 there is music in the, 218.
 they grew in, 570.
 thou art all, 295.
 though injurious, 242.
 to die for, 616.
 to sport with, 525.
 truly blent, 74.
 upon the cheek of night, 105.
 vanishes like a vapor, 798.
 waking or asleep, 235.
 where truth and, grow, 823.
 which old Greece or Rome, 650.
 winds of March with, 77.
 with thee in beauty can, 755.
 Beauty's chain, hour with, 525.
 ears, gem that hangs from, 424.
 ensign is crimson, 109.
 heavenly ray, 549.
 perfect round, 824.
 Beaux, where none are, 377.
 Beaver on, Harry with his, 86.
 Becalmed at eve, as ships, 727.
 Because they have no law, no lust,
 680.
 thou strikest as a knight, 678.
 Beckoning ghost, 335.
 shadows dire, 243.
 Beckons I follow, it, 764.
 me away, a hand which, 314.
 Becks and wreathed smiles, 248.
 Becomes him ill, nothing, 55.
 the throned monarch, 64.
 Becoming mirth, limit of, 55.
 Bed at Ware, 305.
 betwixt a wall, feather, 211.
 born in, in bed we die, 980.
 bravely thou becomest thy, 159.
 by night, 397.
 daystar in the ocean, 248.
 delicious bed, 593.
 early to rise, early to, 360.
 from his brimstone, 507.
 go sober to, 184.
 goes to, mellow, 184.
 goes to, sober, 184.
 gravity out of his, 85.
 holy angels guard thy, 302.
 hue as red as the rosy, 633.
 lies in his, 79.
 made his pendent, 117.
 mighty large, 305.
 no use in my going to, 590.
 of death, faith kneeling by his, 40.
 of death, smooth the, 328.
 of down, my thrice-driven, 151.
 of honour, 212, 305.
 on glory's brightest, 580.
 on my grave as now my, 218.
 they died, in, 792.
 up in my, now, 592.
 we laugh in bed, we cry in, 980.
 Bed, welcome to your gory, 450.
 with the lamb, to, 33.
 with the lark, to, 454.
 Beds of raging fire, from, 228.
 of roses, make thee, 41.
 Beddes hed, lever han at his, 1.
 Bedfellows, strange, 43.
 Bedtime, would it were, 87.
 Bee, brisk as a, 369.
 buried in its own juice, 168.
 busy as a, 33.
 enclosed in amber, 908.
 had stung it newly, 256.
 lurks a cruel, 809.
 not good for the, 950.
 the little busy, 302.
 where sucks the, 43.
 would choose to dream in, 633.
 Bees, banks furnished with, 380.
 crowds of, are giddy with clover,
 749.
 his helmet, a hive for, 25.
 murmuring of innumerable, 673.
 rob the Hybla, 115.
 the government of, 968.
 Beechen tree, spare the, 516.
 Beef of England, roast, 363.
 Beehive's hum, 455.
 Been and may be again, 473.
 as things have, they remain, 726.
 fall from the days that have, 631.
 for what has, and is not, 729.
 forgot in the hatred of a, 654.
 here before, I have, 769.
 more happy thou hadst, 589.
 that the world had never, 759.
 what has been has, 274.
 who that hath ever, 497.
 Beer, beusus'd in, 326.
 chronicle small, 151.
 felony to drink small, 94.
 poor creature small, 89.
 small, that questionable superfluity,
 612.
 Beersheba, Dan to, 379, 1006.
 Beetle booms adown the glooms, 833.
 intolerable to a black, 1049.
 that we tread upon, 48.
 three-man, 88.
 Beeves and home-bred kine, 474.
 Befalls a soul, 775.
 Befell at forty-odd, 595.
 Before and after, looking, 142.
 come after which was, 212.
 dreams no mortal ever dreamed, 656.
 fantastic terrors never felt, 656.
 he shakes the stars down, 730.
 her on a shutter, borne, 697.
 his eyes, lies all, 686.
 not lost but gone, 283, 654.
 souls gone, 804.
 that which is gone, 938.
 the better foot, 80.
 the beginning of years, 804.
 the bird can fly, break, 682.
 the thing we may, 760.
 the whole world, 984.
 us, little we know what lays, 602.

- Before we've fought the Bear, 867.
 you could say Jack Robinson, 1045.
 Beg, Homer himself must, 189.
 or borrow or get a man's own, 279.
 they poor I rich they, 22.
 Begs the simplest questions, 849.
 Began best can't end the worst, 711.
 Begot a kindness from him, was to,
 684.
 Beggar maid, loved the, 105.
 may crawl at his side, 664.
 no, thou that thou, 829.
 on horseback, 190.
 that I am I am poor in thanks, 134.
 that is dumb may challenge double
 pity, 25.
 Beggars die, when, 112.
 in the streets mimicked, 601.
 must be no choosers, 197.
 should be no choosers, 14.
 Beggared all description, 157.
 by the strumpet wind, 62.
 love, 834.
 Beggary account of empty boxes, 108.
 elements, weak and, 1038.
 last doit, 421.
 Scotchman, 370.
 Beggary in the love, 157.
 Begging bread, nor his seed, 1011.
 the question, 1045.
 Begin, finish what I, 651.
 way that boys, 697.
 Beginning, a loving heart is the, 583.
 and the end, 1041.
 bad, bad ending, 884.
 good end good, 13.
 hard, 11.
 is ever the, of knowledge, 582.
 late, choosing and, 238.
 mean and end to all things, 721.
 never ending, still, 272.
 no great love in the, 45.
 of a feast, 87.
 of a fray, 19.
 of our end, the true, 59.
 of the end, 808.
 of years, the, 804.
 Beginnings, friendships from, 889.
 Begone dull care, 870.
 Begot, by whom, 335.
 how nourished how, 63.
 of nothing but vain fantasy, 105.
 Begotten of a summer dream, 865.
 Beguile her of her tears, 150.
 light of light, 54.
 the thing I am, 151.
 the time look like the time, 117.
 Beguiled by one, 155.
 Begun, between things ended and, 745.
 for, wonder what I was, 875.
 things bad, 121.
 Behaviour, check to loose, 297.
 during good, 1047.
 upon his good, 559.
 Behind him lies, for it, 686.
 spare not nor look, 622.
 the western bars, 823.
 the world, powers, 682.
 Behind, worse remains, 141.
 you, if you had any eye, 76.
 Behold, hath power to say, 57.
 our home, survey our empire, 550.
 the upright man, 1011.
 we live through all things, 783.
 Beholds her image in her eyes re-
 flected, 756.
 Beholding heaven, 526.
 myself all rosy red, 998.
 Being, beauty its own excuse 'for, 615.
 but a knave I hate thee, 678.
 God a necessary, 266.
 God-given rights inherent in that,
 634.
 great, he was gentle, 679.
 hath a part of, 544.
 holiest end of woman's, 686.
 intellectual, 227.
 momentary taste of, 954.
 of an accommodatin' character, 787.
 one principle of, 940.
 overthrown, overthrown from, 678.
 pleasing anxious, 385.
 scarcely formed, a lovely, 560.
 shot my, through earth, 501.
 Beings, reasoning, 937.
 Being's end and aim, our, 318.
 Belated peasant, 225.
 Belerium, from old, 333.
 Belgium's capital had gathered there,
 452.
 Belgrade, by battery besiege, 875.
 Belial, sons of, 224.
 Belief ripened into faith, 481.
 too great for our, 717.
 within the prospect of, 116.
 Beliefs, lifeless old, 996.
 Believe a man repents, will not, 678.
 have heard and do in part, 127.
 it because it is impossible, 942.
 oft repeating they, 288.
 some make believe what they, 962.
 to, in the heroic makes heroes, 628.
 yet they, me who await, 754.
 Believes his own watch, each, 323.
 the impossible, whoso loves, 659.
 Believed, who never doubted never
 half, 721.
 Believers, speak long enough he will
 get, 830.
 Believing as I do that man, 663.
 hath a core of unbelieving, 816.
 with true, 686.
 Bell, and the sexton tolled the, 595.
 as a sullen, 88.
 book and candle, 971.
 church-going, 416.
 each matin, knells us back, 500.
 in a cowslip's, I lie, 43.
 merry as a marriage, 542.
 silence that dreadful, 152.
 slow falling to the prompter's, 697.
 strikes one, 306.
 tocsin of the soul, the dinner, 559.
 Bells and the Fudges, 602.
 chime, the sweet, 597.
 do chime, think when the, 205.

- Bells have knolled to church, 68
 hear the mellow wedding, 655.
 I hear, the port is near, 744.
 jangled out of tune, 136.
 last we heard the sweet, 597.
 music of those village, 422.
 musically wells from the, 655.
 ring happy, 676.
 ring out wild, 676.
 than far-off, 790.
 those evening, 523.
- Belle, it is vain to be a, 377.
- Belligerent discordant States, 533.
- Bellman, the owl the fatal, 119.
- Belly, God send thee good ale, 23.
 has no ears, 911, 958.
 man must mind his, 371.
 spent under the devil's, 959.
 whose God is their, 1039.
 with good capon lined, 69.
- Bellyful of fighting, 159.
- Belongings, thyself and thy, 46.
- Beloved face on earth, one, 552.
 from pole to pole, 499.
 in vain, fields, 381.
 sleep, he giveth his, 1016.
- Below, a little heaven, 302.
 my thoughts remain, 140.
 thy element is, 146.
 water is calm and still, 580.
- Belt of love, 770.
- Bemused in beer, a parson, 326.
- Ben Adhem's name led, 536.
- Ben Battle was a soldier bold, 594.
- Ben Bolt, 747.
- Ben Jonson, rare, 177.
- Bench chambers, in the kings, 297.
 of heedless bishops, 380.
- Bend a knotted oak, 294.
 low, 794.
 low, shall I, 61.
 your eye on vacancy, 141.
- Bends, though she, him she obeys, 645.
- Bendemeer's stream, roses by, 526.
- Bene, good for a bootless, 479.
- Beneath dark clouds along the, 613.
 far, the tainted foam, 578.
 the chestnut-tree, since first, 653.
 the churchyard sod, lying, 728.
 the churchyard stone, 608.
 the crisp and wintry carpet, 822.
 the good how far, 382.
 the milk-white thorn, 447.
 the noise of tempests, far, 700.
 the rule of men, 631.
 the wild commotion, far down, 700.
- Benedick the married man, 50.
- Benediction, doth breed perpetual, 478.
 out of heavens, 17.
- Benedictions, celestial, 642.
- Beneficent will, 785.
- Benefit, he who confers a, 961.
 of men, use and, 266.
- Benefits, desire for greater, 982.
- Benevolence and love, acts of, 342.
- Benighted 'eathen, 851.
 feels awhile, 522.
 walks under the midday sun, 244.
- Bent, affection cannot hold the, 75.
 him o'er the dead, 548.
 just as the twig is, 320.
 o'er her babe, 427.
 though on pleasure she was, 417.
 top of my, 139.
- Benumbs, care's a canker that, 802.
- Bequeathed by bleeding sire, 548.
- Bereavement pain, 783.
- Berkeley, coxcombs vanquish, 380.
 said there was no matter, 560.
 to, every virtue under heaven, 329.
- Berl-rimmed rebecs of ruby, 636.
- Bermoothes, still-vexed, 42.
- Berries, come to pluck your, 246.
 moulded on one stem, two, 58.
- Berry, God could have made a better,
 208.
- Berth, death which happened in his,
 595.
 of the wombe, 28.
- Beryline buckets, the ruby-rimmed,
 635.
- Beside a human door, 472.
 the evening sea, I walked, 758.
 the springs of Dove, 469.
 the still waters, 1011.
- Besier seemed than he was, 2.
- Besotted base ingratitude, 246.
- Bess, image of good queen, 593.
- Best, a vapor at the, 768.
 administered, whate'er is, 318.
 and the worst of this is, 806.
 are but shadows, 59.
 as heaven and hell, worst and, 679.
 bad in the, 163.
 companions, 396.
 contentment, 27.
 cosmopolite, that man's the, 682.
 days, afternoon of her, 97.
 discretest, 238.
 fear not to touch the, 25.
 fools be little wise, 177.
 free love is for the, 680.
 friends ever known, 842.
 good man, 279.
 he serves his party, 755.
 his circumstance allows, 307.
 honest tale speeds, 97.
 I scent which pays the, 735.
 if no so pure, what should be, 680.
 is like the worst, 852.
 lads and lassies in their, 632.
 laid schemes of mice and men, 446.
 loving and serving highest and, 716.
 men moulded out of faults, 50.
 men of few words are the, 91.
 of all possible worlds, 987.
 of all ways, 521.
 of dark and bright, all that's, 551.
 of friends, a good book the, 696.
 of me is diligence, 146.
 of men that e'er wore earth, 182.
 of noble work silent part is, 746.
 of thoughts which he hath, 749.
 of us, little do or can the, 714.
 of what we do and are, 473.
 of wine, king can drink, 719.

- Best of womankind, 346.
 old friends are, 195.
 part of valour, discretion the, 197.
 past and to come seems, 89.
 portion of a good man's life, 467.
 prayeth best who loveth, 499.
 prize that which is, 939.
 regulated families, accidents in, 701.
 second thoughts are, 277.
 state, every man at his, 1012.
 stolen sweets are, 297.
 they honor thee, 840.
 things most difficult, 915.
 things must be for the, 780.
 things not for the, 836.
 to forget, good to forgive, 713.
 to swap horses, not, 661.
 to trust that all is, 715.
 vindication against slander, 660.
 who does the, 307.
 who loves his native country, 682.
 who serves his country, 339.
- Best-conditioned and unwearied, 64.
 Bestial, what remains is, 152.
 Bestowed on camps and courts, wealth,
 645.
 Bestowing and so good-night, love's,
 789.
 honour pudding pence, 609.
 most princely in, 101.
- Bestride the narrow world, 110.
 Besy a man, nowher so, 2.
 Betem the winds of heaven, 128.
 Bethlehem, O little town of, 791.
 Bethumped with words, 78.
 Betimes, what is 't to leave, 145.
 Betray, nature never did, 467.
 that men, 403.
- Betrayed and baffled still, 809.
 Betsy and I are out, 825.
 Better a bad epitaph, 134.
 be damned, 431.
 be with the dead, 121.
 berry, never made a, 208.
 bettered expectation, he hath, 50.
 boundless worse, is boundless, 666.
 build schoolrooms for the boy, 724.
 by their presence, minds made, 730.
 day the better deed, 172.
 day the worse deed, 282.
 days, friend of my, 562.
 days, if ever you have looked on, 68.
 days, we have seen, 109.
 did I say, 114
 elder soldier, not a, 114.
 elements, to whom the, 608.
 fifty years of Europe, 670.
 foot before, 80.
 for being a little bad, 50.
 friend than old dog Tray, a, 764.
 grace, does it with a, 75.
 grow wiser and, 858.
 had they ne'er been born, 494.
 half, my dear my, 34.
 heresy of doctrine than of heart,
 650.
 hopes, the strivings after, 819.
 horse, gray mare the, 17.
- Better if we better deemed of them,
 721.
 is a dinner of herbs, 1018.
 is half a loaf than no bread, 15.
 is it to bow than break, 12.
 it were, for the world, 759.
 know than all, I, 651.
 late than never, 13, 284.
 love given unsought is, 76.
 made by ill, good are, 455.
 much more the, 50.
 not to be, were it not, 666.
 or for worse, 1042.
 part of valour is discretion, 87.
 reck the rede, may you, 448.
 spared a better man, 87.
 strangers, desire we may be, 70.
 striving to, 146.
 surely 't is, when summer, 588.
 than a principality in Utopia, 604.
 than all the ballads, ye are, 647.
 than all the heads, good heart, 632.
 than downright bad, 886.
 than false knaves, 53.
 than he knew, builded, 614.
 than his dog, something, 669.
 than nothing, little is, 896.
 than one of the wicked, 83.
 than their theology, men are, 618.
 than those that are, were, 698.
 than wilderness of fools, 747.
 than you should be, 197.
 the instruction, 63.
 the worse appear the, 226.
 things than words are, deeds are,
 645.
 thou shouldest not vow, 1022.
 to be lowly born, 98.
 to be much abused, 154.
 to be vile than vile esteemed, 163.
 to dwell in a corner, 1019.
 to give than to take, 11.
 to have loved and lost, 674.
 to hunt in fields, 270.
 to love amiss, 444.
 to love in the lowliest cot, 750.
 to reign in hell, 224.
 to sink beneath the shock, 549.
 to wear out than to rust, 1045.
 trust all and be deceived, 686.
 world, another and a, 991.
 world than this, 66.
- Bettered by the borrower, 253.
 expectation, 50.
- Bettering of my mind, 42.
- Between a sleep and a sleep, 805.
 conflicting vague probabilities, 663.
 rushes, the one and the other, 631.
 the cradle and the grave, 358.
 the nightfall and the light, 805.
 the poles, that wheel, 682.
 the sundown and the sun, 805.
 things ended and things begun, 745.
 this time and that sweet time, 686.
 two stools, 1000.
- Betwixt my lord the king and me, 719.
 us twain, no passages of love, 679.
- Bevy of fair women, 240.

- Bewaileth the fall of the year, 715.
 Beware beware trust her not, 648.
 my lord of jealousy, 153.
 of a man of one book, 1045.
 of desperate steps, 423.
 of entrance to a quarrel, 130.
 of had I wist, 9.
 of rashness, but with energy, 661.
 the fury of a patient man, 269.
 the ides of March, 110.
 Bewilder, leads to, 428.
 Beyond all fear above, all doubt, 691.
 the practice of physicians, 693.
 the range of sight, I see, 722.
 the range of sound, I hear, 722.
 the silent night, 784.
 this iron world, fleets, 685.
 Bezonian, under which king, 90.
 Bias, rules with strongest, 323.
 Bible, burdens of the, 614.
 is a book of doctrine, the, 530.
 is a book of faith, the, 530.
 is a book of morals, the, 530.
 knows her true, 414.
 shows the extent of the English language, 600.
 studie was but litel on the, 2.
 Bibles laid open, 205.
 Bibliomaniac arts, 830.
 Bickerings to recount, 255.
 Bid him delay not, 821.
 me discourse, 161.
 me forget, 844.
 Bids expectation rise, 398.
 Bidding, thousands speed at his, 252.
 you a long farewell, I'm, 638.
 Biennial elections, 283.
 Bier, waste sorrows at my, 571.
 Big manly voice, 69.
 round tears, 67.
 with the fate of Rome, 297.
 with vengeance, 363.
 words do not smite like war-clubs, 645.
 Big-endians and small-endians, 290.
 Bigger than an agate-stone, no, 104.
 than his head, seems no, 148.
 Biggest rascal that walks, 934.
 Bigness which you see, 265.
 Bilbow, the word it was, 351.
 Biliou, when I am only, 595.
 Bill, as if God wrote the, 616.
 Billee, youngest he was little, 800.
 Billing, amorous fond and, 215.
 Billows, bounding, 862.
 distinct as the, 496.
 foam, the, 550.
 never break, where, 295.
 pilot cannot mitigate the, 916.
 roar, or heard the, 344.
 swelling and limitless, 503.
 trusted to thy, 548.
 wild contend with angry, 700.
 Bind, fast find fast, 10.
 more fast, it doth, 827.
 safe find safe, 21.
 up my wounds, 97.
 up the nation's wounds, to, 662.
 Binds its body in chains, 817.
 too strictly snaps, vow that, 680.
 Binding nature fast in fate, 334.
 shoes, Hannah's at window, 765.
 Biographies, essence of innumerable, 583.
 Biography, an heroic poem is a, 582.
 Birch most shy and ladylike, 733.
 Bird, by wandering, as the, 1020.
 can fly, break before the, 682.
 each fond endearment tries, 396.
 in the hand, 15, 926, 973.
 in the solitude singing, 552.
 night with this her solemn, 233.
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee, 474.
 of dawning singeth all night, 127.
 of passage, the cuckoo a, 906.
 of the air, 1023.
 on the wing, 867.
 rare, in the land, 956.
 soul of our grandam might inhabit a, 77.
 that fyleth his own nest, 8, 18.
 that shunn't the noise, 206.
 the Attic, 241.
 Birds, all the year round, 799.
 charm of earliest, 233.
 confabulate, if, 417.
 eagle suffers little, to sing, 104.
 I see my way as, 704.
 in cages as with, 964.
 in last year's nest, 640, 978.
 in their little nests agree, 302.
 joyous the, 238.
 like those of morning, 608.
 melodious, sing madrigals, 41.
 morning, were mad with glee, 795.
 of the air have nests, 1031.
 sang east and west, 657.
 sang, where late the sweet, 162.
 that eternally flew, 822.
 time of the singing of, 1024.
 with chaff, catch old, 973.
 without despair to get in, 180.
 Bird-cage in a garden, 180.
 Birdie, is it weakness of intellect, 802.
 Birnam wood, 124, 125.
 Birth, death borders upon our, 182.
 dew of thy, 1043.
 is but a sleep, 477.
 nobly to do, gave them, 682.
 not broken in from the, 603.
 nothing but our death begun, 309.
 of that significant word, 353.
 or one that is coming to, 820.
 our Saviour's, is celebrated, 127.
 place of my, 550.
 render, to dim enchantments, 653.
 repeats the story of her, 300.
 revolts from true, 106.
 science frowned not on his, 386.
 smiled on my, 534.
 the secret lords of, 846.
 the sunshine is a glorious, 477.
 't is fortune gives us, 340.
 trembling from its, 776.
 Birthplace, great Homer's, 189.
 Biscay, bay of, 453.

- Biscuit, dry as the remainder, 68.
 Bishop and two generals, 993.
 church without a, 598.
 hypocrisy of a, 874.
 Bishops, bench of heedless, 380.
 Bit me, though he had, 148.
 with an envious worm, 104.
 you if it had been a bear, 292.
 Bite, bark worse than his, 205.
 dogs delight to bark and, 301.
 the hand that fed them, 411.
 the man recovered of the, 400.
 Bites, three, of a cherry, 959.
 shrewdly, the air, 130.
 Biteth like a serpent, 1020.
 Biting for anger, eager soul, 221.
 Bitter as coloquintida, 151.
 change, feels the, 228.
 cold, 't is, 126.
 cross, on the, 82.
 dregs of strife, 790.
 end, 1045.
 ere long, 238.
 fancy, food of, 71.
 grave or over wise, no one, 849.
 is a scornful jest, 366.
 life, a, 790.
 look, some do it with a, 836.
 memory, wakes the, 231.
 o'er the flowers, some, 540, 892.
 past, more welcome is the sweet, 74.
 wind makes not thy victory vain,
 790.
 Bittern booming in the weeds, 602.
 Bitterness, London an habitation of, 602.
 Bitterness, knoweth his own, 1018.
 of things, from out the, 484.
 Bivouac of the dead, 866.
 thy dog would break thy, 623.
 Blabbing and remorseful day, 94.
 eastern scout, 243.
 Black and gray, friars white, 231.
 and midnight hags, 123.
 as the pit from pole to pole, 828.
 beetle, intolerable to a, 1049.
 camel death, though the, 829.
 customary suits of solemn, 127.
 despair, 564.
 every white will have its, 404.
 eyes and lemonade, 519.
 hung be the heavens with, 93.
 is a pearl in woman's eye, 35.
 is not so black, 464.
 it stood as night, 228.
 let the devil wear, 138.
 men of Coromandel, 603.
 more, than ashbuds, 668.
 or red, bokes clothed in, 1.
 spirits and white, 173.
 to red began to turn, 213.
 white shall not neutralize the, 712.
 with tarnished gold, 456.
 Blacks had no rights, the, 863.
 Blackberries, plentiful as, 85.
 sit round it and pluck, 659.
 Blackbird to whistle, 210.
 Blackening stains had been removed,
 788.
 Blackguards both, 558.
 Bladder, blows a man up like a, 85.
 Bladders, boys that swim on, 99.
 Blade, heart-stain away on its, 519.
 notches on the, 1003.
 sheathes the vengeful, 459.
 trenchant, Toledo trusty, 211.
 Blades grow dim with rust, brightest,
 691.
 Spanish, 105.
 to Greece we give our shining, 525.
 two, of grass to grow, 290.
 Blaize, lament for Madam, 400.
 Blame, dispraise or, 242.
 in part to, is she, 193, 350.
 neither is most to, 806.
 Blameless vestal's lot, 333.
 Blanch without the owner's crime, 483
 Blanche, Sweetheart and Tray, 147.
 Bland, childlike and, 813.
 Blandishments of life, 859.
 will not fascinate us, 436.
 Blank, creation's, 860.
 misgivings of a creature, 478.
 my lord, a, 75.
 of Nature's works, 230.
 Blasphemes his feeder, 246.
 Blasphemy in the soldier, 48.
 Blast, a welding, 827.
 at the casement beats, cold, 714.
 chill November's surly, 446.
 he died of no, 276.
 is frantic, though the, 819.
 of that dread horn, 490.
 of war blows in our ears, 91.
 rushing of the, 573.
 striding the, 118.
 upon his bugle horn, 492.
 Blasts from hell, 130.
 of wind, hollow, 347.
 Blasted, no sooner blown but, 251.
 with excess of light, 382.
 Blastments, contagious, 129.
 Blatant Bassarid of Boston, 808.
 Blaze, burst out into sudden, 247.
 Liberty's unclouded, 564.
 of noon, 241.
 Blazed with lights, 109.
 with thunder such as seemed, 680.
 Blazon, eternal, must not be, 131.
 Blazoning pens, quirks of, 151.
 Bleachers black with people, 856.
 Bleak December, I remember it was
 in, 655.
 our lot, though, 864.
 Bled, truest hearts that ever, 580.
 Bleed, carcasses, at the sight of the
 murderer, 187.
 heart for which others, 294.
 they have torn me and I, 544.
 Bleeding country save, my, 513.
 feet, with aching hands and, 753.
 piece of earth, 113.
 Blend our pleasure, 472.
 the east and the west shall, 847.
 Blent, good and ill together, 607.
 with reverence, knightly love is,
 729.

- Bless me this is pleasant, 720.
 none whom we can, 541.
 the day ere the toil, 717.
 the hand that gave the blow, 277.
 the hand that gives the, 289.
 the man who invented sleep, 720.
 thee Bottom, 58.
 thee, hold fast till he, 362.
 to cheer and, 803.
 you with the sunniest weather, 609.
 your haters, love your enemy, 682.
- Blesses his stars, 297.
 still the generous thought, 650.
 us, God does and, 722.
- Blessed, children call her, 1021.
 come, darkness bring thy balm, 764.
 damozel, 769.
 dejected, while another's, 320.
 do above, what the, 220.
 feet nailed on the bitter cross, 82.
 he alone is, 289.
 he that considereth the poor, 1012.
 he who expects nothing, 347.
 I have been, 549.
 is the healthy nature, 582.
 man, half part of a, 78.
 martyr, thou fallest a, 100.
 mood, that, 467.
 more, to give, 1035.
 none but such as be, 38.
 part to heaven, gave his, 100.
 shall be thy basket, 1006.
 strains are telling, those, 717.
 them unaware, I, 498.
 threads of gold, some, 715.
 three, chief among the, 637.
 who ne'er was born, 289.
- Blessedness, single, 57.
- Blesseth her with happy hands, 31.
 him that gives, 64.
- Blessing dear, makes a, 256.
 God's rarest, 772.
 health is the second, 208.
 I had most need of, 119.
 lies, the, 767.
 Lord dismiss us with thy, 374.
 national debt a national, 532.
 no harm in, 351.
 of earth is toil, 834.
 of the Old Testament, 164.
 out of God's blessing, 17, 971.
 steal immortal, from her lips, 108.
 that money cannot buy, 208.
 the Pretender, no harm in, 351.
- Blessings be with them, 477.
 brighten as they take their flight,
 307.
 from whom all, flow, 278.
 liberty one of the most valuable,
 978.
 on him that invented sleep, 978.
 two of life's greatest, 899.
 wait on virtuous deeds, 294.
 without number, 302.
- Blest, Araby the, 232.
 I have been, 549.
 in blessing others, 343.
 it is twice, 64.
- Blest, kings may be, 451.
 never is, but always to be, 315.
 paper-credit, 322.
 thought that morning cloud was,
 579.
 where they that love are, 717.
 with some new joys, 276.
 with temper with unclouded ray,
 321.
- Blew cold on my desolate heart, 613.
 great guns, 436.
 you hither, what wind, 90.
 treason like a deadly, 526.
- Blighting all things fair, 835.
- Blind always, and often tipsy, 609.
 and naked ignorance, 679.
 bard, be that, 503.
 be to her faults a little, 287.
 dazzles to, 428.
 eyes to the, feet to the lame, 1009.
 fortune though she is, 167.
 fury, comes the, 247.
 girl comes from afar, 632.
 guides strain at a gnat, 1032.
 he that is stricken, 104.
 his soul with clay, 673.
 lead the blind, if the, 1032.
 love is, and lovers cannot see, 62.
 love must needs be, 503.
 man's erring judgment, 323.
 never owl more, than a lover, 765.
 none so, as will not see, 19, 283, 293.
 old man of Scio's rocky isle, 550.
 spinner, 779.
 winged Cupid is painted, 57.
- Blindly, loved sae, 452.
- Blindness, children of, 840.
 is my sight, my, 748.
 or I all, 295.
 sight out of, 818.
 we gather thorns, in our, 771.
- Blinking sort of place, 816.
- Bliss, all that poets feign of, 94.
 and gain the coast of, 597.
 bowers of, 313.
 brightly glow the hues of, 386.
 centres in the mind, 395.
 certainty of waking, 244.
 domestic happiness, only, 419.
 gained by some degree of woe, 377.
 health the vital principle of, 358.
 how exquisite the, 447.
 ignorance is, where, 382.
 in possession, will not last, 496.
 in that dawn to be alive, 476.
 it excels all others, 22.
 momentary, 381.
 must gain, we every, 377.
 no greater, 38.
 of paradise, thou only, 419.
 of solitude, inward eye the, 475.
 of thy desire, the, 802.
 source of all my, 398.
 sum of earthly, 238.
 that earth affords, 22.
 to die for our country, 340.
 unalloyed, 993.
 virtue makes the, 389.

- Bliss, virtue only makes our, 320.
 which centres in the mind, 395.
 winged hours of, 514.
- Blissful and dear, 521.
- Blithe, no lark more, 427.
- Block, chip of the old, 412.
- Blockhead, no, ever wrote for money, 373.
 the bookful, 325.
- Blood and state, glories of our, 209.
 beats with his, 673.
 beauty fires the, 273.
 brain may devise laws for the, 61.
 burns, when the, 130.
 clean from my hand, wash this, 120.
 cold in clime cold in, 549.
 drawn with the lash, 661.
 drenched in fraternal, 533.
 drizzled upon the Capitol, 112.
 dyed waters, 513.
 earth helped him with the cry of, 478.
 fierce as frenzy's fevered, 492.
 flesh and, can't bear it, 351.
 for by their, that land, 634.
 freeze thy young, 131.
 glories of our, 209.
 guiltless of his country's, 385.
 hand raised to shed his, 315.
 harbingers of, 126.
 her pure and eloquent, 177.
 hey-day in the, 140.
 in an old man's heart, 723.
 in him, so much, 124.
 in our veins, the, 824.
 in their dastardly veins, 525.
 is tame, when the, 141.
 is thicker than water, 493.
 is very snow-broth, 47.
 is warm within, 60.
 of a British man, 147.
 of all the Howards, 319.
 of the martyrs, 942.
 of tyrants, 990.
 rebellious liquors in my, 67.
 ruddy drop of manly, 618.
 savageness in unreclaimed, 133.
 sensations sweet felt in the, 467.
 sign to know the gentle, 29.
 so cheap, flesh and, 594.
 spoke in her cheeks, 177.
 stepped so far in, 123.
 stirs to rouse a lion, 84.
 strong as flesh and, 477.
 summon up the, 91.
 that healest with, 199.
 to ears of flesh and, 131.
 't was red with the, of freemen, 748.
 was thin and old, 623.
 weltering in his, 271.
 what potent, hath May, 616.
 whoso sheddeth man's, 1004.
 will follow the knife, 312.
 with, and with iron, 806.
- Bloods, breed of noble, 110.
- Bloodless race with feeble voice, 337.
- Bloodshed, fear and, 476.
- Blood-tinctured heart, 658.
- Bloody chasm, clasp hands across, 698.
 instructions, we but teach, 118.
 Mary, image of, 593.
 victory, made red by, 634.
- Bloom and grace, marvel of, 857.
 and the passion is past, 850.
 drives full on thy, 448.
 is shed, seize the flower its, 451.
 lips he has pressed in their, 688.
 of young desire, 382.
 of youth, in the, 888.
 sight of vernal, 230.
 that kill the, 483.
 will, another year, 577.
- Blooms, crimson flower of battle, 748.
 with statues, the world, 792.
- Bloomed and died, the lilacs, 646.
 lilacs last in the door-yard, 744.
 up into love again, 814.
- Blooming alone, left, 521.
 lyre, when 'Omer' is, 853.
- Blooming-tide than they, briefer, 762.
- Blossom and bear fruit, let it, 929.
 as the rose, 1026.
 in, last spring, 799.
 in the dust, 209.
 spring up and, at last, 788.
 that hangs on the bough, 43.
 the, time, 816.
 to-morrow, 99.
- Blossoms, arborett with painted, 28.
 armies, the people, 846.
 hope's tender, 991.
 in the trees, 316.
 of my sin, cut off in the, 132.
 writ in, 770.
- Blossomed charity, it, 684.
 for a few short hours, 653.
 the lovely stars, 642.
- Blossoming, a million buds but stay
 their, 822.
- Blot, art to, 329.
 creation's, 860.
 it, can burn or, 691.
 know what they discreetly, 221.
 not one line he could wish to, 377.
 on his name, no, 514.
 where is the, 713.
- Blotted it out forever, 379.
 paper, that ever, 64.
- Blow a shepherd's reed, just to, 611.
 adore the hand that gives the, 289.
 and swallow the same moment, 887.
 bless the hand that gave the, 277.
 bold I can meet his, 464.
 buds forgot to, 811.
 bugle blow, 672.
 death loves a signal, 309.
 freedom only deals the deadly, 459.
 from the south with odors sweet,
 821.
 hand that dealt the, 514.
 hand that gives the, 289.
 himself, puff and, 808.
 is oft to miss the, 684.
 kindness tempered every, 803.
 liberty is in every, 450.
 might be the be-all, 118.

- Blow on the head, 950.**
 on whom I please, 68.
 perhaps may turn his, 464.
 rain-drop makes some floweret, 718.
 remember thy swashing, 104.
 round misty islets tempests, 629.
 the horrid deed in every eye, 118.
 the stormy winds do, 515.
 themselves must strike thee, 541.
 thou winter wind, 70.
 till they have wakened death, 151.
 what wood a cudgel is by thee, 213.
 wind! come wrack, 126.
 winds and crack your cheeks, 146.
 word and a, 107, 277.
- Blows and buffets of the world, 121.**
 and knocks, apostolic, 210.
 man up like a bladder, 85.
 of circumstance, 675.
 of sound, to heal thee, 688.
 traffic, from lands of sun, 751.
- Bloweth where it listeth, 1034.**
- Blown, no sooner, but blasted, 251.**
 through the conchimarian horns,
 636.
 with restless violence, 48.
- Blue above and blue below, 538.**
 and gold, clad in, 456.
 and their hands are, 703.
 bide by the buff and, 450.
 darkly deeply beautifully, 507, 559.
 een, saw ye the lass wi' thee, 586.
 ethereal sky, 300.
 eyes of unholy, 521.
 get your eyes so, 759.
 heaven above us bent, 667.
 heavenly air is blent with heavenly,
 729.
 meagre hag, 244.
 my prospects all look, 800.
 presbyterian true, 210.
 roses red and violets, 28.
 rushing of the Rhône, 543.
 sky bends over all, 499.
 sky, canopied by thee, 553.
 sky, for thy faint, 790.
 summer skies are darkly, 613.
 the fresh the ever free, 538.
 trip slip, 796.
 under the laurel thee, 766.
 why does thy nose look so, 861.
- Blue-birds, ghosts of the, 799.**
- Blue-eyed, my, 778.**
- Blue-fringed lids, 501.**
- Blueness summer redundant, abundant, 713.**
- Bluest of things grey, 808.**
- Blue-stocking, sagacious, 603.**
- Blunder free us, frae monie a, 448.**
 life is a, 829.
 worse than a crime, 991.
 you find in men this, 437.
 youth is a, 628.
- Blunders about a meaning, 327.**
- Blunderbuss against religion, 370.**
- Blundering kind of melody, 269.**
- Blush of maiden shame, 573.**
 of modesty, grace and, 140.
- Blush, shame where is thy, 140.**
 to find it fame, do good and, 329.
 to give it in, 513.
 unseen, born to, 385.
- Blushes at the name, 866.**
 bear away those, 52.
 man that, not quite a brute, 309.
- Blushed as he gave in the oath, 379.**
 before, we never, 262.
 the conscious water, 258.
 young men that, 920.
- Blushful Hippocrene, 575.**
- Blushing apparitions, 52.**
 honours, bears his, 99.
 is the colour of virtue, 283, 950.
 like the morn, 237.
- Blustering band, they march a, 273.**
 railer, 860.
- Boards, ships are but, 61.**
- Boast, can imagination, 355.**
 he lives to build not, 354.
 independence be our, 465.
 Murray was our, 332.
 not thyself of to-morrow, 1021.
 of heraldry, 384.
 our fondest, 580.
 such is the patriot's, 394.
 veil the matchless, 356.
- Boasts inhabitants like me, town that, 644.**
- Boastful boys, earth's, 614.**
 breath is not a bow-string, 645.
 neighs, high and, 92.
- Boastings, actions mightier than, 645.**
- Boat, in a beautiful pea-green, 703.**
 is on the shore, 553.
 oar in every man's, 975.
 swiftly glides the bonnie, 862.
- Boats should keep near shore, 360.**
- Boatman, take thrice thy fee, 992.**
- Bobbed for whale, 217.**
- Bobtail tike, 148.**
- Bocara's vaunted gold, 437.**
- Bodes me no good, 349.**
 some strange eruption, 126.
- Bodied forth, softly, 546.**
- Bodies, conceit in weakest, 141.**
 ghosts of defunct, 210.
 of unburied men, 181.
 one soul in two, 948.
 pressed the dead, 86.
 princes like to heavenly, 166.
 soldiers bore dead, by, 83.
 to life, brought dead, 621.
 two, with one soul, 340.
- Body, absent from the, 508.**
 absent in, 1037.
 blameless mind and faultless, 342.
 Charlotte having seen his, 697.
 cleanness of, 170.
 clog of his, 221.
 demd damp moist, 701.
 distressed in mind or estate, 1042.
 enough to cover his mind, not, 460.
 eye is the light of the, 1030.
 filled and vacant mind, 92.
 form doth take, of the soul, 29.
 is under hatches, 436.

- Body, lodged a mighty mind whose,
 338.
 mind, or estate, 1042.
 nature is, whose, 316.
 nought cared this, 503.
 of the time, very age and, 137.
 one of a lean, 221.
 pent, here in the, 497.
 poison to his mind and peril to his,
 606.
 presence of, 509.
 sickness-broken, 221.
 so young with so old a head, 64.
 sprang at once to the height, the, 710.
 suffers nothing that the soul may
 not profit by, 772.
 thought, almost say her, 177.
 to that pleasant country's earth,
 his, 82.
 with my, I thee worship, 1043.
 Body's guest, go soul the, 25.
 Bodiless creation, 141.
 Boding tremblers, 397.
 Bodkin, with a bare, 136.
 Bog or steep, o'er, 230.
 Serbian, 228.
 Bogs dens and shades of death, 228.
 unapproachable, 908.
 Bohemia, I'd rather live in, 820.
 Boil an egg, the vulgar, 330.
 at different degrees, we, 621.
 like a pot, maketh the deep, 1010.
 Boisterous captain of the sea, 392.
 Bokes clothed in black or red, 1.
 Bold, a life that shall be, 745.
 and a captain, 800.
 as a lion, 1021.
 bad man, 27, 98.
 Ben Battle was a soldier, 594.
 everywhere be, 28.
 I can meet his blow, 464.
 John Barleycorn, 451.
 man that first eat an oyster, 292.
 swoop, at one, 799.
 virtue is, 49.
 Boldest held his breath, 515.
 Boldness again boldness, 1000.
 ever meets with friends, 343.
 Bolingbroke was a scoundrel, 370.
 Bolt of Cupid fell, where the, 58.
 the fool's, is soon shot, 16.
 Bombastes, must meet, 388.
 Bond, nominated in the, 65.
 of brotherhood, a mystic, 582.
 of fate, take a, 123.
 'it is not in the, 65.
 trust man on his oath or, 109.
 word good as his, 976.
 Bonds of ignorance, 687.
 Bondage led, when Israel was from,
 261.
 out of the land of, 493.
 whole eternity in, 298.
 Bondman let me live, 475.
 so base that would be a, 113.
 Bondman's key, in a, 61.
 two-hundred and fifty years, 661.
 Bondsmen, hereditary, 541.
 Bone and skin, two millers, 351.
 as eurs mouth a, 412.
 bites him to the, 363.
 bred in the, 19, 877.
 if he flings it a, 780.
 of manhood, 408.
 of my bones, 1004.
 of thy bone, 970.
 wasted to skin and, 970.
 Bones are coral made, of his, 42.
 canonized, 130.
 cursed be he that moves my, 163.
 for bacon, broken, 977.
 full of dead men's, 1033.
 good oft interred with their, 113.
 his honoured, 251.
 made no more, 970.
 misery worn him to the, 108.
 mutine in a matron's, 140.
 paste and cover to our, 82.
 rattle his, over the stones, 599.
 tell all my, I may, 1011.
 to lay his weary, among ye, 100.
 to sit in my, 461.
 weave thread with, 75.
 whose dice were human, 555.
 with aches, fill all thy, 42.
 Bong-tree grows, land where the, 703.
 Bonnet under her chin, tying her, 781.
 Bonnie, saw ye the lass wi' the, 586.
 Bonny Doon, banks and braes of, 452.
 Bononcini, compared to, 351.
 Booby son, father craves a, 310.
 mother who'd give her, 348.
 Book, adversary had written a, 1009.
 all the world knows me in my, 964.
 and heart must never part, 872.
 and volume of my brain, 132.
 beware of a man of one, 1045.
 blessed companion is a, 612.
 containing such vile matter, 107.
 dainties bred in a, 55.
 face is as a, 117.
 go little, 6.
 good kill a man as kill a good, 254.
 half a library to make one, 372.
 honestly come by, 741.
 I'll drown my, 43.
 in black or red, 1.
 in breeches, Macaulay is a, 461.
 in gold clasps, 104.
 in sour misfortune's, 108.
 is a book, 539.
 is the best of friends, a good, 696.
 is the precious life-blood, a, 254.
 Mohammed's truth in a holy, 665.
 most wondrous, bright candle, 597.
 never read, like a sacred, 181.
 no, but has something good, 934,
 974.
 note it in a, 1026.
 of fate, heaven hides the, 315.
 of human life, time torn leaves
 from the, 648.
 of knowledge fair, 230.
 of nature short of leaves, 593.
 of songs and sonnets, 45.
 of spring, 770.

- Book only read perhaps by me, 470.
 or friend, with a religious, 174.
 read you like a, 815.
 security in an old, 740.
 so fairly bound, 107.
 so unconning, O little, 6.
 that is not; a year old, never read,
 620.
 what to put first in a, 985.
 when a nobleman writes a, 374.
 who reads an American, 462.
 words printed in a, 1009.
- Books** a university, 585.
 and dreams are each a world, 477.
 and money placed for show, 215.
 are a substantial world, 477.
 are sepulchres of thought, 640.
 assume the care of, 310.
 authority from censors', 54.
 by which the printers lost, 222.
 cannot always please, 444.
 can not learn men from, 626.
 comments on, 965.
 deep versed in, 241.
 forefathers had no other, 94.
 he comes not in my, 198.
 in her mind the wisest, 261.
 in the running brooks, 67.
 knowing I loved my, 42.
 like proverbs, 266.
 lineaments of gospel, 23.
 men that will make you, 974.
 must follow sciences, 168.
 next o'er his, 331.
 not in your, 50.
 of honour razed from the, 161.
 of making many, 1024.
 of nature, 970.
 old manners old, 401.
 on the soul, I have written three,
 706.
 or work or healthful play, 302.
 our forefathers had no other, 94.
 philosophers will put their names to
 their, 188.
 preserved and stored up in, 254.
 some are lies, 446.
 some, to be tasted, 168.
 speaks about his own, 625.
 spectacles of, 277.
 stuffed with stoical reasonings, 930.
 sweet serenity of, 643.
 talismans and spells, 422.
 tenets change with, 321.
 that nourish all the world, 56.
 the value of many, 997.
 they read, their, 866.
 to hold in the hand, 375.
 toil o'er, 348.
 up and quit your, 466.
 upon his head, so many, 457.
 we may live without, 779.
 were woman's looks, my only, 522.
 which are no books, 509.
 wiser grow without, 422.
 you need, Homer all the, 280.
- Bookful** blockhead, 325.
Bookish theoretic, 149.
- Bookmen**, you two are, 55.
Booms adown the glooms, 833.
Boot, appliances and means to, 89.
Boots displace, dares this pair of, 388.
 hauled on his, and roared, 724.
 it at one gate, what, 242.
Booted and spurred, 868.
Bootless bene, good for a, 479.
Bo-peep, played at, 202.
Border, let that aye be your, 448.
Bore a bright golden flower, 245.
 every hero becomes a, at last, 619.
 his banner to the very front, 814.
 his part, 803.
 my point, thus I, 84.
 the world, him who, 483.
 without abuse, 676.
- Bores** and bored, the, 560.
 through his castle wall, 82.
Boreas, blustering railer, 860.
Born across the sea, Christ was, 748.
 better ne'er been, 494.
 better to be lowly, 98.
 blessed who ne'er was, 289.
 cry for being, 170.
 days, in my, 973.
 dreamer, out of my due time, 789.
 follow the king else wherefore, 677
 for an hour, 850.
 for immortality, 484.
 for success, 616.
 for the universe, 399.
 great, some are, 76.
 highest calamity to be, 922.
 house where I was, 592.
 how happy is he, 174.
 in a bower, 588.
 in a cellar, 294, 391.
 in a wood to be afraid of an owl, 292
 in Arcadia, I too was, 979.
 in bed in bed we die, 980.
 in better days, 341.
 in silent darkness, 39.
 in sin, Adam's sons, 190.
 in the garret, 552.
 knew that before you were, 902.
 or taught, happy is he, 174.
 poet is made as well as, 179.
 so, men are to be, 207.
 that ever I was, 133.
 to be a slave, 413.
 to blush unseen, 385.
 to die that were not, 562.
 to do, the thing that I was, 39.
 to inquire after truth, 964.
 to set it right, 133.
 to the manner, 130.
 under a rhyming planet, 54.
- Borne**, all things can be, 783.
 and yet must bear, 566.
 away with every breath, 554.
 before her on a shutter, 697.
 down by the flying, 489.
 his faculties so meek, 118.
 like thy bubbles, onward, 547.
- Borrow** its mirth, 835.
 live within our means if we, 787.
 the name of the world, to, 166.

- Borrow, to beg or to, 279.
 Borrowed things, disguising, 965.
 wit, wings of, 200.
 Borrower, bettered by the, 253.
 is servant to the lender, 1020.
 nor a lender be, 130.
 of the night, 120.
 Borrowers, we are all wholesale, 699.
 Borrowing dulls the edge, 130.
 such kind of, 253.
 who goeth a, goeth a sorrowing, 21,
 360.
 Bosom bears, snow which thy frozen,
 49.
 cleanse the stuffed, 125.
 come rest in this, 522.
 man take fire in his, 1017.
 of God, her seat is the, 31.
 of his Father and his God, 386.
 of the ocean, buried in the, 95.
 of the sea, 94, 182.
 of thy God, calm on the, 570.
 on thy fair, silver lake, 580.
 sleep in Abraham's, 97.
 slow growth in an aged, 364.
 swell, with thy fraught, 155.
 third in your, 107.
 thorns that in her, lodge, 132.
 warm cheek and rising, 382.
 was young, when my, 515.
 what, beats not, 336.
 wife of thy, 1005.
 with a glory in His, 748.
 with his hand on his, 406.
 wring his, is to die, 403.
 Bosoms, come home to men's, 164.
 quiet to quick, 543.
 Bosom's lord sits lightly, 103.
 Bosomed deep in vines, 332.
 high in tufted trees, 248.
 Bosom-weight, your stubborn gift, 486.
 Boston and Concord, there is, 532.
 solid men of, 432.
 State House the hub, 692.
 Bo'sun tight, 800.
 Botanize upon his mother's grave, 471.
 Botany, Latin names all their, 615.
 Both and either, 917.
 are fruitless and in vain, 761.
 false and friendly be, 648.
 in the wrong, 348.
 more and less than just, Heaven, 763.
 sides, much may be said on, 300,
 363.
 thanks and use, 46.
 were young, 552.
 Bother it, 801.
 Bottle, little for the, 436.
 of hay, needle in a, 858.
 Bottom, my ventures are not in one,
 59.
 of all great mistakes, pride at, 746.
 of the deep, dive into the, 84.
 of the sea, 96.
 of the worst, 102.
 search not his, 257.
 thou art translated, 58.
 tub upon its own, 265, 350.
 Bough, Apollo's laurel, 41.
 blossom that hangs on the, 43.
 sang upon the, 799.
 the bud is on the, 637.
 touch not a single, 609.
 Boughs are daily rifed, 593.
 of the may, 822.
 so pendulous and fair, 501.
 that shake against the cold, 162.
 the shuddering, 822.
 Bought, by their blood that land was,
 634.
 in the market, knowledge is, 727.
 now cheaply, 456.
 Bound by strong roots, 797.
 clamorous faction gagged and, 788.
 heaven not reached at a single, 730.
 in shallows and miseries, 115.
 in those icy chains, 184.
 into saucy doubts, 122.
 of life, nearer the, 758.
 Bounds, dances in his crystal, 246.
 of earth and sky, in the, 750.
 of freakish youth, 419.
 of freedom wider yet, 665.
 of modesty, 108.
 of place and time, 382.
 vulgar, 323.
 Boundaries, morality knows nothing
 of, 773.
 Bounding billows, 862.
 within limits of its race, 756.
 Boundless beneficent will, 785.
 better, boundless worse, is, 666.
 contiguity of shade, 418.
 deep, drew from out the, 685.
 his wealth, 488.
 our thoughts as, 550.
 risk for boundless gain, 790.
 seas, 'twixt two, 525.
 universe, that in a, 666.
 Bounties of an hour, 306.
 Bounty fed, those his former, 271.
 large was his, 386.
 not till judgment guide his, 102.
 not winter in his, 159.
 of earth, fed by the, 612.
 Bourbon or Nassau, 288.
 Bourn no traveller returns, 136.
 Bout, many a winding, 249.
 Bow before thine altar love, 392.
 better to, than break, 12.
 many strings to your, 15.
 stubborn knees, 139.
 the cord is, as unto the, 645.
 thy head in gentle spite, 755.
 to that whose course is run, 387.
 too tensely strong, 536.
 two strings to his, 15.
 Bows, 't is penning, 387.
 Bowed, at her feet he, 1006.
 by the weight of centuries, 833.
 the heavens high, 23.
 Bowels of compassion, 1041.
 of the earth, 182.
 of the harmless earth, 83.
 of the land, 97.
 Bower, born in a, 588.

- Bower by Bendemeer's stream, 526.
 Eveleen's, 520.
 led her to the nuptial, 237.
 of roses, 526.
 orange flower perfumes the, 494.
 Bowers of bliss, 313.
 silver, leave, 28.
 summer stands pale in her, 763.
 Bowl, born to drain the, 344.
 golden, be broken, 1023.
 mingles with my friendly, 328.
 Bow-string, boastful breath is not a,
 645.
 Bow-wows, gone to the demnition, 701.
 Box, breathes from yonder, 325.
 twelve good men into a, 528.
 where sweets compacted lie, 204.
 Boxes, beggarly account of empty, 108.
 Boy and youth, 'twixt, 489.
 better build schoolrooms for the,
 724.
 Chatterton the marvelous, 470.
 get money, 177.
 hath sold him a bargain, 55.
 lad of mettle a good, 84.
 love is a, by poets styled, 213.
 O would I were a, again, 662.
 parlous, 96.
 playing on the sea-shore, 278.
 stood on the burning deck, 570.
 than when I was a, 592.
 that shoots so trim, 405.
 who would not be a, 541.
 you hear that, laughing, 690.
 Boys begin, way that, 697.
 claret the liquor for, 374.
 earth's boastful, 614.
 fear, with bugs, 72.
 go wooing in my, 406.
 grief for, 160.
 like little wanton, 99.
 three merry, are we, 184.
 throw stones at frogs, 927.
 to learn what is necessary for, 946.
 to learn what is useful as men, 923.
 Boy's will is the wind's will, 646.
 Boyhood's years, tears of, 523.
 Boyish days, even from my, 150.
 Brach or lym, 148.
 Bradshaw bullied, 352.
 Braes, among thy green, 449.
 of Balloch, o'er the, 862.
 we twa hae run about the, 449.
 Braggart with my tongue, 124.
 Braid, blowing the ringlet from the,
 670.
 Braids of lilies, twisted, 246.
 Brain, book and volume of my, 132.
 books the children of the, 291.
 children of an idle, 105.
 coinage of your, 141.
 dry as the remainder biscuit, 68.
 heat-oppressed, 119.
 him with his lady's fan, 84.
 like madness in the, 500.
 made out of the carver's, 499.
 may devise laws, 61.
 memory warder of the, 119.
 Brain, mint of phrases in his, 54.
 paper bullets of the, 51.
 shallow draughts intoxicate the, 323.
 should possess a poet's, 40.
 too finely wrought, 413.
 vex the, with researches, 443.
 written troubles of the, 125.
 Brains could not move, 457.
 cudgel thy, no more about it, 143.
 enough to make a fool of himself,
 830.
 excise our, 413.
 steal away their, 152.
 unhappy, for drinking, 152.
 when the, were out, 122.
 Brake that virtue must go through,
 the, 98.
 Branch, cut is the, 41.
 Branches, giant, tossed, 569.
 of arithmetic, 782.
 of learning, 62.
 Branch-charmed oaks, 575.
 Branching elm, star-proof, 250.
 Brandy, a hero must drink, 374.
 and water, sipped, 454.
 nothing extenuate for the, 612.
 Branksome Hall, custom of, 487.
 Brass, braying of arrogant, 840.
 evil manners live in, 100.
 nor stone nor earth, 162.
 sounding, 1037.
 Bravado, I met the sun's, 855.
 Brave and meek, 810.
 councils of the, 526.
 days of old, 604.
 deserve the lovely, the, 759.
 deserves the fair, none but the, 271.
 discoverer of climes, 785.
 endeavor to do thy duty, 826.
 fears of the, 365.
 fortune helps the, 890.
 friends of old all, 679.
 heat, life's, 785.
 home of the, 517.
 how sleep the, 389.
 live on, the, 859.
 man chooses, 733.
 man struggling, 336.
 men before Agamemnon, 555.
 old earth, 835.
 that are no more, 423.
 the unreturning, 543.
 toll for the, 423.
 who rush to glory, 515.
 Bravely, acting, a desperate part, 746.
 becomest thy bed, 159.
 fleshed thy maiden sword, 87.
 Bravery, all her, 242.
 in the battle-brunt, 814.
 never goes out of fashion, 698.
 of his grief, 145.
 Bravest are the tenderest, the, 761.
 Braw brass collar, 447.
 Brawling judgments unashamed, de-
 livers, 679.
 woman in a wide house, 1019.
 Bray a fool in a mortar, 1021.
 a good while before, ass may, 730.

- Brayed with minstrelsy, 109.
 Braying of arrogant brass, 840.
 Brazen throat of war, 240.
 Breach, imminent deadly, 150.
 more honoured in the, 130.
 once more unto the, 91.
 Breaches, ambuscades, 105.
 Bread and butter of mine, no, 973.
 and butter, quarrel with my, 292.
 and butter, smell of, 554.
 and butter, went on cutting, 691.
 and the gospel is good fare, 283
 and work for all, there's, 638.
 better is half a loaf than no, 15.
 crammed with distressful, 92.
 crust of, and liberty, 328.
 die for beauty than live for, 616.
 eaten in secret, 1017.
 half-penny worth of, 85.
 he took the, and brake it, 177.
 Homer begged his, 189.
 if his son ask, 1031.
 in one hand stone the other, 887.
 in sorrow ate his, 989.
 is buttered, which side my, 19.
 is the staff of life, 283, 291.
 looked to government for, 411.
 man doth not live by only, 1005.
 man shall not live by, alone, 1030.
 nor his seed begging, 1011.
 of banishment, eating the bitter, 81.
 of idleness, 1021.
 should be so dear, that, 594.
 upon the waters, cast thy, 1023.
 whole stay of, 1025.
 wondering for his, 420.
 Break before the bird, shell must, 682.
 better to bow than, 12.
 faith, fear may, 807.
 into foam of flowers, 805.
 it to our hope, 126.
 of day, eyes the, 49.
 of the wave, 561.
 on the lips when meeting, 633.
 thy bivouac, thy dog would, 623.
 Breakers, the Euxine's dangerous, 559.
 wanton'd with thy, 548.
 Breakfast on a lion's lip, 91.
 scheme for her own, 311.
 with what appetite you have, 99.
 Breaking flood, murmur of the, 824.
 waves dashed high, 569.
 while the tired waves vainly, 727.
 Breast, a magic power to calm the,
 607.
 against Othello's, 156.
 arm the obdured, 228.
 at rest in the green earth's, 728.
 beauteous head drops upon his,
 338.
 bless it upon my, 733.
 calm the troubled, 637.
 cross on her white, 325.
 eternal in the human, 315.
 fair as thine ideal, 546.
 feeble woman's, 482.
 hold me to your deep, 794.
 knock the, 242.
 Breast, marble of her snowy, 219.
 master-passion in the, 317.
 monuments upon my, 571.
 ne'er learned to glow, whose, 335.
 of the river, 857.
 on her white, 325.
 on thy, fold sorrow's children, 798.
 round its, the rolling clouds, 397.
 same heart beats in every, 754.
 soft hand and softer, 577.
 soothe the savage, 294.
 sunshine of the, 381.
 tamer of the human, 382.
 the living fires, wake in our, 689.
 thine ideal, 546.
 told but to her mutual, 516.
 toss him to my, 205.
 truth hath a quiet, 80.
 two hands upon the, 765.
 where learning lies, 336.
 with dauntless, 385.
 within his own clear, 244.
 within our, this jewel lies, 362.
 Breasts the keen air, 394.
 Breast-high amid the corn, 592.
 Breastplate, what stronger, 94.
 Breath, a sweeter woman ne'er drew,
 749.
 attunes the spheres, with one, 722.
 bated, 61.
 boastful, is not a bow-string, 645.
 boldest held his, the, 515.
 borne away with every, 554.
 by the gate of, 805.
 call back the fleeting, 384.
 came o'er the sea, no, 636.
 can make them, 396.
 Cytherea's, 77.
 down and out of, 88.
 extend a mother's, 328.
 hope's perpetual, 474.
 is in his nostrils, 1025.
 last moment of his, 398.
 life of mortal, 642.
 life that breathes with human, 666.
 lightly draws its, 466.
 little flesh a little, 935.
 love that endures for a, 805.
 most breathes, where, 162.
 mouth-honour, 124.
 of flowers sweeter in the air, 167.
 of God, his life a, 721.
 of heaven, 416.
 of kings, princes are, 447.
 of men, she takes away the, 658.
 of morn, sweet is the, 233.
 one more unfortunate weary of, 595.
 regular as infant's, 502.
 revives him, 329.
 rides on the posting winds, 160.
 skies were purple and, was praise,
 599.
 smells woingly, heaven's, 117.
 suck my last, 333.
 summer's ripening, 106.
 that fleets beyond this, a, 685.
 the tempest's, prevail, 542.
 this life is a fleeting, 795.

- Breath thou art, a, 48.
 to cool his porridge, 959, 975.
 to cool his pottage, 924.
 to the latest, 321.
 when the good man yields his, 496.
 whispers sweet as roses', 821.
 wither at the north-wind's, 570.
- Breaths, we live in thoughts not, 721.
- Breathe into our souls the secret, 846.
 not his name, 519.
 slumbrous music round me, 844.
 thoughts that, 382.
 were life as though to, 668.
- Breathes despair, there, 551.
 from yonder box, 325.
 in every grove, an organ, 595.
 must suffer, who, 289.
 no hunter after glory, 679.
 there the man, 488.
 with human breath, live that, 666.
- Breathed a word, that ever, 726.
 so potent, no sound is, 682.
 the long long night, 694.
- Breathers of this world, 162.
- Breathing household laws, 472.
 of the common wind, 471.
 rose, friendship is the, 691.
 time of day with me, 145.
 time, peace only a, 407.
 upon a bank of violets, 74.
 we watched her, 583.
 world, into this, 95.
- Breathless with adoration, 470.
- Bred in a book, dainties that are, 55.
 in the bone, 19, 877.
 in the kitchen, 552.
 where is fancy, 63.
- Breech where honour's lodged, 214.
- Breeches are so queer, 688.
 cost but a crown, 152, 406.
 Macaulay is a book in, 461.
 women wear the, 186.
- Breed a habit, use doth, 44.
 for barren metal, 61.
 of men, this happy, 81.
 of noble bloods, 110.
 the past again, only, 684.
- Breeds by a composture, 109.
- Breeding, to show you, 443.
- Breeze, battle and the, 514.
 every passing, 535.
 far as the, can bear, 550.
 is on the sea, the, 494.
 of nature stirring, 480.
 refreshes in the, 316.
 without a, without a tide, 498.
- Breezy call of morn, 384.
 hill that skirts the down, 428.
- Brent, your bonny brow was, 449.
- Brentford, two kings of, 417.
- Brer Fox he lay low, 828.
- Brethren, great twin, 604.
 to dwell together in unity, 1016.
- Brevity is the soul of wit, 133.
- Brews, as he, 177.
- Bribe, too poor for a, 387.
- Brick-dust man, the, 363.
- Bricks are alive this day, 94.
- Bricks by chance or fortune, 925.
- Bridal chamber, come to the, 562.
 of the earth and sky, 204.
- Bride, society my glittering, 480.
 wife dearer than the, 377.
- Brides, as the lion wooes his, 392.
- Bride-bed to have decked, 144.
- Bridegroom, fresh as a, 83.
- Bridge, Horatius kept the, 604.
 of Sighs, on the, 544.
 that arched the flood, 615.
- Bridle, taxed, 462.
- Brief as the lightning, 57.
 as woman's love, 138.
 authority, drest in a little, 48.
 candle, out out, 125.
 let me be, 132.
 terms art of scratch, engraving in
 747.
 thanksgiving, 806.
 't is, my lord, 138.
- Briefer blooming-tide than they, 762.
- Brier's in bud, 831.
- Briers, working-day full of, 66.
- Bright, a quenchless star forever, 596.
 and yellow gold, 593.
 angels are still, 124.
 as young diamonds, 275.
 best of dark and, 551.
 brokenly, 767.
 candle of the Lord, 597.
 consummate flower, 235.
 dark with excessive, 231.
 days are still and, 613.
 her angels face shyned, 27.
 honour, pluck, 84.
 hour to waste, nor suffer one, 696.
 I saw her eye was, 586.
 must fade, all that is, 522.
 old age serene and, 475.
 ones disappear, to see my, 749.
 or good, not too, 474.
 particular star, a, 73.
 promise of your early day, 535.
 quenchless stars so eloquently, 635.
 sands are, as the stars, 580.
 star would I were, 577.
 suns may scorch, 610.
 the pure the beautiful the, 819.
 things come to confusion, 57.
 unclouded day, passed to, 725.
 waters meet, where the, 520.
- Brighten all our future days, 380.
 as I draw near, 808.
 blessings, as they take their flight
 307.
- Brightens his crest, joy, 239.
 how the wit, 324.
- Brightening in their eyes, 798.
 to the last, 396.
- Brightest and best of the sons, 535.
 blades grow dim with rust, 691.
 fell, though the, 124.
 on glory's bed, 580.
 still the fleetest, 522.
 wisest, meanest, 319.
- Bright-eyed fancy, 382.
 science watches, 383.

- Brightly breaks the morning, 864.
 smile and sweetly sing, 563.
- Brightness, amazing, 280.
 lost her original, 225.
 purity and truth, 280.
- Brigall banks are wild, 492.
- Brilliant Frenchman, 414.
 like chrysopease glowing, 635.
- Brillig, 't was, 782.
- Brim, bubbles that swim on the
 beaker's, 633.
 pleasure drown the, 73.
 sparkles near the, 542.
- Brimstone bed, from his, 507.
- Brine, oh give me the flashing, 714.
- Bring again my heart's content, 770.
 me to the test, 141.
 roses beautiful fresh roses, 751.
 that chance will, us through, 754.
 the day, sweet Phosphor, 203.
 the rathe primrose, 247.
 thy balm for eyes grown weary, 764.
 your wounded hearts, 524.
- Brings its word and deed, each crisis,
 650.
 the constant sun, but, 715.
- Bringer of that joy, 59.
 of unwelcome news, 88.
- Bringing him to his own, 811.
- Bring'st down the gentle dew, 751.
 the summer nigh, 790.
- Brisk and giddy-placed times, 75.
 as a bee in conversation, 369.
- Britain at Heaven's command, 358.
 where now is, 602.
- Britain's monarch uncovered sat, 352.
- Britannia needs no bulwarks, 514.
 rules the waves, 358.
- Brither, like a vera, 451.
- British isles, the little speck, 690.
 man, smell the blood of, 147.
 manhood, piece of, 582.
 oak, shadow of the, 410.
 public in a fit of morality, 601.
 soldier, the, 537.
 stare, with a stony, 677.
- Briton even in love should be a sub-
 ject, 485.
- Britons never shall be slaves, 358.
 true, and while we 're, 867.
- Broad blown all his crimes, 139.
 earth of ours, in this, 742.
 is the way, 1031.
 river ebbed and flowed, 646.
- Broad-based upon her people's will,
 665.
- Broad-brimmed hat, 352.
- Broadcloth without, 422.
- Broader mark, nearer and a, 776.
- Brogues, my clouted, 160.
- Brou and battle, feats of, 150.
- Broke the die, nature, 552.
 the good meeting, 122.
- Broken, as an egg when, 636.
 in heart, hymn of the, 746.
 into shards if we offend, 691.
 not, in from the birth, 603.
 reed, this, 1026.
- Broken with the storms of state, 100.
- Broken-hearted, half, 539.
 ne'er been, 452.
 you hoped we were both, 806.
- Brokenly bright, 767.
 live on, 543.
- Bronze is the mirror of the form, 882.
- Brood, what use to, 683.
- Broods and sleeps on his own heart,
 471.
- Brook and river meet, where, 614.
 as thou these ashes little, 483.
 can see no moon but this, the, 521.
 falls scattered down, the, 501.
 fast by a, 428.
 I could not hear, the, 664.
 is deep, where the, 93.
 noise like of a hidden, 499.
 Siloa's, 223.
 sparkling with a, 536.
 that turns a mill, 455.
 the weather, many can, 55.
 treble of, bud and tree, 788.
- Brooks, are drenched sands, 775.
 books in the running, 67.
 in Vallombrosa, 224.
 make rivers, 274.
 moon looks on many, 521.
 murmuring near the running, 471.
 panteth after the water, 1012.
 shallow, and rivers wide, 248.
 sloping into, 536.
- Brook's motion, 't is the, 716.
- Brooked the eternal devil, 110.
- Brook-side, I wandered by the, 664.
- Broom, new, sweeps clean, 16.
- Broomstick, write finely upon a, 294.
- Brother, a friend and, 771.
 am I not a man and a, 1044.
 bear with your own, 929.
 call my, back to me, 571.
 do not stumble, courage, 702.
 every author would his, kill, 258.
 exquisite to relieve a, 447.
 followed brother, fast has, 486.
 hurt my, 145.
 in dealing with a, 880.
 my father's, 128.
 near the throne, no, 327.
 no author ever spared a, 349.
 no friend, no, there, 540.
 of death, sleep the, 878.
 of the angle, 207.
 of the sky, 343.
 resume the man and forget the, 343.
 sleep, death and his, 567.
 souls, my friends and, 682.
 sticketh closer than a, 1019.
 to death, sleep, 39.
 to his sister, as a, 52.
 we are both in the wrong, 348.
 you called me, 160.
- Brothers, all the, of my father's house,
 76.
 all valiant, 1044.
 counterfeit presentment of two, 140.
 forty thousand, 144.
 in distress, affliction's sons are, 447.

- Brothers in peace, 342.
 live together, and as, 645.
 men my, 669.
 punch with care, 796.
 row, the stream runs fast, 518.
 sons and kindred slain, 258.
 the Romans were like, 604.
 we are both in the wrong, 348.
 we band of, 92.
- Brother's father dad, called, 78.
 keeper, am I my, 1004.
 murder, curse upon a, 139.
- Brother-devil to despair, 820.
- Brotherhood, a mystic bond of, 582.
 monastic, 480.
 of venerable trees, 474.
 the crest of all good is, 833.
- Brought fresh from the hyaline, 636.
 low, when false things are, 815.
 nor, too long a day, 592.
- Brow, a cloud is on thy, 653.
 crystal of his, 31.
 flushing his, 575.
 furrus on another's, 309.
 grace was seated on this, 140.
 May-blossom, and a, 678.
 no wrinkle on thine azure, 547.
 o'er that, a shadow fling, 563.
 of Egypt, beauty in a, 59.
 of labor, 844.
 pain and anguish wring thy, 490.
 sweat of a man's, 879.
 was brent, your bonny, 449.
 weariness not on your, 754.
 with purpose knit, 739.
- Brows bound, now are our, 95.
 gathering her, 451.
 nightcap decked his, 401.
 of him that uttered nothing base,
 665.
 sweat of my, 971.
 whose shady, 243.
- Brown, and all the trees are, 728.
 and bare, fields are lying, 751.
 bread and the gospel, 283.
 study, some, 32.
- Brownstone will do, a very plain, 689.
- Bruce has often led, Scots whom, 450.
- Bruise, parmaceti for an inward, 83.
- Bruised reed shall he not break, 1026.
 with adversity, 50.
- Brunt of cannon ball, 211.
- Brushers of noblemen's clothes, 171.
- Brushing with hasty steps, 386.
- Brute, et tu, 112.
- Brute, not quite a, 309.
- Brutes, O great and simple race of,
 680.
 without women we had been, 280.
- Brutish, life of man, 200.
- Brutus, Cæsar had his, 429.
 grows so covetous, 114.
 I am no orator as, 114.
 is an honourable man, 113.
 there was a, once, 110.
 will start a spirit, 110.
- Bubble bubble flows the stream, 821.
 burst and now a world, 315.
- Bubble, fire burn and cauldron, 123.
 froth and, 783.
 honour but an empty, 272.
 man's life is but a, 768.
 on the fountain, like the, 491.
 reputation, seeking the, 69.
 whose life is a, 201.
 world is a, 170.
- Bubbles, borne like thy, 547.
 do when they burst, just as, 691.
 life is made up of mere, 843.
 that swim on the beaker's, as, 633.
 the earth hath, 116.
 with beaded, 575.
- Bubbling cry of a strong swimmer,
 557.
 groan, sinks with, 547.
 loud-hissing urn, 420.
 venom, flings its, 540.
 well-spring, 772.
- Buck of the first head, 55.
- Bucket, as a drop of a, 1026.
 moss-covered, the, 537.
 old oaken, iron-bound, 537.
- Buckets into empty wells, 419, 460.
 the ruby-rimmed beryline, 635.
- Buckhurst choose, I would, 279.
- Buckingham, so much for, 296.
- Buckled sword, that ever, 726.
- Buckram suits, rogues in, 84.
- Bucolical juvenal, 494.
- Bud bit with an envious worm, 104.
 flower when offered in the, 301.
 is on the bough again, 637.
 like a, in the frost, 590.
 like a worm in the, 75.
 of love, this, 106.
 of youth, worm is in the, 423.
 out faire, 28.
 shut and be a, again, 575.
 the rose is sweeter in the, 33.
 to heaven conveyed, 500.
 treble of brook, and tree, 788.
- Buds forgot to blow, 811.
 ten soft, 807.
 the promise of celestial worth, 311.
 young, sleep in the root's, 577.
- Budding rose above the rose, 476.
 rose is fairest when 't is, 491.
- Budge an inch, I'll not, 72.
 doctors of the Stoic fur, 246.
 significant and, 415.
- Buff and the blue, bide by the, 450.
 trip slip, 796.
- Buffets and rewards, fortune's, 137.
 of the world, blows and, 121.
- Buffoon, statesman and, 268.
- Buffoonery, earn his nuts by hard, 729.
- Bug in a rug, snug as a, 361.
- Bugs, fear boys with, 72.
- Bugle, blow, 672.
 horn, one blast upon his, 492.
- Build as chance will have it, 606.
 beneath the stars, who, 309.
 for him, others should, 470.
 not boast, he lives to, 354.
 on and make thy castles, 646.
 schoolrooms for the boy, better, 724.

- Build the ladder by which, we, 730.
 the lofty rhyme, 246.
 thee more stately mansions, 690.
 we up the being that we are, 480.
 when we mean to, 88.
- Builds a church to God, 322.
 it, Wren, 620.
- Builded better than he knew, 614.
- Builders refused, stone which the,
 1015.
 wrought with greatest care, 642.
- Buildeth, on the vulgar heart, 89.
- Building, stole the life of the, 120.
- Built a lordly pleasure-house, 666.
 a paper-mill, 94.
 all we have, do we discern, 753.
 God a church, 415.
 in one day, Rome was not, 15.
 in such a logical way, 691.
 in the eclipse, 247.
 on another man's ground, 45.
 on stubble, earth's base, 245.
 their nests in my beard, 703.
 with money, full of comfort, 743.
- Bull, Assyrian, 677.
 dog ounce bear and, 969.
 or forge a, 595.
 to enjoy Leda, 32.
- Bulls in Cymbrian plain, 27.
- Bullen's eyes, gospel-light from, 387.
- Bullets of the brain, paper, 51.
- Bullocks, how a good yoke of, 89.
 whose talk is of, 1029.
- Bully, like a tall, 322.
- Bulrush, knot in a, 887.
- Bulrushes, dam the Nile with, 611.
- Bulwark of our island, floating, 392.
 never-failing, 976.
- Bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies, 435.
 Britannia needs no, 514.
- Bumble, if the law supposes that said Mr., 702.
- Bumps along the dusk, 833.
- Buncombe, speaking through reporters to, 584.
- Bundle of relations, man a, 618.
- Bunghole, stopping a, 144.
- Bunker-hill, there is Lexington and, 532.
- Buoyant hearts, 830.
- Burden and heat of the day, 1032.
 every man bears his own, 1038.
 grasshopper shall be a, 1023.
 I live an idle, 340.
 of a sigh, 497.
 of his song, this the, 427.
 of some merry song, sad, 328.
 of the desert of the sea, 1025.
 of the mystery, 467.
 of the world, 833.
 of three-score, 395.
 prosperous fool a grievous, 882.
 sacred, is this life, 686.
 superfluous, loads the day, 252.
 we bear the, and the heat, 753.
 white man's, 853.
- Burdens of the Bible old, 614.
- Burdens, the ease of, 972.
 where we lay our, down, 758.
- Burdened hearts of men, 854.
- Burglary, as ever was committed, flat, 53.
- Burial of an ass, 1027.
- Buried base, column with the, 546.
 land of fear, and o'er the, 749.
- Burn, bubbles winking at the, 575.
 daylight, 275.
 or blot it, creed can, 691.
 to the socket, hearts, 479.
 while the lamp holds out to, 303.
 within us, heart, 1034.
 words that, 382.
- Burns, adores and, 316.
 alive all the whores, 287
 how it, on the edge, 591.
 out another's burning, 104.
 slowly along the woods, 770.
 with glory of the stars, 835.
 with one love, 339.
- Burned is Apollo's laurel bough, 41.
- Burning and a shining light, 1035.
 burns out another's, 104.
 bush, yon maple wood the, 650.
 deck, boy stood on the, 570.
 fire, his speech is a, 805.
 hate of wrong, 786.
 marle, over the, 224.
 your lights, 1034.
- Burnished dove, 668.
 sun, livery of the, 62.
- Burn-mill meadow, sweets of, 474.
- Burnt child dreads the fire, 16.
 half his Troy was, 88.
- Burrs, conversation's, 689.
- Burst in ignorance, let me not, 130.
 just as bubbles do when they, 691.
- Bury Cæsar, I come to, 113.
 in oblivion, 201.
 me on my face, 949.
- Bush and bank, over, 28.
 beat the, 10.
 every common, afire with God, 659.
 good wine needs no, 72.
 hawthorn, with seats beneath, 395.
 men in the, with God may meet
 615.
 supposed a bear, how easy is a, 59.
 the thief doth fear each, 95.
 yon maple wood the burning, 650.
- Bushel, do not sit down on a, 951.
 of silver, 827.
- Bushels of chaff, 60.
- Busier seemed than he was, 2.
- Business, attending strictly to, 796.
 come home to men's, 164.
 despatch is the soul of, 353.
 dinner lubricates, 437.
 end of this day's, 115.
 every man has, 132.
 every man mind his own, 972.
 everybody's, is nobody's, 207.
 hours set apart for, 362.
 in great waters, 1015.
 in this state, 49.
 man diligent in, 1020.

- Business, man to double, bound, 139.
 no feeling of his, 143.
 nobody's, 207.
 not to question our, 340.
 of life, the great, 812.
 of one who studies philosophy, 931.
 of the day, be drunk the, 273.
 prayer all his, 305.
 so ends the bloody, 347.
 some men take to, 321.
 talents equal to, 933.
 talk of nothing but, 1002.
 that we love, 158.
 those that are above, 284.
 unembarrassed by cares of, 898.
 will never hold water, this, 296.
 with an income at its heels, 415.
 with the grass, 847.
- Businesses and customs, 424.
 Buskin, shuffles off the, 690.
 Bust, animated, 384.
 Busts between, placed the, 312.
 Bustle of resort, various, 244.
 Busy, a man, so, 2.
 as a bee, 33.
 bee, how doth the, 302.
 career, not quitting the, 716.
 companies of men, 263.
 curious, thirsty fly, 859.
 hammers, closing rivets up, 92.
 haunts of men, in the, 570.
 hum of men, 249.
 whisper circling round, 397.
 with the crowded hour, 617.
 world an idler to, 420.
- Busybodies speaking things, 1040.
 Busybody, be not wordy nor a, 936.
 But me no buts, 1053.
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday, 546.
 Butchers, gentle with these, 113.
 Butcher's bill is due, 800.
 Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese, 778.
 bread and, of mine, 973.
 bread and, smell of, 554.
 in a lordly dish, 1006.
 quarrel with my bread and, 292.
 she was cutting bread and, 697.
 went on cutting bread and, 697.
 words smoother than, 1013.
 would, not melt in her mouth, 13, 292.
- Buttered, which side my bread is, 19.
 Butterflies no bees, no, 595.
 Butterfly, I'd be a, 588.
 suggestions, 849.
 this was your, 803.
 upon a wheel, 328.
- Button, did not care, a, 957.
 on fortune's cap, 133.
 Buttons be disclosed, 129.
 I had a soul above, 454.
 Buttoned down before, coat, 610.
 Button-hole lower, let me take you, 56.
 Buttress nor coign of vantage, 117.
 Buy and sell, man a tool to, 728.
- Buy it, they lose it that do, 59.
 my flowers, O buy, 632.
 whom spoils of office cannot, 730.
 with you sell with you, 61.
- Buyer, it is naught saith the, 1019.
 Buying or selling of pig, 20.
 By and by is easily said, 139.
 day by night, 596.
 must ye go, 790.
 Nebo's lonely mountain, 726.
 shore at sea, where'er I am, 596.
 what eternal streams, 655.
- Byron's poetry, ethics from, 601.
 Byword, proverb and a, 1007.
 Byzantium is not big enough to hold us, 927.
 Byzantium's conquering foe, 545.
- Cabbage, pepper his, 898.
 Cabbages and kings, 782.
 nobody has ever seen any, 660.
- Cabined cribbed confined, 122.
 loop-hole, 243.
- Cable for a line, 217.
- Cackle, hungry rooster don't, 828.
- Cadence of a rugged line, harsh, 270.
 sweet in, 422.
- Cadmean victory, 999.
- Cadmus gave the letters, 558.
- Cæsar and his fortunes, 914.
 bled, where some buried, 954.
 dead and turned to clay, 144.
 great, fell, 114.
 had his Brutus, 429.
 hath wept, 113.
 I appeal unto, 1035.
 I come to bury, 113.
 imperious, dead, 144.
 in every wound of, 114.
 not that I loved, less, 113.
 rebellion fraud and, 297.
 render therefore unto, 1032.
 start a spirit as soon as, 110.
 upon what meat doth, feed, 110.
 with a senate at his heels, 319.
 yesterday the word of, 113.
 you carry, and his fortunes, 914.
- Cæsar's, things which are, 1032.
 wife above suspicion, 913.
 wife not to be suspected, 913.
- Cage, nor iron bars a, 260.
- Cages, as with birds in, 964.
 young ladies make nets not, 291.
- Caged I pine, like an eagle, 714.
- Cain, old Tubal, 718.
 the first city made, 261.
- Cake, eat thy, and have it, 205.
 is dough, my, 73.
- Cakes and ale, no more, 75.
- Calamity, enigmatical sort of, 952.
 fortune not satisfied with one, 895.
 is man's true touchstone, 197.
 learn from another's, 894.
 of so long life, 135.
 to be born the highest, 922.
- Caledonia stern and wild, 489.
- Caledonia's cause, support, 450.
- Calf near three centuries dead, 840.

- Calf's-skin on those recreant limbs, 79.
 Call a coach, go, 285.
 a spade a spade, 919.
 back yesterday, 81.
 evil good good evil, 1025.
 for me, and one clear, 685.
 for the robin-redbreast, 181.
 it by some better name, 524.
 it holy ground, 570.
 me a spade, don't, 293.
 me early mother dear, 667.
 my brother back to me, 571.
 my own, that I may, 689.
 no faith false, 786.
 nothing, but coach coach, 285.
 our own, nothing can we, 1013.
 shapes that come not at an earthly, 482.
 the breezy, 384.
 the cattle home, 727.
 these delicate creatures ours, 154.
 thing they, a conscience, 595.
 things by their right names, 457.
 to him, I may not, 821.
 to-day his own, he who can, 273.
 us to penance, 226.
 you that backing your friends, 84.
 Calls back the lovely April, 161.
 Called about him everyone, 700.
 him dead, 779.
 many are, 1032.
 the new world into existence, 464.
 Caller, him who calleth be the, 285.
 Calling, in his, let him nothing call but coach, 285.
 shapes, 243.
 Calm, a magic power to, the breast, 607.
 after a storm comes a, 284.
 and proud possession of eternal things, 855.
 and silent night, 699.
 day of slumberous, 575.
 familiar talk, 341.
 heaven so clear earth so, 725.
 here find that, 307.
 is in that balm, all our, 654.
 lights of philosophy, 297.
 of idle vacancy, 376.
 on the bosom of thy God, 570.
 on the listening ear, 695.
 peace is what I seek and, 754.
 poppy-seeds of slumber deep and, 764.
 so deep, I never felt a, 470.
 soul of all things make mine, 753.
 the troubled breast, 637.
 the water is, and still, 580.
 thou mayst smile, 438.
 tracts of, from tempest, 677.
 Calms after tempest, 151.
 Calmer of unquiet thoughts, 207.
 Calmly bear, can every anguish, 665.
 Calmness made, keeps the law in, 476.
 to remember, 777.
 Calumnious strokes, 129.
 Calumny, shalt not escape, 136.
 Calvin and oatmeal, land of, 459.
 Calvinistic creed, a, 365.
 Cambuscan bold, story of, 250.
 Cambyases' vein, 85.
 Came, I saw, I conquered, 921.
 never, a minute too soon, 592.
 peeping in at morn, 592.
 prologue, excuse, 239.
 saw and overcame, 90.
 through, out of the skies as I, 759.
 to the making of man, 804.
 wonder why either of us, 837.
 Camel, cloud in shape of a, 139.
 death kneel at thy gate, 829.
 like a, indeed, 139.
 swallow a, 1032.
 through the eye of a needle, 1032.
 to thread the postern, 82.
 Camilla scours the plain, 324.
 Camomile the more it is trodden, 32.
 Campaspe, Cupid and, 31.
 Camping-ground, fame's eternal, 866.
 Camps and courts, wealth bestowed on, 645.
 Can have no lack of good society, 644.
 it be that this is all, 548.
 it till this outworn earth, 683.
 neither when we will enjoy, 753.
 not feel the sun, 717.
 not order rain or shine, 719.
 such things be, 122.
 this be death, 335.
 till we, and do obey, 760.
 we love but on condition, 713.
 Canadian hills, cold on, 427.
 Candid and simple and nothing-withholding, 817.
 flame ardent temperature, 827.
 friend, the, 464.
 where we can, be, 315.
 Candied tongue, let the, 137.
 Candle, bright, of the Lord, 597.
 from their torches I light my, 192.
 hold a, 351.
 in the sun, 191.
 light such a, 871.
 looking in the daytime with a, 949.
 of understanding, 1028.
 out out brief, 125.
 poor sport not worth the, 206.
 scarcely fit to hold a, 351.
 shall never be put out, 871.
 throws his beams, 66.
 to my shames, 62.
 to the sun, 265, 311.
 to thy merit, thy modesty's a, 362.
 two old chairs and half a, 703.
 Candles are all out, 119.
 are out, when the, 925.
 be out all cats be grey, 11, 976.
 night's, are burnt out, 108.
 of the night, 66.
 Candle-light, by yellow, 829.
 colors seen by, 658.
 Candy, glorified, 509.
 Cane, conduct of a clouded, 326.

- Canker and the grief are mine, the, 555.
 care's a, 802.
 calls the infants of the spring, 129.
 or cark, there's a joy without, 822.
- Cankers of a calm world, 86.
- Cannibals that eat each other, 150.
- Cannikin, why crunk the, 706.
- Cannon ball, brunt of, 211.
 by our sides, 145.
 to right of them, 671.
 took off his legs, 594.
- Cannon's mouth, even in the, 69.
- Cannon-balls may aid the truth, 718.
- Cannot come to good, 128.
 tell how the truth be, 487.
- Canon 'gainst self-slaughter, 128.
- Canonized bones, 130.
- Canopied by the blue sky, 553.
- Canopy, most excellent, the air, 134.
 the skies, my, 316.
 under the, 103.
 which love has spread, 568.
- Canst not say I did it, 122.
 thou guide Arcturus, 1010.
- Cant of criticism, 378.
 of hypocrites, 378.
 of tolerance Laodicean, 832.
- Cants, clear myself of, 583.
 which are canted, 378.
- Cantankerous, you won't be so, 441.
- Cantilena of the law, 527.
- Canting world, in this, 378.
- Canvas drooping, that lay with, 727.
 glowed beyond nature, 394.
 of his time, the, 767.
 unfurled, streamers afloat and, 623.
- Cap, addressing myself to my, 984.
 button on fortune's, 133.
 by night a stocking all the day, 397.
 401.
 of youth, riband in the, 142.
 whiter than driven snow, 380.
- Capability and godlike reason, 142.
- Capable of nothing but dumb-shows, 137.
- Capacity, soul discontented with, 512.
 transcendent, of taking trouble, 584.
- Cap-a-pe, armed at point exactly, 128.
- Caparisons don't become a young woman, 440.
- Cape, round the stormy, 356.
- Caper, provokes the, 442.
- Capers nimbly in a lady's chamber, 95.
- Capital A, an earnest soul and a, 827.
 Belgium's, 542.
 solicits the aid of labor, 532.
- Capitol, drizzled blood upon the, 112.
 who was 't betrayed the, 280.
- Capon, lined with good, 69.
- Captain, becomes his captain's, 158.
 bold, 800.
 but a choleric word in the, 48.
 Christ, soul unto his, 82.
 good, lost in an ill general, 968.
 ill, good attending, 162.
 jewels in the carcanet, 162.
- Captain my captain our fearful trip, 744.
 of complements, 106.
 of my soul, I am the, 829.
 of the sea, a boisterous, 392.
 Reese, 799.
 still of thine own fate, 829.
 Wattle, ever hear of, 436.
- Captains and the kings depart, 852.
- Captive good attending ill, 162.
 I, whether guest or, 841.
 whose words all ears took, 74.
- Capulets, family vault of all the, 412.
 tomb of the, 412.
- Car, drive the rapid, 424.
 looked after the low-backed, 590.
 rattling o'er the street, 542.
 sat in the low-backed, 590.
- Caravan, innumerable, 572.
 the phantom, 954.
- Carcanet, jewels in the, 162.
- Carcase is, wheresoever the, 1033.
 of Robinson Crusoe, 391.
- Carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer, 187.
- Carcassonne, never have I seen, 993.
- Card, clear conscience is a sure, 33.
 he's a sure, 277.
 reason the, passion the gale, 317.
 speak by the, 143.
- Cards, old age of, 321.
 patience and shuffle the, 975.
 played for kisses, 31.
- Care, a maiden fair to see take, 648.
 and strife, to mingle in its, 696.
 as light as a feather, 844.
 begone dull, 870.
 beyond to-day, 381.
 cast away, 972.
 deliberation and public, 227.
 dost mock at fate and, 617.
 draws in the trains of men, 111.
 earliest latest, 377.
 feed me with a shepherd's, 300.
 fig for woe, and a fig for, 9.
 for me, if naebody, 449.
 for nobody no not I, 427.
 his useful, was ever nigh, 366.
 I how chaste she be, 26.
 I how fair she be, 26, 199.
 I'm free from, 875.
 in heaven is there, 28.
 is an enemy to life, 74.
 keeps his watch, 106.
 lift her with, 595.
 lodges where sleep will never lie, 106.
 make pale my cheeks with, 199.
 not, I may although I, 25.
 of the sense, 782.
 on the foolish fretting of our, 764.
 or thought, all things without, 757.
 punch with, 796.
 ravelled sleeve of, 119.
 so wan with, 82.
 that buy it with much, 59.
 the least as feeling her, 31.
 there's neither could nor, 458.
 to our coffin adds a nail, 431.

- Care, we little we fear, little, 697.
 weep away the life of, 566.
 why are we fond of toil and, 991.
 will kill a cat, 177, 199.
 with judicious, 447.
 wrinkled, derides, 248.
- Cares and delicate fears, humble, 469.
 are all ended, his, 90.
 beguiled by sports, 394.
 clouding, 771.
 depressed with, 348.
 dividing his, 455.
 ever against eating, 249.
 far from mortal, 534.
 fret thy soul with, 30.
 if no one, for me, 427.
 nobler loves and nobler, 477.
 of business, unembarrassed by, 898.
 of gain, unvexed with the, 348.
 old, 794.
 's a canker, 802.
 that infest the day, 641.
 unvexed with all the, of gain, 348.
 whether it prevail or not, none, 757.
 whose constant, 392.
- Care-charmer sleep, 39.
- Cared not to be at all, 226.
- Career, is not quitting the busy, 716.
 of his humour, 51.
- Careful of the type, 675.
- Careless childhood strayed, 381.
 in deeds, be not, 941.
 of my dress, I'm, 719.
 of sunshine or storm, 784.
 of the single life, 675.
 rhyme, some, 810.
 shoe-string, 201.
 song now and then, 389.
 their merits or faults, 396.
 trifle, as 't were a, 117.
- Caress, naught but weakness in fond,
 730.
 sunshine's divine, 848.
 wooing the, 555.
- Cark, there's a joy without canker or,
 822.
- Carlyle, scolding from, 690.
- Carnage, war and its deeds of, 744.
- Carnegie, Johnnie, *lais heer*, 288.
- Carol or weep, whether we, 664.
- Carols as he goes, 394.
- Carpet, beneath the crisp and wintry,
 822.
 knights, 187, 960, 969.
- Carriage may ride, king in a, 664.
- Carry Cæsar, you, 914.
 gentle peace, right hand, 100.
- Carrying three insides, 464.
- Cart before the horse, 18.
 now traversed the, 288.
 sung ballads from a, 274.
- Carved for many a year, names, 688.
 head fantastically, 90.
 not a line, we, 563.
 with figures strange, 499.
- Carver's brain, made out of the, 499.
- Carves it, Phidias, 620.
 out his own fortune, 971.
- Carving the fashion of a new doubt,
 let, 51.
- Casca, the envious, 113.
- Case as plain as a pack-staff, 172.
 consider the reason of the, 278.
 I am in, what a, 72.
 stands, as the, 172.
 when a lady is in the, 349.
- Cases, circumstances alter, 586.
 tenures and tricks, 143.
- Casement beats, cold blast at the, 714.
 slowly grows, 673.
- Casements, charmed magic, 575.
- Casey at the bat, 856.
- Cash-box, beautiful eyes of my, 984.
- Cashiering most kings and senates,
 584.
- Casius, old Mount, 228.
- Cask, at the beginning of the, 880.
- Cassio, I love thee, 152.
- Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
 111.
 help me, or I sink, 110.
 no terrors in your threats, 114.
 should I have answered so, 114.
- Cast beyond the moon, 11, 32.
 bread upon the waters, 1023.
 of thought, the pale, 136.
 off his friends, 399.
 saw seed which sages, 788.
 set my life upon a, 98.
 the darkness of the sky, 24.
 to the ground, 771.
 your pearls before swine, 1030.
- Casts out fear, as love, 679.
- Caste of Vere de Vere, 666.
- Casting a dim religious light, 250.
- Castle a man's house is his, 24.
 hall, the mistletoe hung in the, 589.
 hath a pleasant seat, 117.
 house of every one as his, 24.
 my whinstone house my, is, 585.
 wall, bores through his, 82.
- Castles high and fair, make thy, 646.
 in the air, 187, 976, 1046.
 in the clouds, 357.
- Castle's strength will laugh a siege,
 125.
- Castled crag of Drachenfels, 543.
 Rhine, dwelleth by the, 639.
- Casualty, road of, 62.
- Casuists, convocation of, 972.
 soundest, doubt, 322.
- Cat and a rat and a coward, 972.
 care will kill a, 177, 199.
 endow a college or a, 322.
 hanging of his, on Monday, 1048.
 harmless necessary, 64.
 in the adage, like the poor, 118.
 in the pan, 166.
 is averse to fish, what, 381.
 languishes loudly, a, 829.
 lion look no larger than the, 682.
 may look upon a king, 17.
 monstrous tail our, has, 285.
 nine lives like a, 16, 877.
 watches a mouse, as a, 293.
 when I play with my, 962.

- Cat will mew, 145.
 would eat fish, 14.
- Cats and dogs, rain, 293.
 be gray when candles are out, all,
 11, 976.
- Cat's ear, breeds in the, 18.
- Catalogue, go for men in the, 121.
 of common things, 574.
- Cataract, the sounding, 467.
- Cataracts, silent, 501.
- Catastrophe, I'll tickle your, 89.
- Catastrophes due to love of pleasure,
 747.
- Catch and conquer, 772.
 and hold, 10.
 ere she change, 321.
 her lovely floating hair, 781.
 larks, hoped to, 957.
 my flying soul, 333.
 old birds with chaff, 973.
 the conscience of the king, 135.
 the driving gale, 318.
 the manners living, 315.
 the transient hour, 366.
- Catechism, so ends my, 87.
- Caterpillars crawl, the, 803.
- Caters for the sparrow, 67.
- Cathay, cycle of, 670.
 drink the poppies of, 651.
- Catholic man, the, 818.
- Cato, big with the fate of, 297.
 give his senate laws, 327, 336.
 heroic stoic, 559.
 statue of, 927.
 the sententious, 559.
- Cattle are grazing, the, 469.
 call the, home, 727.
 thousands of great, 410.
 upon a thousand hills, 1012.
- Caucasus, thinking on the frosty, 81.
- Caught by glare, maidens, 540.
 my heavenly jewel, have I, 34.
 Whigs bathing and walked away,
 624.
- Could nor care there, neither, 458.
- Cauldron bubble, fire burn and, 123.
- Cause above renown, to set the, 846.
 beauty of the good old, 472.
 effect defective comes by, 133.
 evolution is not a, 812.
 for a high, to suffer, 746.
 hear me for my, 113.
 how light a, may move, 526.
 in his country's, 336.
 is just, our, 426.
 judge in his own, 897, 984.
 little shall I grace my, 150.
 magnificent and awful, 418.
 me no causes, 1053.
 of all men's misery, 31.
 of all things, 945.
 of covetousness, 41.
 of doing any action, 928.
 of dulness in others, 374.
 of mankind, in the, 520.
 of policy, turn him to any, 91.
 of this defect, 133.
 of this effect, 133.
- Cause, patriots who for a theory
 risked a, 659.
 report me and my, aright, 145.
 that wit is in other men, 88.
 the weak in a just, 882.
 their, I plead, 387.
 thou first great, 334.
 when our, it is just, 517.
 who die in a great, 555.
- Causes and occasions, 93.
 just, whatever is, is in its, 276
 offence from amorous, 325.
- Caused the sun to rise, 998.
- Causeless, the curse, 1020.
- Caution's lesson scorning, 447.
- Cavalrymen, not many dead, 866.
- Cave Adullam, 1006.
 of Adullam, into his political, 700.
 that darksome, 28.
 vacant interlunar, 241.
- Caves, dark unfathomed, 385.
 lakes, fens, bogs, 228.
- Cavern, misery's darkest, 366.
- Caverns, gluts twice ten thousand,
 577.
 measureless to man, 500.
 memory's, pure and deep, 588.
- Caviare to the general, 134.
- Cavil on the ninth part of a hair, 85.
- Caw, what says he, 424.
- Cease every joy to glimmer, 514.
 from troubling, the wicked, 1008
 let the long contention, 754.
 rude Boreas, 860.
 to do and be, 781.
 when Rudyards, from Kipling, 867.
 ye from man, 1025.
 your tears and let it lie, 782.
- Ceases to be a virtue, 407.
- Ceased to be, years sailed by and,
 646.
 to play, has never, 651.
- Ceasing of exquisite music, 642.
 swiftness never, 24.
- Ceaseless devouring of the weak, 773.
 strife, death and life in, 654.
- Cedar in Lebanon, 1014.
 to the hyssop, from the, 604.
- Celebrated, Saviour's birth is, 127.
- Celestial beam, O still, 832.
 benedictions, 642.
 fire, spark of, 425.
 rosy red, 238.
 sphere, I return to the, 742.
 temper, touch of, 234.
 worth, promise of, 311.
- Cell, becomes a man, a single, 774.
 dwell on a rock or in a, 26.
 each in his narrow, 384.
 prophetic, 251.
- Cells and gibbets for the man, than,
 724.
- Cellar, born in a, 294, 391.
- Cellarage, fellow in the, 132.
- Cellarer, old Simon the, 868.
- Cement of the soul, 354.
 of your churches, 851.
- Censer, thine eye was on the, 689.

- Censure is the tax eminent men pay, 291.
 from a foe, 339.
 mouths of wisest, 152.
 take each man's, 130.
- Cent, not one, for tribute, 861.
- Cents, minutes to be dollars and, 586.
- Central fire, sparks from the, 785.
 heart nestles the seed, in its, 742.
- Centre, faith has, everywhere, 674.
 of the unfathomed, 585.
- Centric and eccentric, 237.
- Centuries ago, in the solemn midnight, 699.
 every man has all the, in him, 812.
 looked forward through, 788.
 nor sequent, hit, 616.
 of sonnets, 706.
 slaves of, 771.
 the weight of, 833.
- Century for a reader, wait a, 858.
- Cerberus, not like, 440.
- Cerements, burst their, 130.
 the Christ, rises from dead, 788.
- Ceremonial religion, stronghold of, 634.
- Ceremony, enforced, 114.
 that to great ones 'longs, 47.
 to all, death is, 89.
- Certain as a gun, 211.
 guests of state, 774.
 the future is, how, 742.
 unsoundness of mind, 600.
 winds will make men's temper, 729.
- Certainty for an uncertainty, 369.
 of waking bliss, 244.
 to please, 455.
- Certum est, quia impossibile est, 942.
- Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away, 560.
- Cervantes' serious air, 330.
- Cessation to the pain of thought, 786.
- Chaff, catch old birds with, 973.
 hope corn in, 539.
 two bushels of, 60.
- Chaff-threshing churl, 976.
- Chain, death broke the vital, 367.
 drags a lengthening, 394.
 hanging in a golden, 230.
 Homer's golden, 191.
 hour with beauty's, 525.
 joy so seldom weaves a, 520.
 of all virtues, 182.
 slumbers, 523.
 striking the electric, 545.
 to sport with beauty's, 525.
- Chains, a race that binds its body in, 817.
 and slavery, price of, 430.
 at curfew time, 245.
 bound in those icy, 184.
 stagnant in, 525.
 untwisting all the, 249.
 wearers of rings and, 511.
- Chainless hands, honest hearts and, 579.
- Chair, my little one's, 733.
 one vacant, 641.
- Chair, rack of a *voce* easy, 332.
 Tully's curule, 391.
- Chairs and half a candle, two old, 703.
- Chalice, our poisoned, 118.
 winged, 770.
- Chaliced flowers, 159.
- Challenge double pity, 25.
 life that dares send a, 258.
- Challenged, seen him damned ere I would have, 76.
- Chamber, come to the bridal, 562.
 get you to my lady's, 144.
 in a lady's, 95.
 in the silent halls of death, 572.
 where the good man meets his fate, 307.
- Chambers, King's Bench, 297.
 whisper softness in, 254.
- Champagne and a chicken, 350.
- Champion cased in adamant, 484.
 of the truth, 814.
 the world still needs its, 786.
 thou fortune's, 79.
 waiting in his place, our, 650.
- Champions fierce, four, 229.
- Chance, all, direction, 316.
 and temperament, result of, 791.
 await no gifts from, 754.
 by happy, we saw, 481.
 cannot touch me, 857.
 comes from art, not, 324.
 decides fate of monarchs, 356.
 erring men call, 245.
 main, 93, 214.
 may crown me, 116.
 now and then be right by, 414.
 or death, nativity, 46.
 set my life on any, 121.
 skirts of happy, 675.
 that, will bring us through, 754.
 to show it, if you've not a, 866.
 will have me king, if, 116.
 wisdom controlled by, 964.
- Chances for a happy change, 884.
 most disastrous, 150.
 upon the thousand, 579.
- Chancellor in embryo, 380.
- Chancellor's conscience, 195.
 encyclopedic mind, 604.
 foot, 195.
- Chancery, up to heaven's, 376.
- Change, all things, 832.
 and such a, 544.
 be no robbery, 17.
 came o'er my dream, 553.
 can give no more, 859.
 everything is the result of a, 933.
 fear of, perplexes monarchs, 225.
 for worse pray gods, 25.
 heavy, oh the, 247.
 lays not her hand upon truth, 806.
 nature loves so well to, 938.
 of fierce extremes, 228.
 of many-coloured life, each, 366.
 old love for new, 25.
 ringing grooves of, 669.
 seasons and their, 233.
 studious of, 417.

- Change the place but keep the pain,
303.
the stamp of nature, 141.
the universe is, 937.
with me, perhaps king would, 719.
you shall not, 842.
- Changed all that, we have, 983.
and such a change, 544.
in the cradle, 976.
mind not to be, 224.
the dandelions are, 792.
- Changeful dream, fickle as a, 491.
- Changeless through joy and woe, 611.
- Changing years, through many, 637.
- Chanticleer, crow like, 68.
- Chanting of the old religious trees, 851.
- Chants a doleful hymn, 80.
- Chaos and old night, 224.
black, comes again, 161.
eldest night and, 229.
is come again, 153.
is restored, empire of, 332.
of thought and passion, 317.
sink again into, 685.
- Chaos-like together crushed, 333.
- Chapel, Devil builds a, 196, 206, 286,
962.
- Chapels had been churches, 60.
- Chap-fallen, quite, 144.
- Chapman, till I heard, 576.
- Chapter of accidents, 353.
to the end of, 959.
- Character dead at every word, 442.
I leave behind me, my, 442.
limitations of his own, 812.
man that makes a, 311.
most women have no, 321.
of a Cynic, 932.
of Hamlet left out, 494.
pollertics of an accommodatin', 787.
simplicity of, 812.
wholesome for, the, 739.
- Characters from high life, 320.
high, cries one, 257.
in dust, write the, 494.
of hell to trace, 383.
- Characteristic of the present age, 625.
- Charge Chester charge, 490.
compulsive ardour gives the, 140.
if it be in his, 2.
in peace, a, 273.
is prepared, the, 348.
to keep I have, 860.
with all thy chivalry, 515.
- Charges, die to save, 188.
- Charged with punishments the scroll,
829.
- Chariest maid is prodigal enough, 129.
- Chariot, the flying, 424.
- Chariots, brazen, raged, 236.
- Charitable intents, wicked or, 130.
speeches, leave it to men's, 170.
- Charities that soothe, 481.
- Charity all mankind's concern is, 318.
Christian pearl of, 651.
covers multitude of sins, 1041.
envieth not, 1037.
faith hope, 1037.
- Charity for all, malice toward none,
662.
give him a little earth for, 100.
gracious, 797.
greatest of these is, 1037.
hand open as day for melting, 90.
it blossomed, 684.
nothing if I have not, 1037.
pity gave ere, began, 396.
rarity of Christian, 595.
suffereth long, 1037.
the living need, 786.
to all mankind, 458.
vaunteth not itself, 1037.
- Charlatan, defamed by every, 676.
- Charles First had his Cromwell, 429.
gentle-hearted, 501.
- Charlotte having seen his body, 697.
Werther had a love for, 697.
- Charm ache with air, 53.
blest with that, 455.
can soothe her melancholy, what,
403.
deepening still the dreamlike, 725.
from the skies, 568.
in melancholy, such a, 456.
mutter and mock a broken, 500.
no, can tame, 858.
no more, till life can, 390.
no need of a remoter, 467.
nor witch hath power to, 127.
of all the muses, all the, 682.
of earliest birds, 233.
of poetry and love, 486.
one native, 398.
peculiar and indescribable, 814.
that lulls to sleep, 402.
the air, I'll, 123.
the interval, how shall I, 686.
to stay the morning star, 501.
to the far away, owes its, 631.
us orator till the lion, 682.
- Charms divine, a heaven of, 343.
freedom has a thousand, 414.
her modesty concealed, 356.
music hath, 294.
or ear or sight, 502.
solitude where are the, 416.
strike the sight, 326.
- Charmed life, I bear a, 126.
with distant views of happiness, 181.
with the foolish whistling of a name,
262.
- Charmer, hope the, 513.
sinner it or saint it, 321.
were t'other dear, away, 348.
- Charmers, hearken to the voice of,
1013.
wooing the caress like other, 555.
- Charming, ever, ever new, 358.
harp of Orpheus not more, 253.
he saw her, 356.
is divine philosophy, 245.
left his voice so, 237.
never so wisely, 1013.
- Charoba, that wondrous soul, 512.
- Chart of true patriotism, 687.
- Charter large as the wind, 68.

- Chartered by sorrow and freighted,
623.
libertine, air a, 91.
Charybdis your mother, 64.
Chase big round tears in piteous, 67.
brave employment, 205.
wild-goose, 972.
Chases the gloom of night, 785.
Chased with more spirit, 62.
Chasm, clasp hands across bloody,
698.
Chasms and watery depths, 504.
Chaste affectionate, great individual,
745.
and unexpressive she, 70.
as ice, be thou, 136.
as morning dew, 308.
as the icicle, 103.
as unsunned snow, 159.
many generous and some, 679.
to me, if she seem not, 26.
what care I how, she be, 26.
Chastened soul, 993.
Chasteneth whom he loveth, 1040.
Chastises whom most he likes, 289.
Chastity my brother, 244.
of honour, 410.
so dear is saintly, 245.
Chateaux, most beautiful of, 987.
Chatham's language, 419.
Chatter of irresponsible frivolity, 626.
Chatters of science and logic, he, 609.
Chatterton marvellous boy, 470.
Chaucer, Dan, 28.
I will not lodge thee by, 179.
learned, 179.
that broad famous poet, 173.
with his clasp of things, 657.
Cheap defence of nations, 410.
fame then was, 275.
labor, Chinese, 813.
standing as sitting, 292.
Cheat, life 't is all a, 276.
Cheated, impossible to be, 618.
of feature by dissembling nature,
95.
pleasure of being, 214.
Cheater time, old bald, 178.
Check to loose behaviour, 297.
Checked paths of joy, 362.
Cheek, a rosy maiden's, 810.
by joule, 966.
ehanging, sinking heart, 550.
drew iron tears down Pluto's, 250.
feed on her damask, 76.
he that loves a rosy, 200.
like the rose is, her, 586.
o'er her warm, 382.
of apple-blossom, and a, 678.
of night, hangs upon the, 105.
rose growing on his, 31.
tear down virtue's manly, 424.
that I might touch that, 105.
the roses from your, 378.
upon her hand, 105.
Cheeks, blow winds crack your, 146.
crimson in thy, 109.
eloquent blood spoke in her, 177.
Cheeks, famine is in thy, 108.
make pale my, with care, 199
of sorry grain, 246.
stain my man's, 146.
Cheer, be of good, 1032.
but not inebriate, 312, 420.
make good, play and, 20.
small, and great welcome, 50.
to, and bless, 803.
Cheers the tar's labour, tobacco, 555.
Cheer'd with ends of verse, 212.
Cheerer of his spirits, 207.
Cheerful as to-day, to-morrow, 321.
at morn he wakes, 394.
countenance, 1018.
dawn, May-time and the, 474.
godliness in, 472.
hour, God sends a, 252.
ways of men, 230.
yesterdays, man of, 481.
Cheerfulness, no warmth no, 595.
Cheering wine, pour forth the, 610.
Cheerless gloom, from the midst of,
725.
Cheerly she loves me dearly, 574.
Cheese, moon made of green, 19, 957.
Cheese-paring, man made of, 90.
Chelsea, dead as, 1046.
Chequered shade, dancing in the, 248.
Cherish a just and lasting peace, 662.
and to obey, 1043.
heart something to, 645.
life let us, 991.
those hearts that hate thee, 100.
to love and to, 1042.
Cherished in slimy waters, 774.
memory of the loved and lost, 660.
secret wish, now obey thy, 745.
Cherries hang that none may buy,
871.
those, fairly do enclose, 871.
Cherry, like to a double, 58.
ripe ripe ripe I cry, 201.
ripe themselves do cry, 871.
three bites of a, 959.
Cherry-isle, there's the land, 201.
Cherry-pit, to play with Satan at, 76.
Cherub, he rode upon a, 1010.
sweet little, 436.
Cherubs and on cherubims, 23.
Cherubim, heaven's, 118.
Cherubims, on cherubs and on, 23.
Cherubin, rose-lipped, 155.
Cherubins, young-eyed, 65.
Chest of drawers by day, 397.
Chester charge on Stanley on, 490.
Chestnut-tree, since first beneath the,
653.
Cheveril consciences, 193.
Chew the cud and are silent, 410.
Chewed and digested, books to be,
168.
Chewing the food of fancy, 71.
Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai, 275.
Chian strand, on the, 503.
Chicken and champagne, 350.
she's no, 292.
Chickens, all my pretty, 124.

- Chickens come home to roost, 630.
 count their, ere they are hatched,
 214, 977.
 curses are like young, 630.
 hen gathereth her, 1033.
- Chief a rod, wit's a feather a, 319.
 among the blessed three, 637.
 hail to the, 491.
 of a thousand for grace, 868.
 the, octogenarian, 545.
- Chiefs in bloody fights, 337.
 scion of, 547.
- Chief's pride, vain the, 330.
 Chief's amang ye takin' notes, 449.
- Child, a naked new-born, 438.
 a simple, draws its breath, 466.
 again, make me a, 783.
 as yet a, nor yet a fool, 327.
 dreads the fire, a burnt, 16.
 happy Christian, 534.
 her innocence a, 270.
 I have seen a curious, 480.
 in simplicity a, 335.
 infirm, fear not then thou, 616.
 is father of the man, a, 469.
 is not mine as the first was, 733.
 like a tired, 566.
 listens like a three years', 498.
 meet nurse for a poetic, 489.
 of action, thought is the, 626.
 of hope, wait thou, 696.
 of many prayers, 640.
 of misery baptized in tears, 427.
 of mortality, 434.
 of nature, behold the, 318.
 of our grandmother Eve, 54.
 of the skies, 862.
 of thought, experience is the, 626.
 of Ver, first-born, 199.
 room of my absent, 79.
 Rowland to the dark tower came,
 147.
 saving a little, 811.
 Shakespeare, fancy's, 249.
 spake as a, 1037.
 spare the rod spoil the, 213, 262.
 sports of children satisfy the, 394.
 the thoughts of a, 781.
 to have a thankless, 146.
 train up a, 1019.
 what constitutes a, 930.
 when I was a, 1037.
 where is my, 550.
 wise father knows his own, 62.
- Childhood, careless strayer, 381.
 eye of, 120.
 fears a painted devil, 120.
 fled by, how my, 608.
 from, to his journey's end, 994.
 give me my, again, 783.
 in my days of, 509.
 scenes of my, 537.
 shows the man, 241.
 womanhood and, fleet, 640.
- Childhood's hour, from, 526, 778.
- Childish days, sweet, 470.
 ignorance, it was a, 592.
 tears, eyes are dim with, 471.
- Childish things, I put away, 1037.
 treble, turning again toward, 69.
- Childishness, second, 69.
- Childless with all her children, 321.
- Childlike and bland, 813.
- Children, airy hopes my, 480.
 and fools cannot lie, 15.
 as gypsies serve stolen, 441.
 bright and agreeable, 932.
 call her blessed, 1021.
 childless with all her, 321.
 father's sin upon the, 885.
 fear in, increased with tales, 164.
 fear to go in the dark, 164.
 fold sorrow's, 798.
 followed with endearing wile, 397.
 gathering pebbles, 241.
 impediments to great enterprises,
 165.
 learn to creep, 15.
 let the, play upon thy grave, 762.
 like olive plants, 1016.
 lost, silent above the flowers her,
 763.
 mother who talks about her, 625.
 nine small, 873.
 no longer any, 984.
 of a larger growth, 275.
 of an idle brain, 105.
 of blindness, 840.
 of light, 1034.
 of necessity, 793.
 of one family fall out, 302.
 of the brain, books the, 291.
 of the sun, 311.
 of the wind, 837.
 of this world, 1034.
 Rachel weeping for her, 1030.
 sports of, 394.
 tale which holdeth, from play, 34.
 through the mirthful maze, led, 395.
 to liberal studies, 915.
 toys to the great, leave, 357.
 who prefer sweetmeats to bread,
 997.
 wisdom justified of her, 1031.
 with high spirits, mirth of, 632.
 wives and grandsires, 990.
 you will rise, sweet happy, 696.
- Children's teeth set on edge, 1027.
- Chill November's surly blast, 446.
 penury, 384.
 winds whistle shrill icy and, 697.
- Chills the lap of May, 394.
- Chilling winds are blowing, 823.
- Chime, bells do, 205.
 ever peacefully, silver waves, 700.
 faintly as tolls the evening, 518.
 heard their soothing, 523.
 last we heard the sweet bells, 597.
 sun with his planets in, 664.
 to guide their, 262.
- Chimes at midnight, 90.
- Chimera, what a, is man, 985.
- Chimeras dire, Hydras and, 228.
- Chimney, and heated hot, a little, 646.
 in my father's house, 94.
 stockings were hung by the, 527.

- Chimney-corner, men from the, 34.
 Chimney-pots, what tiles and, 511.
 Chimney-sweepers come to dust, 160.
 Chin, close-buttoned to the, 422.
 dimple on his, 31.
 new-reaped like a stubble-land, 83.
 pretty page with dimpled, 697.
 some bee had stung, 256.
 China 'cross the bay, 852.
 fall, though, 322.
 that's ancient and blue, 822.
 to Peru, mankind from, 365, 403.
 Chinese, the heathen, 813.
 Chinese cheap labor, 813.
 Chink, importunate, 410.
 Chinks of her body, 221.
 shall have the, 105.
 that time has made, 221, 456.
 Chip of the old block, 412.
 Chirps and twitters, 799.
 Chisel trace, ne'er did Grecian, 490.
 Chivalrous, quixotic sense of the, 656.
 Chivalry, age of, is gone, 410.
 beauty and her, 542.
 charge with all thy, 515.
 Spain's, 560.
 Chlorophyl to xanthophyl, 851.
 Choice and master spirits, 112.
 between truth and repose, 621.
 feast, light and, 252.
 Hobson's, 1049.
 in rotten apples, there's small, 72.
 life's business being the terrible, 65.
 make indulgence seem judicious,
 729.
 of difficulties, 861.
 of loss, rather makes, 158.
 the difficulty in life is the, 835.
 word and measured phrase, 470.
 Choicely good, old-fashioned but, 208.
 Choir, ez hisn in the, 736.
 invisible, oh may I join the, 730.
 Choirs, bare ruined, 162.
 Cholera, aggravate your, 89.
 Choleric word in the captain, 48.
 Choose a firm cloud, 321.
 an author as you choose a friend,
 278.
 if life's a flower I, my own, 611.
 love by another's eyes, 57.
 not alone a proper mate, 417.
 thine own time, 433.
 where to, their place, 240.
 which of the two to, 298.
 while yet unborn, things we, 767.
 Choosers, beggars must be no, 14, 197.
 Choosing and beginning late, 238.
 Chord in melancholy, 572.
 in unison is touched, 422.
 smote the, of self, 669.
 Chords, dissonant, 786.
 smote on all the, 669.
 that vibrate sweetest pleasure, 452.
 Chortled in his joy, 782.
 Chorus, landlord's laugh was ready,
 451.
 Chorus-note, the fisher's, 862.
 Chosen, but few are, 1032.
 Chosen, the less is to be, 7.
 Christ ain't a-going to be too hard,
 811.
 fools who fancy, mistaken, 728.
 gave his soul unto his captain, 82.
 in heaven, the sin forgiven by, 723.
 it is a goodly sight to see, 540.
 ring in the, 676.
 rises from dead cerements the, 788.
 that it were possible, ah, 677.
 to live is, 1039.
 was born across the sea, 748.
 went agin war an' pillage, 735.
 Christ's in a sacred life, 665.
 Christian charity, rarity of, 595.
 child, a happy, 534.
 days, in these, 534.
 dupe, gamester, 388.
 duty, pitied men whose views of,
 730.
 faithful man, as I am a, 96.
 ground, every vice on, 332.
 is God Almighty's gentleman, a,
 268.
 is the highest style of man, a, 308.
 love among the churches, 682.
 pearl of charity, the, 651.
 perfectly like a, 336.
 souls, 793.
 thou persuadest me to be a, 1036.
 Christians agree in essential articles,
 370.
 good, good citizens, 529.
 have burnt each other, 556.
 love one another, how these, 942.
 of the best edition, 958.
 what these, are, 62.
 Christianity, a local thing called, 816.
 was muscular, his, 629.
 Christ-like for sin to grieve, 979.
 Christmas comes but once a year, 20.
 desire a rose, at, 54.
 is here winds whistle, 697.
 't was the night before, 527.
 Chronicle small beer, 151.
 Chronicles, look in the, 72.
 Chronicler, such an honest, 101.
 of the time, 134.
 Chrononhotonthologos, 285.
 Chrysippus, books of, 951.
 sophism of, 951.
 Chrysolite, one entire and perfect, 150.
 Chrysophrase glowing, brilliant like,
 635.
 Chuck, be innocent dearest, 121.
 'im out, the brute, 852.
 Chuckle, make one's fancy, 266.
 Church army physic law, 424.
 built God a, 415.
 by daylight, can see a, 50.
 forgotten the inside of a, 86.
 I like a, I like a cowl, 614.
 naught in world or, or state, 738.
 plain as way to parish, 68.
 seed of the, 942.
 to be of no, is dangerous, 369.
 where bells have knolled to, 68.
 where God built a, 956.

- Church, who builds to God a, 322.
 without a bishop, 598.
 Churches and creeds lost in mists, 765.
 chapels had been, 60.
 Christian love among the, 682.
 the cement of your, 851.
 the scab of, 175.
 with spire steeples, 504.
 Church-door, wide as a, 107.
 Church-going bell, 416.
 Churchman be, would I that cowléd,
 614.
 Churchyard mould, 593.
 sod, lying beneath the, 728.
 stone, some beneath the, 608.
 thing, a palsy-stricken, 575.
 Churchyards yawn, when, 139.
 Churl, chaff-threshing, 976.
 Churlish, the reply, 72.
 Chymist, fiddler statesman, 268.
 Cicero, Demosthenes or, 459.
 Cigar, give me a, 555.
 is a smoke, a good, 853.
 Cimmerian darkness, 513.
 Cincinnatus ploughing in his field, 905.
 Cinders ashes dust, 574.
 Cinnamon, tinct with, 575.
 Cipher too, he could write and, 397.
 Circle, all of us live too much in a,
 627.
 grazes confines of space, whose, 756.
 of the golden year, 668.
 spreads, the desert, 507.
 swinging round the, 866.
 within that, none durst walk, 275.
 Circled orb, changes in her, 106.
 Circuit is Elysium, within whose, 94.
 runs the great, 420.
 Circuitous and obscure, 840.
 Circulating library, 440.
 Circumcised dog, 157.
 Circumference, fatal, 785.
 Circumlocution office, 701.
 Circumstance allows, best his, 307.]
 breasts the blows of, 675.
 creature of, 626.
 lie with, 72.
 of glorious war, 154.
 slave of, and impulse, 554.
 Circumstances alter cases, 586.
 creatures of men, 626.
 discordant harmony of, 409.
 fortuitous, 494.
 over which I have no control, 463.
 Circumvent God, one that would, 143.
 Cistern, wheel broken at the, 1023.
 Citadel, towered, 158.
 winged sea-girt, 541.
 Cities, crowded, wail its stroke, 562.
 far from gay, 345.
 hum of human, 543.
 of men and manners, 668.
 of old time, 815.
 remote from, lived a swain, 348.
 seven, warred for Homer, 189, 194.
 towered, please us, 249.
 City, better than he that taketh a,
 1019.
 City, the first, Cain made, 261.
 great, that with greatest man, 742.
 is thy seat, a prostrate, 610.
 long in populous, pent, 239.
 of the great king, 1012.
 of the soul, Rome the, 546.
 that is set on an hill, 1030.
 City's jar, mine to feel amid the, 753.
 Citizen of all the land, humblest, 843.
 of the world, 633, 925, 950.
 Citizens before man made us, 733.
 fat and greasy, 67.
 good Christians good, 529.
 Civet, give me an ounce of, 148.
 in the room, talk with, 415.
 Civil discord, effects from, 299.
 over violent or over, 268.
 sea grew, at her song, 57.
 so, that nobody thanked him, 373.
 too, by half, 440.
 Civilities of life, the sweet, 273.
 Civility, I see a wild, 201.
 Civilized man can not live without
 cooks, 779.
 man, the truly, 826.
 Civilizers of man, the two, 625.
 Clad in blue and gold, 456.
 in complete steel, 244.
 in russet mantle, 127.
 Claes, gars auld, 447.
 Claim higher, Bourbon or Nassau, 288.
 Claims of long descent, 667.
 Clamorous faction gagged and bound,
 788.
 pauperism feasteth while honest,
 696.
 Clamours, Jove's dread, 154.
 Clap of thunder in a fair day, 266.
 Clapper-clawing one another, 213.
 Claret is the liquor for boys, 374.
 Clarion, sound sound the, 493.
 spring shall blow her, 565.
 Clash by night, where ignorant armies,
 753.
 Clasp hands across bloody chasm, 698.
 his teeth, drunkard, 34.
 of things divine, 657.
 Clasps, that book in gold, 104.
 Claspéd hands, new Niobe with, 763.
 Classic ground, 299.
 Classics are always modern, the, 632.
 Classical quotation, 374.
 Clay, blind his soul with, 673.
 Cæsar dead and turned to, 144.
 if, could think, 483.
 if we are only as the potter's, 691.
 love not ye hopeless sons of, 653.
 of humankind, porcelain, 277.
 porcelain of human, 558.
 potter power over the, 1036.
 tenement of, 267.
 turf, that wraps their, 390.
 Clean, keep, be as fruit, 264.
 Cleanliness next to godliness, 359.
 Cleanly, leave sack and live, 88.
 Cleanness of body, 170.
 Cleanse me, ye stars, 821.
 the stuffed bosom, 125.

- Clear a heaven so, an earth so calm,
725.
as a whistle, 351.
call for me, and one, 685.
cold depths, 820.
deep yet, 257.
fire and a clean hearth, 508.
in his great office, 118.
mown, space for liberty's, 788.
the coast was, 40.
to, myself of cants, 583.
unconquerable cry, 814.
without strife, brook's motion, 716.
Clearer than the noonday, 1008.
Clearing-house of the world, London,
799.
Clearly [to show, cozy dimensions go,
750.
Cleaving to the dream, 815.
to the right and to the good, 686.
Cleon dwelleth in a palace, 718.
hath a million acres, 718.
Cleopatra died, since, 158.
nose of, 985.
Clergymen, men women and, 461.
Clerk foredoomed, 326.
me no clerks, 1053.
scarce less illustrious, 416.
ther was of Oxenforde, 1.
Clerks, greatest not the wisest, 3, 17.
Clever, it's, but is it art, 852.
let who will be, 727.
man by nature, 457.
men are good, 581.
Clicked behind the door, 397.
Clients, nest-eggs to make, 215.
Cliff, as some tall, 397.
Cliffs rent asunder, like, 500.
sea roars and lashes the, 629.
Climate, cold, or years, 238.
Pilgrims fell upon an uncongenial,
751.
Climates, councils governments, man-
ners, 668.
Climax, verging toward some, 839.
Climb, fain would I, 26.
how hard it is to, 428.
not a tall, 26.
out beyond the limitations of his
character, 812.
Climbs as rarely falls, who never, 650.
Climber upward turns his face, 111.
Climbing sorrow, down thou, 146.
Clime, cold in blood, cold in, 549.
Crusaders from some infernal, 688.
deeds done in their, 459.
in every, adored, 334.
in every age and, 349.
in some brighter, 433.
in the eastern, 234.
our tongue is known in every, 629.
soft as her, 554.
to make a happy fireside, 449.
to ravage all the, 428.
Climes beyond the western main, 395.
cloudless, and starry skies, 551.
his elders do not know, 785.
humours turn with, 321.
Climes, in all, we pitch our tents, 846. ()
Cling, love must, 779.
the greenest mosses, 650.
to the eternal, 994.
Clink of hammers, 296.
Clip an angel's wings, 574.
his morning nap, thought to, 720.
Cloaca of uncertainty, 985.
Cloak, martial, around him, 563.
not alone my inky, 127.
take thy old, about thee, 406.
when you sleep in your, 750.
Cloaked from head to foot, 674.
Clock, condition of being turned into
a, 762.
like the finger of a, 420.
long hour by Shrewsbury, 88.
the varnished, 397.
worn out with eating time, 276.
Clod, to become a kneaded, 48.
Clog of his body, 221.
Cloistered virtue, fugitive and, 254.
Close against the sky, 592.
at home, beauty wrought lies, 650.
love that never found his, 668.
of one sad day, 831.
of the day, at the, 428.
our souls sit, 274.
the shutters fast, 420.
the wall up with our English dead,
91.
up his eyes and draw the curtain,
94.
yet lived she at its, 758.
Closes his beauty clouds and, 807.
Close-buttoned to the chin, 422.
Closeness, all dedicated to, 42.
Close-shorn sheep, 206.
Closet, do very well in a, 353.
Closing of an eye, yet the sweet, 700.
Cloth, cut my coat after my, 12.
to us, meat drink and, 959.
Clothe a man with rags, 1020.
my naked villany, 96.
Clothes, brushers of noblemen's, 171.
meat fire and, 322.
nothing to wear but, 838.
through tattered, 148.
up he rose and donned his, 142.
walked away with their, 624.
wantonness in, 201.
when he put on his, 400.
Clothed and in his right mind, 1033.
in black or red, 1.
in so pure a loveliness, 680.
in sorrow's dark array, 988.
Clothing the palpable and familiar,
504.
Cloud, a fast-flying, 561.
and foam, 775.
by day, 1005.
choose a firm, 321.
I thought that morning, was, 579.
in shape of a camel, 139.
is on thy brow, a, 653.
joy the luminous, 502.
lies around us like a, 700.
like a man's hand, 1007. |

- Cloud, nature is a mutable, 618.
 of witnesses, 1040.
 or sun, as comes to me or, 630.
 out of the sea, 1007.
 overcome us like a summer's, 122.
 sable, 243.
 sits in a foggy, 123.
 sky what a scowl of, 713.
 so fades a summer, 434.
 sun will pierce the thickest, 711.
 that's dragonish, 158.
 the flying, 775.
 through a fleecy, 250.
 thrown on with a pitchfork, 292.
 which wraps the present hour, 380.
 will turn to rain, mist and, 647.
 with silver lining, 243.
- Clouds and changing skies, 573.
 and closes, his beauty, 807.
 are blowing, look when the, 819.
 as they pass, 847.
 castles in the, 357.
 dark, along the horizon rolled, 613.
 dropped down from the, 86.
 dropping from the, 356.
 have wept and died, 817.
 he that regardeth the, 1023.
 heavily in, brings the day, 297.
 hooded like friars, 639.
 impregns the, 233.
 I saw two, at morning, 598.
 looks in the, 111.
 never king dropped out of the, 196.
 no more through rolling, 539.
 of glory, trailing, 477.
 peaks most wrapt in, 543.
 play i' the plighted, 244.
 robe of, throne of rocks, 553.
 rolling, are spread, 397.
 sees God in, 315.
 sit in the, and mock us, 89.
 smiles the, away, 550.
 so cool and gray, 810.
 spots and, in the sun, 189.
 suns scorch and dark, lower, 610.
 that gather round the setting sun,
 478.
 that loured upon our house, 95.
 that shed May flowers, 233.
 thy, dispel all other, 564.
 warriors fought upon the, 112.
 which seem pavilions of the sun, 631.
- Cloud-capped towers, 43.
 Cloud-capt mountain is a holy, each,
 595.
 Clouded sky, from out your, 613.
 Clouding cares, 771.
 Cloudless clear and beautiful, 553.
 Clouded brogues, 160.
 shoon, 245.
 Clover, crowds of bees giddy with, 749.
 Cloy the hungry edge of appetite, 81.
 Cloyless sauce, sharpen with, 157.
 Clubs typical of strife, 420.
 Cluster, woes, 308.
 Clutch the golden keys, 675.
 thee, come let me, 119.
- Coach and six, 1047.
 Coach, come my, 142.
 fly of the, 983.
 go call a, 285.
 oh for a, ye gods, 285.
 Coach-house, a double, 507.
 Coachmakers, the fairies', 104.
 Coal and salt, mines for, 563.
 Coals of fire on his head, 1020, 1036.
 Coarse, familiar but not, 369.
 Coast of bliss, gain the, 597.
 stern and rock-bound, 569.
 to reach the distant, 416.
 was clear, the, 40.
 waves that beat our, 580.
 Coat, after my cloth cut my, 12.
 buttoned down before, 610.
 herald's, without sleeves, 87.
 of many colours, 1005.
 riband to stick in his, 707.
 Coats, glittering in golden, 86.
 hole in a' your, 449.
 Cobham, brave, 321.
 Cobwebs, laws are like, 943.
 out of my eyes, 946.
 Cock, early village, 97.
 on his own dunghill, 14, 896.
 on the crowing of the, 127.
 this is a, 974.
 who thought the sun had risen, 736.
- Cocks that will kill fighting, 920.
 Cackle hat and staff, 405.
 Cockles of the heart, 1045.
 Cockloft is empty, often the, 222, 958.
 Code, shrines to no, 562.
 Codeless myriad of precedent, 670.
 Coerce, breathed so potent to, 682.
 Coffee makes the politician wise, 326.
 Coffin, care adds a nail to our, 431.
 Cofre, litel gold in, 1.
 Cogibundity of cogitation, 285.
 Cogitative faculties immersed, his, 285.
 Cohesive power of public plunder, 529.
 Cohorts were gleaming, 551.
 Coign of vantage, 117.
 Coil, not worth this, 78.
 shuffled off this mortal, 135.
 Coin, gold and silver not the only, 885.
 is the sinews of war, 957.
 pays him in his own, 293.
 that purchases all things, 978.
- Coins, authors grow dear like, 329.
 hours are as a miser's, 798.
 Coinage of your brain, 141.
 Coincidence, a strange, 559.
 Cold and cruel winter, oh the, 646.
 and unhonoured, 519.
 as a cucumber, 197.
 as any stone, 91.
 blast at the casement beats, 714.
 boughs which shake against the, 167.
 ear of death, 384.
 foot and hand go, 23.
 friendship sounds too, 524.
 in clime are cold in blood, 549.
 indifference came, 301.
 in the summer of her age, 276.
 iron, meddles with, 211.
 lest the bargain catch, 159.

- Cold marble leapt to life, 564.
 marble, sleep in dull, 99.
 monument slab of marble, 660.
 neutrality of a judge, 411.
 night-wind blew, on my desolate,
 613.
 obstruction, to lie in, 48.
 on Canadian hills, 427.
 peaks of two eternities, 784.
 performs the effect of fire, 228.
 that moderates heat, 978.
 the changed perchance the dead, 545.
 the great white, walks abroad, 846.
 't is bitter, 126.
 waters to a thirsty soul, 1020.
 where love is never, 718.
 why you look so, 815.
 words congealed by, 924.
 Colder, the heart of friendship, 608.
 those wild words of doom, 613.
 Coldest that ever turned up ace, 159.
 Coldly furnish forth, 128.
 heard, so, 631.
 sweet so deadly fair, so, 548.
 think'st I speak too, 523.
 Coldness dwells within thine heart,
 653.
 still returning, 466.
 Cold-pausing caution, 447.
 Coleridge, mortal power of, 486.
 Coliseum, when falls the, 546.
 while stands the, 546.
 Collar, braw brass, 447.
 Collection of books a university, 585.
 College joke to cure the dumps, 290.
 or a cat, endow a, 322.
 Collied night, lightning in the, 57.
 Collier and a barber fight, 363.
 Collop of thy own flesh, 14.
 Cologne, wash your city of, 503.
 Colonnades, through the green, 817.
 Coloquintida, bitter as, 151.
 Colossal, on a more, scale than ever
 before, 826.
 Colossus bestride the world, 110.
 Colour comes and goes, 815.
 horse of that, 75.
 imbues with a new, 545.
 of virtue, blushing is the, 283.
 Colours a suffusion, 502.
 blent, enough that Raphael's, 763.
 coat of many, 1007.
 have faded, 853.
 idly spread, mocking the air, 80.
 of the rainbow, 244.
 seen by candle-light, 658.
 that are but skin-deep, 282.
 under whose, he had fought so long,
 82.
 Coloured like dawn, dewy as morning,
 751.
 Colouring, take a sober, 478.
 Colourless photography of a printed
 record, 827.
 Columbia happy land, 465.
 sons of, 863.
 to glory arise, 862.
 Columbus sails it, wisdom, 620.
 Column pointing at the skies, 322.
 rising towards heaven, 529.
 thou nameless, 546.
 throws up a steamy, 420.
 where London's, 322.
 Combat deepens, the, 515.
 whose wit in the, 519.
 Combed their beautiful hair, 781.
 Combination and a form, 140.
 of circumstances, 494.
 Combine, when bad men, 408.
 Combustion and confused events, 120.
 Come after you with equal grace, 743.
 again, cut and, 444.
 and fled, seven long years, 868.
 and men may go, 670.
 and trip it as you go, 248.
 as the waves come, 493.
 as the winds come, 493.
 avoid what is to, 141.
 blessed darkness bring thy balm,
 764.
 bring thy balm for eyes grown, 764
 by their deserts, and they, 698.
 forth into the light, 466.
 gentle spring, 355.
 hitherto shalt thou, 1009.
 home to men's bosoms, 164.
 if it be now 't is not to, 145.
 immense pleasure to, 380.
 in our time to, 108.
 in the evening or morning, 714.
 into the garden Maud, 677.
 jump the life to, 118.
 leave to those to, the house itself,
 745.
 like shadows so depart, 123.
 live with me and be my love, 40.
 lovely and soothing death, 744.
 men may, 670.
 never back again, 596.
 o'er the moonlit sea, 636.
 of things to, 102.
 of waiting for some one to, 648.
 oh! wherefore, ye forth, 604.
 one come all, 491.
 out my lord it is a, 684.
 past and to, seems best, 89.
 peace and rest at length have, 594.
 perfect days, if ever, 734.
 rest in this bosom, 522.
 then expressive silence, 357.
 they from cottage or come, 660.
 thou monarch of the vine, 158.
 time, when darkies have to part,
 764.
 to forty year, wait till you, 697.
 to good, it cannot, 128.
 to me come to me, crying, 636.
 to the bridal chamber, 562.
 to the sunset tree, 570.
 to this, that it should, 128.
 unto these yellow sands, 42.
 wander with me, 637.
 what come may, 116.
 what may I have been blessed, 549.
 what will and must, 783.
 when it will come, 112.

- Come, when sorrows, 142.
 when the heart beats, 562.
 when you call them, 85.
 when you 're looked for, 714.
 where did you, from baby dear,
 759.
 whistle and I'll, 198, 449.
 with thy soft slow steps, 764.
 without warning, 714.
 you must promise to, 605.
- Comes a reckoning, 348.
 after, that which, 938.
 and goes, 815.
 natural to women, 736.
 not in my books, 198.
 not slape that, into my, 590.
 of music, by man than, 714.
 pleasure, 794.
 round the age of gold, 695.
 silence like a poultice, 688.
 silent flooding in the main, 727.
 take it as it, 802.
 then, a mist a weeping rain, 759.
 to be denied, 193, 350.
 to me or cloud or sun, as, 630.
 to pass, never never, 454.
 unlooked for if at all, 333.
- Comedy, the world is a, 389.
- Comeliness, lovely in youthful, 686.
 of heart, in, 686.
- Comely but not costly, 32.
 Jack was so, 436.
 love, sincerity and, 52.
- Comet, like a, burned, 229.
- Comets seen, there are no, 112.
- Comfort all his friends, 782.
 and command, 475.
 be to my age, 67.
 continuall, in a face, 23.
 flows from ignorance, 287.
 friends and foes, to, 400.
 from above, 862.
 full of, built with money, 743.
 one voice of, 791.
 speak, to that grief, 53.
 spring, whence can, 479.
 take, 792.
 thou art all, 160.
 to have companions, 192.
- Comforts, [adversity is not without,
 164.
 of life, many so-called, 722.
 our creature, 283.
- Comfortable feel in any member, no,
 595.
 words, large divine and, 677.
- Comforters are ye all, miserable, 1009.
- Comfortlesse dispaire, 30.
- Coming events cast shadows, 514.
 eye will mark our, 556.
 far off his, shone, 236.
 glory of the, of the Lord, 747.
 good time, there 's a, 718.
 guest, welcome the, 328, 346.
 hour o'erflow with joy, 73.
 meet thee at thy, 1025.
 on of grateful evening, 233.
- Commaad, correspondent to, 42.
- Command my heart and me, 258.
 much more invitation than, 297.
 success, not in mortals to, 297.
- Commandeth her husband, she, 222.
- Commandments, complained of the
 ten, 700.
 keep his, 1024.
 set my ten, 93.
 ten, will not budge, 739.
 two great, 601.
- Commandress of the world, 35.
- Commend, another's face, 377.
- Commends the ingredients, 118.
- Commendations, good at sudden, 101.
 of age, 171.
- Comment, meek nature's evening, 483.
- Commentator, transatlantic, 602.
- Commentators, plain, give me, 443.
 shun each dark passage, 311.
- Commerce long prevails, where, 394.
 to promote, 310.
 wealth and, 726.
- Commercing with the skies, 249.
- Commit the oldest sins, 90.
- Commodity of good names, 83.
- Common arbitrator time, 102.
 as light is love, 566.
 bush afire with God, every, 659.
 curse of mankind, 102.
 growth of mother earth, 468.
 he nothing, did, 263.
 light of common hours, 848.
 make it too, 88.
 men, in the roll of, 85.
 mind, education forms, 320.
 natures, same with, 313.
 of literature, grazed the, 376.
 passage, act of, 160.
 people of the skies, 174.
 souls, vulgar flight of, 393.
 sun the air the skies, 386.
 task, trivial round, 569.
 things, because they are, 906.
 thought, to have, 321.
 to friends, all things, 891.
 use, remote from, 556.
 walk of men, beyond the, 307.
 way, life's, 472.
- Commonplace of nature, 473.
- Common-sense, rich in saving, 671.
- Commonwealth, an ordinary, 369.
 to lie abroad for the, 175.
- Commotion, far down beneath the
 wild, 700.
- Communicated, good the more, 235.
- Communications, evil, 1038.
- Communion sweet, quaff in, 235.
 with nature's visible forms, 572.
 with the skies, 414.
- Communities, individualities may
 form, 625.
- Compact, are of imagination all, 59.
- Companies of men, busy, 263.
- Companion, book is a blessed, 612.
 even thou my, 1043.
 I never found the, 722.
 on a journey, 894.
- Companions, comfort to have, 102-

- Companions for middle age, 165.
 I have had playmates, 509.
 in musing, 900.
 innocence and health his best, 396.
 musing on, gone, 489.
 of a disturbed imagination, 874.
 of the spring, 438.
 thou' dst unfold, 155.
 Companionable as solitude, so, 722.
 Companionship in peace, 103.
 the good, 845.
 Company, crowds without, 431.
 good discourse and good, 208.
 high-lived, 402.
 in a journey, good, 207.
 man is like his, 885.
 man who makes no figure in, 376.
 not so much to enjoy, 368.
 of ladies, fond of the, 376.
 of righteous men, 884.
 shirt and a half in my, 87.
 tell thee by thy, 975.
 villanous, the spoil of me, 86.
 with pain and fear, in, 476.
 Compare, beautiful beyond, 497.
 great things with small, 230.
 the age, those who, 603.
 with thee in beauty can, 755.
 Comparisons are odious, 7, 40, 177,
 975.
 are odorous, 52.
 make no, 398.
 of a disturbed imagination, 412.
 Compass, a narrow, 220.
 I mind my, and my way, 354.
 no points of the, on the chart of pa-
 triotism, 687.
 of a guinea, within the, 536.
 of the notes, through all the, 271.
 Compassed by the inviolate sea, 665.
 Compassion, bowels of, 1041.
 courage and, joined, 299.
 Compassionate fully armed, great in-
 dividual, 745.
 Compatriots, all men are my, 965.
 Compelled sins, our, 48.
 tu, say nothin' without you 're, 737.
 Competence, health peace and, 319.
 Competency lives longer, 60.
 Complain of Betsy, I don't, 825.
 Complained of the ten commandments,
 700.
 Complements, captain of, 106.
 Complete steel, clad in, 244.
 steel, armed with more than, 40.
 Complexion, mislike me not for my,
 62.
 of virtue, 950.
 to this, thou must come, 388.
 whatever may be the sex or, 634.
 Complexions, coarse, 246.
 Complies against his will, 215.
 Compliments are loss of time, 387.
 Composture of excrement, 109.
 Compound for sins, 211.
 of villanous smell, 46.
 Compounded of many simples, 70.
 Comprehend all vagrom men, 52.
 Comprehends some bringer of joy, 59.
 Compromise, founded on, 409.
 Compulsion, a reason on, 85.
 fools by heavenly, 146.
 in music, sweet, 250.
 Compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 140.
 course, icy current and, 155.
 Compunctious visitings, 117.
 Computation backward, 169.
 Compute, we partly may, 448.
 Comrade-love is as a welding blast,
 827.
 Comrades and love, evangel-poem of,
 741.
 Comus and midnight crew, 383.
 Concatenation accordingly, 401.
 of circumstances, 534.
 of self-existence, 401.
 Concave, that tore hell's, 224.
 Conceal his thoughts, speech to, 986.
 the mind, talk only to, 310.
 Concealing, hazard of, 448.
 Concealment like a worm i' the bud,
 75.
 Conceit in weakest bodies, 141.
 what are they in their high, 615.
 wise in his own, 1020.
 wiser in his own, 1020.
 Conceits, wise in your own, 1036.
 Conceive nor name thee, 120.
 Concentration of courage, 994.
 Concentred in a life intense, 544.
 Conception of the joyous prime, 28.
 Concern, charity all mankind's, 318.
 Concerns of man, indifferent to the,
 889.
 Concerted harmonies, 587.
 Concessions of the weak, 408.
 Conchimarian horns, blown through
 the, 636.
 Conciliate, to coerce and to, 682.
 Conciliation of interests, 981.
 Conclusion, a foregone, 155.
 lame and impotent, 151.
 of the whole matter, 1024.
 Concord, heart with heart in, 485.
 holds, firm, 227.
 of sweet sounds, 66.
 sweet milk of, 124.
 Concourse of atoms, fortuitous, 284.
 Condemn the fault, 47.
 the wrong yet pursue it, 295.
 worst way to improve world to, 721.
 you me, 180.
 Condemns me, every tale, 97.
 Condemned alike to groan, 381.
 into everlasting redemption, 53.
 the wretch, 395.
 Condescend here to sit by me, 806.
 men of wit will, 290.
 Condition, can we love but on, 713.
 highest, rises in the lowest, 899.
 honour and shame from no, 319.
 not a theory, 804.
 of doing nothing, 148.
 wearisome, 35.
 which high friendship demands, 619.

- Conditions, life's, 815.
 under appropriate, 774.
 Conduct, advice cannot inspire, 982.
 and equipage, 285.
 genteel in, 285.
 of a clouded cane, 326.
 still right, his, 399.
 Conductor when you receive a fare,
 796.
 Confabulate or no, if birds, 417.
 Confer, minds nothing to, 487.
 Conference maketh a ready man, 168.
 Confess, the saints elect, all hearts,
 651.
 yourself to heaven, 141.
 Confession, suicide is, 533.
 Confidence, filial, inspired, 421.
 however gradual the growth of, 625.
 in ultimate justice, patient, 661.
 of reason give, 475.
 of twenty-one, towering in the, 376.
 plant of slow growth, 364.
 Confident to-morrows, man of, 481.
 Confine, on the very verge of her, 146.
 spirit hies to his, 126.
 Confines of daylight and truth, 255.
 of earth, on the, 862.
 of space, whose circle grazes, 756.
 on the, of two everlasting, 583.
 Confirm the tidings as they roll, 300.
 Confirmations strong, 154.
 Conflict, dire was the noise of, 236.
 heat of, through the, 476.
 irrepressible, 607.
 the rueful, 473.
 Conflicting vague probabilities, be-
 tween, 663.
 Conformity is the virtue in most re-
 quest, 618.
 Confounded, faith is half, 861.
 Confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 753.
 Confusion made his masterpiece, 120.
 on thy banners wait, 383.
 so quick bright things come to, 57.
 worse confounded, 230.
 Congenial page of tenth-rate poeticule,
 808.
 to my heart, 398.
 Conger, Antagoras boiling a, 132.
 Congratulatory regrets, a series of,
 626.
 Congregate, merchants most do, 61.
 Congregation, devil has the largest,
 286.
 of vapours, 134.
 Congress of Vienna dances, 989.
 Conjectures, I am weary of, 299.
 Conjure him, in vain did she, 407.
 Conjuror — he knew everything, 907.
 Conned by rote, 115.
 Connubiality, the victim of, 701.
 Conquer a crown, 820.
 at the last, love will, 683.
 like Douglas, 392.
 love, they that run away, 200.
 our fate, to bear is to, 515.
 she is hard to catch and, 772.
 Conquer twenty worlds, 181.
 us, pain no evil unless it, 728.
 we must, then, 517.
 Conquered fate, await no gifts have
 754.
 I sing the hymn of the, 745.
 Conquering hero comes, see the, 281.
 so sharpe the, 6.
 Conqueror, came in with the, 72.
 every, creates a muse, 220.
 great Emathian, 252.
 lie at the proud foot of a, 80.
 Conquerors, beats all, 181.
 crier that proclaims the, 919.
 Conquest, ever since the, 279.
 of our sovereign might, 29.
 of the mind, 345.
 Conquests, trappings of three, 219.
 Conquest's crimson wing, 383.
 Conscience avaut, 296.
 'bend to our dealings, 739.
 coward, 97.
 does make cowards of us all, 136.
 fierce thing they call a, 595.
 guilty, never feels secure, 898.
 hath a thousand tongues, 97.
 have vacation, 213.
 is a sure card, a clere, 33.
 is corrupted with injustice, 94.
 laws of, 960.
 of her worth, 237.
 of the king, catch the, 135.
 still and quiet, 99.
 that spark of celestial fire, 425.
 the chancellor's, 195.
 the courage of, 599.
 the disease of an evil, 693.
 trust no man without a, 379.
 wakes despair, 231.
 we may live without, 779.
 with gallantry, 442.
 Consciences, cheveril, 193.
 guilty, make cowards, 877.
 Conscious stone to beauty grew, 614.
 that you are ignorant, to be, 627.
 water blushed, 258.
 Consciousness remained, a, 481.
 Consecrated hour, 862.
 Consecration and the poet's dream,
 475.
 Consent, silence gives, 401.
 whispering I will ne'er, 556.
 Consents, my poverty not my will, 108.
 Consequence, deepest, 116.
 life is not a theory of, 939.
 scorn of, 666.
 trammel up the, 117.
 Consequences are scarecrows, logical,
 762.
 think of the, 988.
 Conservative government, 624.
 Consider the end, 983.
 the lilies of the field, 1030.
 the reason of the case, 278.
 too curiously, 144.
 Consideration like an angel, 90.
 one, with another, 801.
 Considereth the poor, 1012.

- Consisted of lines like these, 778.
 Consistency is a hobgoblin, 618.
 thou art a jewel, 1046.
 wuz a part of his plan, 735.
 Consolation, grief crowned with, 157.
 Consolations in distress, 479.
 Consoler, death the, 643.
 Consorts are the sleepless stars, my,
 725.
 Conspicuous by his absence, 933.
 Constable, outrun the, 212.
 Constancy in wind, hope, 539.
 lives in realms above, 500.
 to purpose, success is, 625.
 Constant as the northern star, 112.
 friendship is, save in love, 51.
 in a wondrous excellence, 163
 man but, 44.
 only the, know, 611.
 sun, but brings the, 715.
 to me and so kind, 574.
 to one thing, never, 51, 405.
 Constantinople, Russians shall not
 have, 867.
 Constellations, happy, 238.
 Constitution, conditions of our mental,
 693.
 devotes the national domain, 606.
 higher law than the, 606.
 of divine things, by, 754.
 one country one, 531.
 Construction, mind's, in the face, 117.
 Consumed the midnight oil, 348.
 Consumedly, they laughed, 305.
 Consummate flower, bright, 235.
 Consummation devoutly to be wished,
 135.
 Consumption, birds are in, 180.
 Consumption's ghastly form, 562.
 Contagion, hell itself breathes out,
 139.
 Contagious blastments, 129.
 Contemplation, formed for, 232.
 her best nurse, 244.
 mind serene for, 349.
 of my travels, 70.
 Contemporaneous posterity, 361.
 Contemporaries, homage from, 601.
 Contempt and anger of his lips, 76.
 familiarity breeds, 898.
 upon familiarity, 45.
 Contend with angry roar, 700.
 Content, died, 993.
 elegant sufficiency, 355.
 farewell, 154.
 freehold of, 768.
 good pleasure ease, 318.
 humble livers in, 98.
 if hence the unlearned, 325.
 my heart's, 770.
 myself with wishing, 376.
 poor and, is rich, 153.
 shut up in measureless, 119.
 sweet, passing all wisdom, 622.
 therewith to be, 1039.
 to dwell in decencies, 321.
 to follow, 339.
 travellers must be, 67.
 Content, wants money means and
 70.
 Contented, when one is, 974.
 with little, 451.
 why ar' n't they all, like me, 875.
 Contentedness, procurer of, 207.
 Contention, a man of, 1027.
 cease, let the long, 754.
 Contentions, fat, 253.
 of the Great Hall, 602.
 Contentious woman, 1021.
 Contentment fails and honour sinks,
 394.
 of noblest mind, the best, 27.
 peace of mind and joy, 630.
 Contest follows, great, 419.
 Contests from trivial things, 325.
 Contraries, drames go by, 590.
 Contiguity of shade, 418.
 Continent, whole boundless, 439.
 Continual dropping wears, 892, 1021.
 feast, merry heart a, 1018.
 plodders, small have, won, 54.
 Contortions of the sibyl, 412.
 Contra-alto, even the, 554.
 Contradiction, woman's a, 322.
 Contrary with me, everythink goes,
 701.
 Contrary, dreams are ever, 172.
 runneth not to the, 392.
 wills and fates run to, 138.
 Contribution, beg a trivial, 845.
 Contrive, head to, 255, 430.
 Control stops with the shore, his, 547.
 Controls them and subdues, 476.
 Contumely, proud man's, 135.
 Convents bosomed deep in vines, 332.
 Conversation, brisk in, 369.
 coped withal, 137.
 does not show the minute-hand, his,
 376.
 in his eyes, there lies a, 647.
 perfectly delightful, 461.
 questioning is not the mode of, 373.
 Conversation's burrs, 689.
 Converse, an hour's, 775.
 formed by thy, 320.
 sweet, of an innocent, 577.
 with heavenly habitants, 245.
 with the mighty dead, 356.
 Conversing with thee I forget all time,
 233.
 Converted because you have silenced,
 not, 812.
 Convey the wise it call, 45.
 Conveyed, bud to heaven, 500.
 the dismal tidings, 397.
 Convinced me, unwillingly, 364.
 Convincing, thought of, 399.
 Convolutions of a shell, 480.
 Cook, oh I am a, 800.
 Cooks are gentlemen, 187.
 can not live without, 779.
 devil sends, 20, 388.
 epicurean, 157.
 Cooking is become an art, 187.
 Cool and gray, 810.
 reflection came, 494.

- Cool sequestered vale, 385, 425.
 shade of aristocracy, 537.
 sweet day so, 204.
- Cools, answers till her husband, 321.
- Cool-enfolding death, arms of, 744.
- Coolness, dripping with, 537.
- Cope of heaven, the starry, 234.
- Cophetua, king, 105.
- Copious, a life that shall be, 745.
 Dryden, 329.
- Copy, leave the world no, 74.
 nature's, is not eterne, 121
 the princeps, 456.
- Copyists, shortened the labor of, 584.
- Coquetry, too innocent for, 653.
 whets the appetite, 774.
- Corages, nature in hir, 1.
- Coral lip admires, 200.
 of his bones are, made, 42.
 of his lip, 31.
 strand, from India's, 536.
- Cord, a threefold, 1022.
 as unto the bow the, is, 645.
 silver, be loosed, 1023.
- Cords of motion, pulling the, 940.
- Cordial, gold in phisike is a, 2.
 to the soul, 222.
- Core of unbelieving, believing hath a,
 816.
 sleep in the root's white, 577.
 wear him in my heart's, 138.
- Corinthian lad of mettle, 84.
- Corioli, Volsicians in, 103.
- Cormorant, sat like a, 232.
- Corn, amid the alien, 575.
 breast-high amid the, 592.
 flies o'er the unbending, 324.
 in chaff, hope, 539.
 like as a shock of, 1008.
 reap an acre of neighbour's, 472.
 sickle in another man's, 897.
 thrust in others' his sickle, 969.
 two ears of, where one grew, 290.
 was springing fresh and green, 637.
- Corne, cometh al this new, 6.
 the staffe of life, 283.
- Cornelia, jewels of, 192.
- Corner, headstone of the, 1015.
 in the thing I love, 154.
 narrow the, where man dwells, 936.
 of nonsense, 505.
 of the house-top, 1019.
 sits the wind in that, 51.
 was not done in a, 1036.
- Corners of the world, all the, 160.
 of the world, four, 967.
 of the world, the three, 80.
- Corner-stone of a nation, 646.
- Cornish men, twenty thousand, 873.
- Coromandel, black men of, 603.
- Coronation day, kings upon their, 269.
- Coronets, kind hearts are more, than,
 667.
- Corporal oath, take my, 974.
 sufferance, 48.
- Corporations have no souls, 24.
- Corpse of public credit, 531.
 pain lays not his hand upon a, 882.
- Correct, easier to be critical than, 625.
 errors, I shall try to, 661.
- Corrector of enormous times, 199.
- Correctly informed, no man who is,
 603.
- Correggios and their Raphaels, 400.
- Correspondent to command, 42.
- Corroded human nature, 812.
- Corrosive dewdrop eats, time's, 762.
- Corrupt a saint, able to, 83.
 good manners, 1038.
- Corrupted freemen, 387.
 the youth of the realm, 94.
- Corruption destines for their heart,
 518.
 keep mine honour from, 101.
 lends lighter wings, 322.
 wins not more than honesty, 100.
- Corsair's name, he left a, 551.
- Corse, slovenly unhandsome, 83.
 to the rampart we hurried, his, 563.
- Cortez, like stout, 576.
- Cosmopolite, that man's the best, 682.
- Cost a sigh a tear, 433.
 counteth the, 1034.
 little less than new, 296.
 of losing earth, to, 794.
- Costs, only the first step which, 987.
 dearest, most valued, 974.
- Costard, rational hind, 54.
- Costly, comely but not, 32.
 sacrifice on altar of freedom, 660.
 thy habit, 139.
- Cot beside the hill, 455.
 better to love in the lowliest, 750.
- Cottage might adorn, looks the, 398.
 my lowly thatched, 568.
 of gentility, 507.
 or come they from hall, 660.
 poorest man in his, the, 365.
 stood beside a, 622.
 the soul's dark, 221.
 was near, knew that a, 518.
 with double coach-house, 507.
- Cottages, poor men's, 60.
- Cotton is king, 1046.
- Couch, drapery of his, 572.
 frowsy, in sorrow steep, 450.
 grassy, they to their, 233.
 of war, flinty and steel, 151.
- Coude songes make, 1.
- Could any Beatrice see a lover, 741.
 bear to be no more, 497.
 I flow like thee, 257.
 I fly I'd fly with thee, 438.
 never never say one half, 605.
- Council, mortal instruments in, 111.
 statesmen at her, 665.
- Councils governments and much de-
 light, 668.
 of the brave, 526.
- Counsel and speak comfort, 53.
 by words darkeneth, 1009.
 in his face yet shone, 227.
 take and sometimes tea, 326.
 three may keepe, 6, 17.
 took sweet, together, 1012.
 virtuous woman's, a, 36.

- Counsel, who cannot give good, 190.
 Counsels, dash maturest, 226.
 monie, sweet, 451.
 wayside ambushings, poisonous, 678.
 Counsellors, multitude of, 1017.
 Count a man's years when he has
 nothing else to, 620.
 as naught in world or church, 738.
 our spoons, let us, 370.
 that day lost, 874.
 their chickens, 214.
 them all my friends, I, 682.
 time by heart-throbs, 721.
 who makes a, 282.
 Counts his sure gains, 496.
 Counted ere I see thy face, must be,
 686.
 Countenance and profit, 164.
 brightened with joy, 480.
 damned disinheriting, 442.
 light of thy, 1010, 1043.
 man sharpeneth the, of his friend,
 1021.
 merry heart maketh a cheerful, 1018.
 more in sorrow than in anger, 128.
 never fading serenity of, 299.
 of truth, bright, 253.
 Counteraction, action and, 409.
 Countercheck quarrelsome, 72.
 Counterfeit a gloom, 250.
 presentment, 140.
 Counterfeited glee, with, 397.
 Counterpane, the pleasant land of,
 829.
 Counters, such rascal, 114.
 words are wise men's, 200.
 Counteth the cost, 1034.
 Countless thousands mourn, 446.
 Countries, physicians of all the, 693.
 Country, best, who loves his native,
 682.
 bliss to die for our, 340.
 churchyard, corner of a, 412.
 dared to love their, 336.
 die nobly for their, 102.
 die to save our, 298.
 down, pride that puts the, 406.
 essential service to his, 290.
 for the good of my, 305.
 God made the, 417.
 good news from a far, 1020.
 he sighed for his, 515.
 hated him and loved my, 555.
 his first best, is at home, 394.
 I love thee still my, 418.
 I tremble for my, 436.
 in another, 245.
 left for country's good, 445.
 man dear to all the, 396.
 messes, herbs and other, 248
 my bleeding, save, 513.
 my, is the world, 633.
 my, 't is of thee, 654.
 nothing but our, 530.
 one constitution, one, 531.
 one day in the, 777.
 our, however bounded, 687.
 our, is the world, 605, 946.
 Country, our, right or wrong, 863.
 our whole country, our, 530.
 save in his own, 1031.
 the undiscovered, 136.
 this is not my true, 742.
 to be cherished and defended, 687.
 undone his, 298.
 wakes, sung ballads at, 274.
 who serves his, best, 339.
 with all her faults she is my, 413.
 Country's cause, his, 336.
 earth, that pleasant, 82.
 ends thou aim'st at be thy, 100.
 good, no glory but his, 571.
 pride, peasantry their, 396.
 wishes blessed, 389.
 Countryman who looked for his ass,
 978.
 Countrymen, applauses of his, 537.
 friends Romans, 113.
 hearts of his, 445.
 masses of our, 698.
 Romans, and lovers, 113.
 what a fall was there my, 114.
 County Guy the hour is nigh, 494.
 Couple or must die, it must, 750.
 Courage and compassion, 299.
 brother do not stumble, 702.
 concentration, 994.
 gods look with favour on, 747.
 in our own, 783.
 mounteth with occasion, 78.
 never to submit, 223.
 of conscience, the, 599.
 of New England, the, 599.
 screw your, to the sticking-place,
 118.
 stout will be put out, 26.
 to forget, 777.
 whistling to bear his, up, 354.
 Courageous captain of complements,
 106.
 Couriers of the air, 118.
 Course aright, keep thy, 835.
 happy homeward, 802.
 her silent, advance, 237.
 I have finished my, 1040.
 I must stand the, 148.
 impediments in fancy's, 74.
 icy current and compulsive, 155.
 is run, yon happier one its, 751.
 is steadied, my prudent, 735.
 nature's second, 120.
 of empire, westward the, 312.
 of human events, in the, 434.
 of justice, in the, 65.
 of love, my whole, 150.
 of nature is the art of God, 310.
 of one revolving moon, 268.
 of true love, 57.
 of untold millions of years, 774.
 planets in their, 456.
 time rolls his ceaseless, 491.
 westward the, of empire, 312.
 whose, is run, 387.
 world's, will not fail, 757.
 Courses even with the sun, 178.
 like ships that steer their, 211.

- Courses, stars in their, 1006.
 stars that fight in their, 748.
 steer their, 211.
 Courted down his innocent nose, 67.
 Court an amorous looking-glass, to, 95.
 love rules the, 487.
 when Arthur first in, 406.
 Courts, a day in thy, 1013.
 of the nation, other, 213.
 wealth bestowed on camps and, 645.
 Courted by all the winds, 242.
 in your girls again, 406.
 Courteous, the retort, 72.
 though coy, 444.
 Courtesies, unwearied spirit in doing,
 64.
 Courtesy, always time for, 620.
 greater man, the greater, 680.
 in the heart of, 34.
 mirror of all, 98.
 princes of, 846.
 very pink of, 107.
 wins woman as well as valor, 681.
 Courtier, heel of the, 143.
 Courtier's scholar's eye, 136.
 Courtliness and the desire of fame,
 681.
 Courtship love and matrimony, say of,
 720.
 Courtsied when you have, 42.
 Cousins, ten female, 799.
 Coûte, le premier pas que, 987.
 Covenant with death, 1026.
 Coventry, march through, 86.
 Cover my head now, 592.
 to our bones, which serves as, 82.
 Covert yield, try what the, 315.
 Covet honour, sin to, 92.
 Covetous sordid fellow, 352.
 when Brutus grows so, 114.
 Covetousness, cause of, 41.
 Cow comes home, kiss till the, 197.
 very good in the field, 371.
 Coward conscience, 97.
 does it with a kiss, 836.
 flattery to name a, 463.
 greatest, in the world, 916.
 heart, to heal a, 807.
 on instinct, I was a, 85.
 scoundrel and a, 370.
 sneaks to death, 859.
 stands aside, while the, 733.
 that would not dare, 489.
 thou slave thou wretch thou, 79.
 Cowards, conscience makes, 136.
 die many times, 112.
 do not count in, 885.
 guilty consciences make, 877.
 mannish, many other, 66.
 may fear to die, 26.
 mock the patriot's fate, 866.
 plague of all, 84.
 what can ennoble, 319.
 Cowl, I like a church I like a, 614.
 Cowléd churchman, would I that, 614.
 Cowslips wan, 248.
 Cowslip's bell, in a, I lie, 43.
 Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley, 380.
 Coy and hard to please, 490.
 courteous though, 444.
 submission, yielded, 232.
 Cozenage, strange, 276.
 Cozy dimensions go clearly, such, 750.
 Crabbed age and youth, 163.
 not harsh and, 245.
 Crab-tree and old iron rang, 211.
 Crack of doom, stretch out to the, 123.
 the voice of melody, 688.
 would hear the mighty, 300.
 your cheeks, blow winds, 146.
 Crackling of thorns, as the, 1022.
 pile nor cursing creed, nor, 691.
 Cradle and the grave, 358.
 and this was your, 750.
 changed in the, 976.
 little one's, in my, 733.
 of American liberty, 534.
 of reposing age, 328.
 of the deep, 864.
 our, stands in the grave, 182.
 procreant, 117.
 the hand that rocks the, 731.
 Cradles rock us nearer to the tomb,
 309.
 Cradled into poetry by wrong, 566.
 Craft, gentle, 1048.
 my, is sailing on, 845.
 of will, 163.
 poisonous counsels, man of plots,
 678.
 so long to lerne, 6.
 Craftiness, wise in their own, 1008.
 Crag of Drachenfels, 543.
 Craggy hills and running streams,
 653.
 Crammed, as they on earth were, 468.
 with distressful bread, 92.
 with heaven, earth's, 659.
 with observation, 68.
 Crams and blasphemes his feeder, 246.
 Cranks and wanton wiles, 248.
 Cranny, every, but the right, 424.
 Crannying wind, save to the, 543.
 Crape, saint in, 320.
 Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, 306.
 Cravat, in my large white, 838.
 Crave for rest, who doth not, 717.
 my mind forbids to, 22.
 no pelf, I, 109.
 Craving, minds are not ever, 444
 on credulity, 625.
 Crawl at his side, beggar may, 664.
 the caterpillars, 803.
 Crawling foam, the cruel, 727.
 on my startled hopes, 296.
 Cream and mantle, 60.
 skim milk masquerades as, 801.
 Create a nation, institutions alone,
 625.
 a soul under ribs of death, 245.
 them that, and them that enjoy,
 997.
 wise to learn God-like to, 720.
 Creates, or what it can not find, 647.
 Created, Bacon could as easily have,
 585.

- Created equal, all men, 434.
 half to rise and half to fall, 317.
 in bounds of earth, everything, 750.
 suddenly, no great thing, 929.
- Creating a whole new democratic world, 584.
 of nature's own, 358.
- Creation, amid nature's gay, 355.
 bodiless, 141.
 by right of an earlier, 600.
 from every scene of the, 457.
 from heat-oppressed brain, 119.
 hangman of, 449.
 hints for the, 954.
 lords of the, 448.
 must despise a tailless man, all, 818.
 nature's gay, 355.
 of beauty, poetry as rhythmical, 657.
 of some heart, sweet, 546.
 of the world, no tyrant like intemperance, 634.
 ploughshare o'er, 309.
 since the world's, 169.
 sleeps, 306.
 tire of all, 692.
 you may be of the king's, 282.
- Creations, God acts his own, 704.
- Creation's blank creation's blot, 860.
 dawn beheld, such as, 547.
 heir the world, 394.
- Creator drew his spirit, his great, 270.
 endowed by their, 434.
 glory of the, 169.
 remember now thy, 1023.
 voice of the great, 716.
- Creator's praise arise, let the, 302.
- Creature, a good woman is a wondrous, 686.
 be a far more perfect, 663.
 comforts, our, 283.
 drink pretty, drink, 472.
 every, lives in a state of war, 290.
 every, shall be purified, 41.
 good wine is a good familiar, 152.
 heaven-eyed, 486.
 is at his dirty work again, 327.
 literary, 808.
 misgivings of a, 478.
 not too bright or good, 474.
 of circumstances, 626.
 small beer, 89.
 smarts so little as a fool, 327.
 tired and lone, unmated, 717.
 was stirring, not a, 527.
 what more felicitie can fall to, 30.
 why should every, drink but I, 260.
- Creatures base, heavenly spirits to, 28.
 God made all the, 708.
 heaven hides from all, 315.
 man is an inconstant, 916.
 millions of spiritual, 234.
 of men, circumstances are the, 626.
 of one great law, 797.
 of the element, 244.
 rational, 227.
 these delicate, 154.
 you dissect, 323.
- Creatures' lives but of a day, 922.
 lives, human, 594.
- Crebillon, romances of, 387.
- Credit, and it's greatly to his, 800.
 blest paper, 322.
 corpse of public, 531.
 growth of, requires time, 625.
 his own lie, 42.
 in that, there ain't much, 702.
 not to thy, 778.
 private, is wealth, 875.
 sure road to unquestioned, 755.
- Creditor, glory of a, 46.
- Credulities to nature, dear, 486.
- Credulity, ye who listen with, 367.
- Creed, an Athanasian, 629.
 argument to thy neighbour's, 614.
 Calvinistic, 365.
 crackling pile nor cursing, 691.
 despite of every faith and, 683.
 its spangles a deathless, 748.
 of slaves, necessity is the, 453.
 put your, into your deed, 616.
 sapping a solemn, 544.
 suckled in a, outworn, 476.
 truth has never been in one, 832.
- Creeds agree, ask if our, 520.
 and opinions, all, 791.
 and philosophies, 832.
 churches and, lost in mists, 765.
 iron, 834.
 keys of all the, 674.
 of terror, 729.
 than in half the, 676.
 weary of mumbling Athanasian, 788.
- Creeks and inlets, back through, 727.
- Creep, children learn to, 15.
 home and take your place, 729.
 in one dull line, ten low words, 324.
 into his study of imagination, 53.
 kind will, 14.
 wit that can, 328.
- Creeps in this petty pace, 125.
 slowly on, wisdom of mankind, 622.
- Creeping hours of time, 68.
 like snail to school, 69.
- Creetur, I am a lone lorn, 701.
- Creon had, such an one, 791.
- Crept upon our talk, 115.
- Cressy and Poitiers, shrined with, 726.
- Crest and crowning of all good, 833.
 joy brightens his, 239.
 repentance rears her snaky, 355.
- Crested fortune, 424.
- Cretan against Cretan, 911.
- Cretur, on sech a blessed, 736.
- Crew, Comus and his midnight, 383.
 of the captain's gig, 800.
 unmarried members of, 799.
- Crib, ass knoweth his master's, 1024.
- Cribbed confined, 122.
- Cricket on the hearth, 250.
- Crickets, merry as, 957.
- Cried razors up and down, 432.
 served him right, 720.
- Crier of green sauce, 957.
 that proclaims the conqueror, 919

- Cries, hear their, 990.
 sad sounds are nature's funeral, 729.
- Crime, blanch without the owner's, 483.
 called virtue, fortunate, 901.
 debt the mother of folly and, 628.
 forgive the, 464.
 it is worse than a, 991.
 madden to, 549.
 more than a, 991.
 numbers sanctified the, 425.
 of being a young man, 376.
 punishment fit the, 802.
 want exasperated into, 687.
- Crimes, all his, broad blown, 139.
 done in my days of nature, 131.
 history is the register of, 430, 987.
 in the name of liberty, 990.
 may reach the dignity of, 437.
 one virtue and a thousand, 551.
 undivulged, 147.
- Criminal, a, fool not to fly, 919.
 is acquitted, when the, 896.
- Crimson flower of battle blooms, the, 748.
 in thy lips, 109.
 wing, conquest's, 383.
- Crimsoned by the setting sun, 802.
- Crisis brings its word and deed, each, 650.
 doth portend, what mortal, 212.
 of human history, every great, 759.
- Crisp and wintry carpet, 822.
- Crisped and sere, leaves they were, 656.
- Crispian, feast of, 92.
 rouse him at the name of, 92.
- Cristes lore and his apostles, 2.
- Critic, attribute of a good, 739.
 each day a, on the last, 325.
 regarded his fault-finding, 723.
 sir, good day, 723.
 the youngest, has died, 853.
- Criticism, admiration from most fastidious, 601.
 before you trust in, 539.
 gallery, 419.
 like brushers of clothes, 171.
 men who have failed, 505, 629.
 not even, criticise, 420.
 you know who the, are, 629.
 who have stamped out, 659.
- Critic's eye, not view me with, 459.
 part, too nicely knew the, 390.
- Critical, easier to be, than correct, 625.
 nothing if not, 151.
- Criticise, not even critics, 420.
- Criticising elves, 412.
- Criticism, cant of, 378.
 with every wind of, 375.
- Critique, killed off by one, 808.
- Croak, his ill-betiding, 349.
- Crocodile, tears of the, 38, 192.
- Cromwell, Charles the First had his, 429.
 damned to fame, 319.
 guiltless of his country's blood, 385.
 if thou fall'st, O, 100.
- Cronies of the elements, 846.
- Crony, trusty drouthy, 451.
- Crook, by hook or, 15.
 the pregnant hinges of the knee, 137.
- Crooked lane, straight down the, 593.
 straight, strive to set the, 789.
 way, they followed his, 840.
- Crops failed, 785.
 little good watering last year's, 730.
 the flowery food, 315.
- Cross, became the foolishness of the, 995.
 last at his, 864.
 leads generations on, the, 566.
 nailed on the bitter, 82.
 nearer leaving the, 758.
 of gold, crucify mankind upon a, 844.
 she wore a sparkling, 325.
- Crosses, fret thy soul with, 30.
 relics crucifixes, 215.
- Crossed in love, an oyster may be, 442.
 with adversity, a man I am, 44.
- Crossing river, not to swap horses, 661.
- Crossways, things at home are, 825.
- Crost, fair hopes, 794.
 sure my love is all, 590.
- Crotchets in thy head, 45.
- Crow, gran'ther's rule safer 'n't is to, 737.
 like chanticleer, 69.
 might be supposed a, 423.
 that flies in heaven's air, 162.
 thought sun risen to hear him, 730.
- Crows, swans seem whiter when by, 967.
 wars of kites or, 255.
- Crowbar, tire of all creation for a, 692.
- Crowche, to fawne, to, 30.
- Crowd, far from the madding, 385
 midst the, the hum, 541.
 not feel the, 420.
 not on my soul, unborn ages, 383.
 of common men, 209.
 of jollity, I live in the, 368.
 we met 't was in a, 588.
 who foremost, 331.
- Crowds of bees are giddy with clover, 749.
 of grasshoppers skip at our feet, 749.
 of larks at their matins hang over, 749.
 without company, 431.
- Crowded hour of glorious life, 493.
- Crowing, I can teach, 998.
 of the cock, 127.
- Crown, better than his, 64.
 chance may, me, 116.
 emperor without his, 307.
 every noble, crown of thorns, 583.
 fruitless, upon my head, 121.
 head that wears a, 89.
 his breeches cost him but a, 152, 406.
 immortal, 359.
 likeness of a kingly, 228.
 Luke's iron, 395.

- Crown, nearer gaining the, 758.
 not the king's, 47.
 of gold, sunflower with gaudy, 691.
 of glory, hoary head is a, 1018.
 of his head, from the, 51, 198.
 of life, receive the, 1040.
 of snow, singer with the, 738.
 of sorrow, a sorrow's, 669.
 of thorn, 844.
 ourselves with rosebuds, 1028.
 shall go forth and conquer, 820.
 sweet to wear a, 94.
 the people snatched my, 793.
 the work, another rock would, 704.
 will forever be a, of thorns, 583.
 with flowers that hardly have, 762.
 Crowns a youth of labour, 396.
 all, the end, 102.
 and pounds and guineas, 843.
 to kicks, from, 559.
 twenty mortal murders on their,
 122.
 Crown's disguise, through a, 391.
 Crowned, saw treason crushed free-
 dom, 788.
 with consolation, 157.
 with thorn, 771.
 Crowner's quest law, 143.
 Crowning good, 438.
 of all good, 833.
 Crow-toe, tufted, 247.
 Crucifixes beads pictures, 215.
 Crucify mankind upon a cross of gold,
 844.
 the soul of man, diseases, 188.
 Crude surfeit reigns, where no, 245.
 Cruel, aristocracy is always, 699.
 as death, 356.
 as the grave, jealousy is, 1024.
 bee, a, 809.
 crawling foam, the, 727.
 death is always near, 873.
 mercies of the wicked are, 1017.
 only to be kind, 141.
 winter, oh the cold and, 646
 Cruellest lies are told in silence, 830.
 Cruell'st she alive, you are the, 74.
 Cruelly sweet, 724.
 treated, no slaves so, 634.
 Crueltie and ambition of man, 27
 Cruelty to load a falling man, 101.
 Cruise, depart upon thy endless, 745.
 we are all on our last, 830.
 Crumbling, old fetish raiments, 788.
 Crumbs from the table, 1032.
 picked up his, 393.
 Crusaders, think they are, 688.
 Cruse, little oil in a, 1007.
 Crush of worlds, 299.
 the infamous thing, 987.
 Crushed egg for ever, be same, 636.
 odours, 455.
 saw treason, freedom crowned, 788.
 to earth, truth, 573.
 Crusoe, poor Robinson, 391.
 Crust of bread and liberty, 328.
 of earth in earth and rust, 762
 share her wretched, 733.
 Crust, water and a, 574.
 Crutch, shouldered his, 396.
 Cry and no wool, all, 211.
 bubbling, the, 557.
 for being born, 170.
 for gold, whose crying is a, 672.
 have a good, 592.
 havoc and let slip the dogs, 113.
 in bed we, 980.
 is still they come, 125.
 my eyes out, I shall, 973.
 no language but a, 675.
 not when his father dies, 375.
 to him, I may not, 821.
 to Lockov, far, 1049.
 war is still the, 541.
 Crying, come to me come to me, 636.
 first voice I uttered was, 1029.
 give give, 1021.
 solitary in lonely places, 837.
 Crystal bounds, dances in his, 246.
 flood, wash me in thy, 821.
 light, on a river of, 831.
 of his brow, 31.
 river, fair and, 180.
 sea, nearer the, 758.
 Crystalline revelator of the achromatic,
 636.
 Cubic inch of space a miracle, every,
 444.
 Cuckoo buds of yellow hue, 56.
 nocks married men, 56.
 shall I call thee bird, 474.
 Cucumbers, as cold as, 197.
 lodge in a garden of, 1024.
 sunbeams out of, 291.
 Cucumber-tree, wild emerald, 635.
 Cud, chew the, and are silent, 410.
 of bitter fancy, 71.
 Cudgel know by the blow, 213.
 thy brains no more about it, 143.
 Cuisses on his thighs, 86.
 Cultivate literature on oatmeal, we,
 460.
 Cultivation, gratitude the fruit of, 376.
 Culture true apostles, men of, 755.
 Cummin, mint and anise and, 1032.
 Cumnor Hall, the walls of, 426.
 Cunning as fast and loose, 55.
 hand, nature's sweet and, 74.
 in fence, 76.
 livery of hell, 48.
 point of, 166.
 right hand forget her, 1016.
 sin cover itself, 52.
 stagers, old, 213.
 unfold what plaited, hides, 146.
 Cunningest pattern, 156.
 Cup afloat of the lake-lily, 704.
 and the lip, 190.
 dregs of fortune's, 341.
 I fill this, to one, 608.
 inordinate, is unblessed, 152.
 leave a kiss but in the, 179.
 life's enchanted, 542.
 my, runneth over, 1011.
 of hot wine, 103.
 of still and serious thought, 471.

- Cup of water, little thing, 579.
 runneth over, my, 1011.
 to the dead already, 756.
- Cups, in their flowing, remembered, 92.
 flowing, pass swiftly round, 259.
 that cheer but not inebriate, 420.
- Cupid and my Campaspe, 31.
 bolt of, fell, 58.
 giant-dwarf Dan, 55.
 is painted blind, 57.
 kills with arrows, 51.
 note which, strikes, 213.
 young Adam, 105.
- Cupid's curse, concludes with, 25.
- Cur, mastiff dog may love a puppy,
 684.
- Cur's mouth a bone, as, 412.
 of low degree, 400.
- Curdied by the frost, 103.
- Cure, cheap and universal, 261.
 desperate, for desperate disease, 961.
 for life's worst ills, 606.
 is not worth the pain, 911.
 kings can cause or, 367.
 on exercise depend for, 270.
 the dumps, college joke to, 290.
- Cured, what can't be, 190, 959.
- Curfew must not ring to-night, 832.
 time, magic chains at, 245.
 tolls the knell of parting day, 384.
- Curiosity, by way of, 353.
 damnable and detestable, 663.
- Curious, amazed and, 451.
 child, I have seen a, 480.
 for knowledge, and for love, 744.
 thirsty fly, 859.
 time, 169.
 volume of forgotten lore, 655.
- Curiously, consider too, 144.
- Curled Assyrian bull, 677.
 darlings of our nation, 149.
 smoke that so gracefully, 518.
 up on the floor, 813.
- Curls, auburn locks ye golden, 689.
 Hyperion's, 140.
 shakes his ambrosial, 337.
 ye golden, 689.
- Current and compulsive course, 155.
 of a woman's will, 858.
 of domestic joy, 367.
 of the soul, the genial, 384.
 when it serves, take the, 115.
- Currents turn awry, 136.
- Curried, short horse soon, 12.
- Curse all his virtues, 298.
 all men's, 896.
 causeless shall not come, 1020.
 concludes with Cupid's, 25.
 his better angel, 156.
 many a deadly, 449.
 of mankind, 102.
 of marriage, 154.
 of service, 't is the, 149.
 on all laws, 333.
 primal eldest, 139.
 selfishness is the greatest, 693.
- Curses are like young chickens, 630.
 dark, rigged with, 247.
- Curses, not loud but deep, 124.
 so, all Eve's daughters, 46.
- Cursed away, by man is, 723.
 be he that moves my bones, 163.
 be the verse, 327.
 man low sitting, 28.
 spite, 133.
 the spot is, 472.
 with every prayer, 321.
- Cursing creed, crackling pile nor. 691.
 like a very drab, 135.
- Curst by heaven's decree, 398.
 hard reading, easy writing's, 443.
- Curtailed of this fair proportion, 95.
- Curtain, close up his eyes and draw
 the, 94.
 draw the, 74.
 drew Priam's, 88.
 drops slow falling, the, 697.
 fall, Anarch lets the, 332.)
 let down the, 956.
 let the thick, fall, 651.
 rustling of each purple, 656.
 the sleeping world, to, 568.
 twilight's, spreading far, 591.
- Curtains, fringed, of thine eye, 43.
 let fall the, 420.
 of the east, 785.
- Curule chair, Tully's, 391.
- Cushion and soft dean invite, 322.
 lay your golden, down, 865.
- Custom, a thing of, 122.
 always of the afternoon, 132.
 followed because it is a custom, 985.
 is second nature, 921.
 more honoured in the breach, 130.
 nature her, holds, 143.
 nothing is stronger than, 893.
 of Branksome Hall, 487.
 reconciles us to everything, 407.
 should corrupt the world lest, 681.
 stale her infinite variety, 157.
 that monster, 141.
 tyrant, 151, 970.
 what is done against, 927.
- Customs and its businesses, 424.
- Customary fate of new truths, 762.
 suits of solemn black, 127.
- Customed hill, missed him on the, 386.
- Customers, sign brings, 983.
- Cut and come again, 444.
 beard of formal, 69.
 him out in little stars, 107.
 is the branch, 41.
 loaf, to steal a shive of a, 104.
 most unkindest, of all, 113.
 take the short, 939.
- Cutpurse of the empire, 140.
- Cut-throat dog, 61.
- Cutting bread and butter, she was,
 697.
- Cycle and epicycle, 237.
 of Cathay, 670.
- Cycles past, in world's soil in, 788.
- Cydonian suckets sweet apples, mel-
 low, 635.
- Cygnets to this pale faint swan, 80.
- Cymbal, tinkling, 1037.

- Cymbrian plain, 27.
 Cynic, a talent is too much for a, 918.
 character of a, 932.
 Cynosure of neighbouring eyes, 248.
 upon the sea obscure, 968.
 Cynthia fair regent of the night, 426.
 of this minute, 321.
 Ralph howls to, 331.
 Cypress, an alley titanic of, 656.
 and myrtle, land of the, 549.
 Cypress-trees bear no fruit, 920.
 Cytherea's breath, 77.

 D., a big big, 801.
 Dab at an index, 403.
 Dacian mother, there was their, 546.
 Dad, called my brother's father, 78.
 Dæmons, that there are, 946.
 Daffadills fair, we weep to see, 202.
 Daffed the world aside, 86.
 Daffodils before the swallow, 77.
 Dagger, air-drawn, 122.
 I see before me, is this a, 119.
 of the mind a false creation, 119.
 smiles at the drawn, 299.
 Daggers, I will speak, to her, 139.
 in men's smiles, there's, 120.
 though it rain, 192.
 Daggers-drawing, been at, 213.
 Daily beauty in his life, 156.
 life, lies before us in, 237.
 sight, he who in our, 767.
 Daintie flowre or herbe, 28.
 Daintier sense, hath the, 143.
 Dainties bred in a book, 55.
 might hurt their health, 398.
 Daintiest last to make the end most
 sweet, 80.
 Daisie the eye of the day, 6.
 Daisies, myriads of, 436.
 pied, and violets blue, 56.
 pied, meadows trim with, 248.
 that men callen, in our town, 6.
 Daisy protects the dewdrop, 486.
 there's a, 142.
 Dale, haunted spring or, 251.
 musk-rose of the, 248.
 or piny mountain, 504.
 under the hawk-horn in the, 244.
 Dales and fields hills and valleys, 40.
 Dalliance, primrose path of, 129.
 Dallies like the old age, 75.
 with the innocenc^e of love, 75.
 Dally with wrong, 500.
 Dam his treacherous flatteries, 730.
 pretty chickens and their, 124.
 the waters of the Nile, 611.
 Damask cheek, fed on her, 76.
 Dame Fortune is a fickle gipsy, 609.
 of Ephesus, 295.
 sulky sullen, 451.
 Dames, it gars me greet ah gentle, 451.
 of ancient days, 395.
 Damiata and Mount Casius, 228.
 Damien's bed of steel, 395.
 Damn me, abuses me to, 135.
 with faint praise, 327.
 your precious soul, 958.

 Damnable and detestable curiosity,
 663.
 deceitful woman, 280.
 iteration, thou hast, 83.
 Damnation, distilled, 457.
 of his taking off, 118.
 round the land, deal, 334.
 to suffer wet, 34.
 within two fingers' breadth of, 944.
 Damned all silent and all, 468.
 be him that first cries hold, 126.
 better be, 431.
 democrats, the, 559.
 devil with devil, 227.
 first, I'll see thee, 464.
 seen him, ere I would, 76.
 spirit of health or goblin, 130.
 spot, out I say, 124.
 to everlasting fame, 319.
 to fame, 331, 354.
 use that word in hell, the, 108.
 Darning those they have no mind to,
 211.
 Damosel, the blessed, 769.
 Damp fell round, when a, 485.
 my intended wing, 238.
 Damsel lay deploring, a, 347.
 of high lineage, a, 678.
 with a dulcimer, 500.
 Dan Chaucer, well of English unde-
 fyled, 28.
 Cupid regent of love rhymes, 55.
 to Beersheba, from, 379, 1006.
 Dance and jollity, 243.
 and Provençal song, 575.
 and wine, banquet song with, 562.
 attendance, 101.
 Gill shall, 199.
 of snow, like a, 709.
 on with the, 542.
 their wayward round, 469.
 the Pyrrhic, 557.
 when you do, 78.
 who have learned to, 324.
 Dances, Congress of Vienna but, 989.
 in his crystal bounds, 246.
 in the wind, 274.
 in what ethereal, 655.
 midnight, and the public show, 335.
 such a way, she, 256.
 Danced, and then she, 608.
 laughed and, 864.
 Dancing days, past our, 105.
 drinking-time, a merry, 272.
 in the chequered shade, 248.
 more like wrestling than, 940.
 O Heaven her, 608.
 on a volcano, 1003.
 Dandelions are changed, 792.
 Dandin, George, you would have it so,
 984.
 Dandolo, hour of blind old, 545.
 Dane, an antique Roman than a, 146.
 royal, Hamlet king, 130.
 Danger, delay always breeds, 973.
 is in discord, all your, 645.
 man who can be out of, 762.
 on the deep, 589.

- Danger**, out of this nettle, 84.
 pleased with the, 267.
 shape of, cannot dismay, 476.
- Dangers**, loved me for the, 151.
 of the seas, 176.
 sing the, of the sea, 860.
 thou canst make us scorn, what, 451.
- Danger's** troubled night, 515.
- Dangerous**, delays are, 276.
 ends, delays have, 93.
 if a little knowledge is, 762.
 literature the most, of professions, 812.
 little learning is, 323.
 sea, most, 63.
 something in me, 144.
 such men are, 111.
 to be of no church, 369.
 tongue's magic most, of spells, 632.
- Daniel** come to judgment! yea a Daniel, 65.
 a second, a Daniel Jew, 65.
 well-languaged, 201.
- Dank** and dropping weeds, 253.
- Danny Deever**, an' they're hangin', 852.
- Dante** of the dread Inferno, 706.
 sleeps afar like Scipio, 545.
- Danube** river, upon the, 778.
- Dappled** turf, on the, 473.
- Dare** and yet I may not, 25.
 do all becomes a man, 118.
 fain would I but I, not, 25.
 for that sweet mother-land, who, 682.
 not do an ill thing, I, 916.
 not wait upon, I would, 118.
 not, would fain deny and, 124.
 the elements to strife, 550.
 to be true, 205.
 to chide me, who shall, 274.
 to die, bear to live or, 318.
 what man, I dare, 122.
 what men, do, 52.
 will to do the soul to, 491.
- Dares** do more, who, 118.
 not put it to the touch, 257.
 stir abroad, 127.
 think one thing, who, 338.
 this pair of boots displace, 388.
- Dared** for a high cause to suffer, 746.
 to love their country, 336.
 what he thought he, 342.
 what none hath, thou hast, 26.
- Darien**, silent upon a peak in, 576.
- Daring** dined, and greatly, 332.
 in full dress, 555.
 pilot in extremity, 267.
 the loving are the, 761.
- Darius** was of the opinion, 767.
- Dark** amid the blaze of noon, 241.
 and bright, best of, 535.
 and doubtful, from the, 443.
 and dreary, some days, 640.
 and lonely hiding-place, 501.
 and silent grave, 26.
 as children fear to go in the, 164.
- Dark** as Erebus, affections, 66.
 as night, thy path be, 702.
 as pitch, 265.
 at one stride comes the, 498.
 backward in the, 42.
 blue depths, 507.
 blue sea, glad waters of the, 550.
 but through, no time so, 715.
 clouds along the horizon, 613.
 clouds lower, suns may scorch and, 610.
 cottage, the soul's, 221.
 ever-during, surrounds me, 230.
 every hour of light and, a miracle, 744.
 eye glances, are where thy, 655.
 eye in woman, 544.
 heart of mine, so shall this, 636.
 horse, 626.
 illumine what in me is, 223.
 irrecoverably, 241.
 leap into the, 956.
 mournful rustling in the, 641.
 or the abysmal, 585.
 rigged with curses, 247.
 shining nowhere but in the, 264.
 streets, in thy, 792.
 sun to me is, 241.
 the night is, and I am far, 607.
 the nightingale's hymn in the, 681.
 vistas of the reboantic noms, 636.
 walk with God in the, 808.
 ways that are, 813.
 what looks, in the distance, 808.
 with excessive bright, 231.
 words, with these, 479.
- Dark-blue** hunter, night the, 855.
- Darkeneth** counsel by words, 1009.
- Darker** grows the night, as, 399.
 grows the valley, 772.
- Darkest** day, the, 423.
- Darkies** have to part, time when, 764.
- Darkish**, the leaf was, 245.
- Darkling** death, 799.
 plain, here as on a, 753.
- Darkly** blue, summer skies are, 613.
 deeply beautifully blue, 507, 559.
 dreaming, 778.
 see through a glass, 1037.
- Darkness**, a distant voice in the, 644.
 again and a silence, then, 644.
 and silence reign, when awful, 703.
 and the worm, 308.
 another of, on the confines, 583.
 born, in silent, 39.
 Cimmerian, 513.
 come blessed, bring thy balm, 764.
 dawn on our, 535.
 encompass the tomb, 535.
 falls from the wings of night, 641.
 from light, 710.
 instruments of, tell us truths, 116.
 is strong and so is sin, 738.
 jaws of, devour it, 57.
 land of, 1008.
 leaves the world to, 384.
 let us weep in our, 723.
 night and storm and, 544.

- Darkness of the land, ring out the, 676.
of the sky, cast the, 23.
peering, deep into that, 656.
pestilence that walketh in, 1014.
prince of, 147, 256.
raven down of, 244.
sorrows and, 535.
through, up to God, 320, 675.
universal, buries all, 332.
visible, no light but, 223.
which may be felt, 1005.
- Darksome cave they enter, 28.
- Darling, an old man's, 19.
of nature, 962.
sin, his, 501.
the Frenchman's, 421.
the poet's, 473.
- Darlings, wealthy curled, 149.
- Darnel cockle wild oats, 969.
- Darning ragged hose, passed night away, 758.
- Dart, death shook his, 240.
feather on the fatal, 539.
laughter winged his, 803.
like the poisoning of a, 261.
shook a dreadful, 228.
stricken with a, 882.
time shall throw a, at thee, 179.
- Darts, breaking the bundle of, 917.
to its delight, soul that, 757.
- Dash between the two, 772.
him to pieces, 114.
maturest counsels, 226.
o'er the surface skims with a, 820.
- Date, short is my, 339.
- Daughter am I in my mother's house, 853.
farewell to thee Araby's, 526.
lyeth at the point of death, 1033.
of his voice, sole, 239.
of Jove, relentless power, 382.
of my house and heart, 542.
of the dawn, 338, 342.
of the voice of God, 475.
one fair, and no more, 134.
still harping on my, 133.
such an one for, 791.
this old man's, 149.
to her daughter take, 869.
you have a, 799.
- Daughters, fairest of fair Zurich's, 865.
fairest of her, 232.
horseleech hath two, 1021.
many, have done virtuously, 1021.
of earth, words are the, 368.
of my father's house, 76.
so curses all Eve's, 46.
words are men's, 368.
- Daughter's daughter cries, 874.
heart, preaching down a, 669.
- Dauphiness at Versailles, 409.
- David and Josias, 872.
not only hating, 268.
- Daw, no wiser than a, 93.
- Daws to peck at, 149.
- Dawn, belong not to the, 235.
creation's, 547.
- Dawn comes up like thunder, 852.
daughter of the, 338, 342.
dewy as morning colored like, 751.
golden exhalations of the, 504.
is breaking, gray, 861.
is overcast, the, 297.
later star of, 485.
may-time and the cheerful, 474.
no, no dusk no noon, 595.
of day, two towers of sail at, 727.
of light, 563.
on our darkness, 535.
the wind that sighs before the, 785.
- Dawns, the diamond, 766.
- Dawning, bird of, 127.
of morn, with the, 515.
tongue and pen aid the, 718.
what makes his, glow, 611.
- Day after the fair, 12.
and in my, the sun doth, 722.
and my philosophies, had my, 680.
and night and death, despite, 678.
and night, more sure than, 436.
and night, O, 133.
and the way we met, 806.
are scarce descried, at dawn of, 727.
arriving in, in night to all, 744.
as it fell upon a, 175.
as one shall see in a summer's, 57.
as she lay on that, 453.
at the close of the, 428.
be drunk the business of the, 273.
be she fairer than the, 199.
better deed the better, 172.
better, the worse deed, 282.
beyond the night across the, 670.
big the fate of Cato, 297.
blabbing and remorseful, 94.
break of, 49.
breathing time of, with me, 145.
brought back my night, 252.
brought too long a, 592.
burden and heat of the, 1032.
by algebra tell what hour of, 210.
by day, with patience, 794.
by day, I shall find how, 608.
by day, lingers slowly, 686.
by day, that see we, 5.
by day the dead leaves fall, 770.
by water fire or air, that, 769.
cap by night a stocking all the, 401.
cares that infest the, 641.
chest of drawers by, 397.
close the drama with the, 312.
close the eye of, 251.
compare as, with night, 755.
continual dropping in a rainy, 1021.
count that, lost, 874.
daisie the eye of the, 6.
darkest, the, 423.
deceased, of every, 307.
deficiencies of the present, 368.
denies to gaudy, 551.
dies like the dolphin, parting, 545.
dog will have his, 145.
dogs ye have had your, 347.
each, critic on the last, 325.
each moment is a, 627.

- Day, entertains the harmless, 174.
 every, should be passed as if it were
 our last, 898.
 eye of, 6, 251, 434.
 eyes grown weary of garish, 764.
 eyes the break of, 49.
 fills his blue urn with fire, 616.
 for ever and a, 71.
 gather honey all the, 302.
 gaudy blabbing and remorseful, 94.
 goes by like a shadow, 764.
 great avenging, 337.
 great the important, 297.
 hand open as, 90.
 he that outlives this, 92.
 heat of the long, and wish, 753.
 her suffering ended with the, 694.
 her washing ended with the, 758.
 I asked of echo t' other, 720.
 I dearly love but one, 285.
 idle singer of an empty, 789.
 I've lost a, 307.
 in clouds brings on the, 297.
 in every scene by, 596.
 in its pride, 528.
 in June, what so rare as a, 734.
 in the country, 777.
 in the light of fuller, 728.
 in thy courts, 1013.
 infinite, excludes the night, 303.
 into the light of common, 478.
 is aye fair, the, 458.
 is done and darkness falls, 641.
 is long, merry as the, 50.
 is past and gone, 570.
 jocund, stands tiptoe, 108.
 joint labourer with the, 126.
 joy is like restless, 761.
 kings upon their coronation, 269.
 knell of parting, 384.
 life confined within the space of a,
 922.
 life is like unto a winter's, 263.
 live-long, the, 110.
 long, on all things all, 679.
 love of life's young, 587.
 maddest merriest, 667.
 makes man a slave, whatever, 346.
 marked with a white stone, 975.
 may bring forth, what a, 1021.
 merry heart goes all the, 77.
 morning shows the, 241.
 most splendid, I was thinking the,
 745.
 must follow as the night the, 130.
 night is long that never finds the,
 124.
 night is mother of the, 650.
 no proper time of, 595.
 none truly write his single, 685.
 not to me returns, 230.
 now's the, now's the hour, 450.
 of adversity, 1020, 1022.
 of death, ere the first, 548.
 of deliverance, 429.
 of empires, 799.
 of judgment, vulgarize the, 612.
 of nothingness, first dark, 548.
- Day of prosperity, 1022.
 of small nations, 799.
 of small things, 1028.
 of thy power, in the, 1015.
 of virtuous liberty, 298.
 of woe the watchful night, 508.
 of wrong, I have seen the, 56.
 open as, and the hearts, 642.
 or ever I had seen that, 128.
 parting, linger and play on its sum-
 mit, 529.
 passed to bright unclouded, 725.
 peaceful night from busy, 387.
 peep of, 202.
 posteriors of this, 56.
 powerful king of, 355.
 precincts of the cheerful, 385.
 promise of your early, 535.
 rain it raineth every, 77.
 ran a hundred years to a, 691.
 right must win the, 717.
 rival in the light of, 482.
 Rome was not built in a, 15, 978.
 sailed away for a year and a, 703.
 seated one, at the organ, 761.
 short or never so long, 19.
 sir critic good, 723.
 so calm so cool, 204.
 so shuts the eye of, 434.
 star arise in your hearts, 1041.
 steal something every, 330.
 sufficient unto the, 1030.
 summer's, hath a, 259.
 sun shall not smite thee by, 1016.
 sunbeam in a winter's, 358.
 superfluous burden loads the, 252.
 sweet Phosphor bring the, 203.
 that comes betwixt a Saturday and
 Monday, 285.
 that is dead, grace of a, 670.
 that unforgettable, 804.
 the bricks are alive at this, 94.
 the, is gone, 577.
 the summer, was spoiled, 792.
 they vanish with the, 685.
 think that, lost, 874.
 thou wilt bless the, 717.
 thunder in a fair frosty, 266.
 till perfect, shall shine, 761.
 uncertain glory of an April, 44.
 unto day, uttereth speech, 1011.
 unto the perfect, 1017.
 very rainy, 1021.
 were there no night there were no,
 786.
 when I must die, 769.
 when like the rising, 611.
 will not look the same by, 658.
 without all hope of, 241.
 worse deed the better, 282.
 wrong side of thirty if she be a, 292.
 yield, to night, 93.
 you shall seek all, 60.
- Days, afternoon of her best, 97.
 among the dead, 506.
 and hours, do with all the, 686.
 are as grass, his, 1015.
 are dwindled, whose, 433.

- Days** are hastening on, lo the, 695.
 are in the yellow leaf, 555.
 are still and bright, 613.
 are swifter than a shuttle, 1008.
 are trances, all my, 655.
 as thy, so thy strength, 1006.
 begin with trouble here, 873.
 born in better, 341.
 brighten all our future, 380.
 called the feast of Crispian, 92.
 dames of ancient, 395.
 dead-letter, 508.
 dull and hoary, 264.
 even from my boyish, 150.
 fear nor wish for your last, 908.
 find it after many, 1023.
 flight of future, 227.
 forty, and forty nights, 1004.
 friend of my better, 562.
 full of sweet, and roses, 204.
 giants in those, 1004.
 halcyon, 93.
 hand in hand in the golden, 599.
 happy mixtures of happy, 554.
 heavenly, one of those, 469.
 how short our happy, appear, 749.
 in her right hand, length of, 1017.
 in my born, 973.
 in the week, of all the, 285.
 in these Christian, 534.
 late February, 790.
 light doth trample on my, 263.
 light of other, 523, 561.
 live laborious, 247.
 long as twenty, are now, 470.
 looked on better, 68.
 measure of my, 1012.
 melancholy, are come, 573.
 men in these degenerate, 337.
 my, are dull and hoary, 264.
 next, never so good, 899.
 o' auld lang syne, 449.
 of absence sad and dreary, 988.
 of art, elder, 642.
 of childhood, in my, 509.
 of few, and full of trouble, 1009.
 of my distracting grief, 392.
 of nature, in my, 131.
 of old, in the brave, 604.
 of old, which I heard in, 653.
 of our years are threescore, 1014.
 of thy youth, in the, 1023.
 of your life, live all the, 293.
 on evil, though fallen, 236.
 one of those heavenly, 469.
 our deeds, our, 767.
 past our dancing, 105.
 peace and slumberous calm, 575.
 perfect, if ever come, 734.
 pride of former, 519.
 race of other, 564.
 red-letter, 508.
 salad, when I was green, 157.
 shuts up the story of our, 26.
 some, must be dark and dreary, 640.
 supported by precedents, 912.
 sweet childish, 470.
 teach us to number our, 1014.
- Days that are no more,** 673.
 that have been, fare from, 631.
 that need borrow, 258.
 the great of older, 774.
 though fall'n on evil, 236.
 to all our nights and, 117.
 to lengthen our, 521.
 to lose good, 29.
 to remember better, 955.
 trample on my, 263.
 we have seen better, 68, 109.
 we know not of, 806.
 weaving the web of, 806.
 when we went gypsying, 632.
 with God we passed the, 305.
 with toil winding up, 92.
 woe is me through all my, 834.
 world of happy, 96.
- Day's business,** end of this, 115.
 garish eye, 250.
 life, death of each, 120.
 long toil is past, 594.
 march nearer home, 497.
 sorrow of each, growing, 789.
 work and his night's work, 805.
- Daylight and truth meet,** 255.
 can see a church by, 50.
 confines of truth and, 255.
 finish, must in death your, 713.
 sick, this night is but the, 66.
 we burn, 45.
- Day-star arise in your hearts,** 1041.
 of might, 857.
 so sinks the, 248.
- Daze the world,** 606.
- Dazzle the vision feminine,** 606.
- Dazzles to blind,** 428.
- Dazzling and glorious concentration**
 of courage, 994.
 fence of rhetoric, 246.
- Dazzlingly in full dress,** 555.
- De mortuis nil nisi bonum,** 944.
- Deacon swear, enough to make a,** 737.
- Dead, and all the rest are,** 647.
 and gone, he is, 405.
 and the seas give up their, 578.
 and turned to clay, 144.
 are there, knoweth not the, 1017.
 as Chelsea, 1046.
 as yon dead world the moon, 683.
 being, with him is beauty slain, 161.
 better be with the, 121.
 bivouac of the, 866.
 but sceptred sovereign, 554.
 converse with the mighty, 356.
 cup to the, already, 756.
 day that is, grace of a, 670.
 days among the, 506.
 death is to the, 810.
 evil become lost and, 743.
 fading honours of the, 487.
 fault against the, 127.
 for a ducat, dead, 140.
 for us, no past is, 779.
 he mourns the, 307.
 ideas, 996.
 I'm king of the, 660.
 in his harness, 1029.

- Dead in look so woe-begone, 88.
 in the streets, truth never fell, 694.
 it seems that the, are there, 756.
 languages, 556.
 leaves fall and melt, 770.
 lion, living dog better than a, 1023.
 men rise up never, 806.
 men, who wait for, 16.
 men's bones, full of, 1033.
 men's skulls, 96.
 mournings for the, 642.
 nature seems, 905.
 New England's, 634.
 no pageant train when I am, 571.
 not, but gone before, 455.
 not to speak evil of the, 944.
 of midnight, 433.
 of night, 88.
 on the face of the, 766.
 on the field of honour, 1000.
 only the, who do not return, 990.
 past bury its dead, 639.
 poets in their misery, 470.
 rest for the, 786.
 rest her soul, she's, 143.
 rises from, ceremonies the Christ, 788.
 say I'm sick, I'm, 326.
 sepulchres of mighty, 580.
 sheeted, did squeak, 126.
 sleeping but never, 731.
 the breathers of this world are, 162.
 the law hath not been, 48.
 the noble living and the noble, 476.
 the unreplying, 784.
 this earth that bears thee, 87.
 those immortal, who live again, 730.
 thought it happier to be, 616.
 vast and middle of the night, 128.
 when honour dies the man is, 649.
 when I am, let fire destroy the
 world, 893.
 when I am, no pageant train, 571.
 when the living might exceed the,
 219.
 who hath bent him o'er the, 548.
 wind wails in winter for summers,
 729.
 world, 802.
 world the moon, as yon, 683.
 would I were, now, 592.
 Dead-letter days, 508.
 Deadly breach, imminent, 150.
 fair so coldly sweet, 548.
 Dead-sure thing, a, 811.
 Deaf adder, like the, 1013.
 as the sea in rage, 80.
 none so, that will not hear, 19, 283.
 Deal damnation round the land, 334.
 of nothing, infinite, 60.
 of sack, intolerable, 85.
 of scorn, what a, 76.
 of skimble-skamble stuff, 85.
 square, 840.
 Dealings, he was faultless in his, 609.
 whose hard, 62.
 Dean, cushion and soft, 322.
 Deans, dowagers for, 672.
 Dear as remembered kisses, 673.
 Dear as the light of these sad eyes,
 383.
 as the ruddy drops, 383.
 as the vital warmth, 280.
 as these eyes that weep, 280.
 be what men call life, 885.
 beauteous death, 264.
 charmer away, 348.
 common flower, 733.
 dark woods, 817.
 five hundred friends, 419.
 for his whistle, paid, 361.
 for my possessing, too, 162.
 forever kind forever, 340.
 how fondly, 766.
 hut our home, 362.
 it is to us, how, 810.
 makes the remembrance, 74.
 man to all the country, 396.
 my, better half, 34.
 old friend to me, 825.
 sixpence all too, 152, 406.
 son of memory, 251.
 to God, worthy patriots, 254.
 to gods and men, 347.
 to me as are the ruddy drops, 112.
 to me as life and light, 450.
 to memory, thou art, 597.
 to this heart, 537.
 where did you come from baby, 759.
 Dears, the lovely, 446.
 Dearer than his horse, something, 669.
 than self, something dear, 541.
 Dearest enemy, nearest and, 174.
 foe in heaven, met my, 128.
 thing he owed, 117.
 through every season, 596.
 Dearly let or let alone, 204.
 Dearth of kindness, 771.
 of woman's tears, was, 653.
 Death a door that leads to light, 784.
 a hero in, 340.
 a necessary end, 112.
 a stopping of impressions, 940.
 after, the doctor, 205.
 aims with fouler spite, 203.
 all in the valley of, 671.
 and his brother sleep, 567.
 and life, bane and antidote, 299.
 and life in ceaseless, 654.
 and night, hands of the sisters, 744.
 and taxes, 361.
 and that vast forever, 727.
 and the sole death, 710.
 angel of, 803.
 armed with new terror, 528.
 at the end is, 821.
 back resounded, 229.
 be thou faithful unto, 1041.
 begun, birth is nothing but, 309.
 bones hearsed in, 130.
 borders upon our birth, 182.
 broke the vital chain, 367.
 brother to sleep, 39.
 by slanderous tongues, done to, 54.
 calls ye, 209.
 came with friendly care, 500.
 can this be, my soul, 335.

- Death, come lovely and soothing, 744.
 come to the bridal chamber, 562.
 comes at last, 850.
 cometh soon or late, 604.
 covenant with, 1026.
 coward sneaks to, 859.
 cruel as, 356.
 cruel, is always near, 873.
 darkling, 799.
 dear beauteous, 264.
 despite of day and night and, 678.
 doors that lead to, 218.
 drawing near her, 221.
 dread of something after, 136.
 dull cold ear of, 384.
 early, to favourites, 546.
 eclipsed the gayety of nations, 369.
 eloquent just and mighty, 26.
 ending in, at last, 790.
 epitaph after your, 134.
 ere thou hast slain another, 179.
 faithful unto, 1041.
 fell sergeant, 145.
 first day of, 548.
 four fingers from, 944.
 from sickness unto, 497.
 give me liberty or give me, 430.
 gone to her, 595.
 grim, 194, 229.
 grinned horrible, 229.
 guilty of his own, 143.
 had the majority long since, 355.
 harbingers of blood and, 126.
 has done all death can, 709.
 has ever truly longed for, 666.
 has shaken out, 578.
 hath a thousand doors, 180, 194.
 hath so many doors, 198.
 heaven gives to its favourites early,
 546.
 herald after my, 101.
 his Maker and the angel, 502.
 how wonderful is, 567.
 hymn to his own, 80.
 I bled and cried out, 229.
 I would fain die a dry, 42.
 in battle, prize of, 737.
 in itself is nothing, 276.
 in life, oh, 673.
 in that sleep of, 135.
 in the alabaster arms of, 813.
 in the midst of life, 1043.
 in the pot, 1008.
 into the world, brought, 223.
 intrenched, 309.
 is a secret of nature, 937.
 is an angel with two faces, 835.
 is an eternal sleep, 991.
 is beautiful, 738.
 is but one more to-morrow, 774.
 is certain to all, 89.
 is nigh at hand, 937.
 is not the worst evil, 882.
 is strict in his arrest, 145.
 is the ugly fact, 776.
 is this life really, 952.
 is to the dead, 810.
 just and mightie, 26.
- Death kneeling by his bed, 40.
 laid low in, 514.
 lays his icy hands, 209.
 lieth at the point of, 1033.
 life is ever lord of, 651.
 life, the shadow of, 805.
 life perfected by, 657.
 long mysterious exodus of, 647.
 looks gigantically down, 654.
 love is strong as, 1024.
 loves a shining mark, 309.
 lurks in every flower, 535.
 makes equal the high and low, 9.
 man makes a, 308.
 may give, that, 790.
 meetest for, 64.
 men equal in presence of, 894.
 men fear, 164.
 most in apprehension, 48.
 nativity chance or, 46.
 no difference between life and, 943.
 no other herald after my, 101.
 not divided in, 1007.
 nothing happen more beautiful than,
 742.
 nothing our own but, 82.
 of a dear friend, the, 59.
 of each day's life, 120.
 of his saints, 1015.
 of kings, sad stories of the, 82.
 of princes, heavens blaze forth, the,
 112.
 of the righteous, 1005.
 of the saints of the Lord, 1015.
 old men's prayers for, 883.
 on our dull side of, 680.
 only craves not gifts, 882.
 paradise to what we fear for, 49.
 quiet us in, so noble, 242.
 reaper whose name is, 639.
 remembered kisses after, 673.
 rides on every breeze, 535.
 righteous hath hope in his, 1018.
 ruling passion strong in, 321.
 sense of, most in apprehension, 48.
 shades of, 228.
 shadow of, 1008.
 shook his dart, 240.
 should sing, 't is strange that, 80.
 silence deep as, 515.
 silent halls of, 572.
 slavery or, which to choose, 298.
 sleep before, 922.
 sleep is a, 218.
 smooth the bed of, 328.
 sooner or later delicate, 744.
 sorrows of, compassed me, 1010.
 soul under the ribs of, 245.
 speak me fair in, 65.
 still lovely in, 308.
 studied in his, 117.
 succeeded life so softly, 270.
 such ugly sights of, 96.
 sure-unwinding arms of cool-unfold-
 ing, 744.
 sweats to, Falstaff, 84.
 the beauteous ruin lovely in, 308.
 the best that, to live can give, 799.

- Death the consoler, 643.
 the fear of, 897.
 the healer, scorn thou not, 882.
 the jaws of, 77, 671.
 the lover of life, 829.
 the serenity of, 784.
 there is no, 642.
 thing that nature wills, 941.
 think not disdainfully of, 941.
 thou hast all seasons, 570.
 till they have wakened, 151.
 till, us do part, 1042.
 't is not all of, to die, 496.
 to a world of, 500.
 to die a more painful, 998.
 to life, from, 40.
 to us play to you, 858.
 to what we fear of, 49.
 triumphant, 240.
 ugly sights of, 96.
 under the ribs of, 245.
 unexpected, the best sort, 921.
 untimely stopped, 335.
 up the river of, sailed, 748.
 urges knells call, 307.
 vacancies by, are few, 435.
 valiant taste but once of, 112.
 victory or, resolved on, 990.
 wages of sin is, 1036.
 wait for what will be exhibited by,
 745.
 way to dusty, 125.
 we fear our, in every hedge, 969.
 what men call life, 952.
 what should it know of, 466.
 when I wander away with, 795.
 where is thy sting, 335, 1038.
 where sin and, abound, 497.
 which happened in his berth, 595.
 which nature never made, 308.
 who puts, sweet is, 680.
 whose portal we call, 642.
 with rust, eaten to, 88.
 worse things waiting than, 805.
- Deaths, cowards die many times before
 their, 112.
 feels a thousand, 308.
 unknown to fame, 339.
- Death's pale flag, 109.
 truer name is Onward, 685.
- Death-bed a detector of the heart, 307.
 of fame, from the, 514.
- Death-beds, ask, they can tell, 307.
- Death-complete to die, a life-complete
 in, 824.
- Deathless creed, its spangles a, 748.
 fame, to give her features, 763.
 page, traced on the, 726.
- Debate, Rupert of, 624, 631.
- Debt, a double, to pay, 397.
 a national, is a national blessing,
 532.
 no, with so much prejudice put off
 as that of justice, 926.
 prolific mother of folly, 628.
 to nature's quickly paid, 204.
- Debts, he that dies pays all, 43.
- Debtor to his profession, 164.
- Decalogue, can hear the, 468.
- Decay, age is not all, 760.
 but a slow, 794.
 fondest hopes would not, 778.
 fretted the pigmy body to, 267.
 general flavor of mild, 691.
 gradations of, 367.
 hastes to swift, 367.
 majestic in, 347.
 may talk of degeneracy and, 603.
 melts in unperceived, 365.
 muddy vesture of, 65.
 the great and wise, 810.
 upon old, greenest mosses, 650.
 wealth accumulates and men, 396.
- Decays, age unconscious of, 341.
 glimmering and, 264.
- Decay's effacing fingers, 548.
- Deceased, he first, 175.
 he is indeed, 62.
 spirit of every day, 307.
- Deceit, hug the dear, 362.
 in gorgeous palace, 107.
 men favour the, 276.
- Deceitful, appearances are, 952.
 favour is, 1021.
 shine deceitful flow, 524.
 woman damnable, 280.
- Deceive, easiest person to, is one's self
 632.
 when first we practise to, 490.
- Deceived, true way to be, 981.
 trust all and be, 686.
- Deceiver, to deceive the, 983.
- Deceivers ever, men were, 51, 405.
- Deceiving, literature the most, of pro-
 fessions, 812.
 what is hope but, 780.
- December, in a drear-nighted, 576.
 it was in the bleak, 655.
 mirth of its, 608.
 seek roses in, 539.
 snow, wallow naked in, 81.
 when men wed, 71.
- Decencies, content to dwell in, 321.
 those thousand, 238.
- Decency, die with, 280.
 right meet of, 380.
 want of, is want of sense, 278.
- Decently and in order, 1038.
- Decide, moment to, 732.
 when doctors disagree who shall,
 322.
- Decider of dusty and old titles, 199.
- Decision by majorities is as much, 693.
 in the valley of, 1028.
- Deck, boy stood on the burning, 570.
 our girls for gay delights, to, 748.
- Decked, thy bride-bed to have, 144.
- Declares wit dull, dulness intuitive,
 729.
- Declined into the vale of years, 153.
- Decoy, fashion's brightest arts, 398.
- Decrease, life is in, 309.
- Decree, curst by heaven's, 398.
 doom of fates, 29.
- Decrees, a mighty state's, 675.
- Dedes, gentil, to do the, 4.

- Dedicate his beauty to the sun, 104.
 Dedicated to closeness, 42.
 Dedis, gentil that doth gentil, 4.
 Dee, across the sands o', 727.
 lived on the river, 427.
 rises o'er the source of, 861.
 Deed, applaud the, 121.
 attempt and not the, 119.
 better day the better, 172.
 better day the worse, 282.
 dignified by the doer's, 73.
 each crisis brings its word and, 650.
 every guilty, holds in itself, 647.
 first in every graceful, 337.
 friend in, 16.
 go with it, unless the, 123.
 in every eye, blow the, 118.
 is in itself a, 682.
 is wrought, a noble, 646.
 kind of good, to say well, 98.
 no noise over a good, 939.
 of dreadful note, 121.
 of mischief, every, 430.
 of shame, each, 643.
 purpose is equal to the, 307.
 put your creed in your, 616.
 shall blow the horrid, 118.
 so shines a good, 66.
 tells of a nameless, 456.
 will for the, 292, 297, 958, 968.
 without a name, 123.
 Deeds are better things than words
 are, 645.
 are men, 206.
 are the sons of heaven, 368.
 be not careless in good, 941.
 blessings wait on virtuous, 294.
 by great thoughts and good, 721.
 done in their clime, 549.
 excused his devilish, 232.
 foul, will rise, 129.
 fruitful of golden, 230.
 He quickens into, 650.
 in, not years, 542.
 inimitable his, 36.
 is known by gentle, 29.
 kind, with coldness, 466.
 life measured by, 443.
 matter for virtuous, 36.
 means to do ill, make deeds ill done,
 80.
 not words, 185.
 of carnage, war and its, 744.
 of kindness, little, 760.
 of men, looks quite through the,
 111.
 of mercy, teach us to render, 65.
 of truth, 996.
 our days our, 767.
 power shall fall short in, 705.
 unlucky, relate, 156.
 we live in, not years, 721.
 which make up life, 705.
 words are no, 98.
 Deemed of them, if we better, 721.
 our long gun-deck, might have, 748.
 Deemest thou labor only is earnest,
 841.
 Deep and calm, poppy-seeds of slum-
 ber, 764.
 and dark blue ocean, 547.
 and dreamless sleep, 791.
 and gloomy wood, 467.
 are dumb, 25.
 as a well, 't is not so, 107.
 as death, silence, 515.
 as ever death can be, 810.
 as first love, 673.
 bark goes where traffic blows, 751.
 beauty of the world skin, 262.
 bosom of the ocean, 95.
 bottom of the, dive into the, 84.
 breast, hold me to your, 794.
 calleth unto deep, 1012.
 curses not loud but, 124.
 damnation of his taking off, 118.
 damp vault, 308.
 danger on the, 589.
 deep sea, under the, 591.
 drink, or taste not, 323.
 embosomed in the, 395.
 exhaustless, his numbers flowed,
 597.
 fishes that tipple in the, 259.
 for his hearers, too, 399.
 from out the boundless, 685.
 healths five-fathom, 105.
 home is on the, 514.
 home on the rolling, 714.
 immense Atlantic, 819.
 in the lowest, a lower, 231.
 into that darkness peering, 656.
 malice to conceal, 232.
 man's nature art, 844.
 of night is crept upon our talk, 115.
 on his front engraven, 227.
 philosophy, search of, 260.
 plough the watery, 337.
 plow, and straight, 622.
 potations pottle, 152.
 rocked in the cradle of the, 864.
 she goes through the, 775.
 sigh too, or a kiss too long, 759.
 sleep falleth on men, 1008.
 spirits from the vasty, 85.
 thoughts too, for tears, 478.
 to boil like a pot, 818.
 versed in books, 241.
 where the brook is, 93.
 yet clear, 257.
 Deep-contemplative, fools so, 68.
 Deepening still the dreamlike charm,
 725.
 Deeper, ground dulness intuitive, with,
 729.
 in my sighs, I'm growing, 719.
 sea, disturbs the Sabbath of that,
 700.
 than all plummetts sound, 807.
 than all speech, 715.
 than ocean, 585.
 than plummet sounded, 43.
 than the depth of waters, 769.
 Deepest consequence, 116.
 grief and woe, 838.
 Deeply beautifully blue, 507, 559.

- Deep-mouthed welcome, 556.
 Deer, a-chasing the, 450.
 a shade, hunter and the, 443, 514.
 let the stricken, go weep, 138.
 mice and such small, 147.
 Defamed by every charlatan, 676.
 Defeat is great that can not be helped,
 745.
 the gloom of, 766.
 Defeats more triumphant than victo-
 ries, 960.
 Defeated personally, our principles
 never, 634.
 Defect arise, so may a glory from,
 711.
 cause of this, 133.
 caused by any natural, 168.
 fine by, 321.
 Defective comes by cause, 133.
 Defence against lightning, 899.
 at one gate, to make, 242.
 devotes the national domain to, 606.
 immodest words admit of no, 278.
 in war a weak, 273.
 millions for, 861.
 of nations, cheap, 410.
 Defend me from my friends, 1000.
 your departed friend, 270.
 Defensive as a moat, 81.
 Defer, madness to, 306.
 not till to-morrow, 295.
 Deferred, hope, 1018.
 Defiance, bid the tyrants, 516.
 in their eye, 395.
 Deficiencies of the present day, 368.
 Defied all portents of impending, 613.
 Definitions, I hate, 626.
 of prose and poetry, 505.
 Deformed, I know that, 52.
 unfinished, 95.
 Deformity which beggars mimicked,
 601.
 Defunct bodies, ghosts of, 210.
 Defy the devil, 76.
 the tooth of time, 311.
 Degeneracy and decay, may talk of,
 603.
 Degenerate days, in these, 337.
 sons, earth's, 341.
 Degenerates from the sire, the son,
 337.
 Degraded into politicians, democracy
 has, 628.
 Degree, all in the, 318.
 curs of low, 400.
 is preserved, unless, 900.
 men of low and high, 1013.
 of woe, bliss must gain by, 377.
 take but, away, 102.
 wight of low, 406.
 Degrees, fine by, 287.
 ill habits gather by unseen, 274.
 it grows up by, 197.
 of kin, prohibited, 215.
 scorning the base, 111.
 virtue has its, 197.
 we boil at different, 621.
 Deified by our own spirits, 470.
 Deity, down with ridiculous notions of,
 765.
 ever vindictively made, 657.
 half dust half, 554.
 offended, for, 448.
 omnipresent like the, 534.
 Dejected never, never elated, 320.
 thing of fortune, the most, 148.
 Dejection do we sink as low, 470.
 Delay, above all low, 524.
 always breeds, 973.
 Mecca saddens at the long, 356.
 reluctant amorous, 232.
 reproved each dull, 396.
 the law's, 135.
 Delays are dangerous, 276.
 have dangerous ends, 93.
 Delectable mountains, 266.
 Deliberates, woman that, 298.
 Deliberation sat, on his front, 227.
 Delicate creatures, call these, 154.
 death, sooner or later, 744.
 torment, thou art to me a, 619.
 Delicately weak, 321.
 Delicious bed, O bed O bed, 593.
 land, done for this, 540.
 Delight and dole, in equal scale, 127.
 ay in the very temple of, 577.
 faints with its own, 549.
 give back the lost, 794.
 go to it with, 158.
 he drank, 444.
 heirs of pure, 477.
 hopes flood my heart with, 857.
 how they ring out their, 655.
 in, a sight to, 506.
 in, labour we, 120.
 in love, if there's, 294.
 in others' misfortunes, 407.
 in sorrowing soul, 346.
 into a sacrifice, 204.
 land of pure, there is a, 303.
 lap me in, 564.
 life not life at all without, 757.
 life then seemed one pure, 597.
 mounted in, 470.
 my ever new, 235.
 my private hours, 241.
 my solitary sole, 596.
 of battle with my peers, 668.
 over-payment of, 508.
 paint the meadows with, 56.
 plaything gives his youth, 318.
 she's my, 279.
 she was a phantom of, 474.
 soul that darts to its, 757.
 the strange sweet lovely, 837.
 the wonder of our stage, 179.
 the world's, 776.
 to do the things I ought, 535.
 to other account than mere, 746.
 to pass away the time, 96.
 we all quote by, 620.
 with liberty, to enjoy, 30.
 with sorrow where all was, 764.
 Delights, all passions all, 501.
 not me, man, 134.
 that witchingly instil, 357.

- Delights to deck our girls for gay,
748.
to scorn, 247.
violent, have violent ends, 107.
- Delightful measures, to, 95.
studies, still air of, 253.
task, 355.
ugly as sin almost as, 751.
- Delirious riot of religion, 808.
- Deliverance, day of, 429.
- Delivers brawling judgments, ignorance, 679.
- Dell, wandering down the shady, 596.
- Delphian vales, the, 562.
- Delphic oracle, sayings of the, 922.
- Delphos, steep of, 251.
- Deluge, after me the, 999.
showers, the rain a, 453.
- Delusion a mockery and a snare, a, 527.
of youth, 626.
- Delusive vain and hollow, 869.
- Demagogue, men who can stand before a, 730.
- Demands strong minds great hearts,
time, 730.
- Demd damp moist body, 701.
horrid grind, 701.
- Demi-paradise, this other Eden, 81.
- Demnition bow-wows, gone to the,
701.
- Democracy, egg of, 740.
in your own house, 920.
is on trial in the world, 826.
thunder on stride on, 743.
whom, has degraded into politicians,
628.
- Democratic world, whole new, 584.
- Democratie, fierce, 241.
- Democrats, the damned, 559.
- Democritus would not weep, what, 484.
- Demon that tempts us within, 746.
- Demonstrate a providence, to, 929.
an emotion, 812.
- Demosthenes and Phocion, 914.
and Pythias, 914.
chance to fall below, 459.
with pebbles in his mouth, 914.
- Den, beard the lion in his, 490.
- Denied, like a love, 847.
the faith, he hath, 1039.
who comes to be, 193.
- Denizen, the world's tired, 541.
- Denmark, it may be so in, 132.
ne'er a villain in all, 132.
something is rotten in, 131.
- Deny, heart would fain, 124.
which nobody can, 605.
- Depart, come like shadows, so, 123.
loth to, 288.
the great business of life is to, 812.
upon thy endless cruise, 745.
- Departed worth, relic of, 541.
- Departing friend, tolling a, 88.
- Departures of pleasure, 776.
- Depend, great interests of the State,
579.
- Deplore thee, we will not, 535.
- Deploing, a damsel lay, 347.
- Depravity of inanimate things, total,
809.
- Depressed by poverty, 366.
with cares, 348.
- Depth, far beyond my, 99.
in philosophy, 166.
in whose calm, 579.
of some divine despair, 672.
of the soul, gods approve the, 481.
of waters stilled at even, 769.
- Depths and shoals of honour, 100.
chasms and watery, 504.
dark blue, 507.
of hell, guests are in the, 1017.
of life, piercing the, 542.
of the ocean, 862.
sinks into thy, 547.
- Deputed sword, nor the, 47.
- Derangement of epitaphs, 440.
- Derby dilly with three insides, 464.
- Derision, uglification and, 782.
- Descant, amorous, 233.
- Descended from above, 23.
- Descending from the train, loveliness,
759.
never ending always, 506.
- Descent and fall is adverse, 226.
claims of long, 667.
no record of his high, 763.
to Hades, 945.
- Describe the undescribable, 545.
- Descried, sail long leagues apart, 727.
- Description, beggared all, 157.
- Desdemona would incline, 150.
- Desert air, sweetness on the, 385.
blossom as the rose, 1026.
fountain in the, 552.
in the wide, 591.
Mr. Micawber, I never will, 701.
of a thousand lines, 329.
of the mind, the leafless, 549.
of the sea, 1025.
or water but the, 546.
pathway, star that lights a, 683.
use every man after his, 134.
were my dwelling-place, 547.
where no life is found, 591.
wildernesses, 243.
- Deserts, and they come by their, 698.
full of wild beasts, 908.
his, are small, 257.
idle and antres vast, 150.
- Deserted at his utmost need, 271.
- Deserve better of mankind, 290.
the lovely, the brave, 759.
we 'll do more we 'll, 297.
- Deserving, honour without, 35.
- Design, things difficult to, 368.
- Designs close in like effects, 707.
getting up new, 796.
- Desire and mystery, 769.
bloom of young, 382.
every man has business and, 132.
fierce, liveth not in, 488.
hope thou nurse of young, 427.
is a perpetual rack, 188.
kindle soft, 272.
kft from earth our low, 549.

- Desire more love, I shall, 66.
 of fame and love of truth, 681.
 of glory, 903.
 of knowledge in excess, 165.
 of love, joy, 837.
 of power in excess, 165.
 of receiving greater benefits, 982.
 of the moth for the star, 567.
 shall fail, 1023.
 the soul's sincere, 497.
 this fond, 298.
 to be immortal, all men, 694.
 to gain the bliss of thy, 802.
 vision of unfilled, 954.
 Desires of the mind, 169.
 sordid hopes and vain, 534.
 your hearts, be with you, 66.
 Desired, it is that which I, 1029.
 no more to be, 974.
 Desks, stick close to your, 801.
 Desk's dead wood, 509.
 Desolate heart, blew cold on my, 613.
 no one so utterly, 640.
 none are so, 541.
 sands eternal moan, on its, 717.
 streams, sitting by, 819.
 whisperings around, shores, 577.
 wind-swept space, 798.
 Desolation, abomination of, 1033.
 and dim night, silence and, 655.
 full of sweet, 577.
 Despair, black, 564.
 conscience wakes, 231.
 depth of some divine, 672.
 doubt is brother-devil to, 820.
 fiercer by, 226.
 from hope and from, 340.
 hurried question of, 550.
 ^o nympholepsy of some fond, 546.
 of getting out, 180.
 our final hope is flat, 226.
 shall I wasting in, 199.
 that slumbered, 231.
 the message of, 513.
 the twin-born of devotion, 805.
 the warder is, 836.
 the winter's gray, 829.
 where reason would, 377.
 where seraphs might, 540.
 wrath and infinite, 231.
 Despairs, comfortlesse, 30.
 Despairing, sweeter for thee, 452.
 Despatch is the soul of business, 353.
 that business quickly, 1002.
 Despatchful looks, 235.
 Desperate appliance, relieved by, 141.
 disease, desperate cure for, 961.
 diseases grown, 141.
 part, acting a silent, 746.
 steps, beware of, 423.
 Despise me, ay do, 428.
 Despised, I like to be, 428.
 weak and, old man, 147.
 Despite of day and night and death,
 678.
 of every faith and creed, 683.
 Despond, slough of, 265.
 Despondency and madness, 470.
 Desponding, morose or, view, 603.
 Despot's heel is on thy shore, 813.
 Destined page, 456.
 prey, 838.
 snare, the, 769.
 Destinies, fates and, 62.
 Destiny, hanging and wiving go by, 63.
 in shady leaves of, 258.
 man's genius is a, 928.
 marriage and hanging go by, 192.
 one country, one, 531.
 wedding is, 10.
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, 327.
 is murder, one to, 311.
 strong only to, 421.
 them, have every house to, 743.
 Destroyed by thought, 413.
 once, never supplied, 396.
 so cowardly, 83.
 Destroying, fighting and still, 272.
 Destruction of the poor, 1017.
 pride goeth before, 1018.
 startles at, 298.
 that wasteth at noonday, 1014.
 Destructive man, smiling, 281.
 woman, damnable deceitful, 280.
 Desuetude, innocuous, 804.
 Desultory man, 417.
 Detach ourselves from all that is per-
 ishable, 994.
 Detect, lose it the moment you, 320.
 Detector of the heart, 307.
 Detest the offence, 336.
 Detestable curiosity, damnable and,
 663.
 Detraction at your heels, 76.
 will not suffer it, 87.
 Developed from monkeys, men were,
 605.
 Deviates into sense, never, 269.
 Device, banner with the strange, 641.
 of movable types, 584.
 Devices still are overthrown, 138.
 Devil a monk was he, 958.
 as a roaring lion, 1041.
 at everything, 973.
 author of lies, 193.
 bane of all that dread the, 466.
 brooked the eternal, 110.
 builds a chapel, 192, 196, 206, 286.
 can cite Scripture, 61.
 defy the, 76.
 did grin, the, 501.
 don't let him go to the, 372.
 drives, when the, 18, 73, 958, 973.
 drove them, as if the, 958.
 eat with the, 18.
 every man was god or, 268.
 fears a painted, 120.
 for all, 191.
 go poor, get thee gone, 378.
 go to the, 372.
 God or, every man was, 268.
 has the largest congregation, 286.
 hath power to assume, 135.
 have all the good tunes, 861.
 his due, give the, 83.
 how the, they got there, 327.

- Devil hunting for one fair female, 272.
 in all his quiver, 560.
 is gone, a-walking the, 507.
 is in, the place the, 218.
 laughing, in his sneer, 551.
 let us call thee, 152.
 livery to serve the, 598.
 of habits, is angel yet in this, 141.
 renounce the, 1042.
 resist the, 1041.
 sends cooks, 20, 388.
 stood abashed, 234.
 sugar o'er the, himself, 135.
 synonym for the, 600.
 take the hindmost, 211.
 tell truth and shame the, 85, 958.
 the ingredient is a, 152.
 to pay, 519.
 to serve the, 598.
 was sick, 958.
 wear black, let the, 138.
 when most I play the, 96.
 when thou wast made a, 183.
 with devil damned, 227.
 world flesh and the, 1042.
 would build a chapel, 956.
- Devils at Worms, 956.
 must print, 520.
- Devil's back, got over the, 959.
- Devil-in-all to pay, 973.
- Devilish deeds, excused his, 232.
 sly, tough and, 702.
- Devine, wel she sange the service, 1.
- Devise wit write pen, 55.
- Devised by the enemy, 98.
- Devotee of the gospel of getting on,
 838.
- Devotion, despair the twin-born of,
 805.
 ignorance mother of, 193, 275.
 object of universal, 536.
 solemn acts of, by, 429.
 the still prayer of, 524.
 to something afar, 567.
- Devotion's visage, 135.
- Devour, seeking whom he may, 1041.
 thy heart, do not, 951.
- Devouring hand, time's, 352.
 of the weak by the strong, 773.
- Devoutly to be wished, 135.
- Dew, as sunlight drinketh, 666.
 besprent with April, 180.
 bring'st down the gentle, 751.
 chaste as morning, 308.
 diamonds in their infant, 275.
 drop of ink falling like, 558.
 exhaled as the morning, 270.
 faded like the morning, 513.
 from the heath-flower, 491.
 glistening with, 233.
 her eye dissolved in, 427.
 into a sea of, 831.
 like a silent, 202.
 of sleep, timely, 233.
 of slumber, honey-heavy, 111.
 of thy birth, 1043.
 of thy youth, 1015.
 of yon high eastward hill, 127.
- Dew of youth, morn and liquid, 129.
 on his thin robe, 515.
 on the mountain, like the, 491.
 soft falls the, 766.
 thaw and resolve itself into a, 127.
 the hours of, 814.
 upon a thought, like, 558.
 walks o'er the, 127.
 washed with morning, 491.
 wombe of morning, 28.
- Dews, brushing away the, 386.
 drawn up like morning, 749.
 his wrath allay, no twilight, 493.
 morn the mother of, 355.
 of summer nights, 426.
 of the evening, 353.
 twilight, are falling fast, 524.
- Dewdrop clinging to the rose, 637.
- daisy protects the, 486.
 from the lion's mane, 102.
 there's a woman like a, 705.
 time's corrosive, eats, 762.
- Dewdrops which the sun impearls, 235.
- Dewy as morning colored like dawn,
 751.
 eve, from noon to, 225.
 freshness fills the silent air, 507.
 wet, 766.
 winds blow from the south, 821.
- Dhrames and not slape, for 't is, 590.
- Diabolical knowledge, 440.
- Diadem of snow, 553.
 precious, stole, 140.
- Dial from his poke, drew a, 68.
 hour by his, 68.
 not in figures on a, 721.
 to the sun, true as, 215, 306.
 usefulness of a, 950.
- Dialect, a Babylonish, 210.
- Dialogism, a problematical, 401.
- Dial-plate of time, moveth o'er the,
 649.
- Diamond cut diamond, 858.
 dawns are set, 766.
 form, of, 420.
 great rough, 353.
 is the crystalline revelator, 636.
 me no diamonds, 1053.
 pen with point of a, 1027.
- Diamonds, bright as young, 275.
- Dian's temple, hangs on, 103.
- Diana, burnt the temple of, 219.
 of the Ephesians, great is, 1035.
- Diana's foresters, 82.
- Diapason closing full in man, 271.
- Dice of Zeus, 883.
 were human bones, whose, 555.
- Dicers' oaths, false as, 140.
- Dickens, what the, 46.
- Dicky-bird why do you sit, 801.
- Dictionaries are like watches, 375.
- Dictionary can be called a grammar,
 than a, 607.
- Dictynna goodman Dull, 55.
- Did it, thou canst not say I, 122.
- Die a bachelor, I would, 51.
 a dry death, I would fain, 42.
 a little trust that when we, 789.

- Die a more painful death, 998.
 all alone we, 569.
 all shall, 89.
 all that lives must, 127.
 and endow a college, 322.
 and go we know not where, 48.
 and there an end, 122.
 as much beauty as could, 178.
 aspiring, immortality to, 37.
 at the top like that tree, 294.
 bear to live or dare to, 318.
 because a woman's fair, 199.
 before I wake, if I, 873.
 better, how can man, 604.
 but first I have possessed, 549.
 but fools they cannot, 308.
 but once, a man can, 90.
 but once, we can, 298.
 by inches, 283.
 cannot but by annihilating, 236.
 towards may fear to, 26.
 fall mad if they do not, 584.
 for her is serving thee, to, 689.
 for him to-morrow, I'll, 770.
 for love, 73.
 for our country 't is a bliss to, 340.
 for the truth he ought to, 617.
 free men, we will, 436.
 freedom or leave to, 756.
 greatly think or bravely, 335.
 harder lesson how to, 425.
 hazard of the, 98.
 here in a rage, 292.
 hope nor quits us when we, 318.
 immortality teach mortal how to,
 765.
 in a great cause, who, 555.
 in an inn, 379.
 in scenes like this to live and, 522.
 in the last ditch, 1046.
 in yon rich sky, they, 672.
 informs me I shall never, 299.
 is cast, the, 913.
 it must couple or must, 750.
 it taught me how to, 610.
 landing on some silent shore, 295.
 leisure as to, 921.
 lest pleasureless ye, 790.
 let us do or, 183.
 let us, to make men free, 748.
 look about us and to, 314.
 lot of man but once to, 204.
 lot of man to suffer and to, 342.
 love on till they, 527.
 many times, towards, 112.
 men, but sorrow never dies, 824.
 names that were not born to, 562.
 nature broke the, 552.
 nobly to do nobly to, 682.
 nor all of death to, 496.
 not born to, 562.
 not willingly let it, 253.
 O last regret regret can, 676.
 of a rose in aromatic pain, 316.
 or the world, old men must, 684.
 or unknown, 333.
 out late then, war will, 683.
 resist fight if need be to, 746.
- Die, since I needs must, 25.
 taught them how to, 314.
 taught us how to, 313.
 teach him how to, 314.
 teach men to, 960.
 that the thing we love must, 713.
 the day when I must, 769.
 there let me sing and, 558.
 these things can never, 819.
 thoughts that shall not, 481.
 to, is gain, 1039.
 to-morrow we shall, 1025.
 to-night, if I should, 838.
 to save charges, 188.
 to, to sleep no more, 135.
 unlamented let me, 334.
 wandering on as loth to, 484.
 we can not, 783.
 when all fair things, to, 588.
 when beggars, 112.
 when brains were out, 122.
 who tell us love can, 508.
 with decency, 280.
 with harness on our back, 126.
 without or this or that, 322.
 without thee I dare not, 569.
 young, whom the gods love, 558.
- Dies a wave along the shore, so, 434.
 alas how soon he, 366.
 an honest fellow, 184.
 and makes no sign, 94.
 but never surrenders, 1002.
 good man never, 496.
 he that, pays all debts, 43.
 hurra for the next that, 756.
 in single blessedness, 57.
 meaner part that, 791.
 nothing, but something mourns, 558.
- Died as if overcome with sleep, 879.
 as one that had been studied, 117.
 at night the wind, 792.
 away, has never, 651.
 away in hollow murmurs, 390.
 away, the alien firelight, 725.
 content, 993.
 for liberty, 784.
 for men, 811.
 had no poet and they, 330.
 heroes as great have, 340.
 if I had thought thou couldst have,
 563.
 in bed they, 792.
 last night, I only, 798.
 liked it not and, 175.
 of no blast he, 276.
 since Cleopatra, 158.
 the dog it was that, 400.
 the lilaes bloomed and, 646.
 the music has, away, 746.
 to make men holy, as He, 748.
 who, overwhelmed in the strife, 745.
- Diet, be sober in your, 350.
 doctor quiet and doctor, 293, 872.
 me with, the gods will, 160.
- Dieth, the noise of tempests, 700.
- Dieu mesure le froid, 379.
- Differ, agreed to, 506.
 as heaven and earth, men, 679.

- Differ, though all things, all agree, 333.
 Difference, distinction without a, 364.
 of purpose between Almighty, 662.
 strange all this, should be, 351.
 then where's the, 719.
 to me, but oh the, 469.
 wear your rue with a, 142.
 Different branches of arithmetic, 782.
 like but oh how, 476.
 Difficile, Latin was no more, 210.
 Difficult, best things most, 915.
 to design things, 368.
 to know one's self, 943.
 Difficulties, choice of, 861.
 knowledge under, 528.
 show what men are, 930.
 Difficulty and labour hard, 230.
 in life is the choice, 835.
 Diffused good abundant grows, 415.
 knowledge immortalizes itself, 457.
 Dig and heap lay stone on stone, we,
 753.
 the grave and let me die, 830.
 Digest, mark and inwardly, 1042.
 of anarchy, 409.
 Digested, books to be chewed and,
 168.
 Digestion bred, from pure, 234.
 wait on appetite, 122.
 Diggeth a pit, whoso, 1021.
 Dignified by the doer's deed, 73.
 vice sometimes by action, 106.
 Dignifies humanity, 594.
 Dignities, peace above all earthly, 99.
 Dignity in every act of, 938.
 in every gesture, 237.
 of crimes, reach the, 437.
 of history, 364, 603.
 Washingtonian, 795.
 Digression, there began a lang, 448.
 Diligence, best of me is, 146.
 few things are impossible to, 368.
 increaseth the fruit of toil, 880.
 is the mother of good fortune, 977.
 Diligent in his business, 1020.
 Dim and perilous way, 465.
 blue hill of dream, 837.
 dominions on the nights, 613.
 eclipse, in, 225.
 enchancements, render birth to, 653.
 halls of night, through the, 613,
 life should teach, my own, 675.
 night, desolation and, 655.
 religious light, 250.
 sweet woods, 817.
 with age, sun shall grow, 299.
 with childish tears, eyes are, 471.
 with rust, brightest blades grow,
 691.
 with the mist of years, 541.
 world of clouding cares, 771.
 Dim-discovered, ships, 356.
 Dimensions go clearly to show, cozy,
 750.
 senses affections, 63.
 Diminished heads, hide their, 231.
 rays, hide your, 322.
 Diminution of our claims, 995.
 Dimmed the light of heaven, 834.
 Dimmer in the eyes, I'm growing, 719.
 Dimness, sight faints into, 549.
 Dimple on his chin, 31.
 Dimpled chin, pretty page with, 697.
 Dimpling all the way, run, 328.
 Dine and dress, let the world go, 611.
 has enough when he would, 719.
 that jurymen may, 326.
 Dined, greatly daring, 332.
 to-day, I have, 461.
 Diners-out from whom we guard our
 spoons, 605.
 Dining, the man that can live without,
 780.
 thought of, 399.
 Dinner bell the tocsin of the soul, 559
 good enough, 371.
 lubricates business, 437.
 much depends on, 560.
 nap after, 372.
 of herbs, better is a, 1018.
 others stay, 263.
 to ask a man to, 371.
 Dinotherium wandered by, a, 818.
 Diogenes I would be were I not Alex-
 ander, 925.
 Dipt in night, 775.
 Dire was the noise of conflict, 236.
 Direct and honest, to be, 154.
 the lie, 72.
 Directs the storm, 299, 331.
 Direction, all chance, 316.
 Dirge in marriage, 127.
 is sung by forms unseen, 389.
 Dirge-like sound, winter loves a, 486.
 Dirt, faithless leather met the, 311.
 loss of wealth is loss of, 8.
 of London-town, 854.
 was trumps, if, 510.
 Dirty work again, the creature's at his,
 327.
 Dis's waggon, flowers from, 77.
 Disagree, men only, 227.
 when doctors, 322.
 Disagreeable man, such a, 800.
 more, to say than do, 914.
 Disappear, evil tends to, 773.
 to see my bright ones, 749.
 Disappointed unaneled, 132.
 woman, fury of a, 296.
 Disappointment follow, lest, 869.
 of manhood, 626.
 Disaster, unmerciful, 656.
 Disasters in his morning face, 397.
 weary with, 121.
 Disastrous chances, 150.
 end, borne to, 30.
 twilight, 225.
 Disbanding hired armies, 584.
 Discern, all we have built do we, 753.
 Discharge, no, in that war, 1023.
 Disciplined inaction, 457.
 Disconsolate, a Peri stood, 526.
 Discontent, discontented with divine,
 729.
 is want of self-reliance, 618.
 nights in pensive, 29.

- Discontent, winter of our, 95.
 Discontented, everyone that was, 700.
 with the divine discontent, 729.
 Discord, all your danger is in, 645.
 brayed horrible, 236.
 dire effects from civil, 299.
 harmony not understood, 316.
 Discords, straining harsh, 108.
 Discordance in the roll and march, no,
 685.
 Discordant life, echo from our, 761.
 Discourse, bid me, 161.
 good company and good, 208.
 kind of excellent dumb, 43.
 like a Persian carpet, 909.
 more sweet, 228.
 most eloquent music, 138.
 of reason, beast that wants, 128.
 of the elders, miss not the, 1029.
 such large, 142.
 sweet and voluble is his, 55.
 Sydneian showers of sweet, 259.
 the banquet of the mind, 346.
 tongue so varied in, 511.
 Discourses in our time to come, 108.
 Discover what will do, often, 721.
 Discoverer of clines his elders do not
 know, 785.
 Discovery, never made mistake never
 made, 721.
 of divine truths, 304.
 Discreetest best, virtuousest, 238.
 Discreetly blot, 221.
 Discretion is the better part of valour,
 87, 197.
 of speech, 167.
 philosophy is nothing but, 195.
 thou art a jewel, 1046.
 through the little hole of, 56.
 Discuss it freely, as when they, 603.
 Discussed with buoyant, 830.
 Disdain, in rich, 803.
 my dear lady, 50.
 Disease called lack of money, 957.
 of an evil conscience, the, 693.
 remedy worse than, 165, 895.
 shapes of foul, 676.
 this strange, of modern life, 753.
 young, 317.
 Diseases crucify the soul of man, 188.
 desperate grown, 141.
 extreme, 886.
 Diseased, minister to a mind, 125.
 nature breaks forth, 85.
 Disgised, fack can't be no longer, 787.
 Disguise, scandal in, 330.
 the sweet soul, 780.
 thyself as thou wilt, 379.
 Disguises, troublesome, 234.
 Dish, butter in a lordly, 1006.
 fit for the gods, 111.
 Dishes, are these choice, 388.
 home-made, that drive, 593.
 Dishonour, honour rooted in, 680.
 I have lived in such, 158.
 Dishonourable graves, 110.
 Disinheriting countenance, 442.
 Disinterested good not our trade, 417. }
 Disinterestedness, part of, 980.
 Dislike, hesitate, 327.
 Dislimns the rack, 158.
 Disloyalty, to doubt would be, 717.
 Dismal science, professors of the, 583.
 tidings, conveyed the, 397.
 treatise rouse, would at a, 125.
 Dismayed, when the sinner is, 578.
 Dismaying solitude, 602.
 Dismiss us with thy blessing, 862.
 Dismissed without a parting pang,
 296.
 Dismissing the doctor, 454.
 Disobedience, man's first, 223.
 to nature, 932.
 Disorder, brave, 323.
 most admired, 122.
 sweet, in the dress, 201.
 Dispaire, corafortlesse, 30.
 Disparting towers, 358.
 Dispel this cloud, 340.
 Dispensary, Garth did not write his,
 325.
 Dispensations, holy shifts are, 212.
 Displaced the mirth, 122.
 Disposed to take a morose or despond-
 ing, 603.
 Disposer of other men's stuff, 175.
 Disposes, man proposes God, 7.
 Disposition, shake our, 131.
 very melancholy, 50.
 wisdom acquired by, 886.
 Dispraise or blame, 242.
 other men's, 258.
 Dispraises, praising most, 327.
 Dispraised no small praise, 240.
 Dispute, could we forbear, 221.
 my right there is none to, 416.
 Disputing, itch of, 175.
 Disrespect, luxury of, 483.
 Disrespectfully of the equator, speak
 459.
 Dissect, creatures you, 320.
 Dissemble, right to, 445.
 Dissembling nature, 95.
 Dissension between hearts, 526.
 Dissent, dissidence of, 408.
 Dissevering power, 246.
 Dissipation without pleasure, 431.
 Dissolve, empires, 841.
 great globe itself shall, 43.
 Dissolves, all the world, 41.
 the spell of its silence, 646.
 Dissonance, air with barbarous, 245.
 Dissonant chords, 786.
 Distance, frozen by, 473.
 lends enchantment, 512.
 made more sweet by, 477.
 notes by, more sweet, 390.
 smooth at a, 181.
 sometimes endears friendship, 589.
 there's a magic in the, 854.
 what looks dark in the, 808.
 Distant prospects please us, 181.
 scene, I do not ask to see the, 607.
 shore, on a stern and, 856.
 spires, ye, 381.
 Trojans never injured me, 337

- Distant views of happiness, 181.
 voice in the darkness, and a, 644.
- Distemper, died of no, 276.
- Distil goodness out of evil, 92.
- Distilled damnation, 457.
- Distinct as the billows, 496.
 persons, two, 186.
- Distinction between virtue, 370.
 without a difference, 364.
- Distinctions of race, morality knows
 nothing of, 773.
- Distinctly I remember it was in, ah,
 655.
- Distinguish and divide a hair, 210.
- Distinguishable, shape had none, 228.
- Distinguished for ignorance, 627.
- Distraction uglification and derision,
 782.
 waft me from, 543.
- Distress, brothers in, 447.
 called everyone that was in, 700.
 consolations in, 479.
- Distressed by poverty, 367.
 in mind body or estate, 1042.
- Distressful bread, crammed with, 92.
 stroke of my youth, 150.
- Distrest, griefs that harass the, 366.
- Distrusting asks if this be joy, 398.
- Disturb it it stings, 780.
- Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper
 sea, 700.
- Disturbed its solitude, 828.
- Ditch, both fall into the, 1032.
 die in the last, 1046.
- Ditties of no tone, pipe to, 576.
- Ditto to Mr. Burke, 412.
- Diurnal, there swift return, 237.
- Diver, adventure of the, 704.
 did hang a salt-fish, 158.
- Divers paces with divers persons, 70.
- Diverse things they see, 772.
- Diverter of sadness, 207.
- Divide a hair, distinguish and, 210.
 lives that part are as ships that,
 631.
 Sunday from the week, 126.
- Divided against itself, house, 1033.
 duty, perceive a, 151.
 excellence, fair, 78.
 in death, they were not, 1007.
 them, bloody chasm so long, 698.
 united yet, 417.
 we fall, united we stand, 609.
- Dividends, incarnation of fat, 564.
- Dividing, his cares, 455.
 we fall by, 426.
- Divina natura dedit agros, 167.
- Divine, all save the spirit of man is,
 549.
 and comfortable words, large, 677.
 Apollo can no more, 251.
 discontent, discontented with, 729.
 enchanting ravishment, 243.
 hand that made us is, 300.
 highest human nature is, 683.
 how, a thing, 475.
 how, woman may be made, 475.
 human face, 230.
- Divine idea, crystalline revelation of
 the, 636.
 in hookas, tobacco, 555.
 insanity of noble minds, the, 647.
 kill a sound, 416.
 makes drudgery, 204.
 Milton, the, 479.
 no repose except in the, 994.
 O light, we need no fuller, 715.
 of kings, the right, 332.
 or holy, aught, 225.
 peace, like quiet night, 761.
 philosophy, 245, 675.
 radiant with ardour, 754.
 she's lovely she's, 868.
 she sang the service, 1.
 sweet apples anthosmial, 635.
 think how, he himself is, 742.
 to forgive, 325.
 to love, too, 564.
 vision and faculty, 479.
- Divinely fair, 340, 667.
 tall, daughter of the gods, 667.
- Divineness, participation of, 169.
- Diviner air, ampler ether, a, 482.
 feelings, in the soul arise, 607.
 things, by contemplation of, 754.
- Diviner's theme, the glad, 268.
- Divinest harmonies, 786.
- Divinity doth hedge a king, 142.
 in odd numbers, there is, 46.
 manifestation of the, 996.
 open outlets to the, 994.
 sacred and inspired, 170.
 that shapes our ends, 145.
 that stirs within us, 298.
- Division of a battle, 149.
- Do, a very plain brownstone will, 689.
 always, what is right, 762.
 good by stealth, 329.
 good, it is not enough to, 812.
 him any wrong, to, 684.
 I, not own an inch of land, 765.
 if to, were as easy as to know, 60.
 it with thy might, 1023.
 noble things not dream them, 727.
 nobly to die, nobly to, 682.
 not weep for me, 742.
 not what we ought, we, 754.
 nothing left to, 913.
 or can the best of us, little, 714.
 or die, let us, 183, 450.
 so many worlds so much to, 675.
 some noble work of love to, 696.
 strange what a man may, 698.
 the great business of life is to, 812.
 the right, trust in God and, 702.
 the thing we must, we must, 760.
 we should, when we would, 142.
 well and right, 205.
 what has by man been done, 309.
 what I pleased I would, 980.
 what I will with mine own, 1032.
 what men dare, 52.
 what will, by what will not do, 721.
 with all the days, what shall I, 686.
 with nothing in the world to, 611.
 ye even so to them, 1031.

- Do you know old age may come, 743.
 Dock the tail of rhyme, 688.
 Doctor, after death the, 205.
 dismissing the, 454.
 Fell, I do not love thee, 286.
 for a nauseous draught fee the, 270.
 good is a good, 620.
 Martin Luther sang, as, 697.
 old because you never were my, 923.
 silent, shook his head, 349.
 Doctors disagree, when, 322.
 give what they would take, 691.
 of the Stoic fur, 246.
 Doctors' spite, in learned, 564.
 Doctrine, all the winds of, 255.
 from women's eyes, 56.
 not for the, but the music, 324.
 of ignoble ease, 840.
 of the strenuous life, 840.
 orthodox, prove their, 210.
 sanctified by truth, 483.
 than of heart, better heresy of, 650.
 the bible is a book of, 530.
 with every wind of, 1039.
 Doctrines plain, what makes all, 215.
 Doer and the thing done, 461.
 Doer's deed, place is dignified by, 73.
 Does not put him out, it, 720.
 well acts nobly, 307.
 works and, some poem, 583.
 Doff it for shame, 79.
 Doff his hat, when he lightly, 856.
 Dog, Alcibiades and his, 919.
 and bay the moon, 114.
 circumcised, 159.
 faithful, his, 315.
 hair of the same, 16.
 his Highness', at Kew, 334.
 hunts in dreams like a, 669.
 in that town was found a, 400.
 in the manger, 188.
 infidel as a, 371.
 is thy servant a, 1008.
 is turned to his vomit, 1041.
 it was that died, 400.
 let no, bark, 60.
 living, better than dead lion, 1023.
 love me love my, 19.
 may love a puppy, a mastiff, 684.
 mine enemy's, 148.
 misbeliever, cut throat, 61.
 old, Tray's ever faithful, 764.
 ounce bear and bull, 969.
 shall bear him company, 315.
 smarts, this, 363.
 something better than his, 669.
 to gain his private ends, 400.
 Tobias and his, 1028.
 walking on his hind legs, 371.
 whose, are you, 334.
 will have his day, 145.
 wool of bat tongue of, 123.
 word to throw at a, 66.
 would break thy bivouac, 623.
 Dogs bark at me, 95.
 between two, 93.
 delight to bark and bite, 301.
 drinking from the Nile, 901, 905.
 Dogs eat of the crumbs, 1032.
 fighting in the streets, 363.
 little, and all, 147.
 of war, let slip the, 113.
 rain cats and, 293.
 throw physic to the, 125.
 ye have had your day, 347.
 Doggedly, set himself, 371.
 Doing and saying are two things, 284.
 good for good-for-nothing, 659.
 or suffering, 225.
 what is, 815.
 whatever is worth, 352.
 Doings, amend your ways and your,
 1027.
 Doit, beggarly last, 421.
 Dole, delight and, in equal scale, 127.
 happy man be his, 46.
 happy man happy, 11.
 Doleful dumps, 404.
 sound, from the tombs, a, 303.
 Dollar, the Almighty, 536.
 Dollars and cents, minutes to be, 586.
 Dolphin, dies like the, 545.
 Dolphins play, pleased to see the, 354.
 Dolphin-chamber, in my, 89.
 Domain, o'er the hushed, 699.
 Dome, fired the Ephesian, 296.
 hand that rounded Peter's, 614.
 him of the western, 268.
 his hall the azure, 617.
 in this world with starry, 841.
 life like a, 565.
 no gilded, 571.
 of many-coloured glass, 565.
 of thought, 541.
 Domestic happiness, 419.
 joy, smooth current of, 367.
 Domestic, few admired by their, 964.
 Dominations principedoms, 235.
 Dominion, man's, 767.
 Dominions, raven from the dim, 613.
 sun never sets in, 990.
 tithe or toll in our, 79.
 Domus sua cuique, 24.
 Done, all is, that men can do, 453.
 by youth, everything great been,
 628.
 decently and in order, 1038.
 ere the toil be, 717.
 father thy will not mine be, 630.
 for, so soon that I am, 875.
 heat of long day and wish't were,
 753.
 if it were, when 't is, 117.
 in a corner, 1036.
 in vain, all is, 453.
 knowing when to have, 583.
 life's work well, 757.
 like lightning, 178.
 make deeds ill, 80.
 my duty and no more, 362.
 quickly, 't were well it were, 117.
 reward of a thing well, 619.
 such things to be so little, 675.
 the play is, 697.
 things which we ought to have, 1042.
 to death by slanderous tongues, 54.

- Done, to have, 781.
 to think the year is all but, 728.
 we may compute what 's, 448.
 well and as is fitting, 1029.
 well, is done soon enough, 967.
 what men have, 828.
 what 's, is done, 121.
 where much is to be, 376.
 with so much ease, 267.
 work is, lie shall rot, 757.
 Donned his clothes, he rose and, 142.
 Don't see it, I, 297.
 want to fight, we, 867.
 Doom, days that wove your, 806.
 defied all portents of impending,
 613.
 had an early, 623.
 of fate, 29.
 regardless of their, 381.
 the crack of, 123.
 those wild words of, 613.
 Doomed for a certain term, 131.
 Doon, ye banks and braes of bonny,
 452.
 Door, at mine hostess', 78.
 at my, the pale horse stands, 811.
 beside a human, 472.
 clicked behind the, 397.
 drove me from the, 433.
 haunt the rich man's, 424.
 know the grass before the, 769.
 of life, 805.
 shut shut the, 326.
 shut the stable, 13.
 there paused to shut the, 844.
 to door, sung ballads from, 189.
 wave and flutter round my, 613.
 wolf from the, 8.
 Doors, death hath a thousand, 180, 194,
 218.
 death hath so many, 198.
 infernal, 229.
 men shut their, 109.
 neither locks to their, 642.
 nor locks can shield you, 538.
 Doorkeeper in the house of my God,
 1013.
 Door-yard, when lilacs last in the, 744.
 Doreas, a woman called, 1035.
 Dorian mood of flutes, 225.
 Dorians pray, to whom the, 604.
 Doric lay, warbling his, 248.
 Dost thou love life, 360.
 Dotage, streams of, 365.
 Dotages and plagues of human kind,
 188.
 Dote on his very absence, 61.
 upon, how fading the joys we, 281.
 Dotes yet doubts suspects, 153.
 Doting with age, pyramids, 222.
 Double beauty whenever a swan, 593.
 cherry, like to a, 58.
 debt to pay, contrived a, 397.
 double toil and trouble, 123.
 my life's fading space, 262.
 pity, challenge, 25.
 sure, I'll make assurance, 123.
 surely you'll grow, 466.
 Double swan and shadow, float, 474.
 thereon, on a lake with her, 593.
 Doublet, carving the fashion of a, 51.
 Doubling his pleasures, 455.
 Doubly armed, thus am I, 299.
 dying, 488.
 feel ourselves alone, 489.
 Doubt beyond all fear above, all, 691.
 every, that can retard, 622.
 faith in honest, 676.
 is brother-devil to despair, 820.
 light of heaven dimmed with, 834.
 man that feareth Lord to, 760.
 modest, 102.
 my mind is clouded with a, 681.
 never, I love, 133.
 never stand to, 203.
 nor loop to hang a, 154.
 one heart, than, 686.
 that the sun doth move, 133.
 the equivocation of the fiend, 125.
 the wise are prone to, 345.
 thou the stars are fire, 133.
 to be once in, 153.
 trieth the troth in every, 18.
 truth to be a liar, 133.
 where, there truth is, 721.
 who read to, 494.
 win the trick, when in, 1053.
 would be disloyalty, to, 717.
 Doubts, our, are traitors, 47.
 bound in to saucy, 122.
 suspects yet strongly loves, 153.
 Doubted, heard Troy, 558.
 never half believed, who never, 721.
 Doubteth thee, in that fear, 760.
 Doubtful, from the dark and, 443.
 Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal,
 656.
 in his abject spirit, 733.
 Dough, my cake is, 73.
 Douglas deals in red herrings, 563.
 in his hall, 490.
 like, conquer or die, 392.
 song of Percy and, 34.
 tender and true, 38.
 Dove, beside the springs of, 469.
 burnished, 668.
 found no rest, 1004.
 gently as any sucking, 57.
 more of the serpent than, 41.
 wings like a, oh that I had, 1012.
 Doves and team of sparrows, 31.
 harmless as, 1031.
 moan of, 673.
 Dove-cote, eagle in a, 103.
 Dowagers for deans, 672.
 Dowered with the hate of hate, 665.
 Down among the dead men, 860.
 and all the wheels run, 728.
 and out of breath, 88.
 as he wrote, for men, 726.
 before he shakes the stars, 730.
 beneath the wild, far, 700.
 beyond the haven, 837.
 by the mill, apple-boughs, 724.
 death looks gigantically, 654.
 eternity's river, flow in one, 714.

- Down from his perch, gravely got, 723.
 he that is, 212, 266.
 hill that skirts the, 428.
 I grant you I was, 88.
 in the dreary night, 857.
 is heresy, what's, 684.
 level, 370.
 of darkness, the raven, 244.
 on your knees and thank heaven, 70.
 pillow hard, finds the, 160.
 so he laid, his arms, 594.
 the base in man, to keep, 681.
 the dark vistas of the reboantic, 636.
 the hill, as it hurried, 750.
 the nights and down the days, 841.
 the wind, let her, 153.
 this story will not go, 363.
 thou climbing sorrow, 146.
 thrice driven bed of, 151.
 to the dust with them, 525.
 where we lay our burdens, 758.
 with ridiculous notions of Deity,
 765.
- Downs, all in the, 348.
 unhabitable, 289.
- Downcast modesty, 356.
- Downfall, surest road to national, 693.
- Down-trodden, lift the, 798.
- Downward age, torrent of a, 356.
 bent, thoughts, 225.
- Doxy, another man's, 1050.
- Dozen, a baker's, 959.
- Drab, cursing like a very, 135.
- Drachenfels, castled crag of, 543.
- Drachm is too little for a king to give,
 918.
- Draff, still sow eats all the, 13.
- Drag angels down, 532.
 the Atlantic for whales, 796.
 the slow barge, 424.
- Drags at each remove, 394.
 its slow length along, 324.
- Dragon, evening, 242.
 Saint George that swunged the, 78.
- Dragon's tail, baited with a, 217.
- Dragon-fly you hail from dream-land,
 837.
- Dragonish, cloud that is, 158.
- Drained by fevered lips, 579.
- Drakes, ducks and, 37.
- Drama has outgrown such toys, the,
 659.
 means, what this wild, 683.
 with the day, close the, 312.
- Drames go by contraries, 590.
- Drank, and ale we, 792.
 delight, 444.
 judicious, 332.
- Drapery of his couch, 572.
- Draught above heat, one, 74.
 nauseous, 270.
 of cool refreshment, 579.
 slavery a bitter, 379.
- Draughts, shallow, 323.
- Draw men as they ought to be, 399.
 the curtain and show the picture, 74.
 the curtain close, 94.
 you with a single hair, 274
- Draws him yet she follows, though she,
 645.
 us with a single hair, beauty, 191,
 326.
- Drawers, chest of, by day, 397.
- Drawn dagger, smiles at the, 299.
 up like morning dews, 749.
- Dread and fear of kings, 64.
 O majesty unspeakable and, 717.
 of all who wrong, 649.
 of something after death, 136.
 the devil, bane of all that, 466.
 whence this secret, 298.
- Dreads to the dust returning, who, 756.
- Dreadful as the Manichean god, 421.
 bell, silence that, 152.
 reckoning, 348.
 thing, between the acting of a, 111.
 thought, thou pleasing, 299.
 urs, those, 689.
- Dream, a far illusive, 767.
 a hideous, 111.
 a place of, 798.
 a shadowy lie, was thy, 719.
 all night without a stir, 575.
 as we glide through a quiet, 538.
 as youthful poets, 249.
 change o'er the spirit of my, 553.
 clear, and solemn vision, 245.
 consecration and the poet's, 475.
 dim blue hill of, 837.
 dreamed a, that could not be, 758.
 fickle as a changeful, 491.
 gone like a beautiful, 596.
 her face stirred with her, 558.
 hope is but the, 288.
 hunt half a day for a forgotten, 472.
 I have had a, 58.
 in cleaving to the, 815.
 in joy and wake in love, 578.
 iridescent, 785.
 is but a shadow, a, 134.
 life is an empty, 768.
 life is but an empty, 638.
 like an old tune through a, 821.
 love is a beautiful, 837.
 love's young, 521.
 man's life is but a, 768.
 no, his life was but a fight, 741.
 none thrives long on happiest, 757.
 not Homer nods but we, 323.
 of, a sight to, 499.
 of a waking man, 947.
 of heaven, she did but, 270.
 of home, the, 525.
 of love melted away, in a, 865.
 of loveliness descending, saw a, 759.
 of peace, deep, 536.
 of sleeping innocence, 814.
 of things that were, 541.
 of those that wake, 288.
 old men's, 268.
 one man with a, 820.
 past the wit of man to say what, 58.
 said dreamer, no more, 758.
 short as any, 57.
 silently as a, 421.
 sprite begotten of summer, 865.

- Dream that I forget, 805.
 that is dying, 820.
 the glory and the, 477.
 the valleys of, 837.
 to sleep perchance to, 135.
 when one awaketh, 1013.
 which was not all a dream, 553.
 within a dream, is but a, 654.
- Dreams, and all my nightly, 655.
 and fables of the skies, 342.
 and slumbers light, 490.
 angels in some brighter, 264.
 books are each a world, 477.
 dreamer of, born out of my, 789.
 enough of, 854.
 full of ghastly, 96.
 glimpses of forgotten, 666.
 ground not upon, 172.
 grow holy put in action, 761.
 hence, babbling, 296.
 in some brighter, 264.
 into land of, I long to go, 844.
 lies down to pleasant, 572.
 like a dog he hunts in, 669.
 like the atmosphere of, 653.
 no mortal ever dreamed before, 656.
 not with, shall a nation be moulded,
 806.
 of avarice, beyond the, 374, 378.
 of cutting foreign throats, 105.
 of doing good, 659.
 of love and truth, 819.
 of those who wake, 907.
 old men shall dream, 1028.
 smooth or idle, 255.
 songs she heard in her, 636.
 such stuff as, are made on, 43.
 that wave before the half-shut eye,
 357.
 the sea, 841.
 their own, deceive 'em, 288.
 true I talk of, 105.
 what, may come, 135.
- Dreamed a dream that could not be,
 758.
 before, dreams no mortal ever, 656.
 men in dungeons, 798.
 that life was beauty, 719.
- Dreamer dream no more, said, 758.
 of dreams born out of my, 789.
- Dreamers of dreams, 819.
- Dreamful eyes my spirit lies, with,
 751.
- Dreaming darkly of a Dun, 778.
 dreams no mortal ever dreamed, 656.
 ear, voice of my, 515.
 ever of thee I'm, 596.
 past the size of, 159.
 upon Salmon's height, sunshine, 757.
 work grows fair through, 761.
- Dreamland, the ventures of, 774.
 you hail from, 837.
- Dreamless sleep, 791.
- Dreamlike charm. deepening still the,
 725.
- Dream-shadows go, where the, 837.
- Dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, 561.
 of in your philosophy, 133.
- Dreamy air, russet year inhaled the,
 751.
- Drear, tho' now each spot looks, 597.
- Drear-nighted December, 576.
- Dreary intercourse of daily life, 468.
 night, down in the, 857.
 night, it is a, 714.
 once upon a midnight, 655.
 sea now flows between, 500.
 winter, oh the long and, 646.
- Dregs of fortune's cup, 341.
 of life, from the, 276.
 of strife, bitter, 790.
- Drenched sands, 775.
- Dress, be plain in, 350.
 by yellow candle-light, 829.
 daring in full, 555.
 fair undress best, 357.
 felt through this fleshly, 263.
 I'm growing careless of my, 719.
 let the world go dine and, 611.
 of thoughts, style is the, 353.
 sweet disorder in the, 201.
- Dressed in all his trim, 163.
 in good temper when well, 702.
- Drest in a little brief authority, 48.
 still to be neat still to be, 178.
- Drew an angel down, she, 271.
 breath, a sweeter woman ne'er, 749.
 from out the boundless deep, 685.
- Drift, snow in a dazzling, 709.
- Drifting seed, the, 797.
- Drink and to be merry, 1023, 1034.
 as friends, 72.
 as he brews so shall he, 177.
 cannot make the horse, 14.
 deep or taste not, 323.
 if he thirst give him, 1036.
 let us eat and, 1025.
 mandragora, 157.
 meat and, to me, 71, 959.
 more you thirst, more you, 685.
 no longer water, 1040.
 no more than a sponge, 957.
 no spirit, I never, 735.
 nor any drop to; 498.
 old wine to, 171.
 pretty creature drink, 472.
 reasons why men, 979.
 small beer, felony to, 94.
 strong, is raging, 1019.
 that quenches thirst, 978.
 the best of wine, king can, 719.
 the poppies of Cathay, and, 651.
 they eat they, 235.
 they never taste who always, 287.
 't is to thee I would, 553.
 to me only with thine eyes, 179.
 to the general joy of the table, 122.
 to the lass, 442.
 to-day drown all sorrow, 184.
 too much as men have done, 685.
 what to eat and, and wear, 603.
 what ye shall eat or, 1030.
 when I have occasion, 976.
 why should every creature, but I,
 260.
 wild anarchy of, 180.

- Drink with him that wears a hood, 22.
 with me and drink as I, 859.
 with you eat with you, 61.
 ye to her that each loves best, 516.
- Drinks and gapes for drink again, 260.
- Drinking dancing laughing, 272.
 largely sobers us, 323.
 not to be blamed, 195.
 thirsteth still, 777.
 unhappy brains for, 152.
- Drip of the suspended oar, 543.
- Drips its misty light, 833.
- Dripping with coolness, 537.
- Drive a coach and six, 1047.
 a flock to feed, and just to, 611.
 four rogues let, 84.
 him away, grief can not, 764.
 on your own track, 915.
 one from home, dishes that, 593.
 whom the devil doth, 18, 73.
- Drives you mad, it, 685.
- Driveller and a show, 365.
- Driveth o'er a soldier's neck, 105.
- Driving far off each thing, 245.
 of Jehu, like the, 1008.
- Drizzled blood upon the capitol, 112.
- Drooped in the western sky, star, 744.
 the willow, where, 620.
- Drooping head, repairs his, 248.
 that lay with canvas, 727.
- Drop a tear and bid adieu, 859.
 hinders needle and thread, every,
 594.
 in for an after-loss, 162.
 in the well, last, 553.
 into thy mother's lap, 240.
 life and strength in every, 610.
 manna, you, 66.
 of a bucket, 1026.
 of allaying Tiber, 103.
 of ink, small, 558.
 of manly blood, ruddy, 618.
 to drink, nor any, 498.
- Drops, dear as the ruddy, 112, 383.
 from off the eaves, 250.
 his blue-fringed lids, 501.
 like kindred, 418.
 of rain pierce the marble, 32.
 of water, little, 760.
 play is done the curtain, 697.
 the light drip, 543.
 what precious, are those, 275.
 wiped our eyes of, 69.
- Dropped a tear upon the word, 379.
 down from the clouds, 86.
 from an angel's wing, 484.
 from the zenith, 225.
 manna, his tongue, 226.
 out of the clouds, 196.
 the soft rain, 792.
- Droppeth as the gentle rain, 64.
- Dropping buckets into wells, 419.
 continual, in a rainy day, 1021.
 continual, wears a stone, 892.
 eye, an auspicious and a, 127.
- Dropt from the skies, 856.
- Dross alone is burnt, 827.
 men call treasure gods call, 738.
- Droughte of March, 1.
- Drown a fly, 306.
 all sorrow, 184.
 my book, 43.
 the brim, 73.
 the outcry of the heart, 585.
 what pain it was to, 96.
- Drowned honour, pluck up, 84.
- Drowning would be happiness and
 peace, 701.
- Drowsiness clothe man in rags, 1020.
- Drowsy man, dull ear of a, 79.
 syrups of the world, 154.
 with the harmony, 55.
- Drowsyhed, land of, 357.
- Drudgery at the desk, 509.
 divine, makes, 204.
- Druid lies in yonder grave, 390.
- Drum ecclesiastick, 209.
 spirit-stirring, 154.
 was heard, not a, 563.
- Drums and tramlings of three con-
 quests, 219.
 beat the, 281.
 in his ear, 105.
 like muffled, are beating, 638.
 quietly rested under the, 219.
- Drum-beat, the morning, 533.
- Drunk, all learned all, 420.
 gloriously, 421.
 hasten to be, 213.
 ink, he hath not, 55.
 it is our pleasure to be, 362.
 though he never was, 454.
 with a beauty, 855.
- Drunkard clasp his teeth, 34.
- Drunken sailor on a mast, 97.
 sober, thriftless provident or, 720.
- Drunkenness identical with ruin, 951.
- Drury lane for you, no, 510.
- Dry as summer dust, hearts, 479.
 as the remainder biscuit, 68.
 death, I would fain die a, 42.
 light, 908.
 sun dry wind, 21.
 tree, done in the, 1034.
- Dryden, copious, 329.
 taught to join the varying verse,
 329.
- Drying up a single tear, 559.
- Du sublime au ridicule, 431.
- Ducat, dead for a, 140.
- Duck or plover, aimed at, 439.
- Ducks and drakes, 37.
- Due, give the devil his, 83.
 more is thy, than more than all, 117.
 season, word in, 1018.
 time, born out of my, 789.
- Dues, render to all their, 1036.
- Duke of Norfolk deals in malt, 563.
 the, did love me, 180.
- Dukedom, my library was, 42.
- Dulcimer, damsel with a, 500.
- Dull as night, the motions of his spirit
 are, 66.
 beyond all conception, 566.
 cold ear of death, 384.
 cold marble, sleep in, 99.

- Dull dulness intuitive declares wit,
729.
ear of a drowsy man, 79.
gentle yet not, 257.
good man, Dictynna, 55.
naturally, 371.
Peter was dull very, 566.
pomp the life of kings, 754.
product of a scoffer's pen, 479.
side of death, on our, 680.
tame shore, on the, 538.
unchanging shore, on this, 714.
- Dulled with sin, 834.
- Duller than the fat weed, 131.
- Dulness in others, cause of, 374.
intuitive declares wit dull, 729.
loves a joke, gentle, 331.
- Duluth the word fell upon my ear, 814.
- Dum vivimus vivamus, 359.
- Dumb, beggar that is, 25.
discourse, kind of excellent, 43.
forgetfulness a prey, to, 385.
kings of modern thought are, 753.
modest men are, 454.
the deep are, 25.
the oracles are, 251.
- Dumb-shows and noise inexplicable,
137.
- Dumps, college joke to cure the, 290.
the mind oppress, doleful, 404.
- Dumpy woman, I hate a, 556.
- Dun, dreaming darkly of a, 778.
- Duncan hath borne his faculties so
well, 118.
hear it not, 119.
is in his grave, 121.
- Dunce kept at home, 414.
sent to roam, 414.
with wits, 331.
- Dundee, single hour of that, 474.
- Dundee's wild warbling measure, 447.
- Dungeon dark, dweller in, 449.
the vapour of a, 154.
- Dungeons, men in, dreamed, 798.
- Dunghill, cock on his own, 14.
- Dunsinane, come to, 125.
remove to, 124.
- Dupe gamester and poet, 388.
of the heart, 981.
- Durance vile, in, 450.
- During good behaviour, 1047.
- Dusk faces with turbans, 240.
of eternity, 766.
- Dusky hour, midnight brought on the,
235.
night, 794.
pinions, oft I hear thy, 613.
race, she shall rear my, 669.
- Dust and heat, not without, 254.
and silence of the upper shelf, 600.
blossom in the, 209.
chimney-sweepers come to, 160.
down to the vile, 488.
down to the, with them, 525.
dry as summer, 479.
enemies shall lick the, 1013.
glories in the, shall lay, 337.
half deity, half, 554.
- Dust, heap of, alone remains, 335.
hearts dry as summer's, 479.
hour may lay it in the, 541.
is gold, whose, 236.
lie still dry, 668.
much learned, 419.
must come to, 160.
mysteries lie beyond thy, 264.
of Alexander, trace the noble, 144.
of servile opportunity, 483.
of strife, 786.
pays us with age and, 26.
plume is trailing in the, 623.
pride that licks the, 328.
provoke the silent, 384.
return to the earth, 1024.
returning, who dreads to the, 756.
sleeps in, 1043.
so nigh is grandeur to our, 616.
that is a little gilt, 102.
the knight's bones are, 502.
this earth this grave this, 26.
thou art and unto dust shalt thou
return, 1004.
thou art to dust returneth, 638.
to dust ashes to ashes, 1043.
with eternity, flattering, 554.
write the characters in, 494.
write them in the, 314.
writes in, 170.
- Dusty and old titles, 199.
death, the way to, 125.
- Duties, men who know their, 438.
primal, shine aloft, 481.
property has its, 582, 627.
- Duty, a divided, 151.
England expects every man to do
his, 446.
faithful below he did his, 436.
found that life was, 719.
he seen his, 811.
in that state of life, 1042.
I've done my, 362.
let us dare to do our, 661.
live above the fog in public, 730.
not a sin this is a, 359.
of humanity, general, 961.]
of some right of all, 505.
picket's off, forever, 766.
pursues us ever, sense of, 534.
service sweat for, 67.
simpleness and, 59.
subject's, is the king's, 92.
such as the subject owes, 73.
the path of, 671.
to do my, in that state, 1042.
to do thy, 826.
to worship the sun, 812.
views of Christian, allowed indul-
gence, 730.
whispers low, when, 616.
whole, o man, 1024.
with pleasant, 766.
would not think any, small, 760.
- Dwarf on a giant's shoulders, 185,
206, 504.
- Dwell below the skies, 302.
in decencies forever, 321.

- Dwell in such a temple, 43.
 like an hermit, 26.
 together in unity, 1016.
 two worlds in which we, 763.
 where love and wisdom, 715.
 Dwells apart though not alone, man,
 749.
 ever in her words, 608.
 hereabouts he, 108.
 in that mighty tone, 716.
 no greatness, in me there, 679.
 where joy forever, 223.
 within thine heart, coldness, 653.
 Dweller in yon dungeon dark, 449.
 Dwellest thou, where, 103.
 Dwelling is light of setting suns, 467.
 Dwellings were open as day, 642.
 Dwelling-place, the desert were my,
 547.
 Dwelt all that's good, 220.
 among the untrodden ways, 469.
 Dwindle peak and pine, 116.
 Dwindles, man only, 394.
 Dyer's hand, like the, 163.
 Dying ember wrought, each separate,
 655.
 eyes, unto, 673.
 eyes were closed, 335.
 fall, it had a, 74.
 farewells to the, 642.
 I am dying Egypt, 158.
 in Algiers, soldier lay, 653.
 man to dying men, 858.
 to-morrow will be, 202.
 we live, living we fret, 713.
 well-beloved saying to the people,
 742.
 when she slept we thought her, 591.
 with groans of the, 489.
 Each day is like a year, 836.
 day will bring its task, 779.
 heart is whispering Home, 594.
 of us is inevitable, 742.
 Eager eyes, looks through his, 791.
 for the fray, 296.
 heart the kindler hand, 676.
 Eagle, caged I pine, like an, 714.
 eye and lion heart, 392.
 flight, flies an, 109.
 he was lord above, 474.
 in a dove-cote, 103.
 like a young, 518.
 mewing her mighty youth, 255.
 old age of an, 890.
 so the struck, 539.
 stricken with a dart, 882.
 suffers little birds to sing, 104.
 Eagles be gathered together, 1033.
 dare not perch, 96.
 good to fight jackdaws, 921.
 having lately bathed, like, 86.
 Eagle's fate and mine are one, 219.
 Eagles' wings, fly on, 858.
 Ear, adder that stoppeth her, 1013.
 applying shell to his, 480.
 can hear, that no gross, 245.
 drums in his, 105.
 Ear, dull, of a drowsy man, 79.
 enchant thine, 161.
 falling at intervals upon the, 422.
 flattery ne'er lost on poet's, 487.
 flea in mine, 957.
 give every man thy, 130.
 heard me, when the, 1009.
 hearing of the, 1010.
 hold to thine, 793.
 I was all, 245.
 I will enchant thine, 161.
 in at one, 19.
 in many a secret place, 469.
 it came o'er my, 74.
 it heard, one, 6.
 jest's prosperity lies in the, 56.
 jewel in an Ethiop's, 105.
 more meant than meets the, 250.
 never did hear that tongue, 23.
 not to the sensual, 576.
 of a drowsy man, 79.
 of death, dull cold, 384.
 of Eve, close at the, 234.
 of man hath not seen, 58.
 of night, the listening, 695.
 piercing the night's dull, 92.
 ring sweet in mine, 587.
 seeing eye and hearing, 1019.
 voice in my dreaming, 515.
 we lack but open eye and, 650.
 with a flea in his, 184.
 word of promise to our, 126.
 wrought sow by the, 19, 971.
 Ears, aged, play truant at his tales, 55
 as walls have, 678.
 belly has no, 911, 958.
 blast of war blows in our, 91.
 given two, but only one mouth, 628.
 hangs from beauty's, 424.
 he that hath, to hear, 1033.
 in the, of gentle and simple, 750.
 in my ancient, 106.
 lend me your, 113.
 look with thine, 148.
 music to attending, 106.
 nailed by the, 214.
 noise of water in mine, 96.
 of flesh and blood, 131.
 of the groundlings, 137.
 polite, mentions hell to, 322.
 same sound is in my, 471.
 she gave me, 469.
 small pitchers have wide, 17.
 sounds of music creep in our, 65.
 the woods have, 2, 17.
 took captive, whose words all, 74.
 two, of corn where one grew, 290.
 with ravished, 271.
 wolf by the, 891.
 Earl can last but a few years, 768.
 Earldom and insignificance, 353.
 Earlier time, back upon an, 622.
 Earliest at his grave, 862.
 Early and provident fear, 411.
 beautiful, summer weather, 599.
 bright transient chaste, 308.
 death, to favourites, 546.
 find the peaceful skies, 696.

- Early frost, slain by arrows of the, 763.
 nothing is too, for thee, 938.
 nothing to him falls, 183.
 rising sun, 202.
 rising, worm punished for, 720.
 root and early doom, 623.
 seen unknown, too, 105.
 songster caught, worm by, 720.
 to bed early to rise, 360.
- Earn his nuts by hard buffoonery, 729.
 little to, and many to keep, 727.
- Earnest, I am in, 633.
 soul, with an, 827.
 stars, 575.
- Ear-piercing fife, 154.
- Earth a failure God-forsaken, 728.
 a hell, making, 540.
 a sphere, preserves the, 456.
 a stage, 194.
 a stepdame, 968.
 affords or grows by kind, 22.
 alive and so bold, O, 566.
 all forgot, 522.
 all things in heaven and, 31.
 all unity on, 124.
 all ye know on, 576.
 ancients of the, and in the morning
 of the times, 670.
 and heaven, glories float between,
 631.
 and heaven, midway between, 798.
 and on, will forever be, 583.
 and sky, in the bounds of, 750.
 at cost of losing, 794.
 bards of, 802.
 be dead, till this outworn, 683.
 bears a plant, while the, 863.
 bleeding piece of, 113.
 bliss that, affords, 22.
 bowels of the, 182.
 bowels of the harmless, 83.
 bridal of the, and sky, 204.
 changes but thy soul stands sure,
 710.
 common growth of mother, 468.
 crust of, in earth, 762.
 daughters of, 368.
 dust return to the, 1024.
 Elysium on, if there be, 527.
 exposed he lies on the bare, 271.
 eyes of a fool are in the ends of the,
 1019.
 fed by the bounty of, 612.
 felt the wound, 239.
 first flower of the, 522.
 flowers upon the, 1024.
 fragrant the fertile, 233.
 from lowly, to vaulted skies, 730.
 full of woes, 879.
 fuming vanities of, 483.
 gave sign of gratulation, 238.
 giants in the, there were, 1004.
 girdle round about the, 58.
 give him a little, for charity, 100.
 give some special good to the, 106.
 glance from heaven to, 59.
 glory passed from the, 477.
- Earth, God sent his singers upon, 647.
 has no sorrow, 524.
 hath bubbles, 116.
 heaven on, 232.
 heaven tries the, 734.
 hell on, 838.
 his hearth the, his hall the azure, 617.
 his or her right upon the, 742.
 huge fabric rose out of the, 225.
 in this broad, of ours, 742.
 inhabitants of the, 116.
 insensible, and be, 239.
 is a thief, 109.
 is there evil but on, 683.
 Jove weighs affairs of, 343.
 joy of the whole, 1012.
 joys for ever to sustain, 788.
 kindly fruits of the, 1042.
 lards the lean, 84.
 laughs in flowers, 614.
 lay her in the, 144.
 left silent, 790.
 less of, than heaven, 491.
 lie lightly gentle, 197.
 lift our low desire from, 549.
 loveth the shower, 942.
 making, a hell, 540.
 man marks the, with ruin, 547.
 may run red, 784.
 melting heaven with, 653.
 men differ as heaven and, 679.
 model of the barren, 82.
 more things in heaven and, 133.
 must borrow its mirth, 835.
 must have a touch of, 679.
 my footstool, 316.
 naught beyond O, 570.
 naught so vile that on the, 106.
 nightly to the listening, 300.
 none on, above her, 455.
 none write it for him upon, 685.
 of majesty, this seat of Mars, 81.
 of the, earthy, 1038.
 on the confines of, 862.
 on this hapless, 585.
 one beloved face on, 552.
 one society alone on, 476.
 overwhelm them, 129.
 peace good-will on, 1033.
 peace shall over all the, 695.
 plants suck in the, 260.
 pleasant country's, 82.
 poetry of, is never dead, 577.
 power is passing from the, 477.
 proudly wears the Parthenon, 614.
 rejoice, let the, 1014.
 salt of the, ye are the, 1030.
 so calm, heaven so clear, 725.
 so much of heaven so much of, 472.
 soaks up the rain, the thirsty, 260.
 sounds my wisdom, 344.
 sovereign'st thing on, 83.
 speak to the, it shall teach thee, 317.
 spot which men call, 243.
 sure and firm-set, 118.
 than heaven, 't is less of, 608.
 that bears thee dead, 87.
 that e'er wore, 182.

- Earth, the revel of the, 544.
 this blessed plot, this, 81.
 this goodly frame the, 134.
 this grave this dust this, 26.
 this is the last of, 459.
 this opacus, 237.
 through, sea and air, 501.
 tickle the, with a hoe, 612.
 tideless and inert, 828.
 to earth ashes to ashes, 1043.
 to every man upon this, 604.
 to highest skie, 30.
 to lighten, from Paradise, 806.
 to make, happy, 760.
 truth crushed to, 573.
 unfolds both heaven and, 57.
 upon the lap of, 386.
 walk the, unseen, 234.
 was made so various, 417.
 was nigher heaven, when, 705.
 way of all the, 1006.
 when it is sick, 199.
 whereon thy feet do tread, 27.
 which, can never tame, 610.
 whole, and stars in the sky, 741.
 whose table, 555.
 with her thousand voices, 501.
 with orient pearl sowed the, 234.
 ye have left your souls on, 577.
- Earths and skies and seas, new, 722.
- Earth's base built on stubble, 245.
 biggest country, 737.
 bitter leaven, 473.
 boastful boys, 614.
 breast, at rest in the green, 728.
 firmament, stars in, 639.
 full rivers, 777.
 greatest nation, 737.
 green fields and ocean's, o'er, 717.
 is crammed with heaven, 659.
 last picture is painted, 853.
 noblest thing, 731.
 philosopher, and never, 726.
 pure ablution round, human shores,
 578.
- Earthlier happy is the rose, 57.
- Earthly bliss, the sum of, 238.
 dignities, peace above all, 99.
 flowers, hope's wreaths are made of,
 653.
 godfathers of heaven's lights, 54.
 hope and heavenly hope, 535.
 nothing, bounds her, 524.
 nothing, could surpass her, 555.
 paragon, 160.
 power show likest God's, 64.
 singers, first of, 771.
 soil and scath, 821.
- Earthquake, gloom of, 564.
 shock the ocean storm, 562.
- Earthquakes, succeeded or preceded
 by, 797.
- Ease, age of, 396.
 and alternate labour, 355.
 and speed in doing a thing, 910.
 doctrine of ignoble, 840.
 done with so much, 267.
 flow with artless, 437.
- Ease, for aye to dwell, at, 666.
 hours of, 455, 490.
 I was weary and ill at, 761.
 in Casey's manner, 856.
 in mine inn, 11, 86.
 in writing comes from art, 324.
 live at home at, 176.
 mob who wrote with, 329.
 never wholly be at, 841.
 no cheerfulness no healthful, 595.
 of burdens, 972.
 of heart her look conveyed, 444.
 on the other, and, 694.
 peace nor, the heart can know, 389.
 ran on with greater, 215.
 roots itself in, on Lethe wharf, 131.
 studious of, 859.
 tanned reaper in his hour of, 751.
 things which men confess with, 932.
 vaulted with such, to his seat, 86.
 with grace, 357.
 would recant vows made in pain,
 231.
 you write with, 443.
- Eased the putting off, 234.
- Easier for a camel, 1032.
 to be played on than a pipe, 139.
- Easiest person to deceive is one's self,
 632.
- Easily as a king, 110.
 Bacon could as, created, 585.
 things go wrong, how, 759.
- Easiness to the next abstinence, 141.
 property of, 143.
- East and the west shall blend, 847.
 and west, 798.
 curtains of the, 785.
 golden window of the, 104.
 is east, 852.
 it is the, and Juliet is the sun, 105.
 moon ascending up from, 743.
 where the gorgeous, 226.
 wind never blow, may the, 207.
- Easter-day, sun upon an, 256.
- Eastern kings, guilt of, 258.
 skies, sun illumed the, 758.
- Easy as lying, 138.
 if to do were as, as to know, 60.
 leap, methinks it were an, 84.
 to be true, 859.
 to marry a rich woman, as, 698.
 writing curst hard reading, 443.
- Easy-chair, Rabelais', 330.
- Eat and drink as friends, 72.
 and drink, bad men live to, 924.
 and drink, let us, 1025.
 and eat I swear, 93.
 drink and be merry, 1023.
 each other, cannibals that, 150.
 I cannot, but little meat, 22.
 not the heart, 915.
 of a king, worm that hath, 141.
 or drink, what ye shall, 1030.
 paper, he hath not, 55.
 some have meat and canna, 452.
 the lotus of the Nile, to, 651.
 thy cake and have it, 205.
 thy heart, 30.

- Eat to live, we must, 363.
 what to, and drink and wear, 603.
 with a friend, 4.
 with the devil, 18.
 with you, I will not, 61.
 your cake and have your cake, 20.
- Eats till he is sick, 768
 time's corrosive dewdrop, 762.
- Eaten out of house and home, 89.
 sour grapes, 1027.
- 'Eathen, pore benighted, 851.
- Eating, appetite comes with, 957.
 cares, 249.
 time, worn out with, 276.
- Eaves, drops from off the, 250.
- Ebb, ne'er feels retiring, 155.
 to humble love, ne'er, 155.
- Ēbbed and flowed the tide, river, 646.
- Ebb-tide or flow, aids in the, 718.
- Ebony, image of God in, 222.
- Ebrew Jew, I am an, 84.
- Eccentric and centric, 237.
- Ecclesiastical lyric, 629.
- Ecclesiastick drum, 209.
- Echo answers where, 550.
 applaud thee to the very, 125.
 caught faintly the sound, 862.
 I asked of, t' other day, 720.
 it seemed the harmonious, 761.
 of our wailing cry, 784.
 of the sad steps, 481.
 of the whole sea's speech, 769.
 quoth, plainly matter-o-money, 720.
 to the sense, sound an, 324.
- Echoes dying dying dying, 672.
 Fontarabian, 490.
 how cruelly sweet are the, 563.
 of that voice, melodies the, 502.
 roll from soul to soul, 672.
 set the wild, flying, 672.
- Echoing walks between, 239.
- Eclipse, built in the, 247.
 in dim, 225.
 first the rest nowhere, 1047.
 total, without all hope of day, 241.
- Eclipsed the gayety of nations, 369.
- Economy is the fuel of magnificence,
 619.
- Ecstasy, cunning in bodiless creation,
 141.
 of love, the very, 133.
 to lie in restless, 121.
 waked to, the living lyre, 384.
 warm as, 414.
- Eden, one morn a Peri at the gate of,
 stood disconsolate, 526.
 solitary way through, 240.
 this other demi-paradise, 81.
- Edge, cloy the hungry, of appetite, 81.
 finest, made with blunt whetstone,
 32.
 is sharper than the sword, 160.
 near ocean's, as I can go, 722.
 of battle, the perilous, 224.
 of husbandry, dulls the, 130.
 of tempestuous years, 591.
 teeth are set on, 1027.
 tools, jesting with, 198.
- Edged with poplar pale, 207.
- Edified, whoe'er was, 419.
- Edition, Christians of the best, 958.
- Education a refuge in adversity, 948.
 common to all, making, 740.
 felicity of good, 915.
 forms the common mind, 320.
 freemen without, 687.
 men of liberal, 284, 972.
 nature is more powerful than, 627.
 the ignorant despise, 897.
 to love her was a liberal, 297.
 travel is a part of, 166.
 viaticum of old age, 948.
 virtuous and noble, 253.
- Educing good from evil, 357.
- Edward, sons of, 97.
- Eel of science, 331.
- Een the lass wi' the bonnie blue, 586.
- Effect, an electrical, 827.
 cause of this, 133.
 defective comes by cause, 133.
- Effects, what dire, 299.
- Efficacy of religion, 995.
- Effort is not lost, smallest, 718.
- Efforts of race due to love of praise,
 747.
- Eftest way, 53.
- Eftsoones they heard, 28.
- Egeria! sweet creation, 546.
- Egg, as innocent as a new-laid, 802.
 as one, is like another, 975.
 be the same crushed, for ever, 636.
 full of meat, 107.
 learned roast an, 330.
 of democracy, 740.
 when broken, as an, 636.
- Eggs, as if he trod upon, 192.
 as like as, 77.
 in one basket, all his, 972.
 new laid roasted rare, 274.
- Eglantine, musk-roses and, 58.
- Egotistical imagination, gifted with
 an, 625.
- Egregiously an ass, 152.
- Egypt, beauty in a brow of, 59.
 I am dying, 158.
 rivers of, 1025.
- Egypt's dark sea, o'er, 524.
 monuments, 309.
 pyramid, the mystery of, 658.
- Eies and eares and every thought, 23.
- Eight times to-day, that 's, 590.
 -cent fare, 796.
- Eileen aroon, when like the rising
 day, 611.
- Elaborately thrown away, time, 311.
- Elated, never dejected never, 320.
- Elbow, 'twixt shoulder and, 351.
- Eld, palsied, 48.
 vastness and age and memories of,
 655.
- Elder days of art, 642.
 let the woman take an, 75.
 Scripture, 310.
 soldier not a better, 114. °
- Elders, discourse of the, 1029.
- Elder-gun, shot out of an, 92.

- Eldorado, land of, 855.
- Elect, all hearts confess the saints, 651.
- Elections, biennial, 283.
- Electric chain, striking the, 545.
- power, genius hath, 610.
- Electrical effect, an, 827.
- Elegance of female friendship, 368.
- Elegant as simplicity, 414.
but not ostentatious, 369.
simplicity of three per cents, 437.
sufficiency content, 355.
- Element, creatures of the, 244.
lowering, scowls, 227.
one God one law one, 677.
thy, is below, 146.
- Elements, become our, 227.
cronies of the, 846.
dare the, to strife, 550.
I tax not you, you, 146.
large, in order brought, 677.
so mixed in him, 115.
to whom the better, 608.
unhurt amidst the war of, 299.
weak and beggarly, 1038.
- Elephant learns to dance, 925.
man's plaything, 925.
what is bigger than an, 925.
- Elephants endorsed with towers, 240.
for want of towns, 289.
- Elevation, in thoughts more, 228.
- Elevation of mankind, hindrances to, 722.
- Eleven die nobly, 102.
points of the law, possession is, 296.
- Elizabeth, than my sonne's wife, 749.
- Eliza's days, names in great, 859.
- Ell, he'll take an, 20.
- Elm, pears from an, 977.
star-proof, branching, 250.
- Elms, immemorial, 673.
- Elocution, wherefore waste our, 802.
- Eloquence and poetry, 260.
heavenly, 268.
mother of arts and, 241.
of eyes, 339.
resistless, 241.
splendid, 353.
than speech, silence hath more, 696.
the soul, 228.
to woe, truth denies all, 551.
truth is the secret of, 995.
- Eloquent just and mighty death, 26.
man not speaking the truth, 585.
music, discourse most, 138.
that old man, 252.
Tully was not so, 546.
- Eloquently bright, quenchless stars so, 635.
- Elves, criticising, 416.
faery, whose midnight revels, 225.
whose little eyes, 202.
- Elysian beauty, 482.
life, suburb of the, 642.
- Elysium, lap it in, 244.
on earth, if there be, 527.
within whose circuit is, 94.
- Emanation from the gospel, 460.
- Emathain conqueror, 252.
- Embalmed in tears, 491.
- Embattled armies, 242.
farmers stood, here the, 615.
- Ember wrought its ghost, each, 655.
- Embers glowing, 250.
- Emblem of truth, 537.
to friends and enemies, 483.
- Emblems of deeds, 549.
of untimely graves, 420.
right meet of decency, 380.
- Embodied greatest number greatest ideas, 746.
- Embodiment, the law is the true, 801.
- Embody the law, 801.
- Emboldens sin, mercy, 109.
- Embosomed in the deep, 395.
- Embrace, arms take your last, 109.
caught a star in its, 867.
endure then pity then, 317.
me she inclined, 252.
thy friends leave all in order, 745.
- Embracing to cheer and bless, all, 803.
vines, 784.
- Embroidery, every flower wears sad, 248.
- Embryo, chancellor in, 380.
yesterday in, 939.
- Embryos and idiots, 231.
- Emelie, up rose, 2.
- Emerald cucumber-tree, wild, 635.
hue, a little peach of, 830.
isle, 1047.
- Emergencies, untried, 740.
- Emergency, whatever the, 801.
- Emerson, first there comes, 734.
whose rich words, 734.
- Eminence, that bad, 226.
- Eminent, tax for being, 291.
- Emotion, intellectualized, 740.
you can not demonstrate an, 812.
- Emperor without his crown, 307.
- Empire, outpurse of the, 140.
is peace, the, 1002.
my mind to me an, 22.
of habit is powerful, 895.
of land to the French, 580.
of the air to Germany, 580.
of the heavens bright, 29.
of the sea to the English, 580.
sun never sets on the immense, 495.
survey our, 550.
swayed the rod of, 384.
thy dread, chaos, 332.
trade's proud, 367.
westward the course of, 312.
westward the star of, 312.
will be dreadful, their, 550.
- Empires, day of, 799.
dissolve, 841.
two everlasting hostile, 583.
whose game was, 555.
- Employ, in some unknown power's, 753.
teach heaven's, 709.
- Employment, chase brave, 205.
hand of little, 143.
- Employments, how various his, 420

- Employment of idle time, 207.
 prevents melancholy, 373.
 wishing is the worst of all, 308.
 Empress, sovereign law sits, 438.
 Emprise and floure of floures, 6.
 Emptiness of ages in his face, 833.
 smiles betray his, 328.
 Empty boxes, beggarly account of, 108.
 bubble, honour but an empty, 272.
 day, idle singer of an, 789.
 dream, life is an, 768.
 heads, tall men have, 170.
 louder but as, quite, 318.
 often the cockloft is, 222.
 praise, pudding against, 330.
 streets, whirls through the, 714.
 thanks, words are but, 296.
 Empty-vaulted night, 244.
 Enamelled eyes, quaint, 247.
 stones, sweet music with, 44.
 Enamoured, hung over her, 235.
 Enchant thine ear, 161.
 Enchants the world, 356.
 Enchanted land, portals that lead to
 an, 798.
 Enchanting ravishment, 243.
 Enchantment, distance lends, 512.
 sails through magic seas, 850.
 Enchantments, render birth to dim,
 653.
 Enchantress of the stormy seas, 613.
 Encircling gloom, lead kindly Light
 amid the, 607.
 Enclosed, safe within its central heart,
 742.
 Encounter, free and open, 255.
 of our wits, keen, 96.
 Encourage no vice, 398.
 Increasing, youth waneth by, 24.
 Encumbers him with help, 370.
 Encyclopedic mind, 604.
 End and aim, but being's, 318.
 at my finger's, 12.
 at the, I know is death, 821.
 at their wit's, 12, 1015.
 attempt the, 203.
 badder, gladly to the, 4.
 be well all is well, 988.
 beginning and the, 1041.
 beginning of our, the true, 59.
 beginning of the, 1000.
 bitter, 1045.
 born to disastrous, 30.
 crowns all, 102.
 death a necessary, 112.
 die and there an, 122.
 do not forsake me at my, 278.
 each particular hair to stand an, 131.
 good beginning, good, 13.
 guide original and, 367.
 happiness our being's, 318.
 hope to the, 1041.
 in wandering mazes, found no, 228.
 is not yet, the, 1033.
 life's great, 309.
 make me to know mine, 1012.
 me no ends, 1053.
 means unto an, 721.
 End most sweet, to make the, 80.
 must justify the means, 287.
 my last, be like his, 1005.
 of a fray, latter, 87.
 of a shot, 19.
 of a summer's day, 770.
 of fame, what is the, 556.
 of it, there is an, 974.
 of language, nature's, 310.
 of life not knowledge but action,
 762.
 of reckoning, 49.
 of returning, 49.
 of the chapter, 959.
 of this day's business, 115.
 of woman's being, holiest, 686.
 one must consider the, 983.
 original and, 367.
 prophetic of her, 306.
 remember Milo's, 278.
 remember the, 1029.
 served no private, 326.
 set gray life and apathetic, 668.
 swan-like, fading in music, 63.
 that shall lightly meet, an, 745.
 the, is the same, 850.
 the sooner to make an, 171.
 to all things, 721.
 to pain, death who puts an, 680.
 try the man, 89.
 Ends, at my fingers', 74.
 delays have dangerous, 93.
 divinity that shapes our, 145.
 good in everything, 197.
 human, ultimately answered, 530.
 neglecting worldly, 42.
 of the earth, 1019.
 of verse, cheered with, 212.
 old odd, of holy writ, 96.
 this strange eventful history, 69.
 thou aimest at, 100.
 violent, violent delights, 107.
 well, all is well that, 13.
 whose, will make him greatest, 37.
 End-all, might be the, 118.
 Endearing elegance, 368.
 wife, children with, 397.
 Endearment, each fond, 396.
 Endeavour, riven with vain, 473.
 to do thy duty, a brave, 826.
 too painful an, 321.
 with useless, 644.
 Ended and begun, between things,
 745.
 his cares are now all, 90.
 with the day, her washing, 758.
 Ending, a good, 11.
 always descending, never, 506.
 everything has an, 845.
 in death at last, 790.
 on the rustling leaves, 250.
 still beginning, never, 272.
 to my pain, 790.
 Endite, songes make and well, 1.
 Endless cruise, depart upon thy, 745.
 day, an, 784.
 error, in, 317.
 extinction of unhappy hates, 754.

- Endless night, closed his eyes in, 382.
 pain, the weariness the, 648.
 there is, merit in a man's, 583.
 voyage gone, one on an, 765.
- Endow a college or a cat, 322.
- Endurance, foresight, 475.
 is godlike, and patient, 643.
 is the crowning quality, 732.
 victory born of, 573.
- Endure, human hearts, 367.
 the like himself, 53.
 the toothache patiently, 53.
 we first, then pity, 317.
- Endures and waits, labors and, 647.
 for a breath, love that, 805.
 forever, but surely God, 738.
 no tie, love, 272.
- Endured, tolerable and not to be, 52.
 what can't be cured must be, 190,
 959.
- Enduring as marble, 978.
- Enemies, fallen amongst, 920.
 intimate, 770.
 naked to mine, 100.
 of nations, mountains make, 418.
 of truth, 217.
 shall lick the dust, 1013.
 though lions to, lambs to friends,
 627.
 truly civilized man has no, 826.
 unhappy lot which finds no, 896.
- Enemy dies, no tears are shed when
 an, 896.
 faints not nor faileth, the, 726.
 good bye to peace, priest for, 630.
 hate thine, 1030.
 he who has one, 953.
 hunger, if thine, 1036.
 in their mouths, 152.
 is loose on the other side, 820.
 love your, bless your haters, 682.
 nearest and dearest, 174.
 thing devised by the, 98.
 to life, care's an, 74.
 to mankind, 76.
 we have met the, 864.
 weak invention of the, 296.
 you are now my, 361.
- Enemy's dog, mine, 148.
- Energies of our system will decay, the,
 828.
 that can not die, 814.
- Energy and sleepless vigilance, with,
 661.
 divine, march and, 329.
 of thought which keeps thee, 607.
- Enforced ceremony, 114.
 offerings, 850.
- Engaged in opposing wrong, 693.
- Engine, two-handed, 247.
- Engines, great, move slowly, 170.
 you mortal, 154.
- Engineer hoist with his own petar, 141.
- England, best thing between France
 and, 612.
 be what she will, 413.
 expects every man to do his duty,
 446.
- England hath need of thee, 472.
 high-road that leads to, 370.
 martial airs of, 533.
 men of light and leading in, 410.
 meteor flag of, 515.
 never shall lie at the proud foot of a
 conqueror, 80.
 not three good men unchanged in, 84.
 old, on the lee, 537.
 old, is our home, 629.
 roast beef of, 363.
 royal navy of, 392.
 slaves cannot breathe in, 418.
 stately homes of, 569.
 this realm, this, 81.
 to his Italy, linking our, 712.
 true to itself, 80.
 with all her faults, 413.
 with all thy faults, I love thee, 418.
 wooden walls of, 1053.
 world or in France or in, 93.
 ye gentlemen of, 176.
 ye mariners of, 514.
- England's greatest son, 671.
 noblest heritage, names that are,
 726.
 sun was slowly setting, 831.
- English, abusing the king's, 45.
 air, sweet as, 672.
 ballad-singer's joy, 473.
 dead, close the wall up with our, 91.
 empire of the sea to the, 580.
 gun, who never lost an, 671.
 legs, one pair of, 91.
 nation, trick of our, 88.
 style, to attain an, 369.
 undefyled, well of, 28.
- Englishman acknowledge he is happy,
 698.
 he is an, 800.
 says nothing if he has nothing to
 say, 374.
 stands firmest in his shoes, 619.
 the dying, 462.
- Engraving is the art of scratch, 747.
- Enigmatical sort of calamity, 952.
- Enjoy, can neither when we will, 753.
 delight with libertie, 30.
 her while she's kind, 274.
 nought better than to, 709.
 or even, without a certain, 600.
 them that create and them that, 997.
 there is much to, 786.
 we prize not whiles we, 53.
 your dear wit, 246.
- Enjoyed, with more spirit chased
 than, 62.
- Enjoying, think it worth, 272.
- Enjoyment, variety is the mother of,
 626.
 you were made for, 746.
- Enmities of twenty generations, 602.
- Ennoble sots, what can, 319.
- Ennobling dull pomp the life of kings
 754.
- Enormous faith of many, 318.
 times, corrector of, 199.
- Enough for man to know, 319.

- Enough, his words were simple words,
732.
I was thinking this globe, 745.
is equal to a feast, 363.
is good as a feast, 20, 38.
of dreams, 854.
one step, for me, 607.
that Raphael's colors blent, 763.
to make a deacon swear, 737.
to trust that all, know, 715.
't will serve, 107.
verge, for more, 277.
when he would dine, has, 719.
with over-measure, 103.
you know, 792.
- Enrich not the heart of another, if it,
643.
- Enriches not him and makes me poor,
153.
- Ensample, this noble, 2.
- Ensanguined hearts, 420.
- Ense petit placidam, 264.
- Ensign, beauty's, is crimson, 109.
imperial, high advanced, 224.
tear her tattered, down, 688.
- Enskied and sainted, a thing, 47.
- Ensouled by ancient quietness, 855.
- Entangling alliances, 435.
- Enter into heaven, rich man to, 684.
not, although I, 696.
- Enterprise, heroic, is gone, 410.
life-blood of our, 86.
- Enterprises, impediments to, 165.
of great pith and moment, 136.
- Entertain strangers, to, 1040.
- Entertains the harmless day, 174.
- Entertained angels unawares, 1040.
certain guests of state, 774.
- Enthroned in the hearts of kings, 64.
- Enthusiasm, nothing achieved with-
out, 620.
- Enthusiastic illusions of youth, 791.
- Entice thee, if sinners, 1016.
- Entire affection hateth, 27.
and holiest end of woman's, 686.
and perfect chrysolite, 156.
- Entity and quiddity, 210.
- Entrails spin, spiders from their, 274.
- Entrance to a quarrel, beware of, 130.
wisdom at one, 230.
- Entrances and exits, have their, 69.
- Entranced, touched his harp and
nations heard, 597.
- Entuned in hire nose, 1.
- Envious people, disposition of, 948.
tongues, to silence, 100.
worm, bit with an, 104.
- Envy hatred and malice, 1042.
of less happier lands, 81.
of the world, 408.
the vice of republics, 642.
time transported with, 406.
will merit pursue, 324.
withers at another's joy, 355.
- Epaminondas, witty saying of, 921.
- Ephemeral is fame, 938.
- Ephesian dome, fired the, 296.
- Ephesians, Diana of the, 1035.
- Ephesus, dame of, 295.
- Ephraim, grapes of, 1006.
- Epic's stately rhyme, 649.
- Epicure would say, the, 461.
- Epicurean cooks, 157.
- Epicurus' sty, fattest hog in, 393, 892.
- Epicycle, cycle and, 237.
- Epimenides, the sleep of, 945.
- Epitaph, believe a woman or an, 539.
better a bad, 134.
no man write my, 863.
not remembered in thy, 87.
- Epitaphs, derangement of, 440.
let's talk of, 81.
- Epitome, all mankind's, 268.
- Epocha in history of America, 429.
- Epochs, actions are our, 554.
- Equal, all men created, 434.
and exact justice, 435.
grace force fascination, with, 743.
to all things, 399.
- Equality, men of culture apostles of,
755.
- Equator, speak disrespectfully of the,
459.
they got as far as the, 800.
- Equipage, conduct and, 285.
senseless, 438.
- Equity is a roguish thing, 194.
is according to conscience, 194.
- Equivocate, I will not, 633.
- Equivocation of the fiend, 125.
will undo us, 143.
- Era of good feeling, 1047.
- Erant quibus appetitorum famæ, 247.
- Ercles' vein, this is, 57.
- Ere I was old, 503.
sin could blight, 500.
the toil be done, 717.
they have blossomed for a few, 653.
- Erebus, dark as, his affections are, 66.
- Erect, unless above himself he can
himself, 39.
- Erected look, with, 269.
spirit, the least, 225.
- Erection, we rate the cost of, 88.
- Eremitic, nature's patient sleepless,
578.
- Eremites and friars, 231.
- Erin, a poor exile of, 515.
- Err, art may, 272.
in opinion, human to, 928.
to, is human, 325.
- Errand, sleeveless, 12.
- Erring reason's spite, 316.
rod to check the, 475.
sister's shame, 548.
spirit hies to his confine, 126.
thought, 809.
- Erroneous, truth in things, 773.
- Error, has no end, 704.
hosts of, 843.
hurled, in endless, 317.
is a hardy plant, 695.
lies in pride, our, 315.
love truth but pardon, 987.
of opinion may be tolerated, 434.
redeem the human mind from, 645.

- Error welds men together, 996.
 wounded, writhes with pain, 573.
- Errors, I shall try to correct, 661.
 like straws, 275.
 seem, stratagems which, 323.
 some female, 325.
 some truths more harmful than, 762.
 when shown to be errors, 661.
 yesterday's, 824.
- Eruption, bodes some strange, 126.
- Eruptions, breaks forth in strange, 85.
- Esau, the hands of, 1005.
- Escape calumny, shalt not, 136.
- Eschewed evil, 1008.
- Espy, yet mine host can ne'er, 841.
- Essay, to make a short, 273.
- Essayist, atheist novelist play your,
 683.
- Essence, glassy, 48.
 history is the, of innumerable, 583.
 love is God's, 793.
 of a thing, look to the, 941.
 of good and evil, 930.
 of worship, 995.
- Essential liberty, 359.
- Establish the kingdom of God, 996.
- Estate, fallen from his high, 271.
 flies of, and sunneshine, 204.
 fourth, of the realm, 603.
 greatest, gained easy, 927.
 of man, fleeting is the, 939.
 relief of man's, 169.
 that man's, owns him, 947.
 the press is the fourth, 585.
- Esteem, they give to get, 395.
 to love, to know to, 502.
- Estranged, providence seeming, 595.
- Estridges, all plumed like, 86.
- Et spes inanes, 288.
- Et tu, Brute! 112.
- Eternal anarchy, 229.
 bess, of the sea, 788.
 beadroll, fame's, 28.
 blazon must not be, 131.
 cling to the, 994.
 devil, brooked the, 110.
 doom of fate, 29.
 fitness of things, 364.
 friendship, swear an, 462, 984.
 frost, that skirts the, 501.
 harmony, march of that, 685.
 home, near to their, 221.
 hope springs, 315.
 joy and everlasting love, 280.
 keeps, whisperings around, 57.
 moan, on its desolate sands, 717.
 new romances, 387.
 now does always last, 261.
 Providence I may assert, 223.
 punishment, idea of, 812.
 right, through present wrong the,
 649.
 sabbath of his rest, 277.
 smiles emptiness betray, 328.
 stars, sky studded with, 743.
 streams, by what, 655.
 summer gilds them yet, 557.
 summer shall not fade, 161.
- Eternal sunshine settles on its head,
 397.
 things, proud possession of, 855.
 thought alone is, 780.
 vigilance, price of liberty, 1047.
 with, lids apart, 578.
 year, heaven's, 270.
 years of God are hers, 573.
- Eternally new, there's a pleasure, 822.
- Eterne, nature's copy is not, 121.
- Eternities, past and future, two, 525.
 peaks of two, 784.
 time between two, 585.
- Eternity, dusk of, 766.
 flattering dust with, 554.
 hath triumphed over time, 26.
 in bondage, worth a whole, 298.
 intimates, to man, 299.
 mighty ages of, 760.
 mourns that, 606.
 opes the palace of, 243.
 passing through nature to, 127.
 pilgrim of, 565.
 portions of, great souls are, 731.
 put forth the blossom time, 816.
 shall tell, 869.
 silence is deep as, 582.
 star of, the only star, 597.
 thou pleasing dreadful thought, 299.
 time is the image of, 946.
 to the genius of, 636.
 wander through, 227.
 wanderers o'er, 543.
 white radiance of, 565.
- Eternity's river, flow in one down,
 714.
- Ether, ampler, 482.
 slight toss over ambient, 765.
 the holy, knows what love is, 942.
 through the clear, silently, 576.
- Ethereal dances, in what, 655.
 eyes, she looked with grave, 855.
 mildness, come, 355.
 mould incapable of stain, 226.
 sky, the blue, 300.
 warmth, soft, 228.
- Ethics from Byron's poetry, 601.
- Ethiopie's ear, jewel in an, 105.
- Ethiopian change his skin, 1027.
- Etrurian shades, 224.
- Eunuchs guardians of the fair, 310.
- Euphrasy and rue, 240.
- Eureka, the cry of Archimedes, 924.
- Europe, better fifty years of, 670.
 he sauntered, round, 332.
 rings, of which all, 252.
- Europe's violets, 570.
- Euxine, dangerous breakers of the, 559.
- Evangel-poem of comrades and love,
 741.
- Eve, as ships becalmed at, 727.
 ate apples, since, 560.
 close at the ear of, 234.
 fairest of her daughters, 232.
 from noon to dewy, 225.
 grandmother, a female, 54.
 one summer's, 622.
 son of Adam and, 288.

- Eve span and Adam dove, 871.
 Eve's daughters, 46.
 Eveleen's bower, when to, 520.
 Even as you and I, 852.
 gray-hooded, 243.
 star that ushers in the, 163.
 such is time, 26.
 sweet approach of, 230.
 tenor of their way, 385.
 this shall pass away, 794.
 to the old, 798.
 ushers in the, 163.
 Even-handed justice, 118.
 Evening air, fairer than the, 41.
 bells, those, 523.
 chime, faintly tolls the, 518.
 come in the, 714.
 dews of the, carefully shun, 353.
 dragon came, an, 242.
 exhalation in the, 99.
 flowers at shut of, 239.
 grateful, mild, 233.
 never morning wore to, 674.
 now came still, on, 233.
 sea, I walked beside the, 758.
 shades of, close, 865.
 shades prevail, soon as the, 300.
 star, sunset and, 685.
 sun shine sweetly, 428.
 trails her robes of gold, 613.
 twilight of the heart, 562.
 welcome peaceful, 420.
 when it is, 1032.
 yet, was never, 712.
 Evening's calm and happy hour, 488.
 close, at, 386.
 Even-song, ringeth to, 19.
 Even, faculties to bear every, 928.
 far-off divine, 677.
 one, happeneth to all, 1022.
 say not small, 705.
 Events, coming, 514.
 confused, 120.
 course of human, 434.
 not to lead but follow, 932.
 of fate's remote decrees, 343.
 repeat themselves, 912.
 river of passing, 938.
 spirits of great, 504.
 Eventful history, this strange, 69.
 Ever and a day, for, 71.
 be the same crushed egg, 636.
 charming ever new, 358.
 do nothing but that, 78.
 fair and ever young, 271.
 have the measles, did you, 787.
 his time is for, 260.
 of thee I'm dreaming, 596.
 thus from childhood's hour, 526.
 were lost, 793.
 Ever-circling years, when with the,
 695.
 Ever-during dark surrounds me, 230.
 gates, opened wide her, 236.
 Evergreen tree of knowledge, 440.
 Everlasting fame, damned to, 319.
 fixed his canon, 127.
 flint, wear out the, 107.
 Everlasting light, 792.
 love and eternal joy, 280.
 now, 261.
 preordained from, 942.
 redemption, condemned into, 55.
 two hostile empires, 583.
 yawu confess, thy, 332.
 Everlastingness, shoots of, 263.
 Evermore, life shall live for, 675.
 one nation, 690.
 peaceful stillness reigneth, 700.
 thanks, 81.
 Ever-returning spring, shall mourn
 with, 744.
 Every clime adorned, in, 334.
 Every inch of space a miracle, 744.
 doubt that can retard, 622.
 evil its good, 619.
 fool will be meddling, 1019.
 hero becomes a bore at last, 619.
 hour of light and dark a miracle,
 744.
 inch a king, 148.
 man for himself, 20, 973.
 man has all the centuries in him,
 812.
 man has business and desire, 132.
 man is the center of a circle, 785.
 man's work, 1037.
 of, noble work the silent part is
 best, 746.
 one as heaven made him, 974.
 one can master a grief, 51.
 one that asketh, 1031.
 one that hath, unto, 1033.
 pain, a balm for, 596.
 scene by day by night, 596.
 sweet has its sour, 619.
 sweet its sour, 404.
 through, season dearest, 596.
 tone is music's own, 608.
 virtue under heaven, 329.
 where, one goes in his turn, 742.
 why hath a wherefore, 50, 210.
 woe, a hope for, 596.
 woe a tear can claim, 548.
 woman may be won, 759.
 woman should marry and no man
 628.
 Everybody's business, 207.
 Everything advantageous to life, 43.
 by starts and nothing long, 268.
 comes if man will wait, 628.
 created in bounds of earth, 750.
 custom reconciles to, 407.
 devil at, 973.
 find a tale in, 466.
 good in, 67.
 handsome about him, 53.
 has an ending, 845.
 has got a moral, 781.
 has two handles, 932.
 is made of one hidden stuff, 618.
 is nought, 517.
 is sweetened by risk, 776.
 result of change, 938.
 sans taste sans, 69.
 that is great done by youth, 628.

- Everything that pretty is, 159.
 that's excellent, 801.
 that's old, I love, 171.
 there is a season to, 1022.
 they that are above have ends in,
 197.
 time tries the troth in, 18.
 time will develop, 627.
- Everything goes contrairy with me,
 701.
- Everywhere be bold, 28.
 his place, 260.
 out of the, into the here, 759.
 the gods see, 642.
 the human soul stands, 583.
 the sun shines, 76.
- Evidence of life, growth is the only,
 607.
 of things not seen, 1040.
- Evident manifestation of the Divinity,
 996.
 things true and, 932.
- Evil and good are God's right, 721.
 be ignorant in foreboding, 881.
 be not overcome of, 1036.
 be thou my good, 231.
 bent on doing, 896.
 but on earth, is there, 683.
 communications, 1038.
 conscience, the disease of an, 693.
 days, though fallen on, 236.
 death is not the worst, 882.
 doing, on the ground of expediency,
 840.
 essence of good and, 930.
 feared God and eschewed, 1008.
 folly that seeks through, good, 649.
 for himself, man work, 879.
 for his good repay, 346.
 fruit of a bad man, 879.
 good and good evil, 1025.
 good from seeming, 357.
 goodness in things, 92.
 hastening to merge itself, 743.
 ignorance is the one only, 946.
 is null, is nought, the, 710.
 is wrought by want of thought, 592.
 its good, every, 619.
 keep thy tongue from, 1011.
 love of money is the root of all, 1040.
 manners live in brass, 100.
 moral, and of good, 466.
 new and untried, 964.
 news rides post, 242.
 not into, wrought, 809.
 obscures the show of, 63.
 of that purpose, I knew the, 884.
 of the dead, speak not, 944.
 oldest and best known, 964.
 out of good find means of, 223.
 pain is no, unless it conquer, 728.
 partial, universal good, 316.
 recompense to no man evil for, 1036.
 report and good report, 1038.
 root of all, love of money is the,
 1040.
 soul of goodness in things, 773.
 submit to the present, 901.
- Evil tends to disappear, 773.
 that men do lives after them, 113.
 thereof, sufficient unto the day is the,
 1030.
 thing that walks by night, 244.
 tongue an unruly, 1041.
 universal good all partial, 316.
 vice itself lost half its, 410.
 wealth excludes but one, 373.
 which I would not I do, 1036.
- Evils, less of two, 7.
 philosophy triumphs over past, 980.
 the school of mankind, 411.
 two weak, 69.
- Evolution is not a force, 812.
 of things, always on the, 839.
- Exactness, with, grinds he all, 979.
- Exaltation the divine insanity, thine
 the, 647.
- Exalted sat, Satan, 226.
- Examine, the laws of heat, 812.
- Example from the lives of men, 891.
 joy of past, 346.
 profit by their, 429.
 results of your own, 902.
 salutary influence of, 369.
 thy stream my great, 257.
 to deter, as an, 874.
 you with thievery, 109.
- Examples for the instruction of youth,
 411.
 more efficacious than precept, 368.
 philosophy teaching by, 304.
- Exceedin' accommodatin' character,
 an, 787.
- Exceeding fair she was not, 35.
 tall men, 166.
 wise, fair-spoken, 101.
- Exceedingly beautiful, 499.
 small pickaninny, an, 750.
 well read, 86.
- Excel, 't is useless to, 377.
 unstable thou shalt not, 1005.
- Excels all earthly bliss, 22.
 another, one man, 888.
 the quirks of blazoning pens, 151.
- Excellence, fair divided, 78.
 in a wondrous, 163.
 it cannot reach, hates that, 355.
 smallest scruple of her, 46.
 to maturity, 899.
- Excellent dumb discourse, 43.
 in neither, 163.
 knowledge of what is, 913.
 thing in woman, 149.
 to have a giant's strength, 48.
- Excelling nature, pattern of, 156.
- Exception prove the rule, 187.
- Excess, desire of knowledge in, 165.
 desire of power in, 165.
 nothing in, 943.
 of glory obscured, 225.
 of it, give me, 74.
 of light, blasted with, 382.
 of wealth is cause of covetousness, 41.
 of wisdom, the wise through, 620.
 our own prodigal, 483.
 there is moderation even in, 626.

- Excess to be blamed, 195.
wasteful and ridiculous, 79.
- Exchequer of the poor, 81.
rob me the, 86.
- Excise our brains, 413.
- Excitement, be not hurried by, 932.
- Excrement, general, 109.
- Excuse, fault worse by the, 80.
for being, beauty is its own, 615.
for the glass, she'll prove, 442.
I will not, 633.
in her face, came prologue, 239.
- Excused his devilish deeds, 232.
- Excusing a fault makes it worse, 80.
- Execrable shape, what art thou, 229.
- Execute the villany you teach me, 63.
their airy purposes, 224.
- Executes a freeman's will, 538.
- Exemplary, lives in acts, 36.
- Exempt from public haunt, 67.
were love, 793.
- Exercise, for cure depend on, 270.
strength of mind, 317.
the principle of health, 358.
the sad mechanic, 674.
- Exhalation, like a bright, 99.
rose like an, 225.
- Exhalations of the dawn, 504.
- Exhaled and went to heaven, 308.
he was, 270.
- Exhausted worlds, 366.
- Exhaustless deep his numbers flowed,
597.
- Exhibited by death, wait for what will
be, 745.
I saw what the not-day, 745.
- Exhilarate the spirit, 417.
- Exile from home, 568.
of Erin, poor, 515.
- Exiles feed on hope, 881.
- Existence, a more horrible object in,
585.
I called the new world into, 464.
love is woman's sole, 556.
sordid perils of actual, 836.
soul secured in her, 299.
struggle for, 663.
- Exists only in imagination, golden age
which, 603.
- Exit, called to make our, 436.
- Exits and their entrances, 69.
- Exodus of death, long mysterious, 647.
- Expatriate free o'er all this, 314.
- Expatriates in a life to come, 315.
- Expectancy and rose of the state, 136.
- Expectant of her, I wait, 696.
- Expectation, better bettered, 50.
fails, oft, 73.
makes a blessing dear, 256.
rise, bids, 398.
to bury them, merely in, 222.
- Expected generally happens, least, 628.
- Expects nothing, blessed who, 347.
- Expediency, a principle not, 627.
doing evil on the ground of, 840.
party honesty is party, 804.
- Expedient as lighting by gas, an, 693.
to forget sometimes, 895.
- Expedients with such a king, 352.
- Expenditure nineteen nineteen, annual
701.
- Expensive, gratitude is, 430.
- Experience be a jewel, 45.
from home, 568.
gained my, 70.
ignorant in spite of, 376.
is a fool, old, 683.
is the child of thought, 626.
keeps a dear school, 360.
larv^a of, 429.
made him sage, long, 348.
old, do attain, 250.
sharp mordant of, 740.
tells in every soil, 395.
to make me sad, 71.
- Experienced liar, 796.
- Experiment, full tide of successful, 435.
on animals is justifiable, 663.
- Experiments, I love fools', 663.
- Experimental, youth is wholly, 830.
- Explain a thing till all doubt, 332.
spoil it by trying to, 441.
the asking eye, 328.
- Expletives their feeble aid to join, 324.
- Exploits, glorious, 913.
- Explore the thought, 328.
- Expose thyself to feel, 147.
- Exposition of sleep, I have an, 58.
- Express and admirable in form, 134.
more than painting can, 301.
not so much to, as to conceal, 403.
- Expressed in fancy, not, 130.
of expression that which can not be,
746.
thought but ne'er so well, 323.
- Expression, beyond, 178.
of villainy, 796.
that which can not be expressed,
746.
- Expressive silence, come then, 357.
- Exquisite, joys too, 496.
- Exquisitely fine, how, 315.
- Extant, the story is, 138.
- Extend a mother's breath, 328.
- Extent, my offending hath this, 149.
- Extenuate, as for the brandy nothing,
612.
nothing, 156.
- Exterior, fair, a recommendation, 895.
- Extinction of unhappy hates, endless,
754.
- Extinguisher, a frown is no, 720.
- Extravagant and erring spirit, 126.
- Extreme diseases, 886.
few in the, 318.
hate in the like, 345.
perplexed in the, 156.
remedies, 886.
- Extremes by change more fierce, 228.
heard so oft in worst, 224.
in man and nature, 317, 322.
limits of its race utmost, 756.
meet, 1000.
- Extremity, a daring pilot in, 267.
in man's most dark, 492.
- Exultations, agonies and loves, 471.

- Exulting, bells I hear the people all,
 744.
 Eye and ear, we lack but open, 650.
 and prospect of his soul, 53.
 and the love-light in your, 637.
 apple of his, 1006.
 apple of the, 1010.
 bear welcome in your, 117.
 behind you, an you had any, 76.
 bend your, on vacancy, 141.
 black is a pearl in woman's, 35.
 blow the horrid deed in every, 118.
 brighter when we come, 556.
 could not 'scape the Almighty's, 314.
 courtier's soldier's, 136.
 day's garish, 250.
 defiance in their, 395.
 did see that face, 23.
 dissolved in dew, 427.
 distinguish not by the, 901.
 don't view me with a critic's, 459.
 explain the asking, 328.
 fades in his, 298.
 fire in each, 326.
 for eye tooth for tooth, 1005.
 foresees, whose certain, 343.
 fringed curtains of thine, 43.
 glad me with its soft black, 526.
 glances, are where thy dark, 655.
 great, of heaven, 27.
 great task-master's, 252.
 guard me with a watchful, 300.
 half hidden from the, 469.
 harmony in her bright, 259.
 harvest of a quiet, 471.
 hearing ear and seeing, 1019.
 heaven in her, 237.
 hide her shame from every, 403.
 I have a good, 50.
 in a fine frenzy rolling, 59.
 in my mind's, 128.
 lack-lustre, looking on it with, 68.
 light of a dark, 544.
 light of a pleasant, 723.
 light of the body is the, 1030.
 like Mars to threaten, 140.
 lion heart and eagle, 392.
 locked up from mortal, 258.
 looks with a threatening, 79.
 looks yellow to the jaundiced, 325.
 lovely in her husband's, 465.
 man a microscopic, 316.
 muse on nature with a poet's, 513.
 nature's walks, 375.
 negotiate for itself, 51.
 no, hath seen such scarecrows, 86.
 not satisfied with seeing, 1022.
 of a needle, camel through the,
 1032.
 of childhood fears a painted devil,
 120.
 of Greece, Athens the, 241.
 of heaven, beauteous, 79.
 of heaven visits, places that the, 80.
 of Him who made us, the, 691.
 of nature, lived in, 468.
 of newt and toe of frog, 123.
 of solitude, that inward, 475.
 Eye of the day, 6, 251, 434.
 of the intellect, 582.
 of time, 345.
 of vulgar light, 520.
 one auspicious and dropping, 127.
 open all night with, 1.
 peril in thine, 105.
 postern of a small needle's, 82.
 power behind the, 620.
 precious seeing to the, 56.
 pupil of the human, 518.
 saw me it gave witness to me, 1009.
 sleep all night with open, 1.
 smile in her, 590.
 still-soliciting, 146.
 sublime declared, 232.
 such beauty as a woman's, 55.
 sun cannot be looked at with a
 steady, 980.
 tear in her, 489.
 tear stands trembling in her, 343.
 that inward, 475.
 the seeing, 1019.
 thy glorious, shines on me still, 613.
 to watch, no, 522.
 twinkling of an, 62, 1038.
 unborrowed from the, 467.
 unforgiving, an, 442.
 unpresumptuous, 421.
 upward glancing of an, 497.
 was bright, I saw her, 586.
 was dim and cold, his, 623.
 was in itself a soul, that, 550.
 was not dim, his, 1006.
 was on the censor, 689.
 watch in every old man's, 106.
 wave before the half-shut, 357.
 welcome in your, your hand, 117.
 where feeling plays, an, 486.
 which hath the merriest, 93.
 white wench's black, 106.
 who sees with equal, 315.
 will mark our coming, 556.
 with a watchful, 300.
 with his glittering, 498.
 with threatening, 79.
 yet the sweet closing of an, 700.
 Eyes and eares and every thought, 23.
 and shame them with thine, 608.
 are dim with childish tears, my, 471.
 are homes of silent prayer, 674.
 are in his mind, his, 503.
 as stars of twilight fair, 474.
 beholds her image in her, 756.
 bend on me thy tender, 632.
 black, and lemonade, 519.
 book in many's, 104.
 close up his, 94.
 closed his, in endless night, 382.
 cobwebs out of my, 976.
 cynosure of neighbouring, 248.
 dear as these, 280.
 deeper than depth of waters, 769.
 did once inhabit, holes where, 96.
 displayed the joy of youth, 444.
 drink to me only with thine, 179.
 dulled with sin, 834.
 eloquence of, 339

- Eyes, fear of God before their, 1036.
 get your, so blue, 759.
 gifts that took all, 616.
 gladness and glory to wandering,
 623.
 glow like the sparks of fire, 202.
 good for sore, 292.
 gospel-light from Bullen's, 387.
 grown weary of the garish day, 764.
 hands were never made to tear each
 other's, 302.
 happiness through another man's,
 71.
 hath not a Jew, 63.
 hell to choose love by another's, 57.
 his, all radiant with surprise, 788.
 I'm growing dimmer in the, 719.
 I wait, with longing, 696.
 I will not give sleep to mine, 1016.
 in scorn of, 96.
 innocence closing up his, 40.
 kindling her undazzled, 255.
 ladies whose bright, 249.
 lies all before his, 686.
 light that lies in woman's, 522.
 light that visits these sad, 383.
 like stars start from their spheres,
 131.
 look your last, 109.
 looks through his eager, 791.
 looked love to eyes, 542.
 love darting, 246.
 love looks not with the, 57.
 make pictures when shut, 502.
 man may see with no, 148.
 man with large gray, 472.
 Marlborough's, 365.
 may weep, those watchful, 511.
 meet far off, when, 274.
 mine, have seen the glory, 747.
 night has a thousand, 833.
 no speculation in those, 122
 not a friend to close his, 271.
 not yet created, 162.
 of a fool, 1019.
 of gallery critics, 419.
 of my cash-box, 984.
 of pure women wholesome stars,
 678.
 of sentiment, pluck the, 688.
 of unholy blue, 521.
 offensive to my, 296.
 ope their golden, 159.
 pearls that were his, 42.
 play the woman with mine, 124.
 pleasant sights salute the, 723.
 poorly satisfy our, 174.
 quaint enamelled, 247.
 ran influence, 249.
 read their history in a nation's, 385.
 reflecting gems, 96.
 sans, sans teeth, 69.
 severe, 69.
 shall cry my, out, 973.
 she gave me ears she gave me, 469.
 show his, and grieve his heart, 123.
 shut, he could go there with his,
 947.
- Eyes, sights of death within mine, 96.
 sought the west afar, 487.
 soul sitting in thine, 249.
 soul within her, 554.
 star-like, 200.
 stood with stupid, 273.
 streaming, and breaking hearts, 668.
 sublime with tears, 657.
 such beaming, 520.
 sweeter than the lids of Juno's, 77.
 tears gather to the, 673.
 that shone now dimmed, 523.
 that would not look on me, 442.
 the break of day, 49.
 the glow-worm lend thee, 202.
 the sunshine of thine, 832.
 there lies a conversation in his, 647.
 they strike mine, 178.
 those, the greenest of things blue,
 808.
 thy dying, were closed, 335.
 to the blind, feet to the lame, 1009.
 too pure and too honest, 780.
 unto dying, 673.
 vision brightening in their, 798.
 wanton, 1025.
 were closed, thy dying, 335.
 were filled with love, your, 747.
 were made for seeing, 615.
 where'er I turn my ravished, 299.
 which fail with wakefulness, 600.
 whose subdued, 157.
 will not give sleep to mine, 1016.
 wipe my weeping, 303.
 wiped our, 69.
 with dreamful, my spirit lies, 751.
 with grave ethereal, 855.
 with his half-shut, 326.
 women's, from, 56.
 Eyeballs roll, lips tremble and, 333.
 Eyebrow, ballad to his mistress's, 69.
 Eyelids heavy and red, 594.
 of the morn, opening, 247.
 slumber to mine, 1016.
 weigh down my, 89.
 Eyesight, treasure of his, 104.
 Eyne, Bacchus with pink, 158.
- Fable, in a Libyan, 882.
 read my little, 672.
 Fables and legends of the Talmud, 166.
 Fabric, huge, rose like an exhalation,
 225.
 of the sky, 342.
 of this vision, baseless, 43.
 rose silently as a dream, 421.
 the mystic, sprung, 535.
 will not stand, 851.
- Face, apparitions start into her, 52.
 at the window, a, 764.
 Aurora shows her brightening, 367.
 bury me on my, 949.
 call it fair not pale, 500.
 can't I commend another's, 377.
 climber-upward turns his, 111.
 continual comfort in a, 23.
 counted ere I see thy, 686.
 disasters in his morning, 397.

- Face divine, human, 230.
 excuse in her, 239.
 familiar with her, 317.
 features of my father's, 552.
 finer form or lovelier, 490.
 garden in her, there is a, 871.
 give me a look give me a, 178.
 God grant you find one, 729.
 God has given you one, 136.
 hides a shining, 423.
 hills of manhood a noble, 664.
 in his morning, 397.
 in many a solitary place, 468.
 in my poor lean lank, 660.
 in the moon, 952.
 in the sweat of thy, 1004.
 is as a book, 117.
 it, fearlessly, 780.
 labour bears a lovely, 182.
 like a benediction, 971.
 like a blessing, 971.
 like the milky way, 256.
 look in my, 769.
 look on her, and you'll forget, 325.
 magic of a, 200.
 man had fixed his, as if the, 468.
 mind's construction in the, 117.
 music breathing from her, 550.
 music of her, 259.
 never eie did see that, 23.
 no odious furrows in my, 445.
 nose on a man's face, 44, 192, 958,
 971.
 nose upon his, 415.
 ocean on whose awful, 635.
 o'er which a thousand shadows go,
 486.
 of heaven, 823.
 of heaven so fine, 107.
 of joy we wear a, 471.
 of terror, a, 835.
 of the dead, on the, 766.
 one beloved, on earth, 552.
 pardoned all except her, 559.
 princely counsel in his, 227.
 saw the manners in the, 367.
 shining morning, 69.
 shyned bright, her angels, 27.
 some awful moment, 476.
 spit in my, 84.
 stirred with her dream, 558.
 ten commandments in your, 93.
 that launched a thousand ships, 41.
 that makes simpliciety a grace, 178.
 that's anything but gay, a, 697.
 to feel the mist in my, 711.
 transmitter of a foolish, 354.
 truth has such a, 269.
 umbered, see the other's, 92.
 visit her, too roughly, 128.
 wave with dimpled, 867.
- Faces, death an angel with two, 835.**
 dusk, with turbans, 240.
 in, of men and women I see God, 742.
 none alike, 218.
 of the poor, grind the, 1025.
 sea of upturned, 493, 531.
 that he hath not seen, 834.
- Faces, the old familiar, 509.**
 those angel, smile, 607.
Facility of the octosyllabic verse, 550.
Facing fearful odds, 604.
Fack can't be no longer disguised, 787.
Fact, nobler than any, 651.
 the ugly, 776.
Facts and the laws, 859.
 and told each other, 825.
 angularity of, 618.
 are stubborn things, 392, 986.
 for poor men's, 36.
 imagination for his, 443.
Faction gagged and bound, clamorous,
 788.
Faculties, benumbs all his, 369.
 hath borne his, 118.
 our, work together in harmony, 826.
 to bear every event, 928.
Faculty divine, visions and, 479.
 every, contemplates certain things,
 930.
 infinite in, 134.
 that forms thy judgment, 936.
Fade, all that's bright must, 522.
 as a leaf, we all do, 1027.
 away, in sleep they, 685.
 away, which was the first to, 778.
 dazzle as they, 492.
 gods, 814.
 made to, and fall away, 653.
 may flourish or may, 396.
 nothing of him that doth, 42.
 thy eternal summer shall not, 161.
Fades a summer cloud, so, 434.
 in his eye, 298.
Faded flower, 't is but a little, 766.
 like the morning dew, 613.
 on the crowing of the cock, 127.
 things, we fondly cherish, 823.
Fading are the joys we dote upon,
 281.
 bowers summer stands, in her, 763.
 honours of the dead, 487.
 in music, a swan-like end, 63.
 never, serenity of countenance, 299.
 when all fair things are, 588.
Faery elves whose midnight revels,
 225.
 lands forlorn, 575.
Fagot, gone smiling to the, 798.
Fagots and fagots, there are, 983.
Fail, if this, 245.
 if we should, 118.
 no such word as, 631.
 nor fail, never to, 931.
 not ashamed to, 366.
 not for sorrow, 686.
 of win, and all I, 651.
 they never, who die in a great cause,
 555.
 we will not, 118.
 world's course will not, 757.
Fails, oft expectation, 73.
Failed of act, my wish that, 651.
 sunrise never, 792.
 the bright promise, 535.
 who strove and who, 746.

- Faileth, the enemy faints not nor, 726.
 Failing, every, but their own, 548.
 Failings leaned to virtue's side, 396.
 Failure, God-forsaken, earth a, 728.
 not a fiercer hell than the, 577.
 we learn wisdom from, 721.
 Fain die a dry death, 42.
 would I but I dare not, 25.
 would I climb yet fear I to fall, 26.
 Faint and fear to live alone, 569.
 and worn, 783.
 blue sky, for thy, 790.
 far murmur of the flood, 824.
 heart ne'er won fair lady, 975.
 in the day of adversity, 1020.
 so spiritless so, 88.
 why should we, 569.
 Faints not nor faileth, the enemy, 726.
 Fainter in my laugh, I'm growing, 719.
 Fair, all that is, by nature good, 29.
 and crystal river, 180.
 and ever young, ever, 271.
 and good as she, 179.
 and never proud, 151.
 and softly goes far, 971.
 and unpolluted flesh, 144.
 as a star, 469.
 as roses, 807.
 as she, 813.
 brave deserves the, 271.
 chaste and unexpressive she, 70.
 daffadills we weep to see, 202.
 day after the, 12.
 die because a woman's, 199.
 divided excellence, 78.
 eunuchs guardians of the, 310.
 fat and forty, 495.
 for all that is, 29.
 form so, that like the air, 608.
 found out a gift for my, 380.
 good as she was, 455.
 good-night, to each a, 490.
 Greece sad relic, 541.
 hand that hath made you, 49.
 hopes crost, 794.
 humanities of old religion, 504.
 if ladies be but young and, 68.
 in death, speak me, 65.
 is foul foul is fair, 115.
 is she not passing, 44.
 laughs the morn, 383.
 lov'd the brightest, 377.
 maidens are commonly fortunate, 33.
 make thy castles high and, 646.
 matchless Ganymed divinely, 340.
 Melrose, would'st view, 487.
 not pale, call it, 500.
 opportunities, a woman with, 698.
 or good alone, nothing is, 614.
 round belly with capon lined, 69.
 science frowned not, 386.
 seeing only what is, 617.
 she spake full, 1.
 she was not exceeding, 35.
 so deadly, 548.
 so, the sky, 790.
 spirit rest thee now, 570.
 spoken and persuading, 101.
 Fair, supreme ambition to be, 377.
 sweet and, she seems to be, 220.
 the rose looks, 162.
 things are fading away, 588.
 to fair he flew, from, 489.
 to outward view, she is not, 586.
 to see, I know a maiden, 648.
 too, to worship, 564.
 tresses insnare, 326.
 undress best dress, 357.
 weather it will be, 1032.
 weather out of the north, 1009.
 were it fifty times as, 638.
 what care I how, she be, 26, 199.
 women and brave men, 542.
 words never hurt the tongue, 38.
 words, to give, 12.
 work grows, through dreaming, 761.
 young and so, 595.
 Zurich's waters, 865.
 Fairer, she never studied to be, 35.
 spirit conveyed, 313.
 than the day, be she, 199.
 than the evening air, 41.
 Fairest meadow white with snow, 691.
 of fair Zurich's daughters, 865.
 of her daughters Eve, 232.
 of stars, 235.
 Fairies' coachmakers, 104.
 midwife, 104.
 Fairy elves, 225.
 fiction diest, by, 383.
 gold is all their gain, 822.
 hands their knell is rung, 389.
 of the mine, swart, 245.
 takes nor witch hath power, 127.
 Fairyland Hesperides, to, 850.
 Faith a passionate intuition, 481.
 all but their, overthrown, 746.
 amaranthine flower of, 482.
 and creed, despite of every, 683.
 and hope, animated by, 369.
 and hope, world will disagree in, 318.
 and morals Milton held, 472.
 and willing hands, true, 730.
 be for aye, 815.
 belief ripened into, 481.
 Bible is a book of, 530.
 fanatic, 525.
 fear that make faith may break, 807.
 full of, that something would turn,
 628.
 has centre everywhere, 674.
 hated, to persecute makes a, 684.
 he hath denied the, 1039.
 heart of little, 814.
 held to their, unsexed, 746.
 herself is half confounded, 861.
 I have kept the, 1040.
 I wish you 'd take me, 590.
 in God and woman, 775.
 in honest doubt, 676.
 in mysteries, nor lose thy simple,
 647.
 in some nice tenets, 260.
 in womankind, 673.
 inflexible in, 428.
 is kneeling by his bed, 40

- Faith is like a lily, 776.
 is lost when honor dies, when, 649.
 is the substance of things hoped
 for, 1040.
 man should render reason for his,
 460.
 mirror of constant, 342.
 modes of, for, 318.
 now abideth, 1037.
 of many made for one, 318.
 of reason, no longer in the, 504.
 perfect, in him who persecutes, 684.
 perhaps wrong, 260.
 plain and simple, 114.
 pure-eyed, 243.
 simple, more than Norman blood,
 667.
 that right makes might, 661.
 that stands on authority, 621.
 that warmed, the holy, 689.
 that wears well, 740.
 triumphant over fears, 641.
 twain in, in love agree, 651.
 unfaithful kept him, 680.
 we walk by, not by sight, 1038.
 weather weddings, 847.
 what's up is, 684.
 which hath brought relief, 786.
 who breaks his, 970.
 with freedom reigns, 797.
 yet not for all his, can see, 614.
- Faith's defender, the, 351.
 pure shrine, 569.
- Faithful below he did his duty, 436.
 dog bear him company, 315.
 fight, absolution of a, 757.
 found among the faithless, 235.
 friends, 782.
 in action in honour clear, 323.
 loves shall moralize my song, 27.
 old dog Tray's ever, 764.
 only he, 235.
 the wounds of a friend, 1021.
 unto death, be thou, 1041.
- Faithfull friends, falling out of, 21.
- Faithless, among the, faithful, 235.
- Falchion gathering rust, thy red, 623.
- Falcon towering in her pride, 120.
- Falcons, hopes like towering, 287.
- Fall and melt, 770.
 away ere they have blossomed, 653.
 brook with many a, 455.
 by dividing we, 426.
 caused man to, 165.
 caused the angels to, 165.
 divided we, 609.
 fain would I climb yet fear to, 26.
 from the days that have been, 631.
 haughty spirit before a, 1018.
 he that is down needs fear no, 266.
 it had a dying, 74.
 let the thick curtain, 651.
 like sweet strains or pensive, 614.
 never to fail or, 931.
 no lower, he that's down can, 212.
 of a sparrow, 145.
 of the year, bewaileth the, 715.
 out and chide and fight, 302.
- Fall, pride will have a, 13.
 right down from heaven, 857.
 some, some grow, 338.
 take heed lest he, 1037.
 they go astray and they, 698.
 though free to, 230.
 to us is adverse, descent and, 226.
 upon the sea, 819.
 what a, was there, 114.
- Falls as I do, 99.
 as the leaves do, 184.
 early or too late, 183.
 like Lucifer, 99.
 shallow rivers to whose, 41.
 so low, man never, 694.
 the dew, 766.
 upon the ground, leaf, 865.
 who never climbs as rarely, 650.
 with the leaf, 184.
- Fallen, arise or be forever, 224.
 Babylon is, 1025.
 from grace, 1038.
 from heaven, remembrance, 805.
 from his high estate, 271.
 how are the mighty, 1007.
 into the sere the yellow leaf, 124.
 Lucifer how art thou, 1025.
 on evil days, though, 236.
 pillars are, at thy feet, 610.
- Fallest a blessed martyr, 100.
- Falling at intervals upon the ear, 422.
 fear's as bad as, 160.
 in melody back, 504.
 man, cruelty to load a, 101.
 man, press not a, 99.
 of a tear, the, 497.
 tears, I can see your, 782.
 to the prompter's bell, slow, 697.
 with a falling state, 336.
 world, secure amidst a, 300.
- Fallings from us vanishings, 478.
- Falling-off was there, what a, 132.
- Fallow for a while, well to lie, 696.
- Fallyng out of faithful friends, 21.
- False and fleeting as 't is fair, 535.
 and friendly be, she can both, 648.
 and hollow, all was, 226.
 as dicers' oaths, 140.
 fires, kindles on the coast, 484.
 framed to make women, 151.
 fugitive, 229.
 history must be, 304.
 philosophy, 228.
 science, the glare of, 428.
 things are brought low, 815.
 thou wouldst not play, 117.
 to any man, canst not be, 130.
 what was new was, 374.
- Falsehood and truth grapple, 255.
 framed, heart for, 442.
 froth of, 808.
 hath a goodly outside, 61.
 no, can endure, 234.
 strife of truth with, 732.
 to the heart, stabs, 731.
 under saintly shew, 232.
 vast Mississippi of, 755.
 wedded to some dear, 525.

- Falsehoods which we spurn to-day, 651.
 Falsely luxurious man, 355.
 Falstaff sweats to death, 84.
 Falter not for sin, 686.
 to, would be sin, 717.
 Falters, insanity of noble minds that
 never, 647.
 Faltering as falls the dew, 833.
 feet, 834.
 Fame, above all Roman, 329.
 and love of truth, desire of, 681.
 and name and great men's praise,
 834.
 blush to find it, 329.
 church to God not to, 322.
 damned to, 354.
 damned to everlasting, 319.
 death-bed of, 514.
 earth sounds my, 344.
 elates thee, while, 519.
 family of, 501.
 fool to, nor yet a, 327.
 for a pot of ale, 91.
 from the field of his, 563.
 gives immortal, 311.
 grant an honest, 333.
 great heir of, 251.
 hard to climb the steep of, 428.
 hath created something of nothing,
 222.
 I slight, nor, 333.
 I won a noble, 793.
 is but a slow decay, 794.
 is ephemeral, 938.
 is no plant, 247.
 is the scentless sunflower, 691.
 is the spur, 247.
 man who never knew taste of, 632.
 martyrdom of, 552.
 most infamous are fond of, 413.
 no one shall work for, 854.
 no, that wit could win, 834.
 nor yet a fool to, 327.
 nothing can cover his high, 198.
 on lesser ruins built, 258.
 over his living head, 565.
 rich in barren, 344.
 shade that follows wealth or, 402.
 that comes after life, 936.
 the pious fool outlives in, 296.
 the rolls of, 345.
 then was cheap, 275.
 to give her features deathless, 763.
 to patch up his, 412.
 too fond of, 933.
 too mighty such monopoly of, 189.
 unknown to, 339.
 unknown to fortune and to, 386.
 what is, 794.
 what is the end of, 556.
 what rage for, 431.
 Fame's eternal bead-roll, 28.
 eternal camping ground, 866.
 illusiv light, 767.
 ladder, ascended, 723.
 proud temple, 428.
 Familiar as his garter, 91.
 as household words, 92.
 Familiar as the rose in spring, 938.
 be thou, but not vulgar, 129.
 beast to man and signifies love, 45.
 beauty soon grows, 298.
 but not coarse, 369.
 clothing the palpable and, 504.
 creature, good wine is a, 152.
 faces, the old, 509.
 friend, mine own, 1043.
 with her face, 317.
 with his hoary locks, 598.
 Familiarity breeds contempt, 898.
 contempt upon, 45.
 Familiarly talks of roaring lions, 78.
 Families, accidents occur in best regu-
 lated, 701.
 but two, in the world, 975.
 most ancient, 190.
 of fame, all the, 501.
 of yesterday, 286.
 Family, children of one, 302.
 father of a, 934.
 Famine, his, should be filled, 229.
 is in thy cheeks, 108.
 philanthropists in time of, 612.
 they that die by, 283.
 thirst, bereavement, 783.
 Famous by my pen, 257.
 by my sword, 257.
 found myself, 560.
 founders of civilization, 531.
 orators repair, thence to the, 241.
 to all ages, 254.
 victory, it was a, 507.
 Famed for fight, 161.
 Fan, brain him with his lady's, 84.
 me while I sleep, 418.
 Fanatic faith wedded fast, 525.
 Fancied that Deity ever vindictively,
 657.
 Fancies do we affect, sad, 483.
 men's more giddy, 75.
 thick-coming, 125.
 Fancy bred, where is, 63.
 bright-eyed, 382.
 by hopeless, feigned, 673.
 Christ mistaken, fools who, 728.
 chuckle, make one's, 266.
 deemed was only truth, my, 662.
 draws, gives a glimpse and, 378.
 fed, hope is theirs by, 381.
 food of sweet and bitter, 71.
 free, maiden meditation, 58.
 his imperial, 457.
 home-bound, 606.
 in, we played, 653.
 like the finger of a clock, 420.
 most excellent, 144.
 motives of more, 74.
 not expressed in, 130.
 painted her, all my, 868.
 reason virtue, 357.
 warless men, who can, 683.
 whispers of, 367.
 working spells, aggressive, 816.
 young man's, 668.
 youthful poet's, 301.
 Fancy's child, Shakespeare, 249.

- Fancy's course, impediments in, 74.
 land, a moonlight traveler in, 849.
 maze, wandered long in, 328.
 meteor ray, misled by, 447.
 rays the hills adorning, 447.
- Fanes quiver in the air, 610.
- Fanny, Lord, spins, 328.
- Fanny's way, pretty, 305.
- Fantail, pouter tumbler and, 605.
- Fantasies, no figures nor no, 111.
 our lightest, 731.
 thousand, begin to throng, 243.
- Fantasy, nothing but vain, 105.
- Fantasy's hot fire, 488.
- Fantastic, alike, if too new or old, 324.
 as a woman's mood, 492.
 fickle fierce and vain, 491.
 if too new or old alike, 324.
 summer's heat, 81.
 terrors never felt before, 656.
 toe, light, 248.
 toys, painted trifles and, 391.
 tricks, plays such, 48.
- Fantastical, not in fashion is, 191.
- Fantastically carved, 90.
- Far above the great, 382.
 amid the melancholy main, 357
 and few are the lands, 703.
 as angels' ken, 223.
 as the breeze can bear, 550.
 as the solar walk, 315.
 away, my soul to-day is, 751.
 away, owes its charm to the, 631.
 back through creeks and inlets, 727.
 beneath the good how, 382.
 beneath the tainted foam, 578.
 down beneath the wild commotion,
 700.
 far beneath the noise of, 700.
 from gay cities, 345.
 from home, and I am, 607.
 from mortal cares, 534.
 from the lips we love, 521.
 from the madding crowd, 385.
 he seems so near and yet so, 676.
 illusive dream, a, 767.
 in the stillness a cat, 829.
 less sweet to live, 521.
 off his coming shone, 236.
 on the ringing plains, 668.
 on the wild raging sea, 590.
 out of reach, the sky, 743.
 press not a falling man too, 99.
 stretched greatness, 27.
 till near and, ray on ray, 713.
 when seen from, 664.
- Farce is done, the, 956.
 played by kings and republics, 963.
- Fardels bear, who would, 136.
- Fare, brown bread and the gospel is
 good, 283.
 eight-cent, 796.
 thee well and if forever, 552.
 thee well, isle of beauty, 589.
 when you receive a, 796.
 you well, old house, 825.
- Fared worse, further and, 17.
- Farewell a long farewell, 99.
- Farewell a word that must be, 548.
 and looks around to say, 697.
 bade the world, 513.
 content, 154.
 forever and forever, 115.
 goes out sighing, 102.
 happy fields, 223.
 hope fear remorse, 231.
 I am called, 769.
 I'm bidding you a long, 638.
 I only feel farewell, 539.
 if ever fondest prayer, 539.
 mercy sighed, 551.
 that fatal word, 551.
 the neighing steed, 154.
 the plumed troop, 154.
 the tranquil mind, 154.
 to all my greatness, 99.
 to every fear, I'll bid, 303.
 to Lochaber, 859.
 to thee Araby's daughter, 526.
 wave their hands for a mute, 749.
- Farewells to the dying, 642.
- Far-heard whisper, 498.
- Far-hidden heart of the mountains,
 767.
- Farm, each reaps on his own, 887.
 moderate sized, 879.
 of the world, 507.
- Farmer, I have fed like a, 293.
- Farmers, embattled, 615.
- Farmer's daughter hath soft brown
 hair, 778.
- Far-off bells, 790.
 divine event, one, 677.
 things, old unhappy, 473.
 touch of greatness, some, 679.
 unattained and dim, 731.
- Farther from God near the church,
 283.
 off from heaven, 592.
- Farthing candle to the sun, 311.
- Fascinate, blandishments will not,
 436.
- Fascination of a name, 422.
 youth full of grace force, 743.
- Fashion, bravery never goes out of,
 698.
 fantastical that is not in, 191.
 garment out of, 160.
 glass of, 136.
 high Roman, 159.
 of a new doublet, carving the, 51.
 of his hat, his faith the, 50.
 of these times, 67.
 of this world passeth away, 1037.
 out of the world as out of, 296.
 the world's new, 54.
 wears out more apparel, 52.
- Fashions, in words as with, 324.
- Fashion's brightest arts, 398.
- Fashionable topics, 402.
- Fashioned as the artist wills, be, 691.
 so slenderly, 595.
 us holler, providence, 735.
- Fashioneth their hearts alike, 1011.
- Fast and loose, 55.
 as he can, fine and as, 609.

- Fast** bind fast find, 10.
 by a brook, 428.
 by the oracle of God, 223.
 hold, that which is, 1039.
 in fires, confined to, 131.
 rising from affluence, 796.
 some break their, 263.
 spare, 249.
 till he is well, 768.
 too late who goes too, 898.
Fast-anchored isle, 418.
Fasten him as a nail, 1026.
Fast-fitting meteor, 561.
Fast-flying cloud, 561.
Fasting for a good man's love, 70.
Fat and greasy citizens, 67.
 contentions, 253.
 dividends, incarnation of, 564.
 fair and forty, 495.
 feed, the ancient grudge, 61.
 I am resolved to grow, 275.
 is in the fire, 9.
 laugh and be, 858.
 liberal soul shall be made, 1018.
 men about me that are, 111.
 more, than bard beseems, 357.
 must stand upon his bottom, 265.
 oily man of God, 357.
 one of them is, and grows old, 84.
 oxen, who drives, 375.
 things, feast of, 1026.
 waxed, and kicked, 1006.
 weed on Lethe wharf, 131.
Fatal and perfidious bark, 247.
 bellman, the owl, 119.
 circumference, 785.
 gift of beauty, the, 545.
 hands, their, 229.
 shadows that walk by us, 183.
 so sweet was ne'er so, 156.
 word farewell, 551.
Fate, all are architects of, 647.
 and care, thou dost mock at, 617.
 and wish agree, did my, 489.
 await no gifts have conquered, 754.
 binding nature fast in, 334.
 cannot harm me, 461.
 conspire, thou and I with, 849.
 cowards mock the patriot's, 866.
 cries out, my, 131.
 customary, of new truths, 762.
 did, begin, 806.
 display, thy future, 344.
 each cursed his, 860.
 eagle's, and mine are one, 219.
 eternal doom of, 29.
 fixed, freewill foreknowledge, 228.
 forced by, 274.
 gave me what'er else denied, 739.
 hanging breathless on thy, 641.
 has wove the thread of life, 343.
 he either fears his, too much, 257.
 heart for any, 639.
 heart for every, 553.
 heaven hides the book or, 315.
 I am the master of my, 829.
 itself could awe the soul of Richard,
 296.
Fate laughs at probabilities, 632.
 limits of a vulgar, 382.
 man is man and master of his, 678.
 man is never wide of his, 616.
 man meets his, 307.
 man the fool of, 346.
 no armour against, 209.
 no man appears to tell their, 344.
 no one is so accursed by, 640.
 of a woman long to be patient, 646.
 of mighty monarchs, 356.
 of Rome, big with the, 297.
 proud captain of thine own, 829.
 seemed to wind him up, 276.
 sits on these dark battlements, 456.
 soothe the hurts of, 798.
 stamp of, 337.
 struggling in the storms of, 336.
 take a bond of, 123.
 things produced by, 951.
 to bear is to conquer our, 515.
 torrent of his, 366.
 true as, 182.
 unchallenged, 774.
 where the good man meets his, 307.
 why should they know their, 381.
 wisest man ask no more of, 738.
 with a heart for any, 639.
Fates and destinies, 62.
 men are masters of their, 110.
 of mortal men, the, 341.
 wills and, so contrary run, 138.
Fate's remote decrees, 343.
Fateful lightning, He hath loosed the,
 747.
Father Abram, 62.
 all the world and one's, 983.
 and mother, honour thy, 881.
 and my friend, my, 278.
 antic the law, 83.
 craves a booby son, booby, 310.
 feeds his flocks, 392.
 have a turnip than his, 375.
 her, loved me, 150.
 hoarding went to hell, 95.
 I like the lad who when his, 720.
 I scarcely dare to pray, 779.
 lies, full fathom five thy, 42.
 mother brethren all in thee, 338.
 my, made them all, 421.
 no more like my, 128.
 of a family, 934.
 of all in every age, 334.
 of the man, the child is, 469.
 Son and Holy Ghost, 278.
 thy will not mine be done, 630.
 to that thought, wish was, 90.
 was before him, happy that his, 293.
 William, you are old, 506, 781.
 wise, knows his own child, 62.
 wise son maketh a glad, 1017.
Fathers, ashes of his, 604.
 have eaten sour grapes, 1027.
 sins of the, 885.
 where are thy, 1028.
 worshipped stocks, our, 252.
Father's brother, my, 128.
 face, features of my, 552.

- Father's house, chimneys in my, 94.
 house, daughters of my, 76.
 house, many mansions in my, 1035.
 house, nearer my, 758.
 joy mother's pride, 492.
 spirit, I am thy, 131.
- Fathered, so, and so husbanded, 112.
- Father-in-law, fine thing to be, 454.
- Fatherly, I cannot lift it up, 733.
- Fathom five, thy father lies full, 42.
 five, under the Rialto, 554.
 line could never touch ground, 84.
- Fathomless universe, praised be the,
 744.
- Fatigued with life, 513.
- Fattest hog in Epicurus' sty, 393.
- Fault against the dead, 127.
 at all, who hath no, 679.
 condemn the, and not the actor, 47.
 every man has his, 109.
 excusing of a, makes it worse, 80.
 grows two thereby, 205.
 he that does one, 301.
 I see, hide the, 334.
 in great matters, 910.
 is not in our stars, 110.
 it has no kind of, 801.
 just hint a, 327.
 of a penetrating wit, 982.
 of angels and of gods, 335.
 of fools, wise men avoid the, 911.
 on one side, 982.
 one loves him better for all his, 401.
 political, 991.
 proudly clung to their first, 704.
 rich without a, 337.
 seeming monstrous, 70.
 their stars were more in, 287.
 to heaven to nature, 127.
 who hath, he is all, 679.
- Faults, all his, observed, 115.
 be blind to her, 287.
 England with all her, 413.
 England with all thy, 418.
 if he had any, 399.
 in vain you quote my, 511.
 lie gently on him, 100.
 men moulded out of, 50.
 thou hast no, 295.
 to be conscious of no, 585.
 to scan, careless their, 396.
 to see all others', 319.
 world of vile ill-favoured, 46.
- Fault-finding critic, regarded his, 723.
- Faultily faultless, 677.
- Faultless body, 342.
 in his dealings, he was, 609.
 monster, 279.
 piece to see, thinks a, 323.
- Favour is deceitful, 1021.
 must come to this, 144.
- Favours are denied, when, 362.
 call, nor for her, 333.
 given, pleased with, 362.
 hangs on princes', 99.
 lively sense of future, 304.
 sweet and precious, 451.
- Favoured land, somewhere in this, 856.
- Favourite has no friend, 381.
 sin, his, 507.
 to be a prodigal's, 475.
- Favourites early death, heaven gives
 its, 546.
- Fawn at his feet, 780.
- Fawne and crouch, 30.
- Fawning, thrift may follow, 137.
- Fayre and fetisly, spake ful, 1.
- Fear above, all doubt beyond all, 691.
 adored through, 421.
 and bloodshed, 476.
 and o'er the buried land of, 749.
 and sorrow, pine with, 29.
 as love casts out, 679.
 bid farewell to every, 303.
 boys with bugs, 72.
 cannot taint with, 124.
 death in every hedge, 969.
 death, men, 164.
 each bush an officer, 95.
 early and provident, 411.
 from hope and, set free, 806.
 God honour the king, 1041.
 God nothing else to fear, 391.
 hope and longing at strife, 857.
 in that, doubteth thee, 760.
 in the night, imagining some, 59.
 is affront, 313.
 is as bad as falling, the, 160.
 is sharp-sighted, 971.
 little care we little we, 697.
 may break faith, 807.
 may force a man, 11.
 mother of form and, 39.
 never, want of persuasion, 746.
 no, in love, 1041.
 not and be just, 100.
 not guilt, those who, 413.
 not to touch the best, 25.
 o' hell 's a hangman's whip, 448.
 of death, 897.
 of God before their eyes, 1036.
 of kings, 64.
 perfect love casteth out, 1041.
 so hate casts out, 679.
 strange that men should, 112.
 that reigns with the tyrant, 642.
 the lightest heart, I, 653.
 thy nature, yet do I, 117.
 to be we know not what, 276.
 to die, cowards may, 26.
 to fall yet fain would climb, 26.
 to live alone, 569.
 white with the, of the foe, 748.
- Fears and saucy doubts, 122.
 do make us traitors, 123.
 faith triumphant o'er our, 641.
 God and knows no other fear, 391.
 his fate too much, 257.
 hope when it dawns from, 491.
 humanity with all its, 641.
 humble cares and delicate, 469.
 more, than wars or women have,
 99.
 no, to beat away, 482.
 of all the years, 792.
 of the brave, 365.

- Fears, our hopes belied our, 591.
 present, less than imaginings, 116.
 prosperity is not without many, 164.
- Feared it is just as I, 703.
 the shadows that I, so long, 748.
 to run away, has fought because he,
 847.
- Feareth Lord to doubt, man that, 760.
 Fearful adversaries, souls of, 95.
 goodness is never, 49.
 joy, snatch a, 381.
 odds, facing, 604.
 summons, upon a, 126.
 trip is done, my captain our, 744.
 unbelief, alas the, 584.
- Fearfully and wonderfully made, 1016.
- Fearing, long I stood there wondering,
 656.
 to attempt, 47.
- Fearless host no slave, a, 580.
- Fearlessly face it, 780.
- Feast, as you were going to a, 178.
 beginning of a, 87.
 chief nourisher in life's, 120.
 enough is good as a, 20, 38, 363.
 gorgeous, 246.
 imagination of a, 81.
 invite your friend to a, 880.
 merry, great welcome makes a, 50.
 merry heart hath a continual, 1018.
 of Crispian, is called the, 92.
 of fat things, 1026.
 of languages, have been at a, 56.
 of nectared sweets, 245.
 of reason and flow of soul, 328.
 sat at any good man's, 68.
- Feasts, wedlock compared to public,
 176.
- Feasteth while honest labor, pauper-
 ism, 696.
- Feasting, house of, 1022.
 presence, full of light, 109.
- Feather, a wit's a, chief a rod, 319.
 bed betwixt a wall, 211.
 birds of a, 191.
 care as light as a, 844.
 drown a fly or waft a, 306.
 from an angel's wing, 484.
 her winged spirit is, 36.
 is wafted downward, 641.
 of his own, espied a, 219.
 on the fatal dart, his own, 539.
 that adorns the royal bird, 875.
- Feathers, see their own, plucked, 518.
 she plumes her, 244.
 two-legged animal without, 949.
- Feathered foot, youth now flees on,
 829.
 Mercury, rise like, 86.
 my nest, 957.
- Feats of broil and battle, 150.
- Feature, cheated of, 95.
 one, quite distinguished him, 818.
 outward form and, 503.
 so scented the grim, 239.
 weeds of glorious, 30.
- Features deathless fame, to give her,
 763.
- Features, homely, 246.
 of men, differences in, 904.
 of my father's face, 552.
- February days, late, 790.
- Fed of the dainties, bred in a book, 55.
 on poetry, as one who, 631.
 show lowly taught and highly, 73.
- Federal union must be preserved, our,
 458.
- Fee, set my life at a pin's, 131.
 the doctor, than, 270.
- Fees, contentions and, flowing, 253.
- Feeble, if virtue, were, 246.
 most forcible, 89.
 temper, man of such, 110.
 wrong because of weakness, 659.
- Feed fat the ancient grudge, 61.
 he that doth the ravens, 67.
 just to drive a flock to, 611.
 me with a shepherd's care, 300.
 my revenge if nothing else, 63.
 on floures and weeds, 30.
 on hope, to, 29.
 on prayers, 25.
- Feeds and breeds by a composture, 109.
 himself his neighbor and me, 734.
 on what strange stuff ambition, 724.
- Feeder, blasphemes his, 246.
- Feeding everywhere, wild moor-sheep,
 725.
- Feel and to possess, 541.
 another's woe, teach me to, 334.
 it most, those who, 566.
 like one who treads alone, 523.
 mine to, amid the city's jar, 753.
 no comfortable, in any, 595.
 no time to, 606.
 that I am happier than I know, 237.
 the sun, can not, 717.
 those who would make us, 412.
 to be, what did it, 841.
 to feel what wretches, 147.
 to hear to see to, 541.
 which they themselves not, 53.
 your honour grip, 448.
- Feels a thousand deaths, 308.
 and never reasons, heroism, 621.
 at each thread, 316.
 meanest thing that, 472.
 the noblest acts the best, 721.
 the wanton stings, 47.
- Feeling deeper than thought, 715.
 eye where, plays, 486.
 hearts touch them but rightly, 455.
 high mountains are a, 543.
 is quick and transient, 709.
 of his business, 143.
 of sadness and longing, 641.
 petrifies the, 448.
 plays, an eye where, 486.
 sensible to, as to sight, 119.
 to the worse, gives greater, 81.
- Feelings, great, came to them, 664.
 kindred with the skies, diviner, 607.
 to mortals given, some, 491.
 unemployed, waste of, 549.
- Feet, a baby's, 807.
 are heavy, my, 839.

- Feet, at her, he bowed, 1006.
 bar my constant, 357.
 beneath her petticoat, 256.
 clear of the grave, 614.
 clouted brogues from off my, 160.
 crowds of grasshoppers skip at our,
 749.
 every turf beneath their, 515.
 fall in destined snare, 769.
 friend's departing, 738.
 hands wings or, 230.
 hours with flying, 542.
 keep thou my, I do not ask, 607.
 lamp unto my, 1015.
 lie close about his, 664.
 like snails did creep, 202.
 many-twinkling, 382.
 nailed on the bitter cross, 82.
 of Gamaliel, at the, 1035.
 of Nemesis, 840.
 our unchained, walk freely, 580.
 pillars are fallen at thy, 610.
 shoes were on their, 510.
 standing with reluctant, 640.
 the wind's, shine along the sea, 805.
 through faithless leather, 311.
 time's iron, 635.
 to the foe, his, 514.
 to the lame eyes to the blind, 1009.
 't will fawn at his, 780.
 two pale, crossed in rest, 765.
 underneath his, 23.
 with aching hands and bleeding, 753.
 your, and your raiment all red, 604.
 youth with swift, walks, 686.
- Feetur, haint one agreeable, 735.
 Feigning like froth shall go, 815.
 Felicitie, what more, can fall, 30.
 Felicities, nature's old, 486.
 Felicity, absent thee from, 146.
 and flower of wickedness, 712.
 God made man to enjoy, 932.
 in fortune's favours, 923.
 our own, we make, 357.
- Fell, and holy where they, 634.
 by that sin, the angels, 100.
 dead in the streets, truth never, 694.
 Doctor, I do not love thee, 286.
 down, all of us, 114.
 great Cæsar, 114.
 in the battle of life, who, 745.
 like autumn fruit, 276.
 like stars, they, 496.
 of hair would rouse and stir, 125.
 purpose, shake my, 117.
 summer with flowers that, 805.
 swoop, at one, 124.
 though the brightest, 124.
- Fellow, called the wind, a, 844.
 covetous sordid, 352.
 dies an honest, 184.
 hail, well met, 290.
 Hannibal was a pretty, 295.
 hook-nosed, of Rome, 90.
 in a market-town, 432.
 in the cellarage, hear this, 132.
 in the firmament, 112.
 mad, met me, 86.
- Fellow, many a good tall, 83.
 no feeling of his business, 143.
 of but one idea, 371, 627.
 of infinite jest, 144.
 of no mark nor likelihood, 86.
 of the selfsame flight, 60.
 that hath had losses, 53.
 that hath two gowns, 53.
 that will have no sovereign, 24.
 there's a lean, beats all, 181.
 touchy testy pleasant, 300.
 vindictive and touchy, 916.
 want of it the, 319.
 with the best king, 93.
- Fellows, best king of good, 93.
 nature hath framed strange, 59.
 of the baser sort, 1035.
 we're all good, together, 861.
 young, will be young, 428.
- Fellow-creatures, I love my, 800.
 Fellow-fault to match it, 70.
 Fellow-feeling, help others out of, 185.
 makes one wondrous kind, 387.
- Fellow-men, one who loves his, 536.
- Fellowship, manhood nor good, 83.
 right hands of, 1038.
- Felony to drink small beer, 94.
- Felt along the heart, 467.
 as a man, thought as a sage, 428.
 before, terrors never, 656.
 darkness which may be, 1005.
 in the blood, 467.
 the halter draw, 440.
 the wust, on which one he, 736.
 with spirit so profound, 471.
- Female cousins, ten, 799.
 errors fall, if to her share, 325.
 friendship, elegance of, 368.
 hunting for one fair, 272.
 mouth, kisses from a, 554.
 of sex it seems, 242.
- Feminine, the vision, 606.
- Fence, cunning in, 76.
 of rhetoric, dazzling, 246.
- Fens bogs dens, 228.
- Ferdinand Mentez Pinto, 294.
- Fern, grasshoppers under a, 410.
- Ferned grot, 777.
- Ferre as I can gesse, 6.
- Ferry, and it's who's for the, 831.
- Fervently do we pray that this, 661.
- Festus I plunge, 704.
- Fetish raiments of the past, old, 788.
- Fetisly, fayre and, spake ful, 1.
- Festivity, pleasant place of, 544.
- Fettered to an office stool, 801.
- Fetterless, free and, 867.
- Fetters off, throws its last, 572.
- Fever, after life's fitful, 121.
 of the world, the, 467.
 so when a raging, burns, 303.
- Few and far between, 514.
 are chosen, many called but, 1032.
 are the lands, far and, 703.
 die and none resign, 435.
 fit audience though, 236.
 grinders cease because they are,
 1023.

- Few immortal names, 562.
 in the extreme, 318.
 is all the world, that, 39.
 know their own good, how, 274.
 let thy occupations be, 938.
 let thy words be, 1022.
 little I ask my wants are, 689.
 plain rules, a, 479.
 real friends, 377.
 safe from many honored by the, 738.
 shall part where many meet, 515.
 sheep quiet fond and, 611.
 strong instincts, 479.
 that only lend their ear, 39.
 things impossible to diligence, 368.
 too many yet how, 545.
 we happy, 92.
 words are, and often funny, 720.
- Fezziwig, in came Mrs., 702.
- Fiat justitia ruat cælum, 1047.
- Fib, destroy his, or sophistry, 327.
- Fibs, I'll tell you no, 401.
- Fickle as a changeful dream, 491.
 fierce and vain, 491.
 gipsy, Dame Fortune is a, 609.
 than the restless sea, more, 791.
- Fico for the phrase, 45.
- Fiction, by fairy, drest, 383.
 condemn it as an improbable, 76.
 lags after truth, 408.
 truth stranger than, 560.
- Fictions like to truth, 878.
- Fiddler statesman buffoon, 268.
- Fie foh and fum, 147.
 on possession, 4.
- Fight accidents by flood and, 150.
 as a flower of the, 1015.
 be lost, what though the, 223.
 beat this ample, 315.
 cow a good animal in the, 371.
 fresh verdure of the, 414.
 hath eyes, 2.
 he rushed into the, 542.
 in the tented, 150.
 lilies of the, 1030.
 of air, through the, 424.
 of fight, business in the, 340.
 of his fame, from the, 563.
 of honour, dead on the, 1000.
 of strife made red, on every, 634.
 Prussia hurried to the, 443, 489.
 six Richmonds in the, 98.
 so truth be in the, 255.
 squadron in the, 149.
 with his back to the, 514.
- Fields are lying brown and bare, 751.
 as thro' the, we roved, 597.
 babbled of green, 91.
 beloved in vain, 381.
 better to hunt in, 270.
 dales and, 40.
 farewell, happy, 223.
 grow greener still, the, 750.
 happy autumn, 673.
 little tyrants of his, 385.
 motionless, of upper air, 580.
 o'er earth's green, 717.
 of air, through azure, 751.
- Fields, out of the old, 6.
 poetic, encompass me, 299.
 rude militia, raw in, 273.
 showed how, were won, 396.
 with purpleal gleams, 482.
- Field-Marshal, there is a great, 727.
- Fiend, a frightful, 499.
 angelical, 107.
 equivocation of the, 125.
 hell contains no fouler, 345.
 no, in hell can match, 296.
 thou marble-hearted, 146.
- Fiends, juggling, 126.
- Fiend-like to dwell in sin, 979.
- Fier Yonk'n hide de, 828.
- Fierce and vain, fickle, 491.
 as ten furies, 228.
 as they paint him, the lion is not so,
 206, 222.
 democratie, 241.
 for the right, 803.
 repentance rears her crest, 355.
 soe'er it flyeth, how, 700.
 that, thing they call, 595.
- Fiercer by despair, 226.
 there is not a, hell, 577.
- Fiery floods, to bathe in, 48.
 pain, throbs of, 367.
 Pegasus, turn and wind a, 86.
 soul working its way, 267.
- Fife, ear-piercing, 154.
 sound the clarion fill the, 493.
 squeaking of the wry-necked, 62.
- Fifteen, maiden of bashful, 442.
 minutes of hell, 825.
- Fifth act what this wild, in some, 683.
- Fifty times as fair, were it, 638.
- Fifty-four forty or fight, 865.
- Fig for care and a fig for woe, 9.
- Figs, in name of the prophet, 517.
- Fight absolution of a faithful, 757.
 again, those that fly may, 215, 403.
 another day, live to, 216, 403.
 another such, I were undone, 919.
 business in the field of, 340.
 but when her ladyship is by, 79.
 famed for, 161.
 fifty-four forty or, 865.
 first in the, 337.
 for freedom, 996.
 for such a land, dare to, 489.
 fought the good, and vanquished,
 746.
 God's battle, 846.
 good at a, 519.
 I give up the, 704.
 I have fought a good, 1040.
 it out on this line, 752.
 no dream his life but a, 741.
 resist, if need be to die, 746.
 stars that, in their courses, 748.
 the good fight, 1040.
 the last in, 337.
 we c'on't want to, 867.
 well hast thou fought the better,
 236.
- Fights and runs away, 216, 403.
 he that gained a hundred, 671.

- Fighter, fits a dull, 87.
 Fightin' tu, show you're up to, 737.
 Fighting, bellyful of, 159.
 fo'emost fell, 512.
 rusty for want of, 211.
 still destroying and still, 272.
 Fig-leaves, they sewed, together,
 1004.
 Fig-tree, under his, 1028.
 Figure for the time of scorn, 155.
 in company, makes no, 376.
 mean and small, 767.
 of man, God not the, 951.
 of the giant mass, baby, 102.
 of the house, 88.
 the thing we like, we, 606.
 Figures on a dial, 721.
 strange and sweet, 499.
 Filches from me my good name, 153.
 Files of time, foremost, 669.
 Fill a pit as well as better, 87.
 every beaker up my men, 610.
 I, this cup to one, 608.
 the nights, and solemn marches, 748.
 the seats of justice, 579.
 them full of refreshment, 643.
 to-night with hearts as light, 633.
 Fills, he bounds connects he, 316.
 him, the fire of God, 679.
 the world with terror, power that,
 645.
 Filled her mouth, 't was slander, 598.
 me with fantastic terrors, 656.
 with fury, 390.
 with love, your eyes were, 747.
 Filling all the land with beauty, 831.
 Fillip with a three-man beetle, 88.
 Filthy lucre, not greedy of, 1039.
 Fin or pinion, 767.
 Final goal of ill, 675.
 harbor, whate'er be the, 845.
 hope is flat despair, 226.
 ruin drives her ploughshare, 448.
 ruin fiercely drives, 309.
 star, life's, 833.
 Financial condition, road to sound,
 755.
 Find how day by day, I shall, 608.
 I shall never never, 764.
 it in my heart, could not, 52.
 one face, God grant you, 729.
 or what it can not, creates, 647.
 safe, safe bind, 10.
 seek and ye shall, 1031.
 the orient's marvels here, 650.
 the peaceful skies, or early, 696.
 too late that men betray, 403.
 Finds himself loses misery, who, 757.
 the down pillow hard, 160.
 till all that it foresees it, 647.
 tongues in trees, 67.
 Findeth, he that seeketh, 1031.
 Fine a point, not to put too, 702.
 and as fast as he can, as, 609.
 art that in which hand, 747.
 arts once divorcing themselves, 584.
 by defect, 321.
 by degrees and beautifully less, 287.
 Fine fellows, some are, 772.
 frenzy rolling, poet's eye in a, 59.
 how exquisitely, 316.
 in love, nature is, 142.
 manners need the support of fine
 manners in others, 620.
 mould that, of such, 684.
 puss-gentleman, 415.
 thing to be father-in-law, 454.
 too, a point to your wit, 978.
 words wonder where you stole 'em,
 290.
 Finely touched, spirits are not, 46.
 Fineness which a hymn affords, 205.
 Finer form or lovelier face, 490.
 Finger and thumb, 'twixt, 83.
 freed from his ambitious, 98.
 in every pie, 975.
 more goodness in her little, 293.
 of a clock, like the, 420.
 on their eyes, laid, 848.
 pipe for fortune's, 138.
 points to heaven, whose silent, 481.
 points to the sky, silent, 504.
 slow unmoving, 155.
 writes and having writ, 954.
 Fingers, decay's effacing, 548.
 four, from death, 944.
 rude, with forced, 246.
 wandered idly, and my, 761.
 weary and worn, with, 594.
 were made before forks, 293.
 within two, of death, 944.
 Finger's breath of being mad, 949.
 Fingers' ends, at my, 12, 74.
 Finish the work we are in, strive to,
 662.
 what I begin, 651.
 Finished by such as she, 78.
 my course, I have, 1040.
 Fire answers fire, 92.
 autumn's, 770.
 bastion fringed with, 674.
 beginning of knowledge as, is of
 light, 582.
 books that you may carry to the,
 375.
 burn and cauldron bubble, 123.
 burned, while I was musing, 1011.
 burnt child dreads the, 16.
 clean hearth a clear, 508.
 clothes and meat, 322.
 coals of, on his head, 1020, 1036.
 cold performs the effect of, 228.
 day fills his blue urn with, 616.
 doubt thou the stars are, 133.
 fantasy's hot, 488.
 fat is in the, 9.
 fretted with golden, 134.
 fringed with, 674.
 from beds of raging, 228.
 from the mind, years steal, 542.
 from the sun, moon snatches her,
 109.
 frying-pan into the, 18, 971.
 glass of liquid, 457.
 glow like sparks of, 202.
 hasty as, 80.

- Fire, heart of, 802.
 his speech is a burning, 805.
 in antique Roman urns, 213.
 in each eye, 326.
 in his bosom, 1017.
 in his hand, who can hold the, 81.
 is not quenched, 1033.
 is the test of gold, 900.
 little, kindleth, 1041.
 little, quickly trodden out, 95.
 melt in her own, 140.
 motion of a hidden, 497.
 now stir the, 420.
 O for a muse of, 90.
 O love O, 666.
 of God fills him, 679.
 one, burns out another's, 104.
 pillar of, by night, 1005.
 purge off the baser, 226.
 shirt of, martyr in his, 775.
 sitting by a sea-coal, 89.
 snatches from the sun, 109.
 souls made of, 311.
 source of motion, 967.
 spark of that celestial, 425.
 spark of that immortal, 549.
 sparkle the right Promethean, 56.
 stood against my, 148.
 that warms cold, 978.
 three removes as bad as a, 360.
 to warm, to light, 827.
 two irons in the, 196.
 uneffectual, 'gins to pale his, 132.
 upon the hearth is low, 831.
 with white, laden, 565.
 without some smoke, no, 17, 33.
 yreken in our ashen cold, 3.
- Fires, confined to fast in, 131.
 kindles false, 484.
 live their wonted, 385.
 of passion, to light the, 648.
 of ruin glow, 513.
 religion veils her sacred, 332.
 the tops of the eastern pines, 81.
 truth lend her noblest, 540.
 wake in our breast the living, 689.
- Fired another Troy, 272.
 the Ephesian dome, 296.
- Fire-hearts sowed our furrows, 657.
- Firelight died away, the alien, 725.
 shadows fluttering go, 831.
- Fireside happiness, 455.
 howsoe'er defended, no, 641.
 to make a happy, 449.
- Fire-winged to its goal, 770.
- Firm concord holds, 227.
 thy purpose, 307.
- Firmament, the sun in the, 530.
 no fellow in the, 112.
 now glowed the, 233.
 o'erhanging, 134.
 on high, the spacious, 300.
 pillared is rottenness, 245.
 showeth his handiwork, 1011.
 stars in earth's, 639.
- Firmness in the right, 662.
 nature shakes off her wonted, 354.
- Firm-set earth, thou sure and, 119.
- First, all at once and nothing, 691.
 and the last, 1041.
 be not the. by whom the new are
 tried, 324.
 dark day of nothingness, 548.
 flower of the earth, 522.
 gem of the sea, 522.
 great cause, 334.
 he met her, know how, 697.
 he who, shortened the labor, 584.
 he wrought, 2.
 in a village, 913.
 in banquets and in the fight, 337.
 in glory first in place, 344.
 in the hearts of his countrymen,
 445.
 in war first in peace, 445.
 invented sleep, bless man who, 720.
 joys of our heart, 596.
 of earthly singers, 771.
 of the new party who has, 700.
 secret of success, self-trust is the,
 621.
 step which costs, 987.
 to fade away, 778.
 true gentleman, 182.
 who came away, 556.
 work, and then rest, 747.
- First-born's breath, feels her, 562.
- First-class fightin' man, 851.
- Fir-trees dark and high, 592.
- Fish, all is, that cometh to net, 15.
 cat would eat, 14.
 in troubled waters, 283.
 no, ye're buying, 493.
 nor flesh, 13.
 not with this melancholy bait, 60.
 sold for more than an ox, 920.
 to fry, other, 958, 976.
 what cat's averse to, 381.
 with the worm, man may, 141.
- Fishes, all the worse for the, 693.
 gnawed upon, men that, 96.
 live in the sea, how do the, 161.
 men live like, 264.
 men were first produced in, 925.
 that tittle in the deep, 529.
- Fishermen on the beach, 148.
- Fisher's chorus-note, 862.
 life, gallant, 209.
- Fishified, how art thou, 107.
- Fishing, may the east wind never blow
 when he goes a, 207.
- Fish-like smell, very ancient and, 43.
- Fist instead of a stick, 209.
- Fit audience though few, 236.
 for the gods, a dish, 111.
 it for the sky, 860.
 man, most senseless and, 51.
 punishment, the crime, 802.
 's upon me now, the, 198.
 to hold a candle, 351.
- Fits, 't was sad by, 390.
- Fitful fever, after life's, 121.
 storm, spoiled with, 792.
- Fitness of things, eternal, 364.
- Fitted him to a T, 375.
 in arts, well, 55.

- Fittest place man can die**, 716.
 survival of the, 663, 773.
- Fitting, done well and as is**, 1029.
 of self, rest is the, 716.
 season is best, 880.
 word He speeds, still the, 650.
- Five fathom deep, healths**, 105.
 fathom under the Rialto, 554.
 hundred friends, 419.
 reasons why men drink, 979.
- Five-words-long, jewels**, 672.
- Fixed fate free will**, 228.
 figure for the time, 155.
 like a plant, 317.
 my heart is, 1013.
 star, name to every, 54.
- Flag, death's pale**, 109.
 freedom waves the fustian, 518.
 has braved a thousand years, 514.
 is known in every sea, 629.
 nail to the mast her holy, 688.
 of England, the meteor, 515.
 of our stately battles, the, 748.
 of our union forever, 609.
 of the free heart's hope, 574.
 one land one heart, one, 690.
 the sceptre all who meet obey, our,
 550.
 to haul down the American, 865.
 unfurled, seemed to see our, 650.
- Flame, adding fuel to the**, 242.
 freedom's holy, 382.
 if you nurse a, 516.
 love's devoted, 523.
 love's holy, 508.
 nor public nor private, 332.
 that lit the battle's wreck, 570.
 vital spark of heavenly, 334.
 words so full of subtle, 196.
- Flames, like thin**, 769.
 through their paly, 92.
 yet from those, no light, 223.
- Flame-white secret forever**, a, 837.
- Flaming meteor, harmless**, 261.
 youth, 140.
- Flanders received our yoke**, 220.
 swore terribly in, 378.
- Flare of dreams, out of a red**, 848.
 the windy lights of autumn, 822.
- Flash and outbreak of a fiery mind**,
 133.
 is still the same, its, 610.
 of the lightning, 561.
- Flashes of merriment**, 144.
 of silence, occasional, 461.
- Flashing brine, oh give me the**, 714.
- Flat and unprofitable**, 128.
 as pancakes, 173.
 burglary as ever was committed, 53.
 despair, our final hope is, 226.
 sea sunk, in the, 244.
 that's, 86.
- Flatter knaves, to**, 290.
 Neptune for his trident, 103.
- Flattered, being then most**, 111.
 kings that, teach your, 683.
 to tears this aged man, 575.
 whom all the world hath, 26.
- Flatterers besieged, by**, 327.
 he hates, 111.
- Flattering painter, a**, 399.
 tale, hope told a, 869.
 unction to your soul, 141.
 word, with a, 836.
- Flatteries without winking, dam**
 treacherous, 730.
- Flattery, I come not to hear such**, 101.
 imitation is the sincerest, 86.
 is the food of fools, 290.
 never lost on poet's ear, 487.
 soothe the cold ear of death, 384.
 to name a coward, 463.
- Flaunting extravagant queen**, 442.
- Flavour of mild decay, general**, 691.
- Flaw, it has no kind of**, 801.
- Flax, smoking**, 1026.
- Flaxen was his poll**, 142.
- Flea has smaller fleas**, 290.
 in his ear, 184, 957.
 that's a valiant, 91.
- Fleas, great, have little**, 290.
 little fleas have lesser, 290.
 that on him prey, 290.
- Flecked the streets of Baltimore**, 813.
- Fled Him, I**, 841.
 I waked she, 252.
 like a passing thought, 447.
 murmuring, 234.
 seven long years come and, 868.
- Flee when no man pursueth**, 1021.
- Flees on feathered foot**, 829.
- Fleeing to ocean after its life**, 716.
- Fleet, all in the Downs the**, 348.
 is a glance of the mind, 416.
 that such sweet things should be,
 807.
- Fleets beyond this iron world**, 685.
 ten thousand, 547.
- Fleetest, brightest still the**, 522.
- Fleeting as bubbles, as gay and**, 633.
 as 't is fair, 535.
 breath, this life is a, 795.
 is the estate of man, 939.
 show, the world is all a, 524.
 some, good, 394.
- Flesh and blood can't bear it**, 351.
 and blood, strong as, 477.
 and blood, to ears of, 131.
 and the devil, the world, 1042.
 collop of thy own, 14.
 fair and unpolluted, 144.
 going the way of all, 181.
 his virgin sword, 346.
 how art thou fishified, 107.
 is grass, all, 1026.
 is heir to, the shocks that, 135.
 is weak, but the, 1033.
 little breath little, 935.
 nor good red herring, 13.
 of mine, this, 805.
 of my flesh, 1004.
 of thy flesh, 970.
 one of the, 731.
 service to the, 940.
 take off my, 461.
 that this too solid, would melt, 127.

- Flesh, thorn in the, 1038.
 weariness of the, 1024.
 will not out of the, 19.
 will quiver, the, 312.
- Fleshed thy maiden sword, 87.
- Fleshpots, when we sat by the, 1005.
- Flies an eagle flight, 109.
 close mouth catches no, 973.
 in amber, 168.
 of estate and sunneshine, 204.
 preyed on half-starved, 413.
 the higher pitch, 93.
- Flight, attained by sudden, 643.
 brighten as they take their, 307.
 confused alarms of struggle and, 753.
 flies an eagle, 109.
 of ages, once in the, 496.
 of common souls, above the, 393.
 of future days, 227.
 of years, unmeasured by the, 497.
 put old cares to, 794.
 selfsame, the selfsame way, 60.
- Flighty purpose never is o'ertook, 123.
- Fling away ambition, 100.
 but a stone the giant dies, 354.
 it back upon an earlier time, 622.
 its ancient splendors, 695.
- Flings it a bone, 780.
- Flint, everlasting, 107.
 weariness can snore upon the, 160.
- Flinty and steel couch of war, 151.
- Flirtation depraves the appetite, 774.
 that significant word, 353.
- Flit across the narrow beach, 792.
- Float along the moonlit floor, 613.
 between earth and heaven, glories,
 631.
 double swan and shadow, 474.
- Floats above the wrecks of time, 810.
- Floating bulwark of our island, 392.
 hair, 781, 832.
- Flock however watched, no, 641.
 just to drive a, to feed, 611.
 tainted wether of the, 64.
- Flocks, my father feeds his, 392.
 of them come, 799.
- Flogging in schools, 372.
- Flood and field, accidents by, 150.
 bridge that arched the, 615.
 far murmur of the breaking, 824.
 leap into this angry, 110.
 of mortal ills prevailing, 956.
 seems motionless as ice, yon, 473.
 taken at the, 115.
- Floods, bathe in fiery, 48.
 my heart with delight, 857.
 passions are likened best to, 25.
- Flooding in the main, comes silent,
 727.
- Floor, float along the moonlit, 613.
 modest front of this small, 259.
 nicely sanded, 397.
 of heaven is thick inlaid, 65.
 shadow lies floating on the, 656.
 wrought its ghost upon the, 655.
- Floored with gemlike plains, 841.
- Florence, ungrateful, 545.
- Flounder, squat as a, 957.
- Flourish in immortal youth, 299.
 princes and lords may, 396.
- Flourished, whilst bloody treason, 114.
- Flourisheth in every soil, it, 695.
- Flout the sky, banners, 115.
- Flow, aids in the ebb-tide or, 718.
 gently sweet Afton, 449.
 how well so e'er it, 327.
 in one down eternity's river, 714.
 like thee, could I, 257.
 of soul, feast of reason and, 328.
- Flows all that charms, 502.
 in fit words, sense, 268.
 the stream, 821.
 where each, on unmingling, 761.
- Flowed and opened new fountains
 numbers, 597.
 the tide, ebbled and, 646.
- Flower, alike they're needful to the,
 636.
 amaranthine, 482.
 and bee, summer cometh with, 571.
 born to blush unseen, 385.
 bright consummate, 235.
 bright golden, 245.
 crimson, of battle blooms, 748.
 dear common, 733.
 death lurks in every, 535.
 every, enjoys the air, 466.
 every leaf and every, 235.
 every opening, 302.
 first, of the earth, 522.
 gives scent to every, 414.
 glistening with dew, 233.
 herself a fairer, 232.
 if life's a, I choose my own, 611.
 it fell upon a little western, 58.
 lightly like a, 677.
 look like the innocent, 117.
 lovely little, is free, 487.
 man a, he dies, 366.
 meanest, that blows, 478.
 near the lark's nest, every, 486.
 never loved a tree or, 778.
 no daintie, or herbe, 28.
 no sooner blown but blasted, 251.
 no stronger than a, 162.
 O fairest, 251.
 of floures, 6.
 of glorious beauty, 276.
 of olden sanctities, 757.
 of sweetest smell, 485.
 of the field, as a, 1015.
 of wickedness, 712.
 of wify patience, 4.
 offered in the bud, 301.
 passing all wisdom or its fairest, 622.
 pleasure like the midnight, 520.
 proved a beauteous, 106.
 safety, pluck this, 84.
 that sad embroidery wears, 248.
 that smiles to-day, 202.
 the sculptured, 573.
 the splendid, 797.
 tip-tilted like the petal of a, 678.
 't is but a little faded, 766.
 up there came a, 771.
 will bloom another year, 577.

- Flowers, all the sweetest, 28.**
 and fruits of love, 555.
 appear on the earth, 1024.
 are lovely love is flower-like, 503.
 are love's truest language, 660.
 are made of earthly, 653.
 are springing, sweet, 524.
 azure moss and, 565.
 baptism o'er the, 202.
 bitter o'er the, 540.
 buy my, O buy I pray, 632.
 chalice, 159.
 charities scattered like, 481.
 clouds that shed May, 233.
 cover with leaves and, 181.
 crown old winter's head with, 259.
 crown with, that hardly have, 762.
 earth laughs in, 614.
 foam of, 805.
 from Dis' waggon, 77.
 have their time to wither, 570.
 in the mede, of all the, 6.
 kind thoughts contentment, 630.
 most can raise the, 672.
 no path of, leads to glory, 983.
 nosegay of culled, 965.
 of all hue, 232.
 of the forest, 393.
 only treads on, 464.
 Proserpine gathering, 232.
 purple with vernal, 247.
 shut of evening, 239.
 silent above the, her children, 763.
 sit like, upon thy grave, 762.
 so blue and golden, 639.
 some bitter o'er the, 540.
 soonest awake to the, 520.
 sprang up to see, 795.
 sweeter in the air, breath of, 167.
 sweetest, in all the world, 807.
 that do best perfume the air, 167.
 that fell, 805.
 that grows beside the way, 733.
 that in the forest grew, 28.
 that skirt the eternal frost, 501.
 to feed on, 30.
 we gather thorns for, 771.
 when spring unlocks the, 535.
 white and red, 6.
 worthy of Paradise, 232.
- Flower-de-luce, 78.**
Floweret blow, rain-drop makes some,
 718.
 of the vale, meanest, 386.
 pluck ere it close, 991.
- Flowering in a lonely word, 682.**
Flowerly meads in May, 199.
 oratory he despised, 304.
- Flowing cups pass swiftly round, 259.**
 cups, remembered in, 92.
 fees and fat contentions, 253.
 limb in pleasure drowns, 357.
 with milk and honey, 1005.
- Flown with insolence and wine, 224.**
Fluctuation, world-wide, 677.
Fluid as nature chaste affectionate,
 745.
- Flung rose flung odours, 238.**
Flush as May, 139.
Flushing his brow, 575.
Flutes and soft recorders, 225.
 to the tune of, 157.
- Flutter round my door, wave and, 613.**
Fluttered your Volsicians in Corioli,
 103.
- Fluttering about the fruit-trees, 799.**
 go, the firelight shadows, 831.
- Fly betimes, then, 200.**
 break before the bird can, 682.
 busy curious thirsty, 859.
 from pleasure, I, 368.
 hiss for the, 1025.
 in the rivers of Egypt, 1025.
 is hell, which way I, 231.
 like a youthful hart or roe, 302.
 not yet 't is just the hour, 520.
 O could I, I'd fly with thee, 438.
 of the coach, 983.
 or I can run, I can, 246.
 said a spider to a, 629.
 that sips treacle, 348.
 those that, may fight again, 215.
 those that run away and, 212.
 to drown a, 306.
 to him, I may not, 821.
 which way shall I, 231.
 within a bead of amber, 203.
- Flyeth, how fierce soe'er it, 700.**
Flyin'-fishes play, where the, 852.
Flying all abroad, 23.
 chariot, 424.
 cloud, 775.
 Dutchman, they who see, 820.
 hour, wait for love one, 814.
 old time is still a, 202.
- Foam, far beneath the tainted, 578.**
 is amber, whose, 257.
 mist and cloud and, 775.
 o'er the dark sea's, 718.
 of flowers, 805.
 of perilous seas, 575.
 on the river, like the, 491.
 the cruel crawling, 727.
 too full for sound and, 685.
 whiter grows the, 823.
 wiped away the weeds and, 614.
- Foaming lips of inebriated virtue, 808**
Foe, Byzantium's conquering, 545.
 censure from a, 339.
 ever sworn the, 459.
 grim death my son and, 229.
 heat not a furnace for your, 98.
 in strife with many a valiant, 803.
 insolent, 150.
 is now before us, 863.
 let in the, 242.
 manly, give me the, 464.
 met my dearest, in heaven, 128.
 no friend who never made a, 680.
 overcome but half his, 225.
 the, they come, 543.
 to love, unrelenting, 358.
 to make one worthy man my, 327.
 to meet the insulting, 443.
 to tyrants, this hand sworn, 459.
 was in his soul a friend, each, 338.

- Foe, was it a friend or, 770.
 where breathes the, 574.
 white with the fear of the, 748.
 with his feet to the, 514.
 Foes, long inveterate, 269.
 thrice he routed all his, 271.
 to comfort friends and, 400.
 Foeman's gates, thou slumberest at a,
 623.
 Foemen in the fray, 847.
 worthy of their steel, 491.
 Fog in my throat, to feel the, 711.
 men who live above the, 730.
 or fire by lake or fen, 244.
 Foggy cloud, sits in a, 123.
 Foibles, misery from our, 437.
 Fold, like the wolf on the, 551.
 rose with sweets in every, 691.
 sorrow's children, 798.
 Folded arms, lord of, 55.
 blossoms, o'er, 833.
 in our infancy, 767.
 seven, fondly, 811.
 tail, horror of his, 251.
 Folding of the hands, 1017.
 Folio, whole volumes in, 55.
 Folk, a world of, 6.
 to gon on pilgrimages, 1.
 to happy, 790.
 Folks, ancestors good kind of, 440.
 on shore, unhappy, 510.
 Follies, count o'er their youthful, 492.
 may cease with their youth, 376.
 of the wise, 365.
 that themselves commit, 62.
 youthful, 492.
 Follow as the night the day, 130.
 it beckons I, 764.
 the king else wherefore born, 677.
 the vision, 854.
 up the quest despite of day, 678.
 you the star that lights, 683.
 Follows, she draws him yet she, 645.
 Followed her, king himself has, 400.
 Followers, more, than a thief to the
 gallows, 213.
 Following his plough, 470.
 take to, where He leads, 788.
 Folly, a tale of, 790.
 according to his, 1020.
 and crime, debt the mother of, 628.
 and ignorance, 102.
 and sin, 779.
 as it flies, shoot, 315.
 grow romantic, if, 321.
 into sin can glide, 492.
 is all they've taught me, 522.
 is at full length, 312.
 loves the martyrdom of fame, 552.
 mirth can into, glide, 492.
 no soul exempt from, 961.
 of others, profit by the, 906.
 shielding men from the effects of,
 774.
 shunn'st the noise of, 249.
 stays and genius goes, 616.
 that seeks through evil good, 649.
 to be wise, 382.
 Folly, when lovely woman stoops to,
 403.
 Folly's dress, 834.
 Fond affection thou hast, my, 589.
 and billing, 215.
 caress, naught but weakness in, 730.
 imagination, so fair to, 482.
 of humble things, 859.
 of toil and care, why are we, 991.
 recollection, 537.
 sheep quiet, and few, 611.
 to rule alone, man too, 327.
 too, for idle scorning, 653.
 unalterably and pesteringly, 684.
 Fonder of my staff, I'm growing, 719.
 Fondest hopes decay, seen my, 526.
 hopes would not decay, 778.
 our, boast, 580.
 Fondly dear, 766.
 do we hope fervently do we, 661.
 folded seven, 811.
 loved, that time so, 597.
 Fondness, eyes that weep in, 280.
 Fontarabian echoes borne, on, 490.
 Food, are of love the, 238.
 crops the flowery, 315.
 for powder, 87.
 his, was glory, 606.
 human nature's daily, 474.
 minds not craving for, 444.
 nothing to eat but, 838.
 of fools, flattery's the, 290.
 of love, if music be the, 74.
 of sweet and bitter fancy, 71.
 of sweetly uttered knowledge, 34.
 one man's, is another's poison, 199.
 pined and wanted, 465.
 rats and mice have been Tom's, 147.
 that appeases hunger, 978.
 Fool all of the people all, can not, 662.
 answer a, 1020.
 at forty is a fool indeed, 311.
 brains enough to make a, of himself,
 830.
 cannot hold his tongue, 923.
 contends that God is not, 777.
 difference between a wise person and
 a, 888.
 doth think he is wise, the, 71.
 every inch that is not, 269.
 every, will be meddling, 1019.
 eyes of a, 1019.
 hath said in his heart, 1010.
 his whole life, he is a, 697.
 hold his tongue, let a, 899.
 in a mortar, bray a, 1021.
 in the forest, I met a, 67.
 is counted wise when he holdeth his
 peace, 1019.
 knows himself to be a, 71.
 laughter of a, 1022.
 man at thirty suspects himself a,
 307.
 me no fools, 1053.
 me to the top of my bent, they, 139.
 more hope of a, 1020.
 more knave than, 41, 973.
 motley, 67.

- Fool must now and then be right, 414.**
 no creature smarts so little as a, 327.
 of fate, 346.
 of nature stood, 273.
 old experience is a, 683.
 one draught makes him a, 74.
 only good for, 983.
 outlives in fame the pious, 296.
 resolved to live a, 196.
 said my muse to me, 34.
 some of the people all of, 662.
 that eats till he is sick, 768,
 the more, 1, 67.
 there is more hope of a, 1020.
 there was, a, 852.
 through excess of wisdom is made a,
 620.
 to fame, nor yet a, 327.
 to make me merry, 71.
 when he holdeth his peace, 1019.
 who thinks by force or skill, 858.
 with judges, 415.
 you're a sweet little, 823.
- Fools, a judge amongst, 331, 415.**
 admire, men of sense approve, 324.
 and children cannot lie, 15.
 are my theme, 539.
 as maketh wise men, 791.
 best, are a little wise, 177.
 better than a wilderness of, 747.
 bolt is soon shot, 16.
 by heavenly compulsion, 146.
 call nature what I call God, 712.
 chronicle small beer and suckle, 151.
 contest for forms of government,
 318.
 ever since the conquest, 279.
 flattery's the food of, 290.
 for arguments use wagers, 213.
 in all tongues are called, 71.
 in idle wishes, 444.
 like you, we thrive on, 334.
 little wise are the best, 177.
 make a mock at sin, 1018.
 men may live, 308.
 my lord it is a world of, 684.
 never-failing vice of, 323.
 of nature, 131.
 old doting, 915.
 old men know young men are, 36.
 only good for, 983.
 paradise of, 231, 444.
 print it and shame the, 326.
 profit less by wise men, 911.
 rush in where angels fear to tread,
 325.
 scarecrows of, beacons of wise men,
 762.
 should be so deep-contemplative, 68.
 since the conquest have been, 279.
 supinely stay, 444.
 that crowd thee so, 261.
 these mortals be, what, 58.
 they cannot die, 308.
 thinks better of a gilded, 181.
 to be wise among, 907.
 to fill the world with, 774.
 twenty-seven millions mostly, 584.
- Fools, what gift to, avails, 344.**
 who came to scoff, 397.
 who fancy Christ mistaken, 728.
 who roam, they are, 362.
 wise man avoid the fault of, 911.
 with the time, thus we play the, 89.
 words are the money of, 200.
 young men think old men, 36.
- Fool's world to earn his nuts, in this,
 729.**
- Fools' experiments, I love, 663.**
- Fooled with hope, 276.**
- Foolery, a little, governs the world,
 195.**
 that wise men have, 66.
 walks about the orb, 76.
- Fooling thee, she is, 648.**
- Foolish fretting of our care, on the,
 764.**
 rheum, how now, 79.
 thing, never says a, 279.
 things to confound the wise, 1037.
 whistling of a name, 262.
- Foolishness, allowed indulgence in
 such, 730.**
 will not depart, 1021.
- Foot and hand go cold, 23.**
 before, the better, 80.
 chancellor's, 195.
 for foot hand for hand, 1005.
 great shoe for a little, 923.
 has music in 't, his very, 427.
 horse and, rise up when I stamp,
 913.
 in the grave, one, 198, 915.
 is on my native heath, my, 493.
 more light, step more true, 491.
 no rest for the sole of her, 1004.
 of a conqueror, lie at the proud, 80.
 of time, noiseless, 74, 464.
 one, in sea and one on shore, 51, 405.
 one, in the grave, 198.
 so light a, 107.
 sole of our, 173, 198.
 stood a spell on one, fust, 736.
 to the sole of his, 51.
 upon a worm, needlessly sets, 422.
 youth now flees on feathered, 829.
- Football was a brutal game, I ad-
 mitted, 849.**
- Footprints on the sands of time, 639.**
- Footstep gleams, and where thy, 655.**
- Footsteps he hath turned home, 488.**
 in the sea, 423.
 of a throne, 26.
 slow and weary, 832.
 willing, meeting here, 534.
- Footstool, the earth my, 316.**
- Fop, the solemn, 415.**
- For to admire and for to see, 853.**
- Forbearance ceases to be a virtue, 407.**
- Forbid, God, 1036.**
 it almighty God, 430.
- Forbids to crave, my mind, 22.**
- Forbidden tree, fruit of that, 223.**
- Force abated, nor his natural, 1006,
 and road of casualty, 62.**
 evolution is not a, 812.

- Force is no remedy, 700.
 knowledge more than equivalent to, 368.
 mightiest practical, 826.
 more by art than, 341.
 of beauty, seems right by, 659.
 of nature, 271.
 of temporal power, 64.
 shall have spent its novel, 669.
 to shape it, but had not, 681.
 who overcomes by, 225.
 youth full of grace, fascination, 743.
- Forces, opposing and enduring, 607.
- Forced by fate, 274.
 from their homes, 395.
- Forcible are right words, 1008.
 Feeble, 89.
- Forcibly if we must, 516.
- Fordoes me quite, makes me or, 156.
- Forefathers had no other books, 94.
 of the hamlet, 384.
 our rude, 778.
 think of your, 458.
- Forefinger of all time, 672.
 of an alderman, 104.
- Foregone conclusion, 155.
- Forehead lowers, instantly your, 377.
 of the morning sky, 248.
 of the skies, 967.
 the godlike, 486.
- Foreheads villanous low, 43.
- Foreign aid of ornament, 356.
 hands, by, 335.
- Foreigners spell better, 796.
- Foreknowledge absolute, 228.
 will and fate, 228.
- Forelock, from his parted, 232.
 time by the, 30.
- Foremost fighting fell, 542.
 files of time, 669.
 man of all this world, 114.
- Foresaw, sees what he, 476.
- Foresees, till all that it, it finds, 647.
- Forespent night of sorrow, 258.
- Forest by slow stream, 504.
 flowers of the, 393.
 met a fool in the, 67.
 primeval, this is the, 642.
 the leaves, sweeps from the, 715.
- Forests are rended, when, 493.
- Foresters, Diana's, 82.
- Foretold by prophet-bards, 695.
- Forever and a day, 71.
 and forever farewell, 115.
 and on earth will, be, 583.
 bright, a quenchless star, 596.
 dear forever kind, 340.
 death and that vast, 727.
 fallen, arise or be, 224.
 fare thee well, 552.
 fortune wilt thou prove, 358.
 from the land he loved, stains, 788.
 God is not mocked, 811.
 his time is, 260.
 honoured, forever mourned, 341.
 known, to be, 260.
 now and, 533.
 singing as they shine, 300.
- Forever still forever, 552.
 that no man lives, 806.
 thou art gone and, 491.
 't is a single word, 778.
 true friend, a friend, 760.
 upward, 857.
 yesterday and to-day and, 1040.
- Forfeit, all the souls that were, were, 47.
 fair renown, 488.
- Forgave the offence, 273.
- Forget all time, with thee, 233.
 and forgive, 148.
 and smile, 777.
 as to, what human frailty, 579.
 at times with advantage, 895.
 bid me, 844.
 but I'll not, you darling, 638.
 can this fond heart, 589.
 courage to, 777.
 dream that I, 805.
 expedient sometimes to, 895.
 good to forgive best to, 713.
 knew we should both, 806.
 lest we, 852.
 me, go, 565.
 men's names, 68.
 my sovereign, when I, 426.
 never never can, 587.
 nor, that sunrise never failed, 792.
 old Ireland, I'll not, 638.
 taught me at last to, thee, 869.
 that I remember, 805.
 the human race, that I might, 547.
 thee never till nature, 685.
 thee O Jerusalem, 1016.
 thou shalt not, 844.
 thyself to marble, 249.
- Forgets herself and all her loves, 685.
- Forgetful never, 520.
- Forgetful, be not, to entertain strangers, 1040.
- Forgetfulness, not in entire, 477.
 of grief, 790.
 prey to dumb, 385.
 steep my senses in, 89.
 sweets of, 428.
- Forget-me-nots of the angels, 642.
- Forgetting, a sleep and a, 477.
 could be willed, with me if, 772.
 more and more, 772.
 the world, 333.
- Forgive, best to forget, good to, 713.
 divine to, 325.
 forget and, 148.
 our enemies, 171.
 our friends, 171.
 the crime, 464.
- Forgiven by Christ in heaven, the sin, 723.
- Forgiveness, awkwardness has no, 620.
 is better than revenge, 944.
 to the injured, 275.
- Forgot, and all the rest, 161.
 as soon as shed, 381.
 by the world, 333.
 for which he toiled, 161.
 in the hatred of a minute, 654.

- Forgot, propos'd as things, 325.
 should auld acquaintance be, 449.
 thou art not, 652.
 when by thy side, 563.
- Forgotten dream, hunt for a, 472.
 dreams, glimpses of, 666.
 even by God, 704.
 lore, curious volume of, 655.
 my kisses, 806.
 nothing and learned nothing, 1003.
 nothing new except what is, 1003.
 the inside of a church, 86.
 the names of their founders, 222.
- Forked mountain, 158.
 radish, like a, 90.
- Forks, fingers made before, 293.
- Forlorn hope, 969.
- Form and fear, mother of, 39.
 and feature, outward, 503.
 and moving, admirable in, 134.
 cliff that lifts its awful, 397.
 combination and a, 140.
 divine, the human, 344.
 doth take, the bodie, 29.
 finer, or lovelier face, 490.
 glass of fashion and mould of, 136.
 had yet not lost, 225.
 of government, the Republican, 773.
 of life and light, 549.
 of manliest beauty, 436.
 so fair that like the air, 608.
 soft metal flowered to human, 329.
 soul is, 29.
 spoiled the, 964.
 teemed with human, 394.
 was ponderous and his step, 646.
 we are borrowers, to use or, 699.
- Forms of ancient poets, 504.
 of government, fools contest for, 318.
 of hairs or straws or dirt, 327.
 of things unknown, 59.
 that once have been, 641.
 unseen their dirge is sung, by, 389.
 vents in mangled, 68.
- Formed by thy converse, 320.
- Former times shake hands, 212.
- Formulas, clear myself of cants and,
 583.
- Forrest, flowres that grew in, 28.
- Forsake me, do not, 278.
 not an old friend, 1029.
- Forsaken, not seen the righteous, 1011.
 when he is, 592.
- Forsworn, that so sweetly were, 49.
- Forted residence, 49.
- Fortells, happiness their harmony, 655.
- Forth on, bold and, 109.
 stretch, your open hands, 790.
 we went a gallant, 662.
 wherefore come ye, in triumph, 604.
 your rout send, a joyous shout, 605.
- Fortress built by nature, 81.
 mighty, is our God, 956.
 my refuge and my, 1014.
- Forts, no need of arsenals and, 645.
- Fortuitous circumstances, 494.
 concourse of atoms, 284.
 occurrence, 403.
- Fortune and to fame unknown, 386.
 architect of his own, 167.
 carves out his own, 971.
 crested, 424.
 Dame, is a fickle gipsy, 609.
 diligence mother of good, 477.
 easy to get a favour from, 895.
 favours and blessings of, 923.
 flatters, when, 895.
 forever, wilt thou prove, 358.
 gives us birth, 340.
 hath divers ways, 35.
 hostages to, 165.
 I care not, 357.
 is blind, though, 167.
 is like glass, 895.
 is on our side, when, 895.
 is unstable, 952.
 leads on to, 115.
 leaves some door open, 971.
 means to men most good, 79.
 method of making a, 387.
 most dejected thing of, 148.
 mould of a man's, 167.
 not easy to keep a favour from, 895.
 not satisfied with one calamity, 895.
 not with the faint-hearted, 883.
 out of suits with, 66.
 railed on Lady, 68.
 reigns in gifts of the world, 66.
 slings and arrows of outrageous, 135.
 to prey at, 153.
 tugged with, 121.
 vicissitudes of, 430.
 well-favoured man is the gift of, 51
 wishes to destroy, whom, 899.
- Fortunes battles sieges, 150.
 before you, than, 76.
 carry Cæsar and his, 914.
 he will vote away, 768.
 lest it may mar your, 146.
 lives and sacred honour, 434.
 manners turn with, 321.
 my pride fell with my, 66.
 parcel of their, 158.
 ready to try our, 90.
 virtues to sustain good, 980.
- Fortune's buffets and rewards, 137.
 cap, button on, 133.
 champion, thou, 79.
 cup, the dregs of, 341.
 finger, pipe for, 138.
 ice prefers to virtue's land, 267.
 power, not now in, 212.
 sharpe adversite, 5.
- Forty days and forty nights, 1004.
 fat fair and, 495.
 feeding like one, 469.
 fool at, is a fool indeed, 311.
 knows it at, 307.
 minutes about the earth, in, 58.
 parson power, 559.
 pounds a year, rich at, 396.
 stripes save one, 1038.
 year, wait till you come to, 697.
 years old, 692.
- Forty-odd befell, at, 595.
- Forward and frolic glee, 491.

- Forward as occasion offers, 942.
 looked, through centuries, 788.
 not permanent, 129.
 the ages roll, 781.
 till you see the highest, 683.
- Foster-child of silence, 576.
- Fou for weeks thegither, 451.
- Fought a good fight, 1040.
 a long hour, 88.
 all his battles o'er again, 271.
 and bled in freedom's cause, 465.
 his last battle, he has, 623.
 land is holy where they, 634.
 the better fight, 236.
 the good fight and vanquished, 746.
 upon the clouds, 112.
 we've, the Bear before, 867.
- Foul as Vulcan's stithy, 138.
 deeds will rise, 129.
 is fair fair is foul, 115.
- Foules maken melodie, 1.
- Foulest whelp of sin, slander the, 598.
- Found, best gift my latest, 235.
 in him a greater heart, 679.
 make a note of, when, 702.
 myself famous, 560.
 no tongue, my songs that, 651.
 only on the stage, 558.
 out a gift for my fair, 380.
 pity in his tenderness, 803.
 respectable, when was genius, 659.
 the companion, I never, 722.
- Founded upon a rock, 1031.
- Founder in the fight, 846.
- Founders of civilization, 531.
 the pyramids have forgotten the
 names of their, 222.
- Found'st me poor at first, 398.
- Fount of joy's delicious springs, 540.
- Fountain by a forest side, 225.
 heads, pathless groves, 184.
 hither as to their, 236.
 in the desert springing, 552.
 knowledge is the only, 530.
 like the bubble on the, 491.
 of human liberty, 530.
 of sweet tears, a heart the, 469.
 of the Nile, show me the, 619.
 pitcher broken at the, 1023.
 stealing forth, 814.
 stream and sea, at once, 496.
 troubled, is like a, 73.
- Fountains, Afric's sunny, 536.
 in intelligent, 767.
 in the human heart, opened new,
 597
 large streams from little, 459.
- Fountain's murmuring wave, 428.
 silvery column, 504.
- Four-in-hand, the fiery, 505.
- Four larks and a wren, 703.
 rogues in buckram, 84.
 walls, I have my own, 585.
 winds, named of the, 798.
- Fourscore years, wind him up with,
 276.
- Four-square to all the winds, 671.
- Fourteen hundred years ago, 82.
- Fourth estate of the realm, 603.
 estate, the press is the, 585.
- Foutre for the world, 90.
- Fowl, opinion concerning wild, 77.
 tame villatic, 242.
- Fox when he had lost his tail, 186.
 the tailless, 808.
- Foxes have holes, 1031.
 that spoil the vines, 1024.
- Fox's skin, lion's skin pieced with the,
 920.
- Fragile skiff attains the shore, 810.
- Fragments, gather up the, 1035.
 of a once glorious union, 533.
- Fragrance after showers, 233.
 plants while they grow bestow no,
 398.
 smells to heaven, 362.
- Fragrant, most, when crushed, 165.
 posies, thousand, 41.
 the fertile earth, 233.
- Frail a thing is man, so, 873.
 I am, how, 1012.
- Frailties from their dread abode, 386.
- Frailty, a piece of human, 579.
 forget what human, is, 579.
 from the organ-pipe of, 80.
 of a man, 164.
 thy name is woman, 128.
- Frame, a shining, 300.
 of man, goodly, 968.
 of nature, the whole, 300.
 quit this mortal, 334.
 rapture-smitten, 513.
 this goodly, the earth, 134.
 this universal, 271.
 whatever stirs this mortal, 501.
- Framed in prodigality of nature, 96.
 strange fellows, nature hath, 59.
 to make women false, 151.
- France and England, best thing be-
 tween, 612.
 king of, went up the hill, 872.
 nothing is changed in, 1001.
 order this better in, 379.
 the world or, or England, 93.
 they'll swear to that in, 609.
 threatening, 267.
 ye sons of, 990.
- Frank haughty rash, 631.
- Frankincense, lumps of, 937.
- Frankness, there is no wisdom like,
 627.
- Frantic, the lover all as, 59.
 though the blast is, 819.
- Fraud and blood, men of, 826.
 notoriously base, 901.
- Frauds and holy shifts, 212.
- Fraught, swell bosom with thy, 155.
 with all learning, 399.
- Fray, beginning of a, 19.
 eager for the, 296.
 foemen in the, 847.
 latter end of a, 87.
 the glory of the, 846.
- Frayd, more, then hurt, 11.
- Freakish youth, 419.
- Free and fetterless thing, 867.

- Free as air, love, 333.
 as nature first made man, 275.
 battle for the, 562.
 both open and both, 102.
 but sorrow's purse is, 763.
 from fear that reigns, 642.
 from hope and fear set, 805.
 from scars, arms unstained and, 725.
 great glorious and, 522.
 hath made our nation, 689.
 land of the, 516, 517.
 let love be, 680.
 let us die to make men, 748.
 love is for the best, 680.
 nature's grace, 357.
 no one can be, till all are free, 773.
 slaves of centuries are, 771.
 soil free men free speech, 1048.
 spirit of mankind, 572.
 struggling to be, 139.
 to fall, though, 230.
 to think or act, 797.
 trade is not a principle, 624.
 trade the greatest blessing, 600.
 truth shall make you, 1035.
 we must be, or die, 472.
 where love, at rest and, 718.
 who would be, must strike, 541.
 whom the truth makes, 421.
 will fixed fate, 228.
 will, hostile empires Necessity and,
 583.
 will is, strong is the soul, 754.
- Freedom, bastard, 518.
 bounds of, wider yet, 665.
 costly sacrifice on altar of, 660.
 crowned, saw treason crushed, 788.
 fail, what avail if, 617.
 fetter the step of, 611.
 fight for, 996.
 from her mountain height, 573.
 has a thousand charms, 414.
 idea of, 694.
 in my love, if I have, 260.
 in that, bold, 487.
 is its child, 460.
 leaning on her spear, 690.
 new birth of, 661.
 of religion of the press, 435.
 only deals the blow, for, 459.
 or leave to die, 756.
 ring from mountain-side, let, 654.
 shall awhile repair, 390.
 shrieked as Kosciusko fell, 513.
 so long as faith reigns with, 797.
 their battle-cry, 756.
 to the free, 661.
 to the slave, 661.
 to waste the gifts of, 798.
 to worship God, 570.
 where wealth and, reign, 394.
 whose service is perfect, 1043.
 yet thy banner torn, 546.
- Freedom's banner, streaming, 574.
 battle once begun, 548.
 cause, fought and bled in, 465.
 hallowed shade, 459.
 holy flame, 382.
- Freedom's shield, each heart is, 863.
 soil beneath our feet, 574.
 Freehold, all-enclosing, 768.
 Free-livers on a small scale, 536.
 Freely, as when they discuss it, 603.
 Freeman whom the truth makes free,
 421.
 with unpurchased hand, 689.
 without education, 687.
 Freemen, corrupted, 387.
 red with the blood of, 748.
 we will die, 436.
 who rules o'er, 375.
 Freeman's will, executes a, 538.
 Freeze thy young blood, 131.
 Freight with sighs, chartered by sor-
 row and, 623.
 French have empire of the land, 580.
 or Turk or Proosian, 800.
 wiser than they seem, 166.
 Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe, 1.
 she spake ful fayre, 1.
 Frenchman I praise the, 358.
 must be always talking, a, 374.
 only one more, 1001.
 the brilliant, 414.
 Frenchmen, three, on one pair of
 English legs, 91.
 Frenchman's darling, 421.
 Frenzy, poet's eye in a fine, 59.
 Frenzy's fevered blood, 492.
 Fresh and full of faith, he was, 628.
 as a bridegroom, 83.
 from the hyaline streams, 636.
 gales and gentle airs, 238.
 roses dewy as morning, 751.
 woods and pastures new, 248.
 Fresher I ween, like the rose is but,
 586.
 Freshly ran he on, 276.
 Freshness fills the air, a dewy, 507.
 of its youth, learning in the, 881.
 Fret a passage, 221.
 dying we live, living we, 713.
 moths that a garment, 844.
 thy soul with crosses, 30.
 Frets his hour upon the stage, 125.
 that, above our peaceful, 578.
 Fretful outlook on the world, 997.
 porpentine, 131.
 stir unprofitable, 467.
 Fretted the pygmy body, 267.
 vault the long-drawn aisle, 384.
 with golden fire, 134.
 Fretting of our care, on the foolish,
 764.
 Friars and eremites, 231.
 hooded clouds like, 639.
 Frie in his own grese, 3.
 Friend, a better, than old dog Tray,
 764.
 a great field-marshal my, 727.
 after friend departs, 496.
 and brother, 771.
 as you choose a, 278.
 barren metal of his, 61.
 better one, of great value, 944.
 countenance of his, 1021.

- Friend, death of a dear, 59.
 defend your departed, 270.
 equal to a brother, 880.
 faithful the wounds of a, 1021.
 favourite has no, 381.
 forsake not an old, 1029.
 gained from heaven a, 386.
 guide philosopher and, 320.
 handsome house to lodge a, 289.
 in deed, 16.
 in his soul, a, 338.
 in life a, 340.
 in my retreat, 416.
 in need, 887.
 indeed to pardon or to bear it, 423.
 is another I, 950.
 is another self, 878.
 is one soul in two bodies, 948.
 is to be one, way to have a, 619.
 loan oft loses itself and, 130.
 men esteem a real, 878.
 mine own familiar, 1043.
 my father and my, 278.
 need be very much his, 423.
 never shall send our ancient, 652.
 new, as new wine, 1029.
 no, no brother there, 540.
 nor a, to know me, 829.
 of every friendless name, 366.
 of my better days, 562.
 of pleasure wisdom's aid, 390.
 of woe, sleep the, 508.
 oh, I fear the lightest heart, 653.
 one, I had, 785.
 one that hath no, 540.
 or foe, was it a, 770.
 praise from a, 339.
 received with thumps, 312.
 religious book or, 174.
 save me from the candid, 464.
 should bear friend's infirmities, 114.
 stately kindly lordly, 806.
 sticketh closer than a brother, 1019.
 the masterpiece of nature, 619.
 thou art not my, 615.
 to close his eyes, not a, 271.
 to her virtues be a, 377.
 to human race, 346.
 to me, a dear old, 825.
 to me he is all fault, 679.
 to my life, 326.
 to public amusements, 371.
 to Roderick, art thou a, 491.
 to truth, statesman yet, 323.
 tolling a departing, 88.
 treat your, as if he might become
 an enemy, 896.
 true, forever a friend, 760.
 who hath not lost a, 496.
 who lost no, 323.
 who never, he makes no, 680.
 world is not thy, 108.
 Friends, a good book the best of, 696.
 adversity of our best, 982.
 and brother souls, my, 682.
 and foes, to comfort, 400.
 are exultations agonies, thy, 471.
 at home, make, 908.
 Friends, by hunger and request of, 326
 call you that backing of your, 84.
 could say, spite of all their, 702.
 dear five hundred, 419.
 decent boldness ever meets with,
 343.
 defend me from my, 1000.
 depart and memory takes them,
 588.
 eat and drink as, 72.
 embrace thy, leave all in order, 745.
 enter on my list of, 422.
 faithful, 782.
 falling out of faithfull, 21.
 had been in youth, 500.
 have perished so, 792.
 he cast off his, 399.
 he who has a thousand, 953.
 house of my, 1028.
 how we should behave to, 948.
 I have had, 792.
 I've met many, 589.
 is without three good, 70.
 lay down his life for his, 1035.
 like summer, 204.
 lions to enemies lambs to, 627.
 man that bath, 1019.
 my never-failing, 506.
 nature teaches beasts to know
 their, 103.
 of humblest, scorn not one, 486.
 of my youth where are they, 550.
 of old all brave, my, 679.
 of time, 851.
 old, are best, 195.
 old times old, 401.
 old, to trust, 171.
 out of sight we lose, 569.
 poor make no new, 637.
 princes find few real, 377.
 property of, is common, 947, 949.
 prosperity makes, 899.
 remember absent, 943.
 Romans countrymen, 113.
 separateth very, 1019.
 thou hast grapple to thy soul, 129.
 thousand, sufficeth not, 953.
 three firm, more sure than day, 502.
 to congratulate their, 269.
 troops of, 124.
 we have been, together, 653.
 we may live without, 779.
 were poor but honest, 73.
 you and I were long, 361.
 Friend's departing feet, 738.
 infirmities, bear his, 114.
 Friendless name, friend of every, 366.
 Friendliest to sleep, hour, 235.
 Friendly be, she can both false and,
 648.
 must show himself, 1019.
 Friendly-like, we all should be more,
 799.
 Friendship but a name, 402.
 cement of the soul, 354.
 colder, and the heart of, 608.
 condition which high, demands, 619.
 constant save in love, 51.

- Friendship, distance sometimes en-
 dears, 589.
 elegance of female, 368.
 exchange of good offices, 981.
 is a sheltering tree, 503.
 is as God, 847.
 is love without his wings, 560.
 is the breathing rose, 691.
 love and liberty, 503.
 love like, steady, 523.
 might divide, joy but, 335.
 no cold medium knows, 339.
 retirement rural quiet, 355.
 sounds too cold, 524.
 sudden, springs from wine, 350.
 swear an eternal, 462, 984.
 take a breed for barren metal, 61.
 that like love is warm, 523.
 with all nations, 435.
 Friendship's laws, 346.
 name, speak to thee in, 523.
 Frieth in her own grease, 16.
 Frieze buttress nor coign of vantage,
 117.
 Frighted swears a prayer or two, 105.
 Frightful fiend behind him, 499.
 idea, the most, 812.
 Frights the isle, 152.
 Frigid theories of a generalizing age,
 628.
 Fringed curtains of thine eye, 43.
 pool, 777.
 with fire, 674.
 Fringes raining, sunbeams through
 the, 613.
 Fringing the dusty road, 733.
 Frisk away like schoolboys, 447.
 Frisked beneath the burden, 395.
 Frivolity, chatter of irresponsible, 626.
 Frivolous work of idleness, 457.
 Frog, eye of newt toe of, 123.
 thus use your, 208.
 Frogs, boys throw stones at, 927.
 wise as the, 352.
 Frolic and the gentle Lamb, the, 486.
 Frolics, youth of, 321.
 From all who dwell below the skies,
 302.
 Front, deep on his, 227.
 his fair/large, 232.
 me no fronts, 1053.
 of battle lour, see the, 450.
 of Jove himself, 140.
 of March, in the, 668.
 of my offending, 149.
 of this small floor, 259.
 smoothed his wrinkled, 94.
 star of resplendent, 613.
 Fronts bore stars, their restless, 479.
 Frore, parching air burns, 228.
 Frost a killing frost, 99.
 curdled by the, 103.
 death's untimely, 450.
 fixed as in a, 317.
 flowers that skirt the eternal, 501.
 itself as actively doth burn, 140.
 like a bud in the, 590.
 slain by arrows of the early, 763.
 Frosts, encroaching, 859.
 Frosty but kindly, 67.
 Caucasus, thinking on the, 81.
 day, thunder in a, 266.
 Froth and bubble, 783.
 feigning shall go like, 815.
 of falsehood, 808.
 Frown at pleasure, 309.
 hell grew darker at their, 229.
 is no extinguisher, a, 720.
 trembled with fear at your, 747.
 with a sudden, 793.
 yesterday's sneer and, 728.
 Frowns, her very, are fairer, 586.
 on me, selfsame heaven that, 98.
 Frowning Providence, 423.
 Frozen at its marvellous source, 486.
 by distance, 473.
 music, architecture is, 999.
 Frozen-hearted, he who was, 814.
 Frugal mind, she had a, 417.
 of my gold, I'm growing, 719.
 swain, 392.
 Fruit fell like autumn, 276.
 from such a seed, 544.
 keep clean be as, 264.
 law of life and its best, 786.
 let it blossom then bear, 929.
 of cultivation, gratitude the, 376.
 of loyal nature, manners the, 681.
 of sense is rarely found, 323.
 of that forbidden tree, 223.
 ripest, first falls, 81.
 that can fall without shaking, 350.
 that mellowed long, 276.
 thou drop like ripe, 240.
 to me, thy seasons bring, 938.
 tree is known by his, 1031.
 weakest kind of, 64.
 which I bore was the sun, 926.
 would spring from such a seed, 1
 should have known what, 544.
 Fruits are pleasant, 871.
 by their, ye shall know them, 1031.
 kindly, of the earth, 1042.
 no, no flowers no leaves, 595.
 of love are gone, 555.
 Fruitful mind, 168.
 of golden deeds, 230.
 Fruitless and in vain, both are, 761.
 crown on my head, 121.
 labours mourn, our, 344.
 Fruit-tree tops, 106.
 Fruit-trees, fluttering about the, 799.
 Frustrate of his hope, 253.
 Fry, other fish to, 958, 976.
 Frying-pan into the fire, 18, 971.
 Fuel of magnificence, 619.
 to the flame, adding, 242.
 Fugitive and cloistered virtue, 254.
 false, to thy punishment, 229.
 Ful wel she sange the service devine, 1.
 Fulfil the entire and holiest, to, 686.
 Fulfilling of the law, 1037.
 Full age, to thy grave in a, 1008.
 are, of life and light, 748.
 assurance given by lookes, 23.
 fathom five thy father lies, 42.

- Full fayre sight, 404.
 for sound and foam, too, 685.
 heart reveal, 502.
 heart's a psalter, 595.
 little knowest thou, 29.
 man, reading maketh a, 168.
 many a flower, 385.
 many a gem, 385.
 my soul is, of whispered song, 748.
 of a number of things, 829.
 of comfort built with money, 743.
 of dead men's bones, 1033.
 of faith, he was fresh and, 628.
 of good intentions, 1000.
 of good works, 1035.
 of goodly prospect, 253.
 of grace force fascination, youth,
 743.
 of honour and years, 723.
 of life, more, 53.
 of longing, my soul is, 640.
 of marble, 792.
 of misery, thou art so, 666.
 of quarrels as an egg of meat, 107.
 of sound and fury, 125.
 of spirit as the month of May, 86.
 of strange oaths, 69.
 of sweet days, and roses, 204.
 of sweet indifference, 816.
 of wise saws, 69.
 peal of praise, wood-world one, 678.
 resounding line, 329.
 rivers, 777.
 round of truth, morning-star to, 682.
 royally he rode, 23.
 serenely, 461.
 tide of successful experiment, 435.
 well the busy whisper, 397.
 well they laughed, 397.
 without o'erflowing, 257.
 Full-blown poppies, as, 338.
 rose, like a, 575.
 Full-dazzling, all his beams, 743.
 Fuller day, in the light of, 728.
 test, we need no, 715.
 Full-hot horse, anger like a, 98.
 Full-orbed glory, in, 507.
 Fully armed, great individual, 745.
 Fulmined over Greece, 241.
 Fulness of perfection, 78.
 Fun grew fast and furious, 451.
 to match the sorrow, little, 789.
 you think he's all, 690.
 Function, as to a holy, 410.
 Funeral baked meats, 128.
 cries, sad sounds are nature's, 729.
 gone by, a, 815.
 marches to the grave, 638.
 mirth in, dirge in marriage, 127.
 note, not a, 563.
 tapers, sad, 642.
 Funked, he never, 810.
 Funny as I can, to write as, 689.
 leedle poy, 818.
 words are few and often, 720.
 Fur, doctors of the Stoic, 246.
 fly, make the, 212.
 Furies, fierce as ten, 228.
 Furies, harpy-footed, 228.
 Furious and temperate, 120.
 Furlongs of sea, a thousand, 42.
 Furnace, heat not a, for your foe, 98.
 lover sighing like, 69.
 Furnish all we ought to ask, 569.
 Furor fit læsa sapius patientia, 269.
 Furred gowns, robes and, 148.
 Furrows in my face, no odious, 445.
 time's, 309.
 Further and fared worse, 17.
 Furthermore no perfect witness, is,
 684.
 Fury, filled with, 390.
 full of sound and, 125.
 in your words, 155.
 like a woman scorned, 294.
 make use of me for the, 931.
 of a disappointed woman, 296.
 of a patient man, beware, the, 269.
 of their going, in, 819.
 why flash those sparks of, 860.
 with the abhorred shears, 247.
 withstood the winter's, 859.
 Fur'z you can look or listen, 736.
 Fust in us unused, 142.
 stood a spell on one foot, 736.
 Fustian flag, freedom waves her, 518.
 is so sublimely bad, 327.
 Future days, flight of, 227.
 favours, sense of, 304.
 hours, your labor is for, 622.
 how certain the, is, 742.
 is a world limited by ourselves, 997.
 is yet unseen the past is gone, 936.
 judged by the past, 429, 962.
 life, as for a, 663.
 like an unwelcome guest, 815.
 prophets of the, 561.
 retrospection to the, 446.
 security for the, 364.
 sure, the, 482.
 the, His mercy shall clear, 808.
 trust no, howe'er pleasant, 639.
 will be a more perfect, man in, 663.
 yawning void of the, 939.
 Futurity casts, shadows which, 568.
 Gaberdine, Jewish, 61.
 Gadding vine, the, 247.
 Gadire or Javan, bound for, 242.
 Gaffer Grey, 861.
 Gagged and bound, clamorous faction,
 788.
 Gain and gain is gain, joy is, 704.
 better incur loss than make, 887.
 every way my, 156.
 fairy gold is all their, 822.
 goodlier than your, 807.
 his private ends, 400.
 I yet may, 790.
 man's loss from his, 710.
 not base gains, 880.
 of a few, 336.
 of man, the steady, 650.
 of our best glory, 39.
 or lose it all, 257.
 pay for bo indless, 790.

- Gain, seem here no painful inch to, 727.
 set it down as so much, 891.
 the bliss of thy desire, to, 802.
 the coast of bliss, 597.
 the heavens, to, 794.
 the timely in, to, 121.
 the whole world, 1032.
 to die is, 1039.
 turns his necessity to, 476.
 unbribed by, 863.
 unvexed with all the cares of, 348.
- Gains, base, the same as losses, 880.
 counts his sure, 496.
 for all our losses, there are, 763.
 nothing risks nothing, 21.
 that make our griefs our, 682.
- Gained from heaven a friend, 386.
 how little I have, 651.
 my experience, 70.
- Gaining the crown, nearer, 758.
- Gait and every motion, 485.
 laxer in their, 510.
 when his veering, 485.
- Gaiters, lax in their, 510.
- Galaxy that milky way, 236.
- Gale, catch the driving, 318.
 down he bears before the, 580.
 note that swells the, 386.
 partake the, 320.
 passion is the, 317.
 sail with gentle, 354.
 scents the evening, 447.
 so sinks the, 434.
 the lightning and the, 688.
 wafted by thy gentle, 455.
- Gales and gentle airs, 238.
 that from ye blow, I feel the, 381.
- Galilean lake, pilot of the, 247.
- Galileo with his woes, 545.
- Gall enough in thy ink, 76.
- Galls his kibe, 143.
 the infants of the spring, 129.
- Gallant band, we went a, 662.
 fisher's life, 209.
 gay Lothario, 301.
- Gallantry, conscience with, 442.
- Galled jade wince, let the, 138.
- Gallery critics, 419.
 in which the reporters sit, 603.
- Galley, what the devil did he want in
 that, 984.
- Galligaskins long withstood, 859.
- Galling to a people, nothing is so, 603.
- Gallop of verses, 70.
- Gallops, time, 70.
- Gallows, thief to the, 213.
- Gallows-tree, under the, 184.
- Gals acts so or so, to say why, 736.
- Gamaliel, feet of, 1035.
- Gambo^l from, which madness would,
 141.
- Gambols, where be your, 144.
- Game above the prize, to love the,
 846.
 is up, 160.
 little pleasure of the, 287.
 of goose royal, 398.
 rigour of the, 508.
- Game, war is a, 421.
 was empires, whose, 555.
- Gamester and poet, 388.
- Gang a kennin' wrang, 448.
 aft a-gley, 446.
- Ganymede, the matchless, 340.
- Gaol, we who lie in, 836.
- Gaping age, mirror to a, 564.
 mouth and stupid eyes, 273.
- Garden and greenho se too, 420.
 bird-cage in a, 180.
 come into the, Maud, 677.
 God first planted a, 167.
 God the first, made, 261.
 in her face, there is a, 871.
 in her looks, 261.
 in the poor man's, 630.
 is a lovesome thing, 777.
 of cucumbers, lodge in a, 1024.
 of girls, the rosebud, 677.
 of liberty's tree, 516.
 over old Marm Hackett's, 724.
 was a wild, the, 513.
 we turn a cow out of a, 371.
- Gardens trim, that in, 249.
- Garden's end, river at my, 289.
- Gardener, the grand old, 667.
- Gardeners, no ancient gentlemen but,
 143.
- Garish day, eyes grown weary of, 764.
 eye, day's, 250.
 sun, worship to the, 107.
- Garland and singing robes, 253.
 green willow is my, 9.
 immortal, is to be run for, 254.
 of the war is withered, 159.
 to the sweetest maid, 314.
- Garlands dead, whose, 523.
 would grace a summer's queen, 492.
- Garment of praise, 1026.
 out of fashion, 160.
- Garments fair, 993.
 gray thy veiling shadows, thy, 764.
 of the night, trailing, 645.
 stuffs out his vacant, 79.
- Garmented in light, 567.
- Garners be full of fruit, 879.
- Garnish, eye of heaven to, 79.
- Garret, born in the, 294, 552.
 jewels into a, 170.
 living in a, 391.
- Garrick is a salad, our, 399.
- Gars auld claes, 447.
 me greet, it, 451.
- Garter, familiar as his, 91.
 mine host of the, 45.
- Garters good amuse, 318.
- Garth did not write his own Dispensary, 325.
- Gas, an expedient as lighting by, 693.
- Gashed with honourable scars, 496.
- Gasping its life out, faction, 788.
- Gate, and near the sacred, 696.
 camel death kneel at thy, 829.
 it matters not how straight the, 829.
 lark at heaven's, 159.
 of breath, 805.
 of Eden, Peri at the, 526.

- Gate of the west, the ponderous, 817.
 on the king's, 779.
 strait is the, 1031.
 suspicion sleeps at wisdom's, 231.
 what boots it at one, 242.
 wide is the, 1031.
- Gates ever-during her, 236.
 of heaven, to the, 473.
 of hell, detests him as the, 338.
 of light, unbarred the, 235.
 of mercy shut, 385.
 she claps her wings at heaven's, 32.
 slumberest at a foeman's, 623.
 unguarded, to leave the, 798.
 wide open stand our, 798.
- Gath, tell it not in, 1006.
- Gather a shell from the strewn beach,
 769.
 leaves and grasses, 823.
 them in I gather them, 660.
 thorns for flowers, 771.
 up the fragments, 1035.
 ye rosebuds while ye may, 202.
- Gathers no moss, rolling stone, 14, 897.
- Gathered every vice, 332.
- Gatherer and disposer, 175.
- Gathering for their leap, leashed thunders, 739.
 her brows, 451.
 rust, thy red falchion, 623.
- Gaudy crown of gold, sunflower with,
 691.
 neat not, 510.
 rich not, 130.
- Gaul, to Greece to, 416.
- Gaunt, old John of, 80.
- Gauntlet with a gift in 't, 659.
- Gave his father grief, 335.
 them birth nobly to do, 682.
 to misery all he had, 386.
 what we, we have, 988.
- Gay, a face that's anything but, 697.
 and festive scenes, 865.
 and fleeting, to loves as, 633.
 and ornate, 242.
 but she was, 770.
 cities, far from, 345.
 delights, to deck our girls for, 748.
 from grave to, 320.
 gilded scenes, 299.
 grandsire, 395.
 hope is theirs, 381.
 innocent as, 308.
 laugh of pleasure grows less, 608.
 Lothario, haughty gallant, 301.
 rhetoric, dear wit and, 246.
 would not if I could be, 456.
- Gayest wreaths are made, hope's, 653.
- Gayety of nations, eclipsed the, 369.
- Gayly the troubadour, 588.
 we glide in the gaze of the world,
 623.
- Gaze and show of the time, 126.
 I, upon each orb of light, 597.
 of the world, gayly we glide in the,
 623.
 thou art gone from my, 596.
 with all the town, 865.
- Gazed, and still they, 397.
- Gazelle, nursed a dear, 526.
- Gazing at the gleam, 815.
 rustics, amazed the, 397.
- Gebir, wicked spells of, 512.
- Geese are swans, all our, 188.
 are swans and swans are, 754.
- Gem, how many a thing becomes 'a,
 771.
 instinct with music, 485.
 of purest ray serene, 385.
 of the old rock, 219.
 of the sea, first, 522.
 upon her zone, the best, 614.
- Gems, eyes reflecting, 96.
 of heaven, 233.
 of Samarcand, all the, 437.
 rich and rare were the, 520.
 the starry girdle of the year, 513.
- Gemlike plains and seas, 841.
- General flavor of mild decay, 691.
 good captain lost in an ill, 965.
 maxim, nothing is so useless as a,
 600.
 race, but in the, 664.
 't was caviare to the, 134.
- Generals, Ireland gives England, 772.
- Generalities, glittering, 599.
- Generalizing age, frigid theories of a,
 628.
- Generally happens, least expected, 628.
- Generation, men from a former, 530.
 passeth away, 1022.
- Generations, a kindness for many,
 834.
 enmity of twenty, 602.
 honoured in their, 1029.
 the cross leads, on, 566.
- Generous and free, 285.
 and some chaste, many, 679.
 friendship, 339.
 thought, God blesses the, 650.
- Genial current of the soul, 384.
 morn appears, when, 513.
- Genius and mortal instruments, 111.
 bane of all, 567.
 commands thee, 862.
 does what it must, 781.
 doing what is impossible for talent,
 995.
 found respectable, when was, 659.
 goes and folly stays, 616.
 hath electric power, 610.
 means the transcendant capacity,
 584.
 no, without a tincture of madness,
 900.
 of eternity, to the, 636.
 one, fit one science, 323.
 parting, is with sighing sent, 251.
 patience an ingredient of, 627.
 proof of, 600.
 the substitute for, 414.
 which can perish, all of, 552.
 work of, 740.
- Genteel in personage, 285.
 thing, the, 401.
- Gen^{er}al dedes, to do the, 4.

- Gentil herte, priketh every, 2.
 knight, a veray parfit, 1.
 that doth gentil dedis, 4.
- Gentility, cottage of, 507.
- Gentilman Jafeth, 182.
 Jesus, 182.
 take him for the gretest, 4.
- Gentle airs, fresh gales and, 238.
 and low her voice, 149.
 and simple, rung in ears of, 750.
 beast, very, 59.
 being great, thought he was, 679.
 blood, signe to know the, 29.
 craft, 1048.
 deeds, to do the, 4.
 dew, bring'st down the, 751.
 dulness ever loves a joke, 331.
 earth, lie lightly, 197.
 he is, he is kind, 764.
 his life was, 115.
 knight, a veray parfit, 1.
 limbs without a name, 256.
 limbs did she undress, her, 499.
 murmur of a low fountain, 814.
 or simple, men's men, 730.
 peace, carry, 100.
 priestess of the wise, 855.
 rain from heaven, 64.
 sex, a woman of her, 608.
 shepherd tell me where, 860.
 simple or, from vanity fair, 750.
 sleep nature's soft nurse, 89.
 spite, bow thy head in, 755.
 spring, come, 355.
 though retired, 444.
 yet not dull, 257.
- Gentle-hearted Charles, my, 501.
- Gentleman and scholar, 447.
 caught Whigs bathing, 624.
 first true, that ever breathed, 182.
 grand old name of, 676.
 is not in your books, 50.
 is the first, right honorable, 700.
 nomination of this, 145.
 now be thing the, 872.
 prince of darkness is a, 147, 256.
 since I was a, 182.
 so stout a, 87.
 who was then the, 871.
- Gentlemen, cooks are, 187.
 God Almighty's, 268.
 mob of, 329.
 no ancient, but gardeners, 143.
 of England, 176.
 of the French guards, 1048.
 of the shade, 82.
 some pious, 811.
 the seamen were not, 603.
 three, at once, 440.
 two single, rolled in one, 454.
 were not seamen, 603.
 who reach posterity, 625.
 who wrote with ease, 329.
- Gentleness, yet is that giant very, 696.
- Gentlest and bravest in the battle-
 brunt, 814.
- Gently as a sucking dove, 57.
 do my spiriting, 42.
- Gently on him, his faults lie, 100.
 rapping, as of some one, 655.
 scan your brother man, 448.
 speak, 't is a little thing, 869.
 time has touched me, 445.
 touch us, time, 538.
 upon my heart, 644.
- Genuine and less guilty wealth, 257.
- Geographers in Afric maps, 289.
 in their maps, 908.
- Geographical boundaries, morality
 knows nothing of, 773.
- Geography, despite of, 212.
- Geometric scale, 210.
- Geometry, royal path to, 1003.
- George, if his name be, 78.
 that swinged the dragon, 78.
 the Third was king, when, 556.
- Germ of first upgrowth of virtue, 729.
- German to the matter, 145.
- Germans have the empire of the air,
 580.
- Gestic lore, skilled in, 395.
- Gesture, dignity in every, 237.
- Get a man's own, to, 279.
 money still get money, 177.
 out of my house, 977.
 place and wealth, 329.
 thee behind me Satan, 1032.
 thee to a nunnery, 136.
 understanding, 1017.
 your eyes so blue, where did you,
 759.
- Gets him to rest, 92.
- Getting and spending, 476.
 on, the gospel of, 838.
 up not so easy as lying, 593.
- Ghastly phantom moon, 743.
 smile, death grinned a, 229.
- Ghost besprent with April dew, 180.
 like an ill-used, 355.
 of him, I'll make a, 131.
 Scipio's, walks unavenged, 298.
 stubborn, unlaid, 244.
 that is speechless, wait like a, 646.
 the hollow, 753.
 there needs no, 132.
 upon the floor, wrought its, 655.
 vex not his, O let him pass, 149.
 what beckoning, 335.
- Ghosts gliding between the lines, 996.
 into vanishing, 792.
 of defunct bodies, 210.
 of the robins, 799.
 shoals of visionary, 344.
 true love is like, 981.
- Giant arms upbear, and men my, 725.
 branches tossed, 569.
 dies, fling but a stone the, 354.
 dies, pang as great as when a, 48.
 eats the, warrior to a crust, 762.
 mass, baby figure of the, 102.
 mould, a man of, 767.
 on the shoulders of a, 185, 206, 504.
 shadow on the wall, 767.
 the western, 873.
 tyrannous to use it like a, 48.
 very gentleness, yet is that, 696.

- Giants in the earth, 1004.
 Giant's strength, excellent to have a,
 48.
 unchained strength, 572.
 Giant-dwarf Dan Cupid, 55.
 Gibber, squeak and, 126.
 Gibbet for the man, than cells and,
 724.
 keep in awe, 311.
 unloaded all the, 86.
 Gibes, where be your, 144.
 Giddy and unfirm, our fancies are
 more, 75.
 and unseen, 89.
 paced times, 75.
 with clover, crowds of bees, 749.
 Gift for my fair, found out a, 380.
 heaven's last best, 235.
 horse in the mouth, 11, 211, 957.
 is as a precious stone, 1019.
 of beauty, the fatal, 545.
 of fortune, well-favoured man is a,
 51.
 of heaven, good sense the, 322.
 of heaven, moderation the, 884.
 of noble origin, 474.
 of poesy, heavenly, 270.
 of tears, 804.
 that no philosophy can lift, 486.
 to fools avail, what, 344.
 to know it, they have the, 68.
 which God has given, 488.
 Gifts and dispensations, 212.
 await no, from chance, 754.
 death craves not only, 882.
 of a bad man, 884.
 of freedom, to waste the, 798.
 of the world, 66.
 rich, wax poor, 136.
 seven hundred pounds is good, 45.
 take all the, 790.
 that took all eyes, 616.
 Gifted poet, this the most, 726.
 with egotistical imagination, 625.
 Giftie gie us, 448.
 Gig, crew of the captain's, 800.
 Gigantically down, death looks, 654.
 Gild refined gold paint the lily, 79.
 the vernal morn, 424.
 Gilded fool, thinks better of a, 181.
 Gilead, balm in, 1027.
 Gill shall dance, 199.
 Gilpin long live he, 417.
 Gilt, dust that is a little, 102.
 o'er dusted, more laud than, 102.
 General C. is a drest smart man, 735.
 Ginger shall be hot in the mouth, 75.
 Gingerly, as, 1044.
 Gipsy, Dame Fortune is a fickle, 609.
 Gird thee up anew, soul, 829.
 bindeth on his harness, 1008.
 Girdle of the year, starry, 513.
 round about the earth, 58.
 round about the world, 36.
 Girl, then spoke I to my, 201.
 unschooled unpractised, 64.
 Girls, be courted in your, 406.
 between two, 93.
 Girls, golden lads and, 160.
 rosebud garden of, 677.
 that are so smart, of all the, 285.
 to deck our, for gay delights, 748.
 un-idea'd, 369.
 Girl-graduates, sweet, 629.
 Girt with golden wings, 243.
 Git-Thare, the land of, 839.
 Give a cup of water, to, 579.
 ample room and verge enough, 383.
 an inch he'll take an ell, 26.
 back the lost delight, 794.
 crowns and pounds and guineas,
 842.
 every man thy ear, 130.
 give, crying, 1021.
 him a little earth for charity, 100.
 his little senate laws, 327, 336.
 it a slight toss over ambient, 765.
 it an understanding, 129.
 lawyers take what they would, 691.
 me a cigar, 555.
 me a look give me a face, 178.
 me again my hollow tree, 328.
 me another horse, 97.
 me back my heart, 540.
 me liberty or death, 430.
 me my childhood again, 783.
 me neither poverty nor riches, 1021.
 me that man, 138.
 me the flashing brine, oh, 714.
 me the ocular proof, 154.
 me the splendid silent sun, 743.
 me to die, 785.
 me to live with love alone, 611.
 me what this riband bound, 223.
 more blessed to, 1035.
 my spirit rest, 794.
 no inconsiderable sum, 778.
 no quarter, to tyrants I will, 634.
 said the little stream, 750.
 sorrow words, 124.
 that death and life may, 790.
 the devil his due, 83.
 the soul fit nourishment, to, 630.
 the world the lie, 25.
 thee all I can no more, 525.
 thee sixpence, I, 464.
 thy thoughts no tongue, 129.
 to get esteem, they, 395.
 to, her features deathless fame,
 763.
 us men time demands, God, 730.
 what they would take, doctors, 691.
 what thou canst, 421.
 Gives, blesseth him that, 64.
 much receives but nothing, 860.
 not till judgment guide, 102.
 the nod, 337.
 what he has, he, 102.
 Given, and kindly stars have, 608.
 in vain, true love tho', 680.
 of God, grace is, 727.
 them the slip, 284.
 to him that hath shall be, 1033.
 to hospitality, 1036.
 to redeem the human mind, 645.
 unsought is better, love, 76.

- Given us two ears but only one mouth,
628.
you, ask and it shall be, 1031.
- Givers prove unkind, 136.
- Giveth his beloved sleep, 1016.
- Giving, godlike in, 519.
just in taking and in, 763.
thy sum of more, 67.
- Glad did I live, 830.
diviner's theme, 268.
father, wise son maketh a, 1017.
gods will have me, 790.
he thanks God, 370.
indomitable sea, 844.
me with its soft black eye, 526.
of yore, we have been, 471.
or sad, to be, 781.
surprise, eyes radiant with, 788.
surprise, our hearts in, 646.
symphony, playmates', 848.
the heart of man maketh, 1015.
waters of the dark blue sea, 550.
would lay me down, 239.
- Glade, points to yonder, 335.
- Gladiator, I see before me the, 546.
- Gladlier grew, 237.
- Gladly to the badder end, 4.
wolde he lerne, 2.
would I meet mortality, 239.
- Gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
623.
hospitality sitting with, 644.
of heart, 1029.
on the paths of men, strew, 839.
shared each other's, 637.
will bring to them more, 842.
youthful poets begin in, 470.
- Gladsome light of jurisprudence, 24.
- Glance analytic, with a, 723.
from heaven to earth, 59.
of the mind, how fleet is a, 416.
their many-twinkling feet, 382.
- Glances, are where thy dark eye, 655.
- Glancing of an eye, upward, 497.
- Glare, maidens caught by, 540.
of false science, 428.
- Glass, a wizard's, 815.
darkly, see through a, 1037.
dome of many-coloured, 565.
excuse for the, she'll prove, 442.
he was indeed the, 89.
is good and a lass is good, 861.
of fashion and mould of form, 136.
of liquid fire, 457.
shaken out the sands of thy, 578.
she made mouths in a, 147.
that ran, grief with a, 804.
thou art thy mother's, 161.
too near that, 803.
turn down an empty, 954.
wherein the noble youth, 88.
- Glasses, fill all the, 260.
itself in tempests, 547.
Shakespeare and musical, 402.
stand to your, steady, 756.
- Glassy essence, his, 48.
- Glaze and the mark of china, 822.
- Gleam, gazing at the, 815.
- Gleam, its lambent, 832.
of time, life a, 585.
on the years that shall be, 631.
some portion of my early, 767.
- Gleams, and where thy footstep, 655.
purpureal, 482.
- Gleamed upon my sight, first she,
474
- Gleaming rod, the lightning's, 817.
taper's light, 399.
- Gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim,
1006.
- Glee, birds were mad with, 795.
filled one home with, 570.
forward and frolic, 491.
grief or, 776.
laughed with counterfeited, 397.
so many and such, 574.
- Glib and oily art, I want that, 146.
- Glide in the gaze of the world, we,
623.
through a quiet dream, 538.
- Glides the bonnie boat, 862.
the smooth current, 367.
- Glimmer on my mind, to, 514.
- Glimmering and decays, 264.
square, slowly grows a, 673.
tapers to the sun, 443.
through the dream of things, 541.
- Glimpse divine, is left, nor, 332.
gives but a, 378.
of happiness, 221.
- Glimpses of forgotten dreams, 666.
of the moon, 131.
on my sight, sometimes, 649.
that would make me less forlorn,
476.
- Glisteneth, all is not gold that, 173.
- Glistening grief, perked up in, 98.
with dew, 233.
- Glisters, all that, is not gold, 62.
- Glittering eye, with his, 498.
generalities, 599.
in golden coats like images, 86.
like the morning star, 409.
- Gloamin', Kilmeny came home late in
a, 868.
- Gloaming light, shuddering in the,
798.
- Gloat on the glaze and the mark, 822.
- Globe, all that tread the, 572.
annual visit o'er the, 438.
I was thinking this, enough, 745.
in this distracted, 132.
itself shall dissolve, 43.
o'er the vast, 776.
twirls the spotty, 690.
- Globes, around me myriads of other,
745.
- Globed, ere systemed suns were, 816.
- Gloom, chase my, away, 456.
counterfeit a, 250.
from the midst of cheerless, 725.
lead kindly Light amid the en-
circling, 607.
of defeat, 766.
of earthquake, 564.
of night, chases the, 785.

- Glooms, the beetle booms adown the,
833.
- Gloomy and peculiar, 865.
as night he stands, 345.
- Glorie, thin be the, 3.
- Glories float between earth and
heaven, 631.
in the dust shall lay, 337.
like glow-worms, 181.
of our blood and state, 209.
past, all their, 561.
- Glorified candy, 509.
- Glorify, a God to, 860.
himself, malign opponent and, 626.
what else is damned, 354.
- Glorious and free, 522.
by all that's good and, 554.
by my pen, 257.
by my sword, 257.
concentration of courage, 994.
eye shines on me still, thy, 613
in a pipe, tobacco, 555.
in arms, 55.
morning, full many a, 161.
song of old, that, 695.
summer, 95.
Tam was, 451.
uncertainty of the law, 350.
war, circumstance of, 154.
works, these are thy, 235.
- Gloriously drunk, 421.
- Glory, air of, walking in an, 263.
and good of art, 712.
and grace, 857.
and peace, he died in, 571.
and shame of the universe, 985.
and the dream, 477.
breathes, no keener hunter after,
679.
but his country's good, no, 571.
desire of, 933.
dies not, the, 862.
do not seek, 460.
excess of, obscured, 225.
first in place first in, 344.
from defect arise, so may a, 711.
from his gray hairs gone, 649.
full meridian of my, 99.
full-orbed, 507.
go where, waits thee, 519.
guards with solemn round, 866.
his food was, 606.
hoary head is a crown of, 1018.
honour praise and, 303.
in a sea of, 99.
is in their shame, whose, 1039.
jest and riddle of the world, 317.
leads the way, 281.
left him alone with his, 563.
no path of flowers lead to, 983.
no sound can awake him to, 623.
not hate but, 338.
nothing so expensive as, 460.
of a capacious mind, 342.
of a creditor, 46.
of an April day, the uncertain, 44.
of God, heavens declare the, 1011.
of the coming of the Lord, 747.
- Glory of the Creator, 169.
of the fray, 846.
of the stars, 835.
of the sun will be dimmed, 828.
of the times, were the, 1029.
of the winning, 772.
of this world, vain pomp and, 99
one shame and one, 735.
or the grave, rush to, 515.
passed from the earth, 477.
path of duty the way to, 671.
paths of, lead to the grave, 384.
peep into, 264.
pursue, and generous shame, 382.
Rome in the height of her, 533.
set the stars of, 573.
share the, the many's eyes, 104.
shows the way, 281.
sons of France, awake to, 990.
that was Greece, 656.
that we wrestle so, oh, 665.
the robings of, 766.
this, and this grief, 741.
this gain of our best, 39.
to God in the highest, 1033.
to wandering eyes, glainess and,
623.
track the steps of, 552.
trailing clouds of, 477.
trod the ways of, 100.
vain pomp and, 99.
visions of, 383.
waits ye, this goin' ware, 735.
what a strange, burst, 848.
who pants for, 329.
who walked in, 470.
with a, in His bosom, 748.
- Glory's lap, low they lie in, 496.
morning gate, 694.
page, rank thee upon, 518.
thrill is o'er, 519.
who sleep on, brightest, 580.
- Gloss of art, than all the, 398.
- Glove, hand and, 413.
O that I were a, 105.
- Glow changeless through joy, 611.
my heart has learned to, 346.
- Glow in every heart, 310.
in the stars, 316.
with one resentment, 339.
- Glowered amazed and curious, 451.
- Glowing like chrysopease, 635.
more fervent, 827.
- Glow-worm lend thee her eyes, 202.
shows the matin to be near, 132.
- Glow-worms, glories like, 181.
- Glozed the tempter, 239.
- Gluts twice ten thousand, 577.
- Gluttony, swinish, 246.
- Glynn, the wide sea-marshes of, 817.
- Gnat, strain at a, 1032.
- Go ahead, be sure you are right then,
1044.
and do thou likewise, 1034.
and I'll not, 792.
boldly forth my simple lay, 437.
bow thy head in gentle spite, 755.
by, must ye, 790.

- Go by, the silent stars, 791.**
 call a coach, 285.
 call it madness, 456.
 can't remember how they, 778.
 dine and dress, let the world, 611.
 down to the sea in ships, 1015.
 forget me, 563.
 forth under the open sky, 572.
 his halves, I'll, 958.
 into it baldheaded, 735.
 little booke, 6.
 lovely rose, 220.
 no more a-roving, 553.
 on forever, but I, 670.
 poor devil get thee gone, 378.
 shall I bid her, 406.
 small I know but wherever I, 750.
 soul the body's guest, 25.
 that the devil drives, 18.
 to grass, 198.
 to the ant thou sluggard, 1017.
 we know not where, 48.
 where glory waits thee, 519.
 where he will the wise man, 617.
 whither thou goest I will, 1006.
 with fainting steps they, 398.
Goads, words of the wise as, 1024.
Goal, do not turn back just at the,
 897, 915.
 faltering feet come surest to the, 834.
 fire-wingèd, 770.
 of ill, final, 675.
 the grave is not its, 638.
 ye win, till the, 686.
Gobble, for I, 998.
Gobble-uns 'll git you, 833.
Goblet, found growing on the wild,
 635.
 parcel-gilt, 89.
Goblin damned, 130.
God a necessary Being, 266.
 a zeal of, 1036.
 abides, 814.
 above or man below, 315.
 all mercy is a God unjust, 308.
 Almighty first planted a garden, 167.
 Almighty's gentlemen, 268.
 alone was to be seen in heaven, 553.
 an animal immortal, 950.
 an atheist half believes a, 308.
 an attribute to, 64.
 an honest, 784.
 and do the right, trust in, 702.
 and Mammon, cannot serve, 1030.
 and nature with actors fill, 194.
 and woman, faith in, 775.
 and your native land, 561.
 answers sudden on some prayers,
 659.
 as lightning does the will of, 538.
 assumes the, 271.
 at all, who think not, 242.
 attribute to, 64.
 awe-inspiring, 480.
 be for us, if, 1040.
 beginning mean and end, 721.
 bless no harm in blessing, 351.
 bless the king, 351.
- God bless the man who first, 720.**
 bless us all, 351.
 blesses still the generous, 650.
 bosom of his, 386.
 bosom of, the seat of the law, 31.
 builds a church to, 322.
 built a church to, 415.
 but surely, endures forever, 738.
 called mind fate and Jupiter, 950.
 calm on the bosom of thy, 570.
 conscious water saw its, 258.
 could hardly love and be wise, a,
 894.
 could have made a better berry,
 157.
 dear to, and famous to all ages, 254.
 declare the glory of, 1011.
 devote ourselves to, 703.
 disposes, man proposes but, 7.
 doorkeeper in the house of my, 1013.
 dreadful as the Manichean, 421.
 due reverence to, 170.
 erects a house of prayer, wherever,
 286.
 eternal years of, 573.
 every common bush afire with, 659.
 every, did seem to set his seal, 140.
 excellent angler now with, 208.
 farthest from, 283.
 fast by the oracle of, 223.
 favours the heaviest battalions, 987.
 fear of, before their eyes, 1036.
 feared, and eschewed evil, 1008.
 fills him, the fire of, 679.
 first planted a garden, 167.
 follows nature up to nature's, 304.
 fools call nature what I call, 712.
 forbid, 1036.
 freedom to worship, 570.
 friendship is as, 847.
 from thee we spring, great, 367.
 from whom all blessings flow, 278.
 fulfils himself in many ways, 681.
 further from, 12.
 gave the increase, 1037.
 give each moment to, 359.
 give us men time demands, 730.
 give us peace not such as lulls, 739.
 gives us love, 667.
 gives virtue to every man, 421.
 gives wind by measure, 206.
 glad that he thanks, 370.
 grace is given of, 727.
 grace of, to man, 861.
 grant you find one face, 729.
 greater than, 793.
 had I but served my, 100.
 had made, as if some lesser, 681.
 had sifted three kingdoms, 646.
 has given you one face, 136.
 has not the figure of man, 951.
 hath a temple, where, 192.
 hath joined together, 1032.
 hath made man upright, 1023.
 hath made them so, 301.
 hath made this world so fair, 497.
 he's true to, who's true to man, 733.
 heavens declare the glory of, 1011.

- God, help thyself and, will help thee, 206.
 helps them that help themselves, 360.
 helps those who help themselves, 265.
 her fathers', before her, 493.
 himself scarce seemed to be, 499.
 his life a breath of, 721.
 I want to be forgotten by, 704.
 I would not live, my, 682.
 if, in his wisdom have, 769.
 image of, in ebony, 222.
 in apprehension how like a, 134.
 in clouds, sees, 315.
 in faces of men I see, 742.
 in his works and word, 304.
 in the bush with, may meet, 615.
 is and all is well, 651.
 is God, since, 717.
 is in his heaven, 705.
 is living working still, 717.
 is love, 695.
 is love, can burn or blot it, 691.
 is near, none but, 497.
 is not, 777.
 is not mocked forever, 811.
 is our refuge, 1012.
 is our trust, in, 517.
 is overhead, 810.
 is the creator of the universe, 951.
 is the perfect poet, 704.
 is unity, 950.
 just are the ways of, 242.
 justify the ways of, 223.
 knows, our way is where, 805.
 let us worship, 447.
 living as if there were no, 703.
 made all the creatures, 708.
 made him let him pass, 61.
 made the country, 417.
 majesty of, revere, 391.
 makes sech nights all white, 736.
 man the interpreter of, 780.
 man think himself an act of, 721.
 marble leapt to life a, 564.
 may be had for the asking, 734.
 mighty fortress is our, 956.
 mills of, grind slowly, 979.
 moves in a mysterious way, 423.
 my father and my friend, 278.
 nature is the art of, 218, 310.
 necessary to invent, 986.
 never dooms to waste, 703.
 never sends the mouth, 11.
 no, dare wrong a worm, 616.
 noblest work of, 319, 447.
 O, a sweet good-will, 794.
 obedience to, 1051.
 of my idolatry, 106.
 of sea, the stern, 253.
 of storms, give her to the, 688.
 of things as they are, 854.
 offers to every mind its choice, 621.
 on our side, 506.
 on the side of the heaviest battalions, 987.
 one law one element one, 677.
- God, one of those that will not serve, 149.
 one that feared, 1008.
 one that would circumvent, 143 only, he for, 232.
 or devil, every man was, 268.
 our mind is, 928.
 our souls at home with, 728.
 out of knowledge, 818.
 Pan the awe-inspiring, 480.
 passed the days with, 305.
 powers ordained of, 1036.
 pray to, 793.
 put your trust in, 598.
 reason and the will of, 755.
 reigneth all is well, 691.
 remains, 832.
 revere the majesty of, 391.
 round fat oily man of, 357.
 sanction of the, 337.
 save the king, 285.
 scourge of, 571.
 security of a, 164.
 send thee good ale enough, 23.
 sendeth and giveth, 20.
 sends a cheerful hour, 252.
 sends his hail, unless, 704.
 sends meat, 20.
 sent his singers upon earth, 647.
 servant of, well done, 236.
 service ranks the same with, 705.
 shall raise me up, 26.
 shoutings of all the sons of, 680.
 sifted a whole nation, 266.
 so near to man is, 616.
 spirit shall return unto, 1024.
 stern daughter of the voice of, 475.
 sunflower turns on her, 520.
 takes a text, 205.
 tempers the wind, 379.
 temple built to, 206.
 that I had loved a, O, 679.
 the awful autograph of, 817.
 the desire of, 837.
 the Father God the Son, 303.
 the first garden made, 261.
 the only, is in the sky, 817.
 the soul, 316.
 the Spirit three in one, 303.
 the varied, are but the, 357.
 the world and love, 793.
 thought which keeps thee from thy, 607.
 through darkness up to, 675.
 thy God my, 1006.
 time and, give judgment, 807.
 to glorify, a, 860.
 to possess, 994.
 to ruin designed, 269.
 to scan, presume not, 317.
 to take in, 734.
 to thee only, granted, 754.
 up to nature's, 320.
 upon the ocean, is n't, 724.
 vindicate the ways of, 315.
 waited six thousand years, 858.
 walk with, in the dark, 808.
 walks in mine, 777.

- God, what shall I render to my, 301.
 whate'er we leave to, God does,
 722.
 who builds a church to, 323.
 who gave us life, 434.
 who is our home, 477.
 whose, is their belly, 1039.
 will help thee, 983.
 wills that it continue, if, 661.
 wish is like a prayer with, 659.
 without praying to, 793.
 wrote the bill, as if, 616.
 wuz on his throne, 839.
 zeal of, 1036.
- Gods and men, dear to, 347.
 angels would be, 316.
 approve the depth, 481.
 are growing old, 851.
 are just, the, 149.
 are we bards saints, 754.
 arrive when half-gods go, 615.
 aspiring to be, 316.
 bestow what man gives, 346.
 call dross, men call treasure, 738.
 daughter of the, 667.
 despise enforced offering, 850.
 detest my baseness, the, 158.
 dish fit for the, 111.
 fade, 814.
 fast doth diet oft with, 249.
 had made thee poetical, 70.
 how he will talk, 281.
 in the names of all the, 110.
 it doth amaze me, 110.
 kings it makes, 97.
 land of lost, 541.
 love, whom the, 558.
 more ruthless than mortals, are,
 728.
 must toil who serves the immortal,
 647.
 of the place, worship the, 193.
 provide thee, the good the, 272.
 rarest blessing, 772.
 sacred to, is misery, 343.
 see everywhere, the, 642.
 temples of his, 604.
 themselves throw incense, 148.
 utterance of the early, 575.
 voice of all the, 56.
 whatever, may be, 806.
 will have me glad, 790.
- God's art, nature is, 721.
 blessing, out of, 17, 971.
 earthly power show liketh, 64.
 essence, 793.
 first temples, the groves were, 573.
 great judgment seat, 852.
 greatness flow'd around, 657.
 image, man, 254.
 justice tardy, 713.
 keeping, in, 808.
 mill grinds slow, 206.
 nature's good and, 705.
 own hand, writ by, 310.
 patience, abusing of, 45.
 providence seeming estranged, 595.
 right hand and left, 721.
- God's side, one is a majority on, 699.
 skirts, caught at, 706.
 sons are things, 368.
 thy country's, and truth's, 100.
- Goddess, like a thrifty, 46.
 night sable, 306.
 O liberty, white, 798.
 roves, where'er the, 382.
 she moves a, 337.
 shone before, the, 340.
 sing, heavenly, 336.
 write about it and about it, 332.
- Godfathers of heaven's lights, 54.
 God-forsaken earth a failure, 728.
 God-given rights inherent, I see, 634.
 strength, 489.
- Godlike, and patient endurance is,
 643.
 forehead, the, 486.
 in giving, 519.
 is it all sin to leave, 979.
 reason, capability and, 142.
 seeds of, power are in us, 754.
 to create, wise to learn, 720.
- Godliness, cheerful, 472.
 cleanliness next to, 359.
- Goes against my stomach, 70.
 day, by like a shadow, 764.
 honest as the world, 133.
 out of fashion, bravery never, 698.
 to bed sober, 184.
 to the wall, weakest, 104.
- Goeth a-borrowing, 21.
 Goethe's sage mind, 753.
- Goin' ware glory waits ye, this, 735.
- Going guest, speed the, 328.
 home, I am, 615.
 I am, O whither, 764.
 looketh well to his, 1018.
 no use at all in my, 590.
 of time, marketh the, 664.
 reading-machine wound up and, 734.
 the way of all flesh, 181.
 the way of all the earth, 1006.
 to keep us and so good-day, 789.
 upon the order of your, 122.
- Gold, age of, 251.
 all Bocara's vaunted, 437.
 all is not, that glisteneth, 173.
 all that glisters is not, 62, 976.
 almighty, 178, 431.
 and pleasure, youth love, 662.
 and silver not the only coin, 885.
 apples of, 1020.
 as a jewel of, 1018.
 bar of heaven, 769.
 barbaric pearl and, 226.
 bathe the aills in melancholy, 613.
 beauty provoketh thieves sooner
 than, 66.
 black with tarnished, 456.
 bright and yellow, 593.
 can buy you entrance there, no, 834.
 clad in blue and, 456.
 clasps, book in, 104.
 comes round the age of, 695.
 despise, what female can, 381.
 evening trails her robes of, 613.

- Gold, fire the test of, 900.
 gild refined, paint the lily, 79.
 gleaming in purple and, 551.
 gold gold gold, 593.
 harmless, 733.
 hath sway, now, 652.
 he loved, in special, 2.
 I could turn to, 832.
 I'm growing frugal of my, 719.
 in cofre, but little, 1.
 in phisike is a cordial, 2.
 in the realms of, 576.
 into a shower of, 32.
 laburnums dropping, 570.
 life not bought with, 339.
 maiden true betrayed for, 489.
 narrowing lust of, 676.
 ne is no, as I have herd, 5.
 patines of bright, 65.
 road whose dust is, 236.
 saint-seducing, 104.
 servile opportunity to, 488.
 some blessed threads of, 715.
 sunflower with gaudy crown of, 691.
 that shineth as the, 5.
 the rocks pure, 44.
 thrice their weight in, 456.
 thumb of, had a, 2.
 trodden, 225.
 turning opportunity to, 483.
 unfolding those portals of, 587.
 upon a cross of, 844.
 wedges of, 96.
 weighs truth with, 330.
 whose crying is a cry for, 672.
 whose dust is, 236.
- Golden age, their lot has fallen with
 a, 603.
 axe, with a, 108.
 bells, mellow wedding bells, 655.
 bowl be broken, 1023.
 days, hand in hand in the, 599.
 deeds, fruitful of, 230.
 exhalations of the dawn, 504.
 goblet found growing, 635.
 guess is morning-star, the, 682.
 hair to gray, 851
 hour, 766.
 hour, once in a, 771.
 hours of vision, 826.
 keys, clutch the, 675.
 lads and girls, 160.
 lamps in a green night, 262.
 languor, summer's, 829.
 locks, his, 24.
 mean, 345, 424.
 moments quick to haste, 696.
 numbers, add to, 182.
 opes the iron shuts amain, 247.
 opinions, I have bought, 118.
 pen, traced with his, 726.
 prime of Haroun Alraschid, 665.
 rule, guided by this, 801.
 rule works like gravitation, 826.
 seem, gray things, 815.
 shores, to these, 45.
 silence bid our souls be still, 764.
 silence is, 584.
- Golden sorrow, wear a, 98.
 story, locks in the, 104.
 time of long ago, 803.
 urns draw light, 236.
 window of the east, 104.
 wings, angel girt with, 243.
- Goldsmith foolish without a pen, 374.
 here lies Nolly, 388.
 wrote better than any man, 373.
- Gondola, you have swam in a, 71.
- Gone, and forever, thou art, 491.
 and past help, what 's, 77.
 before, not dead but, 455.
 before, not lost but, 283, 654.
 before, souls, 804.
 by, ages long, 587.
 far away, 777.
 further and fared worse, 17.
 now thou art, 247.
 one on an endless voyage, 765.
 smiling to the fagot, 798.
 the day is, 577.
 to the demnition bow-wows, 701.
- Good, all things work together for,
 1036.
 Americans when they die, 692.
 and bad angel, 187.
 and glorious, by all that 's, 554.
 and great, proclaim him, 299.
 and ill together, 74.
 and ill together blent, 607.
 and the bad, two nations, 263.
 apprehension of the, 81.
 are better made by ill, 455.
 as a feast, enough is, 20, 38.
 as a play, 1048.
 as she was fair, she was, 455.
 at a fight, 510.
 at sudden commendations, 101.
 be out of the world, as, 296.
 beginning good end, 13.
 beneath the, how far, 382.
 bodes me no, 349.
 book is the best of friends, 696.
 books however, 444.
 bray, while before he shakes stars,
 730.
 by stealth, do, 329.
 cannot come to, 128.
 cheer, play and make, 20.
 cleaving to the right and, 686.
 clever men are, 581.
 companionship, the, 845.
 company and good discourse, 208.
 company in a journey, 207.
 conscience, 59.
 critics who have stamped out, 659.
 day, sir critic, 723.
 deed in a naughty world, 66.
 deed, kind of, to say well, 98.
 deeds, by great thoughts and, 721.
 die first, the, 479.
 diffused may more abundant grow,
 415.
 digestion wait on appetite, 122.
 disinterested is not our trade, 417.
 displeases when beyond ken, 997.
 embryo, 737.

- Good, every evil its, 619.
 evil and, are God's right hand, 721.
 evil be thou my, 231.
 faire is by nature, 29.
 familiar creature, wine is a, 152.
 fellows get together, when, 847.
 fellows, king of, 93.
 fellows together, we're all, 861.
 fellows, tone to wine and, 768.
 fellowship in thee, 83.
 few know their own, 274.
 folly that seeks through evil, 649.
 for a bootless bene, what is, 479.
 for good-for-nothing people, 659.
 for our country's, 445.
 for sore eyes, 292.
 for us to be here, 1032.
 fortune, diligence mother of, 977.
 fortune means to men most, 79.
 fought the, fight and vanquished, 746.
 from seeming evil educing, 357.
 glow for others', 335, 346.
 gods! how he will talk, 281.
 gray head, oh, 671.
 great man, 502.
 hand that made you fair made you, 49.
 hater, he was a, 375.
 he scorned stalked off, the, 355.
 heart is better than all heads, 632.
 hold fast that which is, 1039.
 hold thou the, 675.
 I do all the, I can, 800.
 ill wind blows no man to, 90.
 ill wind turns none to, 20.
 in everything, 67.
 interred with their bones, 113.
 is a good doctor, 620.
 is as, as infinite, 584.
 it is not enough to do, 812.
 just and honest, 858.
 kill a man as good book, 254.
 know what were, to do, 60.
 little, watering last year's crops, 730.
 love sought is, 76.
 luck would have it, 46.
 luxury of doing, 295, 394, 444.
 makes his promise, 1043.
 man never dies, the, 496.
 man prolongs his life, 908.
 man yields his breath, 496.
 man's feast, sat at a, 68.
 man's life, best portion of, 467.
 man's love, thank heaven for a, 70.
 man's sin, 513.
 man's smile, 397.
 means my son be, 444.
 means of evil out of, 223.
 men and true, are you, 51.
 men must associate, 408.
 men not so absolute in, 579.
 moral evil and of, 466.
 morning, bid me, 433.
 mouth-filling oath, 86.
 my stomach is not, 22.
- Good name better than precious ointment, 1022.
 name in man and woman, 153.
 name is rather to be chosen, 1019.
 never shall be one lost, 710.
 news baits, 242.
 news from a far country, 1020.
 night and joy be wi' you, 458.
 night, my native land, 540.
 night, my old Kentucky home, 764.
 night, say not, 433.
 night till it be morrow, 106.
 night, to each a fair, 490.
 no glory but his country's, 571.
 noble to be, 't is, 667.
 nor aught so, 106.
 not a politician other habits, 787.
 not, that man should live alone, 1004.
 not too bright or, 474.
 nothing, or bad, 134.
 of my country, 305.
 of themselves, hearkeepers seldom hear, 283.
 oft interred with their bones, 113.
 old age, in a, 1004.
 old cause, beauty of the, 472.
 old man he will be talking, 52.
 old rule, the, 473.
 old-fashioned but choicely, 208.
 old-gentlemanly vice, 556.
 opinion of the law, 440.
 or evil side, 732.
 or evil times, 166.
 or ill of man, 930.
 or ill we choose, things of, 767.
 orators when they are out, 71.
 out of infinite pain, 818.
 overcome evil with, 1036.
 parent of, 235.
 part, hath chosen that, 1034.
 partial evil universal, 316.
 patriots who for a theory, 659.
 people all with one accord, 400.
 pleasure ease content, 318.
 repay evil for his, 346.
 report and evil report, 1038.
 repressing ill crowning, 438.
 saw the little that is, 743.
 sense the gift of heaven, 322.
 set terms, 68.
 sir I owe you one, 454.
 society, no lack of, 644.
 some fleeting, 394.
 some said it might do, 265.
 some special, 106.
 spirits, any man may be in, 702.
 statesmen who pulled ruin, 659.
 sword rust, 502.
 temper when, in good spirits and, 702.
 that call evil, 1025.
 that I would I do not, 1036.
 the crest and crowning of all, 833.
 the gods provide thee, take the, 272.
 the law is, 1039.
 the more communicated, 235.
 there dwelt all's that, 220.

- Good thing out of Nazareth, 1034.
 thing, too much of a, 71.
 things will strive to dwell, 43.
 time coming, there's a, 493.
 to be honest and true, 450.
 to be merry and wise, 9, 37.
 to be noble we'll be, 406.
 to be true, too, 284.
 to be zealously affected, 1038.
 to forgive best to forget, 713.
 to know what were, 60.
 to love the unknown, 509.
 to me is lost, all, 231.⁴
 to the heels is the slipper, 690.
 truly great who are truly, 37.
 universal, all partial evil, 316.
 very excellent, 71.
 war or bad peace, 361.
 we oft might win, lose the, 47.
 what was shall be, 710.
 will be the final goal of ill, 675.
 will toward men, 1033.
 wind that bloweth no man, 20.
 wind which turneth none to, 20.
 wine needs no bush, 72.
 wits jump, 378, 977.
 woman, a, 772.
 woman is a wondrous, a, 686.
 works, full of, 1035.
 works, rich in, 1040.
 world to live in, 279.
 Goods, all my worldly, 1043.
 the gods provide you, 887.
 thou hast much, laid up, 1034.
 were all his worldly, 703.
 Good-by, and so, 789.
 dear clouds, 810.
 to the light, I follow, 764.
 Good-bye proud world, 615.
 to peace, priest for enemy, 630.
 Good-day, keep us going and so, 789.
 Good-for-nothing people, good for,
 659.
 Goodlier than your gain, 807.
 Goodliest, express her, 148.
 man of men, Adam the, 232.
 Goodly are thy tents, 1005.
 heritage, 1010.
 outside, falsehood hath a, 61.
 sight to see, 540.
 Goodman Dull, 55.
 Good-morrow, and so, 789.
 Goodness and grace, I thank the, 534.
 greatness and, are not means, 502.
 greatness on, loves to slide, 267.
 how awful is, 234.
 in his little finger, more, 293.
 in things evil, there is some, 92.
 lead him not, if, 205.
 men not so absolute in, 579.
 morrow I bade to sorrow, 574,
 never fearful, 49.
 of good men, 885.
 soul of, 773.
 thinks no ill, 231.
 Good-night, gives the stern'st, 119.
 love's bestowing and so, 789.
 Good-will, a sweet, 794.
 Good-will on earth, 1033.
 the mightiest practical force, 826.
 Goose, pampered, 318.
 royal game of, 398.
 sold him a bargain, a, 55.
 Goose-pen, write with a, 76.
 Gorboduc, king, 77.
 Gordian knot unloose, 91.
 Gore, avenge the patriotic, 813.
 shedding seas of, 559.
 Gorge rises at it, my, 144.
 Gorgeous east, 226.
 palace, deceit in, 107.
 palaces the solemn temples, 43.
 Gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
 800.
 Gorgons hydras and chimæras dire,
 228.
 Gory locks at me, never shake thy, 122.
 with the battle-blood, 766.
 Gospel, all is not, 16.
 brown bread and the, 283.
 emanation from the, 460.
 of getting on, 838.
 Gospel-books, lineaments of, 23.
 Gospel-light first dawned, 387.
 Gossip of the air, babbling, 75.
 report, 63.
 Govern, king reigns but does not,
 1002.
 men, with words we, 627.
 my passion, may I, 858.
 the world, syllables, 196.
 they that, make least noise, 196.
 those that toil, 395.
 thou my song, 236.
 Governs land and sea, he, 731.
 Government, a conservative, 624.
 for forms of, 318.
 founded on compromise, 409.
 half slave half free, 660.
 is a trust, 517.
 made for and by the people, 532,
 661.
 no broader basis for any, 634.
 of all the people, 694.
 of the people by the people, 661.
 paternal or meddling, 603.
 preservation of the general, 435.
 the best, 599.
 the Republican form of, 773.
 which tells them what to, 603.
 without a king, 598.
 Governments and much delight in
 battle, 668.
 Gowans fine, and pu'd the, 449.
 Gowd, man's the, for a' that, 452.
 Gown, plucked his, 397.
 wife who preaches in her, 594.
 Gowns, fellow that hath two, 53.
 furred, hide all, 148.
 Grace, act that blurs the, 140.
 affordeth health, 22.
 all above is, 270.
 and blush of modesty, 140.
 and virtue are within, 215.
 angels and ministers of, 130.
 beyond the reach of art, 323.

- Grace, chief of a thousand for, 868.
 does it with a better, 75.
 ease with, 357.
 fallen from, 1038.
 force fascination, youth full of, 743.
 free nature's, 357.
 from which they take their, 664.
 half so good a, 47.
 if possible with, 329.
 inward and spiritual, 1042.
 is given of God but knowledge, 727.
 let your speech be with, 1039.
 love of, for, 141.
 marvel of bloom and, 857.
 me no grace, 1054.
 melancholy, 482.
 melody of every, 259.
 mickle is the powerful, 106.
 more of his, than gifts, 174.
 my cause, little shall I, 150.
 never mind did mind his, 23.
 of a day, the tender, 670.
 of finer form, 490.
 of God to man, 861.
 of life, unbought, 410.
 power of, 513.
 powerful, that lies in herbs, 106.
 purity of, 550.
 snatch a, 323.
 supply, let thy, 390.
 swears with so much, 281.
 sweet attractive kind of, 23, 232.
 that is dead, 670.
 that makes simplicity a, 178.
 that sweet time of, 686.
 that won, 237.
 to his meat, never to say, 291.
 to win, with, 616.
 was in all her steps, 237.
 was seated on this brow, 140.
- Graces, all other, 265, 351.
 lead these, to the grave, 74.
 peculiar, shot forth, 235.
 sacrifice to the, 353.
- Graced with polished manners, 422.
- Graceful acts, those, 238.
- Graceless zealots fight, 318.
- Gracious charity remains, 797.
 is the time, 127.
 parts, remembers me of his, 79.
 Tam grew, 451.
 words and apt, 55.
- Gradation, not by old, 149.
- Gradations, no pale, 493.
 of decay, 367.
- Gradual may be the growth of confidence, 625.
- Græcia Mæonidam jactet sibi, 271.
- Grain, cheeks of sorry, 246.
 say which, will grow, 116.
 whisper of her mellowing, 788.
- Grains of sand, little, 760.
 of wheat, two, 60.
- Grammar controls kings, 984.
 than a dictionary can be called a, 607.
- Grammar-school, erecting a, 94.
- Grammaticus, rhetor, 268.
- Grampian hills, on the, 392.
- Grand as those of Babylon, 993.
 gloomy and peculiar, 865.
 old ballad Patrick Spence, 502.
 old gardener and his wife, 667.
 old harper, wind that, 775.
 old name of gentleman, 676.
- Grandam, soul of our, 77.
- Grandeur, moon's unclouded, 568.
 of these states their religion, 742.
 old Scotia's, 447.
 that was Rome, 656.
 to our dust, so nigh is, 616.
 with a disdainful smile, 384.
- Grandmother Eve, child of, 54.
- Grandsire cut in alabaster, 60.
 phrase, proverb with a, 104.
 skilled in gestic lore, 395.
- Grandsires, wives and, 990.
- Grange, in the moated, 49.
- Granite cliffs below, sea roars and lashes, 629.
- Grant an honest fame, 333.
 you find one face, God, 792.
- Granted a heart ever new, God, 754.
- Gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is, 737.
- Grape, from out the purple, 243.
- Grapes, have eaten sour, 1027.
 of Ephraim, 1006.
 of wrath are stored, where, 747.
 whence be the, of the wine-press, 605.
- Grapple them to thy soul, 129.
- Grasp it firmly, it stings not, 780.
 it like a man of mettle, 313.
 the ocean, 303.
- Grasping to care for mere delight, too, 746.
- Grass, all flesh is, 1026.
 beyond the door, 769.
 go to, 198.
 groweth, while the, 14.
 his days are as, 1015.
 like rain upon the mown, 1013.
 splendour in the, 478.
 stoops not, the, 161.
 tides of, 805.
 tread a measure on this, 56.
 two blades of, 290.
 your joys are withered like the, 609.
- Grasses and the pools, the, 851.
- Grasshopper shall be a burden, 1023.
- Grasshoppers rejoice, like, 337.
 skip at our feet, crowds of, 749.
 under a fern, 410.
- Grassy hollow, 772.
- Grate, she passed about the kitchen, 758.
- Grateful evening mild, 233.
 for the prize, ever, 465.
 mind by owing owes not, 231.
- Gratiano speaks an infinite deal, 60.
- Gratitude and love, deep hymn of, 595.
 fruit of great cultivation, 376.
 is expensive, 430.
 of men, alas the, 466.
 of most men, 982

- Gratitude of place-expectants, 304.
 still small voice of, 383.
- Gratulation, gave sign of, 238.
- Gratulations flow in streams, 285.
- Grave, a little little, 82.
 an obscure, 82.
 and reverend signiors, 149.
 aspect he rose, with, 227.
 between the cradle and the, 358.
 botanize upon his mother's, 471.
 but she is in her, 469.
 come to thy, in a full age, 1008.
 dark and silent, 26.
 dread thing, 354.
 Druid lies in vonder, 390.
 Duncan is in his, 121.
 earliest at his, 864.
 ethereal eyes, 855.
 feet clear of the, 614.
 forget thee, could not the, 547.
 funeral marches to the, 638.
 ghost come from the, 132.
 he bade them lie in the, 314.
 honoured in his, 658.
 hungry as the, 356.
 ignoring sleep with thee in the, 87.
 in a common, 430.
 in the cold, 591.
 is all beauty, 841.
 is not its goal, 638.
 jealousy is cruel as the, 1024.
 kingdom for a little, 82.
 lead these graces to the, 74.
 low laid in my, 78.
 Lucy is in her, 469.
 mattock and the, 308.
 measure of an unmade, 108.
 night of the, 428.
 on my, as now my bed, 218.
 one foot in the, 198.
 or mellow, humours whether, 300.
 our cradle stands in the, 182.
 paths of glory lead to the, 384.
 perhaps the early, 558.
 pompous in the, 219.
 rest in the, 561.
 rush to glory or the, 515.
 secret as the, 978.
 senators, most, 151.
 sit like flowers upon thy, 762.
 steps of glory to the, 552.
 strewed thy, 144.
 study, law's, 24.
 sun shine sweetly on my, 428.
 there lies a lonely, 726.
 this earth, this, 26.
 thou art gone to the, 535.
 thy humble, adorned, 335.
 to gay lively to severe, 320.
 to light from, pleasant to severe,
 273, 985.
 unknelled without a, 547.
 untimely, 200, 1043.
 where is thy victory, 335, 1038.
 where Laura lay, 26.
 with sorrow to the, 1005.
- Graves are pilgrim shrines, 562.
 are severed far and wide, their, 570.
- Graves, dishonourable, 110.
 emblems of untimely, 420.
 let's talk of, 81.
 of memory, 497.
 of your sires, green, 561.
 snowing on our, 823.
 stood tenantless, 126.
- Grave-digger or hangman, 612.
- Gravel gold, streams their, 257.
- Gravely got down from his perch, 723.
- Gravitation, the Golden Rule works
 like, 826.
- Gravity, humour the test of, 581.
 out of his bed at midnight, 59.
 smile is sweetened by his, 729.
 to play at cherry-pit, 76.
- Gray despair, winter's, 829.
 hair, wisdom is the, 1028.
 hairs with sorrow, 1005.
 it is gone and all is, 545.
 Marathon, age spares, 541.
 mare the better horse, 17.
 red spirits and, 173.
 silence, the gray waves, 837.
 the moss grew, 779.
 things golden seem, 815.
 thy veiling shadows, thy garments,
 764.
 to pearl, 855.
 under the willow the, 766.
 unmeasured height, 790.
 wastes of the sea, 837.
- Gray-hooded even, 243.
- Grazed the common of literature, 376.
- Grazes confines of space, whose circle,
 756.
- Grease, frieth in her own, 16.
- Greasy aprons, slaves with, 159.
 citizens, you fat and, 67.
- Great Admiral sailed the, 748.
 and sane and simple race, O, 680.
 and small, all the peoples, 682.
 and small forgets herself, 685.
 and wise decay, 810.
 as a king, 436.
 as the world, his heart was, 621.
 beautifier, rank is a, 630.
 between the little and the, 424.
 Cæsar fell, 114.
 Cæsar grown so, 110.
 cause, die in a, 555.
 city that with greatest man, 742.
 contest follows, 419.
 Creator, voice of the, 716.
 end of life not knowledge, 762.
 engines move slowly, 170.
 everything, been done by youth, 628.
 failure in a, object, 577.
 families of yesterday, 286.
 far above the, 382.
 field-marshal, there is a, 727.
 First Cause, 334.
 fleas have little fleas, 290.
 for our belief, too, 717.
 glorious and free, 522.
 good and, 299.
 gromboolian plain, over the, 703.
 guns, blew, 436.

- Great Hall, contentions of the, 602.
 he was gentle being, 679.
 hearts, time demands strong minds,
 730.
 hoard is little but hearts are, 678.
 if you yourself were, 760.
 ill can he rule the, 29.
 important day, 297.
 in mouths of wisest censure, 152.
 in villany, thou little valiant, 79.
 individual fluid as nature, 745.
 inwardly in secret to be, 738.
 is Diana of the Ephesians, 1035.
 is truth and mighty, 1028.
 let me call him, 311.
 lord of all things, 317.
 lords' stories, 454.
 man's memory outlive his life, 138.
 many a small maketh a, 5, 15.
 memory does not make, a, 607.
 men not always wise, 1009.
 men's praise, 834.
 mistakes, pride at bottom of, 746.
 nevermore let the, interests, 579.
 none unhappy but the, 301, 310.
 nothing, achieved without enthu-
 siasm, 620.
 ocean, heart of the, 640.
 of old, worship of the, 554.
 of older days, 775.
 ones, ceremony to, 47.
 ones eat up the little ones, 161.
 physician, time is the, 628.
 rightly to be, 142.
 said the greatest of the, 682.
 shade of that which once was, 471.
 some are born, 76.
 some must be, 421.
 souls are portions, 731.
 soul's wealth, a, 775.
 star early drooped, 744.
 taskmaster's eye, 252.
 there is no small no, 617.
 things with small, compare, 230.
 though fallen, 541.
 thoughts and good deeds, by, 721.
 thoughts great feelings, 664.
 thoughts, nurture your mind with,
 628.
 to be, is to be misunderstood, 618.
 to Him no high no low, no, 316.
 to know well I am not, 679.
 to little man, things, 394.
 truth is, and shall prevail, 757.
 truths are portions, 731.
 twin brethren, 604.
 unhappy, none think the, 310.
 vulgar and the small, 262.
 whatever was little seemed, 601.
 white cold walks abroad, 846.
 white throne, nearer the, 758.
 who are truly good are truly, 37.
 who is what he is, he is, 619.
 wits allied to madness, 267.
 wits will jump, 378.
- Greater courtesy, greater man the,
 680.
 feeling to the worse, 81.
- Greater heart, found in him a, 679.
 leader, there lives no, 679.
 love hath no man, 1035.
 man the greater courtesy, 680.
 than God, 793.
 than the king himself, 364.
 yes but there's something, 716.
- Greatest artist has embodied greatest
 ideas, 746.
 clerks not the wisest men, 3.
 curse, selfishness is the, 693.
 efforts of race due to love of praise,
 747.
 happiness of the greatest number,
 1048.
 love of life, 432.
 man or woman, great city has, 742.
 men, the world knows nothing of its,
 606.
 of faults to be conscious of none,
 585.
 of the great, said the, 682.
 only are, as the, 671.
 scandal on greater state, 161.
 whose ends will make him, 37.
- Greatly to his credit, 800.
- Greatness and goodness, 502.
 eternal substance of his, 198.
 far stretched, 27.
 farewell to all my, 99.
 God's, flowed around, 657.
 highest point of all my, 99.
 if honour gives, 436.
 in me there dwells no, 679.
 is a-ripening his, 99.
 of his name, 101.
 on goodness loves to slide, 267.
 some achieve, 76.
 some far-off touch of, 679.
 thrust upon 'em, some have, 76.
- Grecian chisel trace, ne'er did, 490.
 Venus, the, 378.
- Greece, Achilles' wrath to, 336.
 Athens, the eye of, 241.
 beauties of exulting, 356.
 boasts her Homer, 271.
 but living Greece no more, 548.
 fair, sad relic, of departed worth,
 541.
 fulminated over, 241.
 glory that was, 656.
 in early, she sung, 390.
 isles of, the, 557.
 John Naps of, 72.
 might still be free, 557.
 most power of any in, 909.
 or Rome, beauty which old, 650.
 we give our shining blades, to, 525.
- Greed, not struggles of wrath and,
 748.
- Greedy of filthy lucre, 1039.
- Greek, above all, 329.
 come in Latin or in, 220.
 or Roman name, above any, 267.
 small Latin and less, 179.
 't is known he could speak, 210.
 to me, 't was, 111.
- Greeks, heaven doomed, 344.

- Greeks in common, all the, 88.
 joined Greeks, when, 281.
- Green and yellow melancholy, 76.
 bay-tree, like a, 1011.
 be the turf above thee, 562.
 colonnades, 817.
 dry smooth-shaven, 250.
 earth's breast, at rest in the, 728.
 fields and ocean's, o'er earth's, 717.
 grassy turf, 428.
 graves of your sires, 561.
 hands are blue, their heads are, 703.
 in judgment, when I was, 157.
 in youth, 338.
 keep his memory, 519.
 lassie that trips on the, 586.
 leaf to yellow leaf, 851.
 leaves on a thick tree, 338.
 mantle, 147.
 memory be, 127.
 night, golden lamps in a, 262.
 old age, 276.
 one red, making the, 120.
 pastures, lie down in, 1011.
 thought in a green shade, 263.
 thy leaf has perished in the, 675.
 tree, things done in a, 1034.
- Greener still, the fields grow, 750.
- Greenest, mosses cling, on old decay, 650.
 of things blue, 808.
- Green-eyed monster, 153.
- Greenhouse too, loves a, 420.
- Greenland's icy mountains, 536.
- Green-robed senators, 575.
- Greenwood tree, under the, 67.
- Greetings where no kindness is, 468.
- Gregory remember thy swashing blow, 104.
- Greta woods are green, 492.
- Gretest gentilman, take him for the, 4.
- Grew a little peach in an orchard, 830.
 in beauty side by side, 570.
 together like to a double cherry, 58.
- Grey mare the better horse, 17.
 the bluest of things, 808.
- Greyhound mongrel grim, 148.
- Greyhounds in the slips, 91.
- Grief and pain naught but, 446.
 and sorrow, 783.
 bravery of his, 145.
 canker and the, are mine, 555.
 can not drive him away, 764.
 crowned with consolation, 157.
 days of my distracting, 392.
 every one can master a, 51.
 every, that mortals share, 803.
 fills the room up of my absent child, 79.
 for boys, 160.
 forgetfulness of, 790.
 gave his father, 335.
 hath known, all that, 631.
 is past, the, 862.
 is proud, 79.
 lies onward, my, 161.
 no greater, 955.
 of a wound, 87.
- Grief, only time for, 594.
 or glee, 776.
 past help should be past, 77.
 patience on a monument smiling at, 76.
 perked up in a glistering, 98.
 plague of sighing and, 85.
 silent manliness of, 398.
 spite of all my, revealing, 875.
 tears his heart, 341.
 that does not speak, 124.
 this glory and this, 741.
 treads upon the heels, 295.
 was calm and hope dead, 868.
 which they themselves not feel, 53.
 with a glass that ran, 805.
 with proverbs, patch, 53.
- Griefs, griping, 404.
 in sleep, whate'er thy, 685.
 our gains, that make our, 682.
 some, are medicinable, 159.
 that harass the distrest, 366.
 what private, they have, 114.
- Grievances, repeat no, 398.
- Grieve his heart, show his eyes and, 123.
 make the judicious, 137.
 yet not repent, to, 444.
- Grieves, if aught inanimate e'er, 543.
- Grieved, we sighed we, 262.
- Grieving, what is knowledge but, 780.
- Griffith, honest chronicler as, 171.
- Grim death, 194, 229.
 feature, scented the, 239.
 repose, hushed in, 383.
- Grimes is dead, old, 610.
- Grimly held thy guard, so, 749.
- Grim-visaged war, 95.
- Grim, one universal, 362.
 owned with a, 507.
 sin to sit and, 688.
 so merry, every, 431.
 the devil did, 501.
 vanquish Berkeley by a, 380.
- Grind, axe to, 528.
 one demd horrid, 701.
 slowly, mills of God, 979.
 the faces of the poor, 1025.
 the poor, laws, 395.
- Grinders cease because they are few, 1023.
- Grindstone, noses to the, 11, 172, 191, 360.
- Grimed horrible, death, 229.
- Griming, mock your own, 144.
- Grip, where ye feel your honour, 448.
- Gripe, barren sceptre in my, 121.
 of noose, necks to, 440.
- Griping griefs, 404.
- Grisly terror, so spake the, 229.
- Gristle, people in the, 408.
- Grizzled, his beard was, 129.
 his hair just, 276.
- Groan, anguish poured his, 366.
 bubbling, sinks with, 547.
 condemned alike to, 381.
 nor sigh nor, 183.
 the knell the pall the, 562.

- Groans of the dying, 489.
 sovereign of sighs and, 55.
 thy old, ring yet in my ears, 106.
 Groaning ever for the past, 712.
 Grog-shop appears, wild-blazing, 591.
 Groined the aisles of Christian Rome, 614.
 Gromboolian plain, over the great, 703.
 Grooves of change, ringing, 669.
 Grose, his name was, 559.
 Gross and scope of my opinion, 126.
 ear can hear, things that no, 245.
 hard-seeming world, this, 682.
 Grossness and slag, amid measureless, 742.
 by losing all its, 410.
 Grot, ferned, 777.
 Ground, acre of barren, 42.
 another man's, 45.
 as water spilt on the, 1007.
 call it holy, 570.
 every vice on Christian, 332.
 fathom-line could never touch, 84.
 gasping its life out on, 788.
 gently kissed the, 343.
 haunted holy, 541.
 herbe that grows on, 28.
 I live a burden to the, 340.
 leaf falls upon the, 865.
 least willing to quit the, 432.
 let us sit upon the, 82.
 low sitting on the, 28.
 my tail go to the, 10.
 no slave to till my, 418.
 not upon dreams, 172.
 of expediency, 840.
 of nature, solid, 485.
 purple all the, 247.
 seem to tread on classic, 299.
 temple and tower went to the, 252.
 who might well be under, 801.
 with deeper, dulness intuitive, 729.
 withering on the, 338.
 Grounded on just and right, 238.
 Groundlings, ears of the, 137.
 Group of wise hearts better than, 747.
 Grove, an organ breathes in every, 595.
 his name was printed, 559.
 nightingale's song in the, 428.
 of Academe, the olive, 241.
 of myrtles, 175.
 Groves are of laurel and myrtle, 989.
 fountain heads and pathless, 184.
 frequenting sacred, 221.
 God's first temples, 573.
 shadowy, 821.
 Grow dim with age, the sun, 299.
 Grow with rust, brightest blades, 691.
 double, surely you'll, 466.
 dreams, holy put in action, 761.
 greener still, the fields, 750.
 in the poor man's garden, 630.
 learning wiser, 422.
 mouldy, world would, 684.
 old, always find time to, 312.
 to what they seem, 395.
 wiser and better, 858.
 Grows, land where the bong-tree, 703.
 less gay, laugh of pleasure, 608.
 no herb of help, 807.
 old and fat, 84.
 with his growth, 317.
 work, fair through dreaming, 761.
 Growed, I 'spect I, 700.
 Growing fonder of my staff, I'm, 719.
 old, the world is, 718.
 old, yes I'm, 719.
 sorrow of each day's, 789.
 sweet golden goblet found, 635.
 when ye're sleeping, 495.
 Grown by what it fed on, 128.
 saw how souls of men had, 788.
 so great, he is, 110.
 weary of the garish day, eyes, 764.
 Ground, herbe that grows on, 28.
 Growth, a thornless, 776.
 children of a larger, 275.
 confidence a plant of slow, 364.
 is the only evidence of life, 607.
 man is the nobler, 433.
 man seems the only, 394.
 of confidence, however gradual the, 625.
 of mother earth, 468.
 Grub, joiner squirrel or old, 104.
 Grudge, feed fat the ancient, 61.
 the throe, never, 710.
 Grumble and roar, terrible rumble, 751.
 Grundy say, what will Mrs., 457.
 Grunt and sweat, 136.
 Guarantee for being right, slender, 693.
 Guard dies never surrenders, 1002.
 me with a watchful eye, 300.
 our native seas, 514.
 our spoons, from whom we, 605.
 so grimly held thy, 749.
 thy bed, holy angels, 302.
 Guardian angel o'er his life, 455.
 angels sung the strain, 358.
 on the tower, the, 725.
 Guardians of the fair, eunuchs, 310.
 Gude nicht and joy be wi' you, 458.
 time coming, 493.
 Gudeman's awa', when our, 427.
 Gudgeon, this fool, 60.
 Gudgeons, to swallow, 214.
 Guerdon, love seeks a, 847.
 the fair, 247.
 Guess is morning-star, the golden, 682.
 their glory, I can not, 842.
 Guesseth but in part, he, 503.
 Guest, keen, fits a dull fighter, 87.
 like an unwelcome, 815.
 or captive I, whether, 841.
 speed the going, 328.
 speed the parting, 328, 346.
 the soul the body's, 25.
 Guests in the depths of hell, 1017.
 of state, 775.
 Guid to be honest and true, 450.
 to be merry and wise, 450.
 Guide in smoke and flame, 493.
 mine equal my, 1012.

- Guide, my companion my, 1043.
 my lonely way, 402.
 philosopher and friend, 320.
 providence their, 240.
 the humble, a star to, 702.
 till judgment, 102.
- Guides, blind, 1037.
 the planets in their course, 456.
- Guiled shore, 63.
- Guile, lips from speaking, 1011.
- Guilt away, wash her, 403.
 can look on, 297.
 is in that heart, I ask not if, 522.
 of Eastern kings, 258.
 so full of artless jealousy is, 142.
 those who fear not, 413.
 to cover, the only art her, 403.
- Guiltier than him they try, 47.
- Guilty consciences make cowards, 877.
 deed holds in itself, every, 647.
 man escape, let no, 752.
 mind, suspicion haunts the, 95.
 of his own death, 143.
 of such a ballad, 54.
 thing, started like a, 126.
 thing surprised, 478.
 wealth, his genuine and less, 257.
- Guinea, jingling of the, 669.
 within the compass of a, 536.
- Guinea's stamp, rank is but the, 452.
- Guitar, touched his, 588.
- Gulf profound, 228.
- Gulled, if the world will be, 192.
- Gum, medicinal, 157.
- Gun, certain as a, 211.
 never lost an English, 671.
 shot out of an elder, 92.
 sure as a, 277, 972.
- Guns begin to shoot, 852.
 but for these vile, 83.
 though winds blew great, 436.
- Gun-deck two hundred feet of hell,
 748.
- Gust hath blown his fill, the, 250.
- Gusty thieves, 593.
- Guy, county, the hour is nigh, 494.
- Guzzling Jimmy, gorging Jack and,
 800.
- Gypsies, pilfers like, 413.
 serve stolen children, as, 441.
- Gypsying, days when we went, 632.
- Gyre and gimble in the wabe, 782.
- Gyves, as if they had, 87.
- Habeas corpus, protection of, 435.
- Habit, apparelled in more precious,
 53.
 costly thy, 130.
 increased by actions, 745.
 is second nature, 965.
 powerful is the empire of, 895.
 use doth breed a, in a man, 44.
- Habits devil is angel yet in this, 141.
 ill, gather by unseen degrees, 274.
 not a politician other, good, 787.
 of peace and patience, 207.
 small, well pursued, 437.
- Habitable world, look round the, 274.
- Habitants, converse with heavenly,
 245.
- Habitation, giddy and unsure, 89.
 local, and a name, 59.
- Habitual, practise what you would
 make, 931.
- Hack, racer and, may be traced, 605.
- Hackett's garden, over old Marm, 724.
- Hackneyed phrase of vagrant worm,
 720.
- Had we never loved sae kindly, 452.
- Hades, descent to, 945.
 no one goes to, with his wealth, 880.
- Haggard, if I do prove her, 153.
- Haggards ride no more, and the, 867.
- Hags, black and midnight, 123.
- Hail Columbia happy land, 465.
 fellow well met, 290.
 from dream-land, 837.
 holy light, 230.
 horrors, 223.
 the rising sun, let others, 387.
 to the chief, 491.
 to the land whereon, 580.
 unless God send his, 704.
 wedded love, 234.
- Hails you Tom or Jack, 423.
- Hair, amber-dropping, 246.
 as free, robes loosely flowing, 178.
 beauty draws us with a single, 274,
 326.
 been lives, had all his, 156.
 distinguish and divide a, 210.
 each particular, stand an end, 131.
 every, a soul doth bind, 274.
 flaming meteor shone for, 261.
 floating, 781.
 girl-graduates in their golden, 672.
 has become very white, 781.
 just grizzled, 276.
 loose his beard and hoary, 383.
 man that coloured his, 918.
 most resplendent, 483.
 my fell of, 125.
 ninth part of a, 85.
 of a woman, one, 191.
 of the same dog, 16.
 on end at his own wonders, 420.
 sacred, dissever, 326.
 shakes destitence, his horrid, 229.
 single, casts its shadow, 895.
 skipper stormed and tore his, 724.
 streamed like a meteor, 383.
 stung with his, 56.
 tangles of Neera's, 247.
 the stars in her, 769.
 transfigures its golden, 733.
 trimmed in silence, 917.
 wisdom is the gray, 1028.
 would rouse and stir, 125.
- Hairs, bring down my gray, 1005.
 of your head all numbered, 1027.
 superfluity comes sooner by white,
 60.
 were silver-white, 623.
- Hair-breadth 'scapes, 150.
- Hairs-breadth of time, 936, 939.
- Hal, no more of that, 85.

- Halcyon days, 93.
 Half a candle, two old chairs and, 703.
 believed, who never doubted never,
 721.
 broken-hearted, 539.
 dust half deity, 554.
 exceeds the whole, 879, 944.
 hidden from the eye, 469.
 his Troy was burnt, 88.
 in shade and half in sun, 523.
 knows everything, 604.
 made up, 95.
 my better, 34.
 our knowledge we snatch, 320.
 part of a blessed man, 78.
 slave and half free, 660.
 so good a grace, 47.
 so sage as he wrote, truths, 726.
 the creeds, faith in, 676.
 the power that fills the world, 645.
 the wealth bestowed on camps, 645.
 the world knoweth not how the
 other half liveth, 957.
 too civil by, 440.
 Half-brother of the world, 721.
 Half-gods go, when, 615.
 Halfpenny loaves for a penny, 94.
 Half-pennyworth of bread, 85.
 Half-shirt is two napkins, 87.
 Half-shut eye, before the, 357.
 eyes, sees with his, 326.
 Half-world, now o'er the one, 119.
 Hall, cottage or come they from, 660.
 Douglas in his, 490.
 his, the azure dome, 617.
 merry in, where beards wag all, 21.
 merry swythe it is in, 21.
 never slept thro' a prince's, 682.
 or bower, never heard in, 243.
 Halls, dwelt in marble, 561.
 of dazzling light, 865.
 of death, the silent, 572.
 of night, dim, 613.
 sweep through her marble, 645.
 Halloing and singing of anthems, 88.
 Halloo your name, 75.
 Hallowed is the time, 127.
 relics should be hid, 251.
 thing, poet's mistress is a, 665.
 Hallucination, universal, 838.
 Halt between two opinions, 1007.
 to learn to, 915.
 Halter draw, felt the, 440.
 in hope one will cut the, 222.
 now fitted the, 288.
 threats of a, 436.
 Halves, I'll go his, 958.
 Hame, late in a gloamin' Kilmenny
 came, 868.
 Hamlet, as he could have written, 585.
 at the close of the day, 428.
 king father, I'll call thee, 130.
 now the king drinks to, 145.
 rude forefathers of the, 384.
 tragedy of, with the prince of Den-
 mark being left out, 494.
 Hammer, no sound of, 421.
 nor axe, neither, 1007.
 Hammer, smith stand with his, 80.
 your iron when it is hot, 886.
 Hammers, aprons rules and, 159.
 closing rivets up, 92, 296.
 no, fell, 535.
 Hampden, some village, 385.
 Hand, adore the, 289.
 against every man, 1008.
 and glove, 413.
 and heart, I give my, 530.
 and heart open and free, 102.
 angry wafture of your, 112.
 bird in the, 15, 926.
 books to hold in the, 375.
 cheek upon her, 105.
 cloud like a man's, 1007.
 findeth to do do it, 1023.
 foot and, go cold, 23.
 for hand foot for foot, 1005.
 forget her cunning, 1016.
 freeman with unpurchased, 689.
 glove upon that, 105.
 God's right, and left, 721.
 handle toward my, 119.
 has brushed them, no friendly, 296.
 hath made our nation, thy, 689.
 head and heart go together, 747.
 her 'prentice, 446.
 his red right, 227.
 hold a fire in his, 81.
 I argue not against heaven's, 252.
 imposition of a mightier, 600.
 in hand, 50, 240, 362, 973.
 in hand in the golden, 599.
 in hand, with the sea-breeze, 841.
 in thy right, carry gentle peace, 100.
 larger heart the kindlier, 676.
 led by the Almighty's, 261.
 length of days in her right, 1017.
 let not thy left, know, 1030.
 licks the, just raised, 315.
 lifted in awe, 311.
 like the dyer's, 163.
 may no rude, deface it, 469.
 misery is at, 955.
 morn with rosy, 235.
 mortality's strong, 80.
 nature's sweet and cunning, 74.
 not able to taste, 58.
 of little employment, 143.
 of steel, 798.
 of war, 81.
 one flag one heart one, 690.
 open as day for melting charity, 90.
 put in every honest, a whip, 155.
 riches and honour in her left, 1017.
 Satan was now at, 228.
 sweet lips soft, 577.
 sweet Roman, 76.
 sweeten this little, 124.
 sworn foe to tyrants, 459.
 that dealt the blow, 514.
 that fed them, bite the, 411.
 that gave the blow, 277.
 that gives the blow, 289.
 that hath made you fair, 49.
 that made us is divine, 300.
 that rocks the cradle, 731.

- Hand that rounded Peter's dome, 614.
 that rules the world, is the, 731.
 then join in, 426.
 thunder in his lifted, 267.
 time has laid his, gently, 644.
 time hath a taming, 607.
 time's devouring, 352.
 to execute, 255, 430.
 to take occasion by the, 665.
 touch of a vanished, 670.
 unblessed thy, 346.
 upon a woman, man that lays his,
 463.
 upon many a heart, 643.
 upon the ark, to lay their, 418.
 upon the ocean's mane, 598.
 upon thy mane, 548.
 wash this blood from my, 120.
 waved her lily, 348.
 whatsoever thou takest in, 1029.
 white wonder of dear Juliet's, 108.
 with my heart in 't, 43.
 withhold not thine, 1023.
 wrenched with an unlineal, 121.
 writ by God's own, 310.
 you cannot see, 314.
- Hands, a baby's, 807.**
 across bloody chasm, clasp, 698.
 are blue, and their, 703.
 are the hands of Esau, 1005.
 as if to bless, 855.
 at the piping of all, 578.
 by angel, 574.
 by foreign, 335.
 death lays his icy, 209.
 entire affection hateth nicer, 27.
 establish the work of our, 1014.
 fatal, their, 229.
 former times shake, 212.
 from picking and stealing, 1042.
 hath not a Jew, 63.
 his two good honest, 842.
 honest hearts and chainless, 579.
 little folding of the, 1017.
 many, make light work, 17.
 mischief for idle, 302.
 mouths without, 273.
 never made to tear each other, 302.
 new Niobe with clasped, 763.
 not hearts, 155.
 of fellowship, the right, 1038.
 of the sisters death and night, 744.
 promiscuously applied, 548.
 shake, with a king, 563.
 stretch forth your open, 790.
 that might have swayed, 384.
 their knell is rung, by fairy, 389.
 then take, 42.
 to smite, 805.
 to valour given, 574.
 true faith and willing, 730.
 two, upon the breast, 765.
 washing with invisible soap, 593.
 watch that wants both, 415.
 wave their, for a mute farewell, 749.
 were made before knives, 293.
 wings or feet, 230.
 with aching, and bleeding feet, 753.
- Hands, with his two happy, 31.**
 with your, and your feet, 604.
- Handel's but a ninny, 351.**
 sings it, wisdom, 620.
- Handful, just take a trifling, 765.**
 of meal in a barrel, 1007.
 of silver, just for a, 707.
- Hand-in-glove, were, 293.**
- Handiwork, showeth his, 1011.**
- Handle not taste not, 1039.**
 one old jug without a, 703.
 toward my hand, 119.
- Handles, everything hath two, 932.**
- Handmaid of justice, truth the, 460.**
- Hand-saw, hawk from a, 134.**
- Handsome, everything about him, 53.**
 in three hundred pounds a year, 46.
 is that handsome does, 401.
 than homely, I'd rather be, 827.
 wee thing, 450.
- Handy-dandy, change places and, 148.**
- Hang a calf's skin, 79.**
 a doubt on, nor loop to, 154.
 out our banners, 125.
 over, larks at their matins, 749.
 sorrow care will kill a cat, 177.
 the pensive head, 248.
 themselves in hope one will come
 and cut the halter, 222.
 together, we must all, 361.
 upon his pent-house lid, 116.
 us every mother's son, 57.
- Hangs a tale, thereby, 68, 73.**
 between earth and heaven, 798.
 his head for shame, 866.
 on Dian's temple, 103.
 on prince's favours, 99.
 upon the cheek of night, 105.
- Hanging and marriage go by destiny,**
 192.
 and wiving go by destiny, 10, 63.
 his cat on Monday, 1048.
 in a golden chain, 230.
 was the worst use man could be put
 to, 175.
- Hangman of creation mark, 449.**
- Hangman's whip, fear o' hell, 448.'**
- Hank of hair, 852.**
- Hannah's at window binding shoes,**
 765.
- Hannibal had mighty virtues, 186.**
 was a very pretty fellow, 295.
- Hans Brietmann gife a barty, 759.**
- Haphazard, let no act be done at,**
 937.
- Hapless love, pangs of, 367.**
- Happen more beautiful that death,**
 nothing, 742.
- Happens at all, whatever, happens as**
 it should, 937.
 least expected generally, 628.
- Happened in [his berth, death which,**
 595.
 once, this could but have, 711.
- Happier in the passion we feel, 981.**
 one its course is run, yon, 751.
 than I know, feel that I am, 237.
 things, remembering, 669.

- Happiest dream, none thrives for long on, 757.
- Happiness, a lifetime of, 838.
and peace, drowning would be, 701.
below, virtue alone is, 319.
depends as nature shows, 413.
distant views of, 181.
domestic, thou only bliss, 419.
fireside, 455.
glimpse of, saw a, 221.
lies in superfluities, 924.
man's, to do proper things, 941.
nineteen six result, 701.
of men consists in life, 996.
of the greatest number, 1048.
of the rational animal, 941.
our being's end and aim, 318.
our pastime and our, 477.
produced by a good inn, 372.
pursuit of, 434.
spectacle of human, 462.
that makes the heart afraid, 592.
their harmony fortells, world of, 655.
thought of tender, 476.
through another's eyes, 71.
too familiar, 483.
too swiftly flies, 382.
virtue sufficient for, 946.
was born a twin, 557.
we prize, if solid, 362.
what right have we to, 995.
- Happy accident, 174, 402, 978.
am I from care I'm free, 875.
as a lover, 476.
as kings, 829.
be, and live^a within our means, 787.
because God wills it, 734.
children you will rise, 696.
constellations, 238.
could I be with either, 348.
days, a world of, 96.
days appear, how short our, 749.
earthlier, is the rose distilled, 57.
families resemble one another, 996.
few, we band of brothers, 92.
fields farewell, 223.
folk, to, 790.
for him his father was before him, 293.
he whose name has been well spelt, 559.
he with such a mother, 673.
hills pleasing shade, 381.
homeward course to run, 802.
I and wretched he, if, 719.
is he born or taught, 174.
is the blameless vestal's lot, 333.
is the man who hath never known, 632.
land, would not seek the, 717.
little, if I could say how much, 51.
make Englishman acknowledge he is, 698.
make two lovers, 330.
man be his dole, 46.
man happy dole, 11.
man that hath his quiver full, 1016.
- Happy man's without a shirt, 8.
mixtures of happy days, 554.
never so, as we suppose, 980.
no one can be, till all are happy, 773.
pair live while ye may, 233.
soul all life, sleep, 685.
soul that all the way, 259.
that have called thee so, 508.
the man and happy he alone, 273.
the man whose wish, 334.
time, I think upon that, 597.
to the unhappy owe, what the, 343.
to think more, thou hadst, 589.
visions of my youth, the, 662.
walks and shades, 239.
was it for that son, 95.
who in his verse, can steer, 985.
why so few marriages are, 291.
world, where all things live, 797.
years, ah, 541.
- Harass the distrest, 366.
- Harbinger, spring-time's, 199.
- Harbingers of blood and death, 126.
to heaven, 221.
- Harbour bar is moaning, and the, 727.
give, in life did, 178.
ship of state to, sweep, 739.
- Hard a keeping oath, sworn too, 54.
buffoonery, earn his nuts by, 729.
crab-tree, 211.
it is for the rich, how, 684.
it is to make an Englishman, how, 698.
long is the way and, 227.
nothing so, but search will find it, 203.
their lot, how, 860.
though, be the task, 758.
times were not, and money scarce, 621.
to bear, pain is, 794.
to catch and conquer, 772.
to part when friends are dear, 433.
to please everybody, 898.
to please, uncertain coy and, 490.
way of transgressors is, 1018.
word, remember that, 684.
- Hardens all within, 448.
- Hardest-timbered oak, 94.
- Hardly a word to say, 770.
- Hard-seeming world, this gross, 682.
- Hardship, life of danger and, 537.
- Hardships prevent melancholy, 373.
- Hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve, 131.
plant, error is a, 695.
- Hare, hold with the, 12.
mad as a March, 18, 976.
to run with the, 33.
to start a, 84.
- Harebell, hope is like a, 776.
- Hare-brained chatter of frivolity, 626.
- Hark from the tombs, 303.
hark my soul angelic, 717.
hark the lark, 159.
the shrill trumpet sounds, 296.
they whisper, 334.

- Harm me, fate cannot, 461.
win us to our, 116.
- Harmes two the lesse, of, 5.
- Harmful than errors, some truths
more, 762.
- Harmless as doves, 1031.
day, entertains the, 174.
earth, bowels of the, 83.
flaming meteor, 261.
necessary cat, 64.
pleasure, stock of, 369.
- Harmonies, concerted, 587.
divinest, 786.
- Harmonious echo, it seemed the, 761.
numbers, 230.
sound on golden hinges, 236.
whose touch, 367.
- Harmoniously confused, 333.
- Harmony, composed into a kind of
real, 583.
for thee O universe, 938.
foretells, happiness their, 655.
heaven drowsy with, the, 56.
heavenly, 271.
hidden soul of, 249.
in her bright eye, 259.
in immortal souls, 65.
like deep, enforce attention, 81.
march of that eternal, 685.
not understood, 316.
of circumstances, 892.
of shape, air and, 287.
of the universe, 409.
of the world, her voice the, 31.
our faculties work together in, 826.
sentimentally disposed to, 509.
to harmony, 271.
touches of sweet, 65.
- Harness, dead in his, 1029.
him that girdeth on his, 1008.
on our back, die with, 126.
- Haroun Ahraschid, good, 665.
- Harp and nations heard, touched his,
597.
at nature's advent strung, 651.
high-born Hoel's, 383.
in divers tones, 673.
of life, love took up the, 669.
of Orpheus, 253.
of thousand strings, 303.
open palm upon his, 644.
sings to one clear, 673.
through Tara's halls, 519.
- Harp upon the willows, 1016.
- Harper, wind that grand old, 775.
- Harpers, the notes of the, ring, 587.
- Harping on my daughter, 133.
- Harpy-footed Furies, 228.
- Harrow up thy soul, 131.
- Harry the King Bedford, 92.
with his beaver on, 86.
- Harsh as truth, I will be as, 633.
the words of Mercury are, 57.
- Harshness gives offence, no, 324.
- Hart, like a youthful, 302.
panteth after water brooks, 1012.
panteth for the water-brooks, 814.
ungalled play, 138.
- Harvest, earth laughs with a, 612.
of a quiet eye, 471.
of barren regrets, 780.
of the new-mown hay, 296.
truly is plenteous, 1031.
- Harvest-home, a stubble-land at, 83.
- Harvest-time of love, 508.
- Haste, I am always in, 359.
golden moments quick to, 696.
make, the better foot before, 80.
maketh waste, 9.
married in, 295.
mounting in hot, 542.
one with moderate, 129.
sweaty, 126.
to be rich, 1021.
to repay an obligation, 981.
to wed at leisure, wooed in, 72.
- Hasten to be drunk, 273.
- Hastening ill, prey to, 396.
on, lo the days are, 695.
to merge itself, evil, 743.
towards immortality, good, 743.
- Hasty as fire deaf as the sea, 80.
- Hat, broad-brimmed, 352.
by his cockle, 405.
fashion of his, 50.
it was not all a, 876.
not the worse for wear, 417.
the ultimum moriens of respect-
ability, 692.
three-cornered, the old, 688.
upon my head, with my, 375.
- Hats, shocking bad, 463.
- Hatched, chickens ere they are, 214,
977.
to the woful time, 120.
- Hatches, his body's under, 436.
- Hate a dumpy woman, 556.
and mistrust, 840.
cherish those hearts that, 100.
definitions, I, 626.
if hate be perfect, so, 679.
immortal, 223.
in the like extreme, 345.
Juno's unrelenting, 274.
looked the twin of heathen, 682.
lost between us, no, 173.
of hate scorn of scorn, 665.
of those below, 543.
of victorious ill, 785.
of wrong, 786.
sowed therein the seed of, 684.
thee all the more, I, 678.
thine enemy, 1030.
those you have injured, to, 933.
your neighbour, 601.
- Hates, and all her loves and, 685.
endless extinction of unhappy, 754.
that excellence, 355.
- Hated him, loved my country and,
555.
needs but to be seen, to be, 317.
to persecute makes a faith, 684.
with a hate, 558.
- Hater, he was a good, 375.
- Haters, love your enemy bless your,
682.

- Hathaway, angels must love Ann, 876.
 Hating David, not only, 258.
 no one love but her, 547.
 Hatred, love turned to, 294.
 of a minute, forgot in the, 654.
 of scoundrels, a healthy, 583.
 Haughtiness of soul, 298.
 Haughty spirit before a fall, 1018.
 valor, sweet mouth, 613.
 yearning of the soul, 756.
 Hauled on his boots and roared, 724.
 Haunt, exempt from public, 67.
 Haunts, for love hath lowly, 611.
 in dale or mountain, 504.
 of men, the busy, 570.
 the guilty mind, suspicion, 95.
 Haunted holy ground, 541.
 me like a passion, 467.
 spring and dale, from, 251.
 Have a thing is nothing, to, 866.
 a touch of earth, must, 679.
 and to hold, 1042.
 done on rafts of wreck, 685.
 had my day and my, I, 680.
 it so, you would, 984.
 my own four walls, 585.
 naught venture naught, 15.
 no mockings or arguments, I, 742.
 taste of fame is purgatory, 632.
 they no mercy for youth, 728.
 we prize not what we, 53.
 we, two lives about us, 763.
 you heard of the wonderful, 691.
 Haven, down beyond the, 837.
 Havens, ports and happy, 80.
 Have-much and Have-little, 975.
 Having nothing yet hath all, 174, 1038.
 Havoc, cry, and let slip the dogs, 113.
 Hawk from a hand-saw, 134.
 is wheeling, where the, 846.
 Hawks, between two, 93.
 Hawk-eyes cheek of apple-blossom,
 678.
 Hawser's tie no more] returning, to,
 745.
 Hawthorn bush with seats, 395.
 in the dale, under the, 248.
 Hay, harvest of the new mown, 296.
 make, while the sun shines, 973.
 needle in a bottle of, 858.
 reposing himself in the, 400.
 when the sun shineth make, 10.
 Hazard of concealing, 448.
 of the die, I will stand the, 98.
 He alone is blessed, 289.
 as, died to make men holy, 748.
 best can paint them, 333.
 comes too near, 193, 350.
 cometh unto you, 34.
 could n't ha' told ye nuther, 736.
 could see naught but vanity, 730.
 first deceased, 175.
 for God only, 232.
 governs land and sea, 731.
 hath loosed the fateful lightning,
 747.
 is gentle he is kind, 764.
 is not, 805.
 He is trampling out the vintage, 747.
 knew what's what, 8.
 may run that readeth, 1028.
 not, that merely says one, 583.
 quickens into deeds, 650.
 's true to God who's true to man,
 733.
 sendeth sun he sendeth shower, 630.
 speaketh not and yet there, 647.
 speeds, still the fitting word, 650.
 stood a spell on one foot fust, 736.
 take to following where, leads, 788.
 that is down, 212, 266.
 that is not with me, 1034.
 that is robbed, 154.
 that runs may read, 422.
 that works and does, 583.
 that wrestles with us, 411.
 touched his harp and nations, 597.
 walks among his peers unread, 749.
 was fresh and full of faith, 628.
 was gentle being great, thought, 679.
 was like a cock who thought, 730.
 was rich and she was poor, 720.
 was the word that spake it, 177.
 who can call to-day his own, 273.
 who died at Azan, 782.
 who has truth at his heart, 746.
 who sees takes off his shoes, 659.
 who would write heroic, 580.
 wields a mighty scepter, 731.
 with footsteps slow and weary, 832.
 wrote down for men, as, 726.
 Head and front of my offending, 149.
 bearing high above her, 704.
 beauteous honours on its, 337.
 buck of the first, 55.
 coals of fire on his, 1020, 1036.
 cover my, now, 592.
 crotchets in thy, thou hast some, 45.
 crown of his, 51, 173, 198.
 crown old winter's, 259.
 dissever from the fair, 326.
 eternal sunshine settles on its, 397.
 fame over his living, 565.
 fantastically carved, 90.
 fruitless crown upon my, 121.
 gently falling on thy, 302.
 gently lay my, 218.
 go bow thy, in gentle spite, 755.
 good gray, 671.
 green grass turf at his, 405.
 hairs of your, all numbered, 1031.
 hand, and heart go together, 747.
 hands wings, 230.
 hang the pensive, 248.
 hangs his, for shame, 866.
 hat upon my, 375.
 heart may give a lesson to the, 422.
 heaven to the weary, 593.
 helmet for a blow on the, 950.
 here rests his, 386.
 hoary, is a crown of glory, 1018.
 imperfections on my, 132.
 is as full of quarrels, 107.
 is fancy bred, in heart or, 63.
 is not more native to the heart, 127.
 is sick and the heart faint, 1024.

- Head, learned lumber in his, 325.
 less beloved, 547.
 lodgings in a, 210.
 nail on the, 20, 183.
 no roofe to shrowd his, 194.
 not slape that comes into my, 590.
 not where to lay his, 1031.
 not yet completely silvered, 419.
 of the table, 976.
 of things, great, 903.
 off with a golden axe, 108.
 off with his, 97, 296.
 on horror's, 154.
 one small, 397.
 plays round the, 319.
 precious jewel in his, 67.
 repairs his drooping, 248.
 seems no bigger than his, 148.
 silent doctor shook his, 349.
 silvered o'er by time, 419.
 so many books upon his, 457.
 so young a body so old a, 64.
 some less majestic, 547.
 stroked with a slipper, 889.
 sweet tooth in his, 33.
 that wears a crown, 89.
 the wise the reverend, 303.
 to be let unfurnished, 210.
 to contrive, 255, 430.
 turn not away that sweet, 605.
 turns no more his, 499.
 uneasy lies the, 89.
 was silvered o'er with age, 348.
 what seemed his, 228.
 which statuaries loved to copy, 601.
 with reading stuff the, 332.
- Heads are green hands are blue, their,
 703.
 beneath their shoulders, 150.
 hide their diminished, 231.
 houseless, 147.
 ignominious, 339.
 in the world, heart better than, 632.
 nailed by the ears, 214.
 never raising, 469.
 so many wits so many, 10.
 sometimes so little, 222.
 tall men had empty, 170.
 too little for wit, 222.
 touch heaven, hills whose, 150.
 two better than one, 12.
- Head-stone of the corner, 1015.
 Headstrong as an allegory, 440.
 Heal a coward heart, to, 807.
 the blows of sound, to, 688.
 Healer, scorn not death the, 882.
 Healing in his wings, 1028.
 that night has shed, 824.
 thy soft touch of. unaware, 764.
 of the most High cometh, 1029.
- Health, be thou a spirit of, 130.
 best physic to preserve, 167.
 dainties might hurt their, 398.
 good sense and good, 899.
 he that will this, deny, 860.
 hunt in fields for, 270.
 is the second blessing, 208.
 my nerves and fibres brace, 357.
- Health, peace and, 387.
 peace and competence, 319.
 unbought, 270.
 vital principle of bliss, 358.
 while grace affordeth, 22.
- Healths five-fathom deep, 105.
 Healthful ease, no cheerfulness no,
 595.
 play, 302.
- Healthy and normal as life itself, 823.
 hatred of scoundrels, 583.
 nature, blessed is the, 582.
 wealthy and wise, 360.
- Heap lay stone on stone, dig and, 753.
 misfortunes laid in one, 922.
 of dust alone remains of thee, 335.
- Heaps of miser's treasures, 244.
 of pearl, 96.
 unsunned, of treasure, 244.
- Heapeth up riches, 1011.
- Hear a voice you cannot hear, I, 314.
 be silent that you may, 113.
 be swift to, 1041.
 beyond the range of sound, 722.
 by tale or history, 57.
 he that hath ears to, 1033.
 heavenly music what is it I, 587.
 him crow, thought sun risen to, 730.
 him prate, 772.
 it not Duncan, 119.
 listening still they seemed to, 345.
 me for my cause, 113.
 me, time will come when you will,
 624.
 none so deaf that will not, 19, 283.
 plain thou't, 793.
 port is near the bells I, 744.
 so are those who, me, 787.
 the mellow wedding bells, 655.
 these tell-tale women, 97.
 to see to feel to, 541.
 thy dusky pinions, oft I, 613.
 wail in the wind is all I, 725.
- Heard a wise man say, I, 842.
 and do in part believe it, 127.
 erect beneath the tragic years, 839.
 for much speaking, 1030.
 I will be, 633.
 in days of old, which I, 653.
 in her dreams, songs she, 636.
 it said full oft, 163.
 melodies are sweet, 576.
 nations, entranced, 597.
 of the wonderful one-hoss shay, 691.
 of thee by the hearing of the ear,
 1010.
 round the world, 615.
 so coldly, 631.
 the sweet bells chime, 597.
 the trailing garments, 645.
 the world around, 251.
 wail still is, yet its notes, 750.
 wished she had not, it, 150.
- Hearers, too deep for his, 399.
- Hearing ear, the, 1019.
 ear the speaking tongue, 619.
 of the ear, heard of thee by the,
 1010.

- Hearings, younger, quite ravished, 55.
 Hearkeners seldom hear good of themselves, 283.
 Hearse, underneath this sable, 179.
 Hearsed in death, 130.
 Heart, a good, better than heads, 632.
 a little heaven in each, 288.
 a loving, is the beginning, 583.
 a merry, 1018.
 afraid, that makes the, 592.
 alone, speaks to the, 716.
 and also my poor human, 722.
 and hand both open, 102.
 and lute, my, 525.
 and might of limb, strength of, 680.
 and the full, 's a psalter, 595.
 and the, of friendship colder, 608.
 arrow for the, 560.
 as he thinketh in his, 1020.
 awake to the flowers, 520.
 bare the mean, 328.
 be troubled, let not your, 1035.
 beating of my own, 664.
 beatings of my, 467.
 blew cold on my desolate, 613.
 blood-tinctured, 658.
 bowed down by weight of woe, 561.
 bread which strengthens man's, 283.
 buildeth on the vulgar, 89.
 burn within us, 1034.
 but not your, away, 842.
 can know, ease the, 389.
 can ne'er a transport know; 377.
 can this fond, forget, 589.
 cockles of the, 1045.
 coldness dwells within thine, 653.
 comes not to the, 319.
 command my, and me, 258.
 congenial to my, 398.
 could find it in my, 52.
 detector of the, 307.
 detests him, my, 338.
 distrusting asks, 398.
 doth ache, while his, 266.
 doth the full, reveal, 502.
 dupe of the, 981.
 each, is whispering Home, 594.
 ease of, her look conveyed, 444.
 eat not thy, 915.
 evening twilight of the, 562.
 every, to heaven aspires, 534.
 every woman is a rake at, 321.
 fails thee, if thy, 26.
 faint and the head is sick, 1024.
 faint, ne'er won fair lady, 975.
 felt along the, 467.
 first joys of our, 596.
 first set my poor, free, 184.
 fool hath said in his, 1010.
 for any fate, with a, 639.
 for every fate here 's a, 553.
 for falsehood framed, 442.
 found in him a greater, 679.
 fountain of sweet tears, 469.
 from itself kept, 809.
 gently upon my, 644.
 gets his speeches by, 456.
 give lesson to the head, 422.
- Heart, give me back my, 540.
 gladness of, 1029.
 glows in every, 310.
 God granted a, ever new, 754.
 great thoughts come from the, 989.
 grief tears his, 341.
 gripping griefs the, wound, 404.
 grow fonder, absence makes the, 589.
 hand head and, go together, 747.
 hand upon many a, 643.
 hand with my, in 't, 43.
 hard was the, 38.
 has learned to glow, 346.
 hath 'scaped this sorrow, 162.
 hath tried, save he whose, 550.
 he seeth with the, 503.
 he who has truth at his, 746.
 head is not more native to the, 127.
 heresy of doctrine than heresy of, 650.
 how dear to this, 537.
 hymn of the broken in, 746.
 I give my hand and, 530.
 if guilt 's in that, 522.
 if your, be only true, 809.
 in comeliness of, 686.
 in concord beats, 485.
 in conjecture of a neighbour's, 935.
 in its central, nestles the seed, 742.
 in thy hand, 43.
 incense of the, 362, 538.
 is a free and fetterless thing, 867.
 is fixed, my, 1013.
 is freedom's shield, each, 863.
 is idly stirred, my, 471.
 is in a vein, when the, 525.
 is in the highlands, my, 450.
 is like a singing bird, 777.
 is steeped in the sun, 857.
 is true as steel, 58.
 is wax to be moulded, 978.
 kind and gentle, he had, 400.
 kindlier hand the eager, 676.
 knew of pain, all the, 662.
 knock at my ribs, 116.
 know truth by the, 985.
 knoweth his own bitterness, 1018.
 languor is not in your, 754.
 let me wring your, 140.
 level in her husband's, 75.
 lightest, heaviest mourning, 653.
 like a shadow o'er the, 764.
 look in thy, 34.
 look then into thine, 638.
 lord of the lion, 392.
 maketh glad the, 1015.
 man after his own, 1006.
 man's, deviseth his way, 1018.
 many a feeling, 502.
 merry, doeth good, 1019.
 merry, goes all the day, 77.
 merry, maketh a cheerful countenance, 1018.
 more native to the, 127.
 mother, within me, 811.
 moved more than with a trumpet, 34.

- Heart, music in my, I bore, 473.
 must have something to cherish, 645.
 my book and, 872.
 my fond, shall pant for you, 859.
 naked human, 308.
 nature's, beats strong, 664.
 nature's, in tune, 587.
 ne'er within him burned, 488.
 new fountains in the human, 597.
 new opened, I feel my, 99.
 next our own, 569.
 of a maiden is stolen, when the, 521.
 of a man is depressed, 348.
 of another, enrich not the, 643.
 of courtesy, seated in the, 34.
 of fire, 802.
 of heart, in my, 138.
 of little faith, 814.
 of man depressed with cares, 348.
 of man, the devil dwells in, 218.
 of mine, this dark, 636.
 of my mystery, pluck out the, 139.
 of nature, out from the, 614.
 of the great ocean, and the, 640.
 of the mountains, 767.
 old man's, blood in an, 723.
 on her lips, 554.
 on my, monastic aisles, 614.
 one hand one flag one, 690.
 or head, where is fancy bred in, 63.
 or hope, nor bate a jot of, 252.
 out of the abundance of the, 1031.
 pang that rends the, 398.
 passion or excitement of the, 657.
 plays an old tune on the, 724.
 preaching down a daughter's, 669.
 ran o'er with silent worship, 554.
 repairs, a generous, 344.
 replies, and the, 422.
 responds unto his own, 640.
 riven with vain endeavour, 473.
 rotten at the, 61.
 ruddy drops that visit my sad, 112.
 ruddy drops that warm my, 383.
 same, beats in every breast, 754.
 seeth with the, 503.
 Shakespeare unlocked his, 485, 713.
 show his eyes and grieve his, 123.
 sick, maketh the, 1018.
 sigh that rends thy constant, 402.
 sinking, changing cheek, 550.
 sky did never melt into his, 468.
 sleep mournful, and let, 685.
 sleeps on his own, 471.
 so full a drop overfills it, 734.
 some, did break, 674.
 song that nerves a nation's, 682.
 spring of love gushed from my, 498.
 stabs falsehood to the, 731.
 strike mine eyes not my, 178.
 stuff which weighs upon the, 125.
 such partings break the, 540.
 suffered idleness to eat his, 30.
 sweet creation of some, 546.
 sweetly tender, 667.
 take thy beak from out my, 656.
 tears rise in the, 672.
- Heart, tenderest, even the, 569.
 that has truly loved, 520.
 that if believed, doubt one, 686.
 that is broken, soothe a, 492.
 that is soonest awake, 520.
 that loved her, betray the, 467.
 that mighty, is lying still, 470.
 that never feels a pain, 377.
 that was humble, 518.
 the seson priketh every gentil, 2.
 they say Ward has no, 456.
 to conceive, 874.
 to drown the outcry of the, 585.
 to eate thy, 30.
 to heal a coward, 807.
 to heart mind to mind, 488.
 to resolve, 430.
 toil on poor, unceasingly, 719.
 tongue nor, cannot conceive, 120.
 too little for our, 717.
 twa bairns and but ae, 587.
 unpack my, with words, 135.
 untainted, 94.
 untravelled fondly turns to thee, 394.
 upon my sleeve, wear my, 149.
 veracity the, of morality, 762.
 want of, 592.
 war was in his, 1013.
 warm within, 422.
 was as great as the world, 621.
 was kind and soft, 436.
 was rich, for his, 684.
 was wax to receive, 554.
 way to hit a woman's, 612.
 we may live without, 779.
 weed's plain, 731.
 what female, can gold despise, 381.
 when we meet a mutual, 358.
 where your treasure is, 1030.
 which most enamour us, 554.
 which others bleed for, 294.
 whispers the o'erfraught, 124.
 whose lines are mottoes of the, 514.
 widow's, to sing for joy, 1009.
 will break, thus the, 543.
 with heart in concord, 485.
 with strings of steel, 139.
 with women the, argues, 754.
 with your treasure, 1030.
 within and God o'erhead, 639.
 would break my jealous, 279.
 would fain deny, 124.
- Hearts and sentiments were free, 817.
 are great, hoard is little but, 678.
 are mighty, 46.
 are warm, our, 864.
 as light, fill to-night with, 633.
 believe the truths I tell, 389.
 bid the tyrants defiance, 516.
 cheerful, now broken, 523.
 cherish those, that hate thee, 100.
 confess the saints elect, all, 651.
 day-star arise in your, 1041.
 dry as summer dust, 479.
 endure, of all that human, 367.
 ensanguined, 420.
 feeling, touch but rightly, 455.

- Hearts, hands not, 155.
 he fashioneth their, alike, 1011.
 here bring your wounded, 524.
 in glad surprise, our, 646.
 in love use their own tongues, 51.
 in our own honest, 579.
 kind, are more than coronets, 667.
 lie withered, when true, 521.
 love in your, as idly burns, 213.
 of his countrymen, 445.
 of his fellow-citizens, 445.
 of kings, enthroned in the, 64.
 of oak are our ships, 388.
 of the owners, open as the, 642.
 our, our hopes are all with thee, 641.
 our, our hopes our prayers, 641.
 passion of great, 732.
 resolved on victory or death, 990.
 shrined in our, with Cressy, 726.
 steal away your, 114.
 that break and give no sign, 690.
 that love, dissensions between, 526.
 that once beat high, 519.
 that the world had tried, 526.
 the truest, that ever, 580.
 there is no union here of, 496.
 there still are, 998.
 though stout and brave, 638.
 thousand, beat happily, 542.
 time demands strong minds great,
 730.
 to live in, we leave behind, 516.
 two, that beat as one, 991.
 union of, union of hands, 609.
 unkind, I have heard of, 466.
 unto wisdom, apply our, 1014.
 were drunk with a beauty, 855.
 wise, better than wilderness of fools,
 747.
 within our, of hearts, 763.
- Heart's content, 770.
 core, wear him in my, 138.
 deep well, 869.
 desire, land of, 849.
 desire, remould it nearer to, 849.
 desires be with you, your, 66.
 hope and home, 574.
 Oh her, adrift with one, 765.
 supreme ambition, 377.
- Heartache, end the, 135.
- Heartfelt joy, sunshine and, 319.
- Hearth, clean fire and clean, 508.
 cricket on the, 250.
 his, the earth his hall the azure, 617.
 vanished from his lonely, 486.
- Heartsome wi' thee, 859.
- Heart-stain, ne'er carried a, 519.
- Heart-strings, jesses were my dear,
 153.
- Heart-throbs, count time by, 721.
- Hearty old man, 506.
- Heat, cold that moderates, 978.
 fantastic summer's, 81.
 for the cold and cold for the hot,
 978.
 have neither, nor light, 180.
 ma'am it was so dreadful, 461.
 not a furnace for your foe, 98.
- Heat of conflict, through the, 476.
 of the day, burden and, 1032.
 one, doth drive another, 36.
 one draught above, 74.
 sea-flowers toward the, 807.
 that Promethean, 156.
 to examine the laws of, 812.
 we bear the burden and the, 753.
- Heated hot in a moment, little chimney,
 646.
- Heath, land of brown, 489.
 my foot is on my native, 493.
- Heathen Chinese is peculiar, 813.
 hate, looked the twin of, 682.
- Heather go tramping over the, 844.
- Heath-flower dashed the dew, from
 the, 491.
- Heating, wain without, 312.
- Heat-oppressed brain, 119.
- Heaven a time ordains, 252.
 above us, starlight of, 714.
 achromatic white light of, 636.
 all places alike distant from, 190.
 all that we believe of, 280.
 all the way to, 259.
 all things in, and earth, 31.
 alone is given away, 734.
 and earth, men differ as, 679.
 and earth, more things in, 133.
 and earth unfolds, 57.
 and happy constellations, 238.
 and hell, alternate, 763.
 and hell, worst and best as, 679.
 and home, points of, 485.
 approving, 355.
 around our infancy, 733.
 around us all, 522.
 ascribe to, 73.
 beauteous eye of, 79.
 beholding, feeling hell, 526.
 below, like a little, 302.
 better than serve in, 224.
 between earth and, 798.
 breaks the serene of, 507.
 breath of, 416.
 bright sun of, 101.
 bring with thee airs from, 130.
 but tries our virtue, 380.
 cannot heal, no sorrow that, 524.
 commences, his, 396.
 confess yourself to, 141.
 dear to, is saintly chastity, 245.
 dearest foe in, 128.
 deeds are the sons of, 368.
 did you fall right down from, 857.
 doth with us as we with torches, 46.
 drowsy with the harmony, 56.
 earth's crammed with, 659.
 every heart aspires to, 534.
 every purpose under the, 1022.
 every virtue under, 329.
 exhaled and went to, 308.
 face of, so fine, 107.
 fantastic tricks before high, 48.
 farther off from, 592.
 fault to, 127.
 fell from, 225.
 fiercest spirit that fought in, 226.

- Heaven first taught letters, 333.
 first-born, offspring of, 230.
 floor of, is thick inlaid, 65.
 fragrance smells to, 362.
 from all creatures hides, 315.
 from, it came, 508.
 from yon blue, 667.
 gained a friend from, 386.
 gates of, to the, 473.
 gems of, 233.
 gentle rain from, 64.
 gives its favourites early death, 546.
 glories float between the earth and,
 631.
 gluttony ne'er looks to, 246.
 God alone to be seen in, 553.
 God is in his, 705.
 good sense the gift of, 322.
 grants before the prayer, 269.
 great eye of, 27.
 had made her such a man, 150.
 harbingers to, 221.
 has no rage like love to hatred
 turned, 294.
 has not power upon the past, 274.
 has willed we die alone, 569.
 hath done for this land, what, 540.
 have ye souls in, too, 577.
 he cried, O, 513.
 he gained from, a friend, 386.
 he hath in him, most of, 721.
 hell I suffer seems a, 231.
 high hope for a low, 54.
 hills whose heads touch, 150.
 his blessed part to, 100.
 how art thou fallen from, 1025.
 husbandry in, 119.
 in each heart a little, 288.
 in her eye, 237.
 in hope to merit, 540.
 invites hell threatens, 307.
 is heard no more in, 235.
 is love for love is heaven, 487.
 is more and less than just, 763.
 is not always angry, 289.
 is not reached at a single, 730.
 is shining o'er us, 863.
 is there care in, 28.
 itself would stoop to her, 246.
 journey like the path to, 244.
 joy of, to earth come down, 860.
 just are the ways of, 344.
 kindred points of, 485.
 lay up treasures in, 1028.
 leave her to, 132.
 led the way to, 313.
 less of earth than, 491.
 let through, such light as never, 806.
 lies about us in our infancy, 477.
 light from, 447, 549.
 light of, restore, 340.
 livery of the court of, 598.
 made him, every man is as, 974.
 man alone beneath the, 488.
 matches are made in, 192.
 moderation the gift of, 884.
 my offence is rank it smells to, 139.
 no more subtle master under, 681.
- Heaven, nothing can cover his fame
 but, 198.
 nothing true but, 524.
 O, her dancing, 608.
 of charms divine, 343.
 of hell, in itself can make a, 224.
 of invention, the brightest, 90.
 of stars, 809.
 offspring of, 230.
 on earth, 232.
 on our dull side, after, 680.
 one minute of, 526.
 opened wide her ever-during gates,
 236.
 opening bud to, conveyed, 500.
 or hell, summons thee to, 119.
 path to, 244.
 permit to, 240.
 Persian's, is easily made, 519.
 pities hapless man, 343.
 places shall be hell that are not, 41.
 points out an hereafter, 298.
 prayer ardent opens, 309.
 quite in the verge of, 307.
 recompense did send, 386.
 remedies we ascribe to, 73.
 remembrance fallen from, 805.
 report they bore to, 307.
 rich man to enter into, 684.
 riches flow from bounteous, 346.
 sends us good meat, 388.
 she did but dream of, 270.
 shed, light which, 522.
 silent finger points to, 481.
 so clear an earth so calm, 725.
 so much of earth so much of, 472.
 soul look down from, 277.
 soul white as, 197.
 sounds my fame, 344.
 spires point to, 481.
 starry cope of, 234.
 starved for, 811.
 steep and thorny way to, 129.
 succour dawns from, 492.
 sweetened by the airs of, 612.
 taken quick to, 37.
 the desire of the soul, 837.
 the face of, 823.
 the gold bar of, 769.
 the selfsame, that frowns, 98.
 the sin forgiven by Christ in, 723.
 then, be thy aid, 578.
 things are the sons of, 368.
 thy hues were born in, 574.
 't is less of earth than, 608.
 't was whispered in; 't was muttered
 in hell, 862.
 to appreciate, well, 825.
 to be young was very, 476.
 to earth, doth glance from, 59.
 to gaudy day denies, which, 551.
 to the weary head, 593.
 too, all this and, 282.
 tries the earth, 734.
 upon earth, that, 593.
 visits, places the eye of, 80.
 wanted one immortal song, 267.
 was all tranquillity, 527.

- Heaven was not heaven if Phaon, 665.**
 were not heaven if we knew what it were, 256.
 when earth was nigher, 705.
 will bless your store, 433.
 winds of, visit her face, 128.
 wisdom sits alone topmost in, 723.
 with all its splendors, 733.
 with earth, melting, 653.
- Heavens blaze forth the death of**
 princes, 112.
 bowed the high, 23.
 declare the glory of God, 1011.
 givest the, their holiest hue, 751.
 hear these tell-tale women, 97.
 hung be the, with black, 93.
 opened and blazed, all the, 680.
 should fall, if ever the, 957.
 spangled, a shining frame, 300.
 that which we call the, 903.
 to gain the, 794.
- Heaven's best treasures, 387.**
 breath smells wooolingly, 117.
 chancery, flew up to, 379.
 cherubim horsed, 118.
 decree, curst by, 398.
 ebon vault, 568.
 eternal year is thine, 270.
 first law, order is, 319.
 gate, the lark at, 159.
 gates, she claps her wings at, 32.
 hand, argue not against, 209.
 help is better than early rising, 976.
 immortal noon, 566.
 last best gift, 235.
 lights, godfathers of, 54.
 melodious strains, 695.
 own light, 496.
 pavement, riches of, 225.
 Sovereign saves, 308.
 sweetest air, 162.
 wide pathless way, 250.
- Heaven-born band, 465.**
Heaven-directed to the poor, 321.
Heaven-eyed creature, 486.
Heaven-kissing hill, 140.
Heavenly air is blent with blue, as,
 729.
 blessings, 302.
 crystal flood, 821.
 days that cannot die, 469.
 empire of the, 29.
 Father may assuage, pray the, 660.
 gift of poesy, profaned thy, 270.
 habitants, converse with, 245.
 harmony, from, 271.
 hope is all serene, 535.
 host, ye, 278.
 jewel, have I caught my, 34.
 lays, pure delight by, 477.
 maid was young, 390.
 music, that, 587.
 paradise is that place, 485.
 spirits, is there love in, 28.
 woods and glades, 817.
- Heaven-taught lyre, 377.**
Heaviest battalions, 987.
 mourning, lightest heart makes, 653.
- Heaviest words, all, 790.**
Heaviness, spirit of, 1026.
Heavy and red, eyelids, 594.
 change, but O the, 247.
 Hebrew in the dying light, 623.
 Hector still survives, while, 338.
 Hecuba to him, what's, 134.
 Hedge a king, divinity doth, 142.
 Hedgehog rolled up, lies like a, 593.
Heed for himself, will take no, 470.
 take, lest he fall, 1037.
Heeds not he hears not, 623.
Heedless, unwise to be, 901.
Heel, at his, a stone, 405.
 despot's, is on thy shore, 813.
 of the courtier, 143.
 tread each other's, 308.
 tread upon another's, 143.
- Heels, Cæsar with a senate at his, 319.**
 detraction at your, 76.
 I took to my, 889.
 of pleasure, treads upon the, 295.
 slippers good to the, 690.
 with an income at its, 415.
- Height, gray unmeasured, 790.**
 objects in an airy, 287.
 of man, measure of the, 905.
 of this great argument, 223.
 sunshine dreaming upon Salmon's, 757.
- Heights by great men reached, 643.**
 look beyond the, 784.
 on the, it is warmer, 997.
 other, in other lives, 706.
 the soul is competent to gain, 480.
- Heir of all the ages, 669.**
 of fame, great, 251.
 the world creation's, 394.
 to, shocks that flesh is, 135.
 to the first, each second stood, 149.
 with all her children wants an, 321.
- Heirs of truth and pure delight, 477.**
 unknown, 321.
- Held thy guard, so grimly, 749.**
 to their faith unseduced, 746.
 tu, say nothin' thet you can be, 737.
- Helen, like another, 272.**
Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt, 59.
Helicon's harmonious springs, 382.
Helios, Antigonus the son of, 926.
Hell, agreement with, 633, 1026.
 all places shall be, 41.
 alternate heaven and, 763.
 beholding heaven feeling, 526.
 better to reign in, 224.
 blasts from, 130.
 broke loose, all, 234.
 characters of, to trace, 383.
 contains no fouler fiend, 345.
 cunning livery of, 48.
 damned use that word in, 108.
 day and night and death and, 678.
 detests him as the gates of, 338.
 fear of, 's a hangman's whip, 448.
 for hoarding went to, 95.
 for horses, England, 192.
 for women, Italy, 192.

- Hell from beneath is moved, 1025.
 God-forsaken ante-room of, 728.
 grew darker at their frown, 229.
 guests in the depths of, 1017.
 gun-deck two hundred feet of, 748.
 has no fury like a woman scorned,
 294.
 horrible light-house of, 591.
 I suffer seems a heaven, 231.
 injured lover's, 235.
 into the mouth of, 671.
 is full of good intentions, 372.
 is full of good meanings, 205.
 is moved for thee, 1025.
 it is in suing long to bide, 29.
 itself breathes out contagion, 139.
 long is the way out of, 227.
 madness risen from, 805.
 making earth a, 540.
 milk of concord into, 124.
 myself am, 231.
 no fiend can match in, 296.
 of heaven in itself can make a, 224.
 of waters, 545.
 of witchcraft, 163.
 on earth, 838.
 paved with good intentions, 372.
 procuress to the lords of, 675.
 quiet to quick bosoms is a, 543.
 rebellious, 140.
 riches grow in, 225.
 shall stir for this, all, 93.
 some fifteen minutes of, 825.
 summons thee to heaven or to, 119.
 taste of fame to want is a, 632.
 terrible as, 228.
 there is not a fiercer, 577.
 threatens heaven invites, 307.
 to choose love by another's eyes, 57.
 to ears polite, never mentions, 322.
 trembled at the hideous name, 229.
 't was muttered in, 862.
 which way I fly is, 231.
 within him, 231.
 within myself, I feel a, 218.
 worst and best as heaven and, 679.
 Hell's concave, tore, 224.
 Hellespont and the Propontic, 155.
 Helm, Palinurus nodded at the, 332.
 pleasure at the, 383.
 when the sea is calm, 896.
 Helmet for a blow on the head, 950.
 shall make a hive for bees, 25.
 that is Mambrino's, 972.
 Help, after verb to love to, most beau-
 tiful, 868.
 angels make assay, 139.
 encumbers him with, 370.
 herb of, 807.
 hindrance and a, 472.
 his ready, was ever nigh, 366.
 in trouble, a very present, 1012.
 it, wicked anyhow I can't, 700.
 me Cassius or I sink, 110.
 me, who ran to, 535.
 of man, vain is the, 1013.
 others out of a fellow-feeling, 185.
 past, should be past grief, 77.
 Help themselves, God helps them that,
 360.
 thyself and God will, 206, 983.
 Helper, our antagonist is our, 411.
 our, he amid the flood, 956.
 Helter-skelter hurry-scurry, 506.
 Hemisphere of light and darkness, 583.
 Hemlocks, the sad, 784.
 Hempen string, sing in a, 184.
 Hen gathereth her chickens, 1033.
 has a right to set, 787.
 two owls and a, 703.
 Henceforth in me instil, 794.
 Henceforward betwixt us twain, 679.
 therefore be at peace, 645.
 Hender, no one nigh to, 736.
 Henpecked you all, 555.
 Her Majesty's councils his words, 768.
 Heraclitus would not laugh, what, 484.
 Herald Mercury, like the, 140.
 no other, after my death, 101.
 of joy, perfectest, 51.
 Herald's coat without sleeves, 87.
 Heraldry, our new, is hands, 155.
 the boast of, 384.
 Herb of help, 807.
 Herbs and other country messes, 248.
 better is a dinner of, 1018.
 far more than, and flowers, 630.
 powerful grace that lies in, 106.
 Herbe, dainty flowre or, 28.
 Hercules do what he may, 145.
 he is a second, 908.
 no more like than I to, 128.
 Herd, the lowing, 384.
 Here a little and there a little, 1026.
 he lies, 830.
 I and sorrows sit, 79.
 in the body pent, 497.
 is the whole set, 442.
 is woe, 799.
 lies a truly honest man, 259.
 lies our sovereign, 279.
 nor there, neither, 156.
 once through an alley, 656.
 out of everywhere into the, 759.
 rests his head, 386.
 's to the housewife, 442.
 's to the maiden, 442.
 's to the widow of fifty, 442.
 we are, as on a darkling, 753.
 we are, Nantucket 's sunk and, 724.
 we will sit, 65.
 Hereafter, points out an, 298.
 that ye will seek, 579.
 Hereditary bondsmen, 541.
 Heresies, new truths begin as, 762.
 Heresy of doctrine than heart, better,
 650.
 what 's down is, 684.
 Heretofore sin-spotted soul, most, 757.
 Heritage, I have a goodly, 1010.
 names that are England's noblest,
 726.
 noble by, 285.
 of old age, 626.
 of woe, lord of himself, that, 551.
 service is no, 73.

- Heritage, the sea, our, 537.
Hermes unsuspected dying, I see, 742.
Hermit, a sceptred, 865.
 dwell a weeping, 390.
 dwell, shall I like a, 26.
 man the, sighed, 513.
 of Prague, the old, 77.
 of the dale, gentle, 402.
Hermitage, take that for an, 260.
Hero and the man complete, 299.
 as in life a friend, 340.
 every, becomes a bore at last, 619.
 he who aspires to be a, 374.
 made by murder of millions, 425.
 perish or sparrow fall, 315.
 see the conquering, 281.
 to his valet, no one is a, 926.
Heroes as great have died, 340.
 hail ye, heaven-born band, 465.
 if we will, Gods are we, 754.
 of old, my peers the, 711.
 these, are dead, 784.
 to believe in the heroic makes, 628.
Herod, out-herods, 137.
Heroic deed, counsel and, 456.
 enterprise is gone, 409.
 he who would write, poems, 580.
 his whole life a, poem, 580.
 poem a biography, 582.
 stoic Cato, 559.
 to believe in the, makes heroes, 628.
Heroism feels and never reasons, 621.
 is the triumph of the soul, 994.
Herostratus lives, 219.
Herring, nor good red, 13.
Herrings, Douglas in red, 563.
Herte, seson priketh every gentil, 2.
Herveys, men women and, 461.
Hesitate dislike, 327.
Hesperides to fairyland, 850.
Hesperus that led the starry host, 233.
Heterodoxy another man's doxy, 1058.
Hew and hack, somebody to, 211.
Hexameter, in the, 504.
Hey-day in the blood, 140.
Hic jacet, its forlorn, 469.
 these two narrow words, 27.
Hid, murder cannot long be, 62.
 universe, what a, 848.
Hidden and intimate things, 997.
 soul of harmony, 249.
Hide her shame, 403.
 man within him, 49.
 myself in thee, let me, 432.
 offences to bare to, 101.
 the fault I see, to, 334.
 their diminished heads, 231.
 those hills of snow, 49, 184.
 thou wear a lion's, 79.
 your diminished rays, 322.
Hides a dark soul, 244.
 a shining face, 423.
 beauties while she, reveals, 378.
 from himself his state, 365.
 what they are, 664.
Hideous, makes night, 331.
 making night, 131.
Hideth his sharp ribs, labor pining, 696.
Hiding-place, dark and lonely, 501.
Hied me off to Arcady, 795.
Hierophants of inspiration, 568.
Hies to his confine, erring spirit, 126.
High above her head, bearing, 704.
 ambition lowly laid, 487.
 and fair, make thy castles, 646.
 and haughty yearning, where the,
 756.
 and low barometer, 797.
 and low, death makes equal, 9.
 and low, till nature, 685.
 and palmy state of Rome, 126.
 cause to suffer, for a, 746.
 characters cries one, 257.
 converse, hold, 356.
 descent, no record of her, 763.
 erected thoughts, 34.
 estate, fallen from his, 271.
 friendship, condition which, de-
 mands, 619.
 hope for a low heaven, 54.
 hopes, stirred up with, 254.
 instincts, 478.
 life, high characters from, 320.
 lineage, a damsel of, 678.
 mountains are a feeling, 543.
 mysteries, priestess of night's, 613.
 of the most, cometh healing, 1029.
 on a throne of royal state, 226.
 over-arched, 224, 239.
 prize the world holds on, 746.
 spirits jar our quiet mood, children
 with, 632.
 thinking and plain living, 472.
 thought and amiable words, 681.
 to Him no, no low, 316.
High-blown pride broke under me, 99.
High-born Hoel's harp, 383.
Higher law than the Constitution, 606.
 levels rise, hearts to, 646.
 than himself, see nothing, 694.
Highest and best, loving and serving,
 716.
 form of government, 773.
 human nature is divine, 683.
 on the tree, the ripest peach is, 833.
 peppered the, 399.
 stand level with the, 798.
 summit of art, 995.
 thing is truth, 4.
 virtue, true humility the, 680.
Highgate Hill, as I came down the,
 855.
Highland Mary, spare his, 649.
Highlands, my heart's in the, 450.
High-lived company, 402.
Highly fed and lowly taught, 73.
 what thou wouldst, 117.
Highness' dog at Kew, 334.
High-road to England, 370.
Highway is unfeatured air, my, 725.
Highways, rivers are, 985.
Hill apart, sat on a, 228.
 as it hurried down the, 750.
 by the wind-beaten, 515.
 city that is set on an, 1030.
 cot beside the, 455.

- Hill, had climbed the highest, 861.
 heaven-kissing, 140.
 king of France went up the, 872.
 of dream, 837.
 on every, they lie, 634.
 on the 'customed, 386.
 over the, to the poor-house, 825.
 that skirts the down, 428.
 yon high eastward, 127.
- Hills ancient as the sun, 572.
 and valleys dales and fields, 40.
 cattle upon a thousand, 1012.
 craggy, and running streams, 653.
 far across the, they went, 670.
 happy, pleasing shade, 381.
 hewn on Norwegian, 224.
 in melancholy gold, bathe the, 613.
 look over on the south, 841.
 of manhood wear a noble, 664.
 of snow, hide those, 49, 184.
 of the stormy north, 571.
 over the, and far away, 348, 670.
 peep o'er hills, 323.
 praise be to you O, 846.
 rock-ribbed and ancient, 572.
 strong amid the, 664.
 the, are full of marble, 792.
 to the reverberate, 75.
 where spices grow, 302.
 whose heads touch heaven, 150.
- Hillside, conduct ye to a, 253.
 Hill-tops far away, o'er the, 831.
- Him, from, that hath not, 1033.
 no high no low to, 316.
 of the western dome, 268.
 that was the truth, by, 684.
 who made us, eye of, 691.
- Himself a host, 337.
 from God he could not free, 614.
- Hind mated by the lion, 73.
 rational, Costard, 54.
- Hinders needle and thread, 594.
- Hindmost, devil take the, 211.
- Hindrance and a help, 472.
- Hinge nor loop, 154.
- Hinges, golden, moving, 236.
 grate harsh thunder, 229.
 pregnant, of the knee, 137.
- Hint a fault, just, 327.
 to speak, it was my, 150.
 upon this, I spake, 151.
- Hip and thigh, smote them, 1006.
 have ye him on the, 18.
 I have you on the, 65.
- Hippocrene, blushing, 575.
- Hire, labourer is worthy of his, 1034.
- His faith might be wrong, 260.
 requiring taught, truth at, 650.
 smile is sweetened by gravity, 729.
 terrible swift sword, 747.
 time is forever, 260.
 truth is marching on, 747.
- Hiss for the fly, the Lord shall, 1025.
- Historian of my country's woes, 342.
 poet naturalist and, 367.
- Histories make men wise, 168.
- History, anything but, 304.
 bloom upon the stock of, 486.
- History, dignity of, 304, 603.
 ever hear by tale or, 57.
 every great crisis of human, 758.
 hath triumphed over time, 26.
 he has invented, 987.
 in a nation's eyes, 385.
 is philosophy teaching by examples,
 304.
 is the essence of innumerable, 583.
 must be false, 304.
 picture of human crimes, 987.
 portance in my travels', 150.
 rattling good, 816.
 register of crimes, 430.
 repeats itself, 1000.
 strange eventful, 69.
 truth of anything by, 910.
 what is her, 75.
 while we read, we make, 758.
 with all her volumes, 546.
- History's page, names inscribed in,
 726.
- Hit, a very palpable, 145.
 the nail on the head, 183.
- Hits the mark, 161.
- Hitch your wagon to a star, 620.
- Hitches in a rhyme, 328.
- Hitherto shalt thou come, 1009.
- Hive for bees, his helmet a, 25.
- Hiving wisdom, 544.
- Hoar antiquity, ways of, 403.
- Hoard is little but our hearts, our, 678.
 of maxims preaching, 669.
- Hoarding went to hell, for his, 95.
- Hoarse rough verse, 324.
- Hoarseness of his note, 423.
- Hoary head is a crown of glory, 1018.
 my days but dull and, 264.
- Hobby-horse is forgot, 138.
- Hobgoblin, consistency is a, 618.
- Hobson's choice, 1049.
- Hocus-pocus science, 350.
- Hoe, tickle the earth with a, 612.
- Hoel's harp, to high-born, 383.
- Hog in Epicurus' sty, fattest, 393.
- Hogs eat acorns, greater ease than,
 210.
- Hoist with his own petar, 141.
- Hold a candle, 351.
 an hour's converse, 775.
 enough, cries, 126.
 fast that which is good, 1039.
 high converse, 356.
 his peace hereafter, forever, 1042.
 makes nice of no vile, 79.
 me to your deep breast, 794.
 scepter of rule is the spade I, 660.
 the fleet angel, 362.
 the fort I am coming, 867.
 the mirror up to nature, 137.
 thou the good, 675.
 to have and to, 1042.
 to thine ear, 793.
 with the hare, 12.
- Holds fast the golden mean, 424.
 in itself the seed, 647.
 some joy of silence, 865.
- Hole, Cæsar might stop a, 144.

- Hole in a' your coats, 449.
 like a poisoned rat in a, 292.
 mouse of one poor, 206, 336.
 of discretion, the little, 56.
- Holes, foxes have, 1031.
 triangular and square, 461.
 where eyes did once inhabit, 96.
- Holiday, to make a Roman, 546.
- Holidays, all the year were playing,
 83.
- Holiday-rejoicing spirit, 509.
- Holier laws, of purer science, 728.
- Holiest end of woman's being, 686.
 hue, givest the heavens their, 751.
 thing alive, 502.
- Holly, that wouldst thou, 117.
- Holiness, in the beauties of, 1015.
- Holland lies, where, 395.
- Holler, providence fashioned us, 735.
- Hollow, all was false and, 226.
 blasts of wind, 347.
 murmurs died away in, 390.
 oak our palace is, 537.
 sea-shell, 824.
 the grassy, 772.
- Hollows crowned with summer sea,
 681.
- Hollow-eyed, sharp-looking, 50.
- Holly branch on the old oak wall, 589.
- Holy angels guard thy bed, 302.
 as He died to make men, 748.
 book, Mohammed's truth in a, 665.
 dreams grow, put in action, 761.
 each mountain is a, altar, 595.
 faith that warmed, the, 689.
 ground, call it, 570.
 ground, where sorrow is, 836.
 haunted ground, 541.
 its stripes were a, lesson, 748.
 land, 798.
 text around she strews, 385.
 time is quiet as a nun, the, 470.
 where they fell, and, 634.
 where they fought, the land is, 634.
 writ, old odd ends stolen out of, 96.
 writ, proofs of, 154.
- Homage, all things do her, 31.
 from contemporaries, 601.
 of a tear, the, 541.
 of thoughts unspoken, 643.
 vice pays to virtue, 981.
 worthless pomp of, 571.
- Home again, oh to be, 724.
 anchor of our peace at, 435.
 and I am far from, 307.
 at ease, live at, 176.
 at evening's close, hie him, 386.
 beauty wrought lies close at, 650.
 behold our, 550.
 best country ever is at, 394.
 creep, and take your place, 729.
 day's march nearer, 497.
 deep imaged in his soul, 345.
 draw near their eternal, 221.
 dream of, 525.
 each heart is whispering, 594.
 exile from, 568.
 filled one, with glee, 570.
- Home from the sea, 830.
 God who is our, 477.
 his footsteps he hath turned, 488.
 home at last, 594.
 homely features to keep, 246.
 I am going, 615.
 in a better place at, 67.
 in the ambush of my name strike,
 47.
 is home though never so homely,
 568.
 is on the deep, 514.
 is the sailor, home from the sea,
 830.
 keep his only son at, 392.
 kiss till the cow comes, 197.
 make friends at, 908.
 makes her loved at, 447.
 man goeth to his long, 1023.
 my old Kentucky, good night, 764.
 next way, farthest way about, 204.
 no place like, 568.
 of the brave, 517.
 old England is our, 629.
 on the rolling deep, 714.
 our souls at, with God, 728.
 out of house and, 89.
 points of heaven and, 485.
 revered abroad and loved at, 447.
 shall I never feel at, 841.
 sweet home, 568.
 that dear hut our, 362.
 that drive one from, 593.
 that frets above our peaceful, 578.
 the wise man is at, 617.
 there 's nobody at, 336.
 to men's bosoms, 164.
 to roost, chickens come, 630.
 turns again, 685.
 uneasy and confined at, 315.
 when you knock is never at, 415.
- Homes, forced from their, 395.
 homeless near a thousand, 465.
 of England, the stately, 569.
 of silent prayer, eyes are, 674.
- Homebound fancy, 606.
- Home-bred kine, beeves and, 474.
- Home-keeping youth, 44.
- Homeless and sobbing, 775.
 near a thousand homes, 465.
- Homely features to keep home, 246.
 wits, home-keeping youth have, 44.
- Home-made dishes that drive, 593.
- Homer all the books you need, 280.
 deep-browed, 576.
 Greece boasts her, 271.
 himself must beg, 189.
 living begged his bread, 189.
 nods, nor is it, 323.
 our poets steal from, 185.
 seven cities warred for, 194.
 sometimes nods, 892.
- Homer's birth, seven cities claim, 194
 golden chain, 191.
 lamp appeared, ere, 414.
 rule the best, 328.
- Homeward course, happy, 802.
- Hone, I like your book ingenious, 509

- Honest and true, 450.
 as any man living, 52.
 as the world goes, 133.
 exceeding poor man, 62.
 God, 784.
 good just and, 858.
 I am myself indifferent, 136.
 in our own hearts, 579.
 in the sight of all men, 1036.
 labor, pauperism feasteth while,
 696.
 labour bears a lovely face, 182.
 man is aboon his might, 452.
 man is the noblest work of God,
 319.
 man looked, 796.
 man preferred to rich, 919.
 my friends were poor but, 73.
 tale speeds best, 97.
 to be direct and, 154.
 toil, honor lies in, 804.
 whatsoever things are, 1039.
- Honester, old man and no, 52.
- Honesty, armed so strong in, 114.
 corruption wins not more than, 100.
 dwells like a miser, 72.
 is his fault, 109.
 is the best policy, 976.
 neither manhood nor, 83.
 no legacy so rich as, 73.
 no, nor manhood in thee, 83.
 party, is party expediency, 804.
 spring and root of, 915.
- Honey and the honeycomb, 1011.
 flowing with milk and, 1005.
 gather, all the day, 302.
 words sweet as, 337.
- Honey-blossom, her mouth is a, 809.
- Honey-dew, hath fed on, 500.
- Honeyed dew, 878.
 showers, 247.
- Honey-heavy dew of slumber, 111.
- Honeyless, leave them, 115.
- Honied phrases, 844.
- Honour, all is lost save, 999.
 and greatness of his name, 101.
 and shame from no condition rise,
 319.
 and years, full of, 723.
 as in war, 103.
 bed of, 212, 305.
 bestowing, pudding pence, 609.
 but an empty bubble, 272.
 chastity of, 410.
 comes a pilgrim gray, 390.
 dead on the field of, 1000.
 depths and shoals of, 100.
 dies, when faith is lost when, 649.
 faithful and clear in, 323.
 from corruption keep, 101.
 gives greatness, if, 436.
 grip, where feel your, 448.
 hath no skill in surgery, 87.
 hurt that, feels, 669.
 in thee only what is best, 840.
 is a mere scutcheon, 87.
 is at the stake, 142.
 is lodged, place where, 214.
- Honour is lost, what is left when, 895.
 is spick and span new, 212.
 is the subject of my story, 110.
 jealous in, 69.
 lies in honest toil, 804.
 lies, there all the, 319.
 love obedience troops of friends, 124.
 loved I not, more, 259.
 man being in, abideth not, 1012.
 men who have, 730.
 mine shall be the post of, 349.
 new made, forgets men's names, 78.
 of more weight than an oath, 943.
 one vessel unto, 1036.
 our fortunes and our sacred, 434.
 pension list the roll of, 804.
 perfect ways of, 101.
 pluck up drowned, 84.
 post of, is a private station, 298.
 praise and glory given, 303.
 pricks me on, 87.
 prophet not without, 1031.
 public, is security, 875.
 razed from the books of, 161.
 rooted in dishonour, 680.
 set to a leg, 87.
 she knew what was, 237.
 sin to covet, if it be a, 92.
 sinks where commerce long prevails,
 394.
 that part more hurts, 214.
 the king, fear God, 1041.
 there comes, 390.
 thy father and mother, 881.
 to pluck bright, 84.
 toil shall have its wage and honour,
 798.
 turns with frown, defiant, 690.
 unto the wife, giving, 1041.
 what is that word, 87.
 without deserving, 35.
- Honours, bears his blushing, 99.
 lost, 794.
 more substantial, 406.
 of the dead, fading, 487.
 on its head, beauteous, 337.
 to the world, he gave his, 100.
- Honour's truckle-bed, 212.
 voice, can, 384.
- Honourable, ancient and, 1025.
 gentleman is the first, right, 700.
 men, all, 113.
 quixotic sense of the, 656.
 retreat, 70.
 right, gentleman caught Whigs, 624.
 wife, true and, 112.
- Honoured bones, Shakespeare's, 251.
 by strangers, 335.
 by the few, safe from many, 738.
 how loved how, 335.
 in his grave, 658.
 in the breach, 130.
 in their generations, 1029.
 so known so, 330.
- Hood, a page of, 690.
 drink with him that wears a, 22.
- Hooded clouds like friars, 639.
- Hoodwinked, judgment, 422.

- Hoofs of a swinish multitude, 410.
 Hook baited with a dragon's tail, 217.
 or crook, 15, 28.
 salt-fish on his, 158.
 Hooks of steel, 129.
 Hookas, divine in, 555.
 Hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 90.
 Hooping, out of all, 70.
 Hoops of steel, grapple them with, 129.
 three-hooped pot shall have ten, 94.
 Hoop's bewitching round, 378.
 Hooting at the glorious sun, 501.
 Hope abandon who enter here, 955.
 against hope, 496, 790, 1036.
 and longing at strife, 857.
 animated by faith and, 369.
 bade the world farewell, 513.
 bate a jot of heart or, 252.
 beacons of, ye appear, 754.
 break it to our, 126.
 cling to weakest, 561.
 constancy in wind, 539.
 could never hope too much, 676.
 critics who stamped out poets', 659.
 deferred, 1018.
 earthly, how bright soe'er, 535.
 elevates, 239.
 exiles feed on, 881.
 farewell, fear remorse, 231.
 final, is flat despair, 226.
 flag of the free heart's, 574.
 fondly do we, 661.
 fooled with, 276.
 for a fool, more, 1020.
 from, and fear set free, 806.
 frustrate of his, 253.
 happy place with me, 725.
 heavenly, is all serene, 535.
 her to attain, 28.
 high, for a low heaven, 54.
 I laugh for, 725.
 I live on, 822.
 in sure and certain, 1043.
 in the world, equal, 661.
 is brightest, 491.
 is like a harebell, 776.
 is theirs by fancy fed, 381.
 is there no, the sick man said, 349.
 light of, leave the, 514.
 lighthouse looked lovely as, 528.
 like the gleaming taper, 399.
 lined himself with, 88.
 loyal, 797.
 never comes that comes to all, 223.
 never to, again, 99.
 no other medicine but only, 48.
 none e'er loved without, 377.
 nor bate a jot of heart or, 252.
 of all ills that men endure, 261.
 of all who suffer, 649.
 of day, without all, 241.
 of many nations, 547.
 of my spirit, the, 524.
 of the resurrection, 1043.
 of Troy, Astyanax the, 338.
 one only, my heart can cheer, 596.
 owes its charm, memory no less than, 631.
- Hope, phantoms of, 367.
 pleasure, yet all, 276.
 prevail, let not, 869.
 prisoners of, 1028.
 repose in trembling, 386.
 sees a star, 784.
 springs eternal, 315.
 still relies on, 398.
 strength is felt from, 340.
 tells a flattering tale, 869.
 the charmer, 513.
 the dream of those that wake, 288.
 the wretch relies on, 398.
 there's a, for every woe, 596.
 thou hovering angel, 243.
 thou nurse of young desire, 427.
 though hope were lost, 433.
 to attain her, 28.
 to feed on, 29.
 to have mercy, 29.
 to meet again, the, 596.
 to merit heaven, 540.
 to the end, 1041.
 to write well hereafter, 253.
 told a flattering tale, 869.
 travels through, 318.
 true, is swift, 97.
 uncheered by, 537.
 wait thou child of, 696.
 was dead, grief calm and, 868.
 we have such, 1038.
 what is, but deceiving, 780.
 whence this pleasing, 298.
 where reason would despair, love can, 377.
 while there's life there's, 349.
 whispered, when every, 662.
 white-handed, 243.
 winged, 802.
 withering fled, 551.
 world will disagree in faith and, 318.
- Hopes, airy, my children, 480.
 be filled, with better, 862.
 belied our fears, 591.
 crawling upon my startled, 296.
 crost, 794.
 flood my heart with delight, 857.
 laid waste, 631.
 like towering falcons, 287.
 mortal, defeated, 482.
 my fondest, decay, 526.
 of all the years, 792.
 of future years, 641.
 of living, high, 254.
 only reaps from the, 780.
 sordid, and vain desires, 534.
 startled, 296.
 stirred up with high, 254.
 tender leaves of, 99.
 that after-times, every poet, 653.
 that can not die, 814.
- Hope's gayest wreaths are made, 653.
 perpetual breath, 474.
 tender blossoms, 991.
- Hoped we were both broken-hearted, 806.
- Hopeless anguish, 366.
 fancy feigned, by, 673.

- Hopeless sons of clay, love not ye, 653.
 Horace whom I hated so, 545.
 Horatio, as just a man, 137.
 I knew him, 144.
 in my mind's eye, 128.
 thrift, thrift, 128.
 to what base uses may we return,
 144.
 Horatius kept the bridge, 604.
 Horde, one polished, 560.
 Horizon, clouds along the, rolled, 613.
 I saw her just above the, 409.
 the, obeys me, 998.
 Horn, blast of that dread, 490.
 of the hunter, 861.
 one blast upon his bugle, 492.
 Pan lends his pagan, 331.
 the lusty horn, 71.
 thrice yon moon had filled her, 306.
 Triton blow his wreathed, 477.
 voice of that wild, 490.
 Horns, blown through the conchima-
 rian, 636.
 Horrible discord, brayed, 236.
 imaginings, 116.
 light-house of hell, 591.
 object, can there be a more, 585.
 shadow hence, 122.
 Horrid grind, one demd, 701.
 Horror, nodding, 243.
 of falling into naught, 298.
 of his folded tail, 251.
 secret dread and inward, 298.
 Horrors, hail, 223.
 on horror's head, 154.
 supped full with, 125.
 Horse, anger is like a full hot, 98.
 call me, 84.
 cart before the, 18.
 dark, 626.
 give me another, 97.
 gray mare the better, 17.
 little dearer than his, 669.
 look a gift, in the mouth, 11.
 lost for want of a shoe, 360.
 made fat by the king's eye, 915.
 my kingdom for a, 98.
 of that colour, 75.
 one, was blind, 510.
 philosophy is a good, 401.
 racer and hack traced to our, 605.
 ride a free, to death, 978.
 scarce would move a, 416.
 short, soon curried, 12.
 sick as a, 379.
 something in a flying, 468.
 starveth, while grass groweth, 14.
 talks of his, 61.
 that which is now a, 158.
 the taxed, 462.
 to the water, 14.
 trumpet sounds to, 296.
 Horses, between two, 93.
 Italy a paradise for, 192.
 not best to swap, 661.
 oats food for, 187.
 Horseback, beggar on, 190.
 sits on his, 78.
 Horsed, heaven's cherubim, 118.
 Horse-leech hath two daughters, 1021.
 Horsemanship, noble, 86.
 Horsemill, perpetual rack or, 188.
 Hortensius, his friend, 559.
 Hose a world too wide, 69.
 in darning ragged, 758.
 Hospitable thoughts intent, 235.
 Hospitality, given to, 1036.
 sitting with gladness, 644.
 Host, a fearless, no slave, 580.
 himself a, 337.
 mingling with the vulgar, 342.
 of the Garter, 45.
 reckoning without their, 12.
 that led the starry, 233.
 universal, up sent a shout, 224.
 ye heavenly, 278.
 Hosts of error, 843.
 Hostages to fortune, 165.
 Hostess' door, at mine, 78.
 without their, 32.
 Hostile empires, two everlasting, 583.
 Hot and rebellious liquors, 67.
 cold moist and dry, 229.
 hammer your iron when it is, 895.
 haste, mounting in, 542.
 heat not a furnace too, 98.
 in a moment, little chimney, 646.
 in the mouth, 75.
 temper leaps o'er a cold decree, 61.
 Hound, hold with the, 33.
 or spaniel, 148.
 run with the, 12.
 Hour, await the inevitable, 384.
 before the worshipped sun peered
 forth, 104.
 bounties of an, 306.
 busy with the crowded, 617.
 by his dial, 68.
 by Shrewsbury clock, 88.
 catch the transient, 366.
 cloud which wraps the present, 380.
 delight my private, 241.
 evening's calm and holy, 488.
 ever thus from childhood's, 526, 778.
 every, of light and dark a miracle,
 744.
 for a dark, 120.
 for one short, 554.
 friendliest to sleep, 235.
 I have had my, 274.
 if we do but watch the, 555.
 improve each shining, 302.
 in a sunny, fall off, 526.
 insects of the, 410.
 lives its little, 573.
 luckless from that, 228.
 make the coming, o'erflow, 73.
 may lay it in the dust, 541.
 nothing can bring back the, 478.
 now 's the day and now 's the, 450.
 of blind old Dandolo, one, 545.
 of ease, tanned reaper in his, 751.
 of glorious life, one crowded, 493.
 of might, in their, 526.
 of night, the cheerless, 568.
 of that Dundee, single, 474.

- Hour of virtuous liberty, 298.
 oft in the tranquil, of night, 597.
 one golden, 766.
 one little, 775.
 one self-approving, 319.
 pensioner on the bounties of an,
 306.
 rose that lives its little, 573.
 this consecrated, 862.
 time and the, 116.
 to hour we ripe and ripe, 68.
 to open for the world a purer, 725.
 to waste, nor suffer one bright, 696.
 torturing, 226, 382.
 troublesome insects of the, 410.
 upon the stage, frets his, 125. °
 weep for the, 520.
 when God sends a cheerful, 252.
 when lovers' vows, 551.
 with beauty's chain, 525.
 wonder of an, the, 541.
 wraps the present, 380.
- Hours and minutes, we reckon, 586.
 are as a miser's coins, 798.
 blossomed for a few short, 653.
 do with all the days and, 686.
 I once enjoyed, peaceful, 422.
 mournful midnight, 645.
 not till the, of light return, 753.
 of bliss, winged, 514.
 of dew, 814.
 of ease, to, 455.
 of ease, woman in our, 490.
 of time, creeping, 68.
 of vision, golden, 826. !!
 on angel wings, 450.
 peace of mind joy for weary, 630.
 set apart for business, 362.
 seven, to law, 438.
 six, in sleep, 24.
 some wee short, 446.
 steal a few, from the night, 521.
 unheeded flew the, 464.
 waked by the circling, 235.
 wise to talk with our past, 307.
 with flying feet, 542.
 your labor is for future, 622.
- Hour's converse, 775.
 talk withal, never spent an, 55.
- Houris, lying with, 387.
- House and home, out of, 89.
 appointed for all living, 1009.
 babe in a, 695.
 be divided against itself, 1033.
 brawling woman in a wide, 1019.
 chimney in my father's, 94.
 clouds that loured upon our, 95.
 dark, and long sleep, 600.
 daughter of my, 542.
 daughters of my father's, 76.
 fare you well, old, 825.
 get out of my, 977.
 ill spirit have so fair a, 43.
 is to be let for life, 204.
 leave to those to come the, itself,
 745.
 like a miser in a poor, 72.
 little pleasure in the, 427.
- House, man's, his castle, 24.
 mansions in my Father's, 1035.
 moat defensive to a, 81.
 my whinstone, my castle is, 585.
 nae luck about the, 426.
 nearer my father's, 758.
 not made with hands, 825.
 of every one as his castle, 24.
 of feasting, 1022.
 of Lords, honoured at the, 330.
 of mourning, better go to the, 1022.
 of my friends, 1028.
 of my God, 1013.
 of Pindarus, 252.
 of prayer, wherever God erects a,
 286.
 on another man's ground, 45.
 one mind in an, 1043.
 paths to the, I seek to make, 745.
 peace be to this, 1034.
 prop of my, 65.
 rejects him, fired that the, 326.
 return no more to his, 1008.
 set thine, in order, 1026.
 shot mine arrow o'er the, 145.
 so fair a, 43.
 sole daughter of my, 542.
 to lodge a friend, 289.
 treasure, land slipped from my hold,
 785.
 when we see the figure of the, 88.
 where I was born, 592.
 you take my, when you take the
 prop, 65.
- Houses fer asonder, 2.
 mended, old, 296.
 of peace are you, not, 743.
 plague o' both your, 107.
 seem asleep, the very, 470.
 thick and sewers annoy, 239.
- Household, ways of her, 1021.
 words, familiar as, 92.
- Houseless heads, 147.
- House-top, corner of the, 1019.
- House-tops, moon beautiful over the,
 743.
- Housewife that's thrifty, 442.
- Hover, about the spot ofttimes I, 696.
- How are the mighty fallen, 1007.
 art thou fallen, 1025.
 blest is he, 396.
 full and rich a world, 848.
 hard it is for the rich, 684.
 he will talk, 281.
 I pities them, 510.
 it talked, Lord, 197.
 little I have gained, 651.
 not to do it, 701.
 pleasant it is to have money, 726.
 shall I charm the interval, 686.
 shall I go, 795.
 sweet the truth those blessed, 717.
 they ring out their delight, 655.
 vast the unattained, 651.
- Howards, blood of all the, 319.
- Howe'er it be it seems to me, 667.
- Howling of the wolf, 38.
- Howls along the sky, 392.

- Hub of the solar system, 692.
 Huddle up their work, 419.
 Hue as red as the rosy bed, 633.
 cuckoo-buds of yellow, 56.
 givest the heavens their holiest, 751.
 love's proper, 238.
 of resolution, the native, 136.
 sinuous shells of pearly, 511.
 unto the rainbow, add another, 79.
 Hues, flowers of all, 232.
 like nature's, 355.
 of art, with the living, 683.
 of bliss, 386.
 were born in heaven, thy, 574.
 Hug the dear deceit, we, 362.
 Hugs it to the last, 525.
 Hugged by the old, 593.
 by the strumpet wind, 62.
 the offender, 273.
 Huldj all alone, there sot, 736.
 Hum, beehive's, 455.
 midst the crowd the, 541.
 no voice or hideous, 251.
 of either army sounds, 91.
 of human cities torture, 543.
 of men, the busy, 249.
 of mighty workings, 576.
 Human, all that is, must retrograde,
 430.
 as to forget what, frailty is, 579.
 being, wherever there is a, 634.
 bliss to human woe, 980.
 breast, same heart in every, 754.
 breath, life that breathes with, 666.
 creatures' lives, 594.
 ends are ultimately answered, 530.
 events, course of, 434.
 everywhere the, soul, 583.
 face divine, 230.
 features, differences in, 904.
 form divine, 344.
 form, teemed with, 394.
 frailty, a piece of, 579.
 heart, and also my poor, 722.
 heart, naked, 308.
 heart, new fountains in the, 597.
 hearts endure, all that, 367.
 kind, plagues and dotages of, 188.
 kindness, milk of, 117.
 life, infinite pathos of, 791.
 mind from error, redeem the, 645.
 mind in ruins, 868.
 mortals, 57.
 natur' to surrender, not in, 586.
 nature, corroded, 812.
 nature is divine, highest, 683.
 nature, the highest type of, 773.
 nature's daily food, 474.
 offspring, true source of, 234.
 race, forget the, 547.
 race from China to Peru, 365.
 race, selfishness, greatest curse of,
 693.
 round earth's, shores, 578.
 soul take wing, to see the, 552.
 spark is left, nor, 332.
 thought is the process, 530.
 to err in opinion, 928.
 Human, to err is, 325.
 to step aside is, 448.
 woe, each struggle lessens, 718.
 Humane men I will plead, with, 634.
 Humanities of old religion, 504.
 Humanity, aught that dignifies, 606.
 imitated abominably, 137.
 of a veined, 658.
 still sad music of, 467.
 suffering sad, 640.
 there is but one race, 835.
 traitor to, traitor most accurst, 733.
 wearisome condition of, 35.
 with all its fears, 641.
 Humankind, lord of, 277.
 lords of, 395.
 porcelain clay of, 277.
 Humble, a star to guide the, 702.
 and a contrite heart, 852.
 be it ever so, 568.
 because of knowledge, 853.
 cares and delicate fears, 469.
 heart that was, 518.
 hymn of the low and, 746.
 livers in content, 98.
 none shall rule but the, 616.
 Port to imperial Tokay, 380.
 pride were not also, 713.
 tranquil spirit, 182.
 wisdom is, 422.
 Humbleness, whispering, 61.
 Humblest man stand level with the
 highest, 798.
 Humbly, I seek to do, 783.
 Humility and modest stillness, 91.
 is a virtue all preach, 195.
 like the virtue of, 207.
 pride that apes, 501, 507.
 proud in, 188.
 that low sweet root, 527.
 the highest virtue, true, 680.
 true, is surely ours, 809.
 Humorous ladyship, 79.
 sadness, wraps me in, 70.
 sigh, very beadle to a, 55.
 Humour, career of his, 51.
 of it, there's the, 45.
 such as distils from gods, 918.
 the only test of gravity, 581.
 void of wit and, 389.
 was ever woman in this, won, 96.
 Humours, in all thy, 300.
 turn with climes, 321.
 Hump, without a positive, 698.
 Huncamunca's eyes, in, 363.
 Hundred and fifty ways, 71.
 isles, throned on her, 544.
 thousand men were led by one calf,
 840.
 two, feet of hell, 748.
 while one might tell a, 129.
 years are gone, when a, 652.
 years to a day, ran a, 691.
 Hundred-fold, catch and produce its,
 694.
 Hung be the heavens with black, 93.
 over her enamoured, 235.
 Hungarian wight, 45.

- Hunger, food that appeases, 978.
 if thine enemy, feed him, 1036.
 is the teacher of arts, 305.
 obliged by, 326.
 two weak evils age and, 69.
- Hungry as the grave, 356.
 judges, 326.
 lean-faced villain, 50.
 look, a lean and, 111.
 poor, the, 797.
 rooster don't cackle, 828.
 savage anti-everythings, lean, 690.
 sinner, the, 560.
- Hunt for a forgotten dream, 472.
 in fields for health unbought, 270.
 it in the dark, 416.
- Hunts in dreams, like a dog, 669.
- Hunter after glory, no keener, 679.
 and the deer a shade, 443, 514.
 home from the hill, 830.
 horn of the, 861.
 mighty, prey was man, 333.
- Hunting amusement of English gentlemen, 376.
 labour of savages of North America, 376.
 which the devil designed, 272.
- Huntsman his pack, as a, 399.
- Hurly-burly's done, when the, 115.
- Hurrah for the next that dies, 756.
- Hurried down the hill, as it, 750.
- Hurry, in haste but never in a, 359.
- Hurrying shapes, two, 798.
- Hurry-scurry helter-skelter, 506.
- Hurt cannot be much, 107.
 he that sweareth to his own, 1010.
 more afraid than, 11.
 of the inside, 212.
 past all surgery, 152.
 that honour feels, 669.
- Hurts of fate, soothe the, 798.
- Hurtles in the darkened air, 384.
- Husband and wife and lover, 771.
 cools, ne'er answers till a, 321.
 for her, was far, 590.
 frae the wife despises, advices the, 451.
 lover may be lost in the, 377.
 she commandeth her, 222.
 such duty woman oweth to her, 73.
 truant, should return, 556.
- Husband's eye, lovely in her, 465.
 heart, level in her, 75.
- Husbanded and so fathered, 112.
- Husbandman, life of the, 612.
- Husbandry, dulls the edge of, 130.
 in heaven there's, 119.
- Hush me, time cannot, 857.
 more dead than any sleep, 770.
 my dear lie still, 302.
 still small voice in autumn's, 650.
- Hushed an air, so soft so, 725.
 be every thought, 484.
 in grim repose, 383.
 in the alabaster arms of death, 813.
- Husks, fresh life withers and bursts, 760.
- Huswife's wool, tease the, 246.
- Hut, he made him a, 391.
 love in a, 574.
 of stone, I only want a, 689.
 that dear, our home, 362.
- Huzzas, loud, 319.
- Hwang, in the reign of the emperor, 822.
- Hyacinthine locks, 232.
- Hyaline, buckets star-gemmed lily-shaped, 635.
 streams, fresh from the, 636.
- Hydras and Chimæras dire, 228.
- Hyena, voice of the, 38.
- Hymn affords, fineness which a, 205.
 I sing the, of the conquered, 745.
 in the dark, the nightingale's, 681.
 its low perpetual, 731.
 of the low and humble, 746.
 of the wounded the beaten, 745.
 rich in deep, of gratitude, 595.
 to his own death, 63, 80.
- Hyperion to a satyr, 128.
- Hyperion's curls, 140.
- Hypocrisy, an organized, 624.
 is the homage, 981.
 of a bishop, 688.
- Hypocrites, cant of, 378.
- Hypocritic tear, 571.
- Hyrcean tiger, 122.
- Hyssop, from the cedar to the, 604.
- Hysterica passio, down, 146.
- I am here, I shall remain here, 1000.
 am immortal, 857.
 am no orator, 114.
 am not the thing you kiss, 782.
 am Sir Oracle, 60.
 am the state, 1000.
 came I saw I conquered, 921.
 have nothing I owe much, 956.
 know not I ask not, 522.
 love it I love it, 724.
 my lords embody the law, 801.
 myself caused the sun to rise, 998.
 remember I remember, 591.
- Iago, the pity of it, 155.
- Ice, be thou chaste as, 136.
 fortune's, to virtue's land, 267.
 in June, seek, 539.
 in skating over thin, our safety, 621.
 motionless as, 473.
 starve in, 228.
 thick-ribbed, 48.
 to smooth the, 79.
- Iceland, no snakes in, 373.
- Icele, chaste as the, 103.
- Icily regular splendidly null, 677.
- Iconoclast, what if some unshamed, 788.
- Icy and chill, winds whistle shrill, 697.
 hands, death lays his, 209.
- Idea, he had only one, 371, 627.
 of an agreeable person, my, 629.
 of eternal punishment, 812.
 of her life shall sweetly creep, 53.
 possess but one, 371.
 teach the young, 355.
- Ideas, dead, 996.

- Ideas, greatest number of greatest, 746.
 man of nasty, 291.
 who sung divine, 615.
- Ideal, within our hearts the beautiful,
 763.
- Idle are come, 112.
 of March, beware the, 110, 914.
- Idiot, tale told by an, 125.
 the law is a ass a, 702.
 you ignominious, 843.
- Idle as a painted ship, 498.
 brain, children of an, 105.
 for manners are not, 681.
 hands to do, mischief for, 302.
 industrious, no laws can make, 720.
 scorning, too fond for, 653.
 singer of an empty day, 789.
 thunder in his lifted hand, 267.
 toil does not come to help the, 893.
 waste of thought, 517.
 whom the world calls, 420.
 wild and young, 864.
 wind, pass by me as the, 114.
 wishes, stay in, 444.
- Idleness an appendix to nobility, 361.
 bread of, 1021.
 frivolous work of polished, 457.
 penalties of, 332.
 't is love in, 611.
 to eat his heart away, 30.
- Idler, busy world an, 420.
 is a watch, 415.
- Idly, and my fingers wandered, 761.
 spoken, word so, 631.
- Idolatry, god of my, 106.
- Idols to the moles and bats, 1024.
- If any speak, 113.
 I should die to-night, 838.
 is the only peacemaker, 72.
 it be now 't is not to come, 145.
 much virtue in, 72.
 she be not so to me, 199.
 there be or ever were, 159.
 we do meet again, 115.
 we should fail, 118.
- Ignis aurum probat, 197.
- Ignoble ease, doctrine of, 840.
- Ignominious heads, hide their, 339.
 idiot, 843.
- Ignominy sleeps with thee, 87.
- Ignorance, blind and naked, 679.
 bonds of, 687.
 distinguished for, 627.
 folly and, 102.
 is bliss, 't is folly to be wise, 382.
 it was a childish, 592.
 knew nothing but the fact of his,
 946.
 knowledge from, 710.
 let me not burst in, 130.
 let, talk as it will, 983.
 man sedate in, 366.
 mother of devotion, 275.
 never settles a question, 625.
 of the law excuses no man, 195.
 of wealth, best riches, 396.
 one only evil, 946.
 our comfort flows from, 287.
- Ignorance plays the chief part among
 men, 944.
- Ignorant armies clash by night, where,
 753.
 despise education, the, 897.
 in foreboding evil, 881.
 in spite of experience, 376.
 of anything, be not, 1029.
 of what he 's most assured, 48.
 to be conscious you are, 627.
- Ignorantly read, blockhead, 325.
- Il dolce far niente, 934.
- Iliad and Odyssey, 503.
- Ilium, topless towers of, 41.
- Ill at ease, I was weary and, 761.
 better made by, 455.
 can he rule the great, 29.
 crowning good repressing, 438.
 deeds done, makes, 80.
 fares the land, 396.
 final goal of, 675.
 for ill, 794.
 good and, together, 74.
 good and, together blent, 607.
 goodness thinks no, 231.
 habits gather by unseen degrees, 274.
 make themselves strong by, 121.
 news goes quick, 924.
 nothing becomes him, 55.
 nothing, can dwell in such a temple,
 43.
 seal up the avenues of, 616.
 shapes of, may hover, 579.
 sovereign o'er transmuted, 366.
 spirit have so fair a house, 43.
 the good are better made by, 455.
 the hate of victorious, 785.
 things of good or, we choose, 767.
 transmuted, 366.
 weed growth fast, 13.
 where no ill seems, 231.
 wind blows no man to good, 90.
 wind that bloweth no man to good,
 20.
 wind turns none to good, 20.
- Ills, bear those, we have, 136.
 betide, resigned when, 362.
 cure for life's worst, 606.
 flood of mortal, 956.
 love on through all, 527.
 of life, victorious o'er a' the, 451.
 that men endure, of all, 261.
 the scholar's life assail, what, 365.
 to come, no sense of, 381.
 to hastening, a prey, 396.
 what mighty done by woman, 280.
- Ill-favoured faults, 46.
 thing but mine own, 72.
- Illiterate him from your memory, 440.
- Ill-luck, as, would have it, 971.
 never comes alone, 972.
 people fond of, 612.
- Ill-seeming thick, 73.
- Ill-used ghost, like an, 355.
- Illume the sky, when stars, 597.
- Illumed the eastern skies, 694.
 the eastern skies, sun in state, 758.
- Illumine, what in me is dark, 223.

- Illusion given, for man's, 524.
 Illusion that times that were, 698.
 Illusions of youth, 791.
 Illusive dream, 767.
 light, 767.
 Illustrious acts high raptures do in-
 fuse, 220.
 predecessor, 364, 408.
 spark, the parson, 416.
 Image, cherished thine, 869.
 in her eyes reflected, beholds her,
 756.
 made in His, a mannikin, 657.
 of bloody Mary, 593.
 of eternity, time is the, 946.
 of God in ebony, 222.
 of good Queen Bess, 593.
 twofold, we saw a, 481.
 Images and precious thoughts, 481.
 in golden coats, like, 86.
 Imaginary joys pursues, 391.
 Imagination, abhorred in my, 144.
 all compact, are of, 59.
 boast, can, 355.
 bodies forth the forms of things, 59.
 cold and barren, 408.
 comparisons of a disturbed, 412.
 gifted with an egotistical, 626.
 golden age which exists only in, 603.
 indebted to his, for his facts, 443.
 into his study of, 53.
 like the wings of an ostrich, 600.
 of a feast, bare, 81.
 so fair to fond, 482.
 solitude needful to the, 739.
 such tricks hath strong, 59.
 that minister of ministers, 839.
 to sweeten my, 148.
 trace the noble dust, 144.
 travelling is to regulate, 375.
 Imaginations are as foul, 138.
 Imaginative literature, whole range of,
 699.
 Imagine why or whence, you can't,
 609.
 Imagining fear in the night, 59.
 Imaginings, horrible, 116.
 Imbower, high over-arched, 224.
 Imitated humanity abominably, 137.
 Imitates nature, art, 305.
 Imitation is the sincerest flattery, 863.
 Immediate jewel of their souls, 153.
 Immemorial elms, 673.
 year, of my most, 656.
 Immense and silent moon, 743.
 Atlantic, 819.
 pleasure to come, 380.
 Inminent deadly breach, 150.
 Immodest words, 278.
 Immoral thought, not one, 377.
 Immortal, all men desire to be, 694.
 as they quote, 310.
 beauty awakes, 428.
 blessing from her lips, 108.
 crown, 359.
 dead who live again, those, 730.
 fame gives, 311.
 fire, spark of that, 549.
 Immortal, garland is to be run for, 254.
 gods I crave no pelf, 109.
 gods, must toil who serves the, 647.
 hate and courage, 223.
 I am, 857.
 it was thy kiss that made me, 857.
 longings in me, 159.
 mind remains, the, 341.
 names, one of the few, 562.
 noon, heaven's, 566.
 part of myself, have lost the, 152.
 reign, where saints, 303.
 scandals fly, 858.
 sea, sight of that, 478.
 song, wanted one, 267.
 souls, such harmony is in, 65.
 that the soul was, 946.
 though no more, 541.
 verse, married to, 249, 481.
 with a kiss, make me, 41.
 youth, 814.
 youth, flourish in, 299.
 Immortals never appear alone, 502.
 Immortality, all all for, 742.
 alone teach this mortal, 765.
 born for, 484.
 good hastening towards, 745.
 he ne'er is crowned with, 574.
 longing after, 298.
 of the human soul, 663.
 quaff, and joy, 235.
 think there is nothing but, 745.
 to die aspiring, 37.
 Immovable, infixed to pine, 228.
 Imparadised in one another's arms,
 233.
 Impartial laws were given, by whom,
 313.
 Impeachment, own the soft, 441.
 Impearls on every leaf, 235.
 Impediment, marched on without, 97.
 Impediments, admit, 163.
 in fancy's course, 74.
 to great enterprises, 165.
 Impending doom, defied all portents
 of, 613.
 Imperceptible water, 593.
 Imperfect offices of prayer, 479.
 work, nature abhors, 818.
 Imperfections on my head, 132.
 pass my, by, 459.
 Imperial ensign high advanced, 224.
 fancy, his, 457.
 oxlips and the crown, 78.
 theme, swelling act of the, 116.
 Tokay, humble Port to, 380.
 votress passed on, 58.
 Imperious Cæsar dead, 144.
 mouth whose haughty, sweet, 613.
 Impetuous and near, 824.
 Impiety of the pious, 773.
 Impious in a good man, 308.
 men bear sway, 298.
 Importance, matters of, 943.
 Important day, the great the, 297.
 Imports the nomination, what, 145.
 Importunate, rashly, 595.
 Importune, too proud to, 387.

- Imposes an oath, he that, 214.
 Imposition of a mightier hand, 600.
 Impossibility, metaphysical, 58.
 Impossible, because it is, 942.
 few things, to diligence, 368.
 for a man to be cheated, 618.
 not, though hard to master, 939.
 nothing is, 11.
 she, that not, 258.
 solution, 802.
 that is not physically, 441.
 to be soiled, truth is, 253.
 to please all the world, 983.
 what 's, can't be, 454.
 whoso loves believes the, 659.
 Impotence of woe, raging, 341.
 Impotent conclusion, 151.
 Impregns the clouds, when Jupiter,
 233.
 Imprisoned in the viewless winds, 48.
 wranglers, set free the, 420.
 Imprisonment, penury and, 49.
 Improbable fiction, condemn it as, 76.
 Improve each moment, 366.
 each shining hour, 302.
 the world, worst way to, 721.
 Impulse from a vernal wood, one, 466.
 quench appetite check, 941.
 slave of circumstance and, 554.
 to a wordless prayer, 819.
 Impunity, ravage with, 703.
 In God is our trust, 517.
 pace ut sapiens, 425.
 Inaccessible vine of song, 808.
 Inaction disciplined, 457.
 Inactivity, masterly, 457.
 Inanimate grieves, if aught, 543.
 things, total depravity of, 809.
 Inattention, patient, 772.
 Inaudible foot of time, 74.
 Incalculable up-and-down of time,
 818.
 Incapable of a tune, 509.
 of relishing wit, 389.
 of stain, 226.
 Incarnadine, multitudinous seas, 120.
 Incarnate I told you so, seemed the,
 646.
 Incarnation of fat dividends, 564.
 Incense, gods themselves t'row, 148.
 of the heart, 362, 538.
 Incense-breathing morn, 384.
 Incensed, odours most fragrant when,
 165.
 with indignation, 229.
 Incessantly, stand on your head, 781.
 wash this soiled world, 744.
 Inch, every, a king, 148.
 every cubic, of space a miracle, 744.
 every, that is not fool, 269.
 give an, he'll take an ell, 20.
 I'll not budge an, 72.
 I will not retreat a single, 633.
 of joy, one, 956.
 of land, I do not own an, 765.
 thick, let her paint an, 144.
 to gain, seem here no painful, 727.
 Inches, die by, 283.
 Incidis in Scyllam, 64.
 Inclination gets the better of judgment, 884.
 leads, read as, 371.
 snatches arguments, 729.
 Inclined, lest I be, 794.
 to embrace me she, 252.
 Income at its heels, 415.
 tears, her, 204.
 twenty pounds, annual, 701.
 Incomparable oil Macassar, 555.
 Incompleteness, greatness flowed
 around our, 657.
 Inconsiderable sum, 778.
 Inconsistencies in principle, 816.
 of opinions, 533.
 Inconsistent man, 307.
 series of arguments to malign, 626.
 Inconsolable to the minuet, 441.
 Inconstant moon, 106.
 Increase, God gave the, 1037.
 of appetite grew by what it fed on,
 128.
 to her truth, time brings, 378.
 Incredulity, knowledge lost by, 910.
 Ind, wealth of Ormus and of, 226.
 Indebted and discharged at once, 231.
 to his memory, 443.
 Indemnity for the past, 364.
 Independence be our boast, let, 465.
 let me share, thy spirit, 392.
 now and forever, 531.
 secure the, through which, 581.
 Indescribable charm, 814.
 Indestructible, love is, 508.
 states, union of, 652.
 Index, dab at an, 403.
 of a mind, the marble, 475.
 thunders in the, 140.
 Index-learning, 331.
 India's coral strand, 536.
 Indian, like the base, 156.
 lo the poor, 315.
 steep, on the, 243.
 Indictment against a whole people, 408.
 Indies, wealth of the, 373.
 Indifference, cold, 301.
 full of sweet, 816.
 moral, 995.
 to the concerns of man, 889.
 Indifferent honest, I am myself, 136.
 Indifferently, we have reformed that,
 137.
 Indignation and abhorrence, repudiate
 with, 625.
 incensed with, 229.
 Indiscretion, a lover without, 816.
 Indispensable, so-called comforts not,
 722.
 Indistinct as water in water, 158.
 Individual, I announce the great, 745.
 Individualities may form communi-
 ties, 625.
 Indocti discant et ament, 325.
 Indolent vacuity of thought, 420.
 Indomitable sea, 844.
 Indubitable manifestation of the
 Divinity, 996.

- Indued with sanctity of reason, 236.
 Indulgence in such foolishness, allowed, 730.
 seem judicious choice, make, 729.
 Indus to the Pole, 333.
 Industrious liar, 796.
 Inebriate, cheer but not, 312, 420.
 Inebriated virtue, foaming lips of, 808.
 with exuberance of verbosity, 625.
 Inert, tideless and, 828.
 Inestimable stones, 96.
 Inevitable, arguing with the, 741.
 each of us is, 742.
 hour, await the, 384.
 Inexorable scourge, 226.
 Inexplicable dumb-shows, 137.
 Infamous are fond of fame, 413.
 rich quiet and, 602.
 thing, crush the, 987.
 Infamy, who prefer any load of, 462.
 Infancy, age most remote from, 985.
 folded in our, 767.
 heaven around our, 733.
 heaven lies about us in, 477.
 old age is most remote from, 169.
 the babe she lost in, 508.
 Infant crying for the light, 675.
 crying in the night, 675.
 ripe for his birth, 774.
 mewling and puking, 69.
 Infants, canker galls the, 129.
 Infant's breath, regular as, 502.
 Infected, all seems, 325.
 Infection, fortress against, 81.
 Inference wrong, always draws her, 849.
 Inferior, multiplication of the, 773.
 Inferiors, is to live with your, 698.
 Infernal, newspapers are, 441.
 Infidel as a dog is an infidel, 371.
 now, I have you on the hip, 65.
 worse than an, 1039.
 Infidels adore, Jews kiss and, 325.
 Infinite day excludes the night, 303.
 deal of nothing, speaks an, 60.
 in faculty, 134.
 is as good as, 584.
 jest, fellow of, 144.
 love, 805.
 no repose except in the, 994.
 pain, good out of, 818.
 pathos of human life, 791.
 pity, 791.
 plan, parts of an, 804.
 riches in a little room, 41.
 sea, time's, 781.
 the cause of all things, 945.
 variety, nor custom stale her, 157.
 wrath and despair, 231.
 Infirm of purpose, 120.
 Infirmities, bear his friend's, 114.
 Infirmity of noble mind, 247.
 Infixed and frozen round, 228.
 Inflexible in faith, 428.
 Inflict, those who, must suffer, 566.
 Influence, bad, 476.
 of example, salutary, 369.
 shed their selectest, 238.
 Influence, touched by its, in the soul, 607.
 unawed by, 863.
 whose bright eyes rain, 249.
 Influences of Pleiades, sweet, 1010.
 servile to the skyey, 48.
 Information, know where we can find, 372.
 Informed, no man who is correctly, 603.
 Infortune, worst kind of, 5.
 Inglorious arts of peace, 263.
 Milton, some mute, 385.
 Ingloriously, we do, 255.
 Ingratitude, besotted base, 246.
 of men, 373.
 thou marble-hearted fiend, 146.
 unkind as man's, 70.
 Ingredient is a devil, the, 152.
 Ingredients, commends the, 118.
 Ingress into the world, man's, 439.
 Inhabit this bleak world, 521.
 where eyes did once, 96.
 Inhabitants, like me, town that boasts, 644.
 look not like, 116.
 Inhaled the dreamy air, russet year, 751.
 Inherit, all which it, shall dissolve, 43.
 Inhuman, ev'ry thin' thet's done, 735.
 Inhumanity to man, man's, 446.
 Inimitable his deeds, 36.
 Iniquity, that grey, 85.
 Injure you, I ne'er could, 442.
 Injured, forgiveness to the, 275.
 hate whom they have, 900, 933.
 lover's hell, jealousy, 235.
 Injurious, beauty though, 242.
 Injury, adding insult to, 902.
 Injustice, corrupted with, 94.
 is the surest road, national, 693.
 jealousy is, 313.
 rigorous, is rigorous law, 890.
 swift erect, 339.
 to beasts, man's, 928.
 Ink, gall enough in thy, 76.
 he hath not drunk, 55.
 small drop of, 558.
 that never saw pen and, 77.
 Inky cloak, not alone my, 127.
 Inland far we be, though, 558.
 Inlets making, through creeks and, 727.
 Inmate of the skies, some, 346.
 Inn, die in an, 379.
 happiness produced by a good, 372.
 take mine ease in mine, 11, 86.
 to gain the timely, 121.
 warmest welcome at an, 379.
 Inn's worst room, 322.
 Innocence and health, 396.
 came, and she, 841.
 closing up his eyes, 40.
 dream of sleeping, 814.
 glides in modest, 365.
 her, a child, 270.
 mirth and, 554.
 of love, dallies with the, 75.
 our fearful, 472.

- Innocency next thing to confession, 901.
- Innocent as a new-laid egg, 802.
 as gay, 308.
 converse of an, mind, 577.
 flower, look like the, 117.
 for coquetry, too, 653.
 lamb, skin of an, 94.
 minds, 260.
 nose, coursed down his, 67.
 of the knowledge, be, 121.
 shall not be, 1021.
 shames, a thousand, 52.
 sincere officious, 366.
 sleep, 119.
 though free, 428.
 within is armed without, 329.
- Innocuous desuetude, 804.
- Innumerable as the stars, 235.
 bees, murmuring of, 673.
 caravan, join the, 572.
 essence of biographies, 583.
- Inoffensive pace, 237.
- Inordinate cup is unblessed, 152.
- Insane and awful passion, 599.
 root, 116.
- Insanity of noble minds, the divine, 647.
 power to charm down, 620.
- Insatiate archer, 306.
- Inscribed in history's page, names, 726.
- Inscription upon my tomb, no, 863.
- Inscriptions, lapidary, 372.
- Inscrutable invisible, 44.
- Insects of the hour, 410.
- Insensibility, it argues an, 509.
- Inseparable, one and, 533.
- Inside, hurt of the, 212.
 I am quite full, 510.
 in your little, 802.
 of a church, forgotten the, 86.
- Insides, carrying three, 464.
- Insignificancy and an earldom, 352.
- Insolence and wine, flown with, 224.
 of office, 135.
- Insolent foe, taken by the, 150.
- Inspector of snow-storms, self-appointed, 722.
- Inspiration, contortions without the, 412.
 no more, than in a plate of muffins, 838.
 unapprehended, 568.
 without the, 874.
- Inspiring John Barleycorn, 451.
- Instance of itself, sends some, 142.
- Instances, wilderness of single, 670.
 wise saws and modern, 69.
- Instant, we rose both at an, 88.
- Instil a wanton sweetness, 357.
 in me, 794.
- Instinct, coward on, 85.
 of the soul, indulging every, 711.
 with music, bright gem, 485.
- Instincts, a few strong, 479.
 feelings came to them like, 664.
 high, 478.
- Instincts, man plant himself on his, 617.
 unawares, like, 664.
- Instinctive taste, an, 504.
- Institution, life's a pleasant, 802.
- Institutions alone create a nation, 625.
- Instruct my sorrows to be proud, 79.
- Instruction, better the, 63.
 of youth, examples for the, 411.
- Instructions, we but teach bloody, 118.
- Instrument, God's most awful, 482.
 stringed, 909.
 sweeter than the sound of an, 177.
 to know if the moon shine, 214.
- Instruments, mortal, 111.
 of darkness tell us truths, 116.
 to plague us, 149.
- Insubstantial pageant faded, 43.
- Insult, look that threatened, 410.
 to injury, adding, 902.
- Insults unavenged, 480.
- Insulting foe, to meet the, 443.
- Insupportable, the unreasonable, 928.
- Insurrection, nature of an, 111.
- Intellect, argument and, 402.
 eye of the, 582.
 or will, 797.
 subtlety of, 812.
 the march of, 506.
 truth or satisfaction of, 657.
 weakness of, 802.
- Intellectual aristocracy, 995.
 being, would lose this, 227.
 lords of ladies, 555.
 power, the, 465, 480.
- Intellectualized emotion, 740.
- Intelligence, controlling, 939.
- Intelligent fountains, 767.
- Intelligible forms of ancient poets, 504.
- Intemperance, world has no tyrant like, 634.
- Intense, concentrated in a life, 544.
- Intent, on hospitable thoughts, 235.
 spur to prick the sides of my, 118.
 to do mischief, 186.
 working out a pure, 482.
- Intents wicked or charitable, 130.
- Intentions, hell paved with good, 372, 1000.
- Intercourse of daily life, 468.
 speed the soft, 333.
- Interest of man, justice the great, 531.
 most concerned in my own, 888.
 speaks all sorts of tongues, 980.
 unborrowed from the eye, 467.
- Interests, conciliation of, 981.
 nevermore let the great, 579.
- Interested in others, when, 894.
- Interim is like a phantasma, 111.
- Interlunar cave, her vacant, 241.
- Interminable series of arguments to malign, 626.
- Intermission, sans, 68.
- Interpretation, interpreter of life not need, 812.
- Interpretations, necessary to interpret, 965.

- Interpreter hardest to be understood, 441.
 of God, 780.
 of life, 812.
 Interred with their bones, the good is oft, 113.
 Interval, lucid, 1049.
 that lowers, charm the, 686.
 Intervals, falling at, 422.
 Intimate and free, 846.
 enemies, 770.
 things, 997.
 Intimates eternity to man, 299.
 Intolerable deal of sack, 85.
 in Almighty God, 1049.
 Intoxicated with animosity, 603.
 Intrusive, sorrow 's held, 606.
 Intuition, passionate, 481.
 Intuitive declares wit dull, dulness, 729.
 Inurned in the sepulchre, 130.
 weep a people, 602.
 Invent a shovel, 263.
 as difficult to appropriate as to, 621.
 God, necessary to, 986.
 young men fitter to, 167.
 Invented history, 987.
 sleep, bless man who first, 720.
 the art of printing, 584.
 work, who first, 509.
 Invention, art so nearly allied to, 441.
 brightest heaven of, 90.
 every matter that relates to, 699.
 is unfruitful, 408.
 necessity the mother of, 305.
 of the enemy, 296.
 Young must torture his, 290.
 Inventions, sought out many, 1023.
 Inventor, return to plague the, 118.
 Inverted year, ruler of the, 420.
 Investigate, ability to, 936.
 things, men ought to, 945.
 Investigation, experiment for real, 663.
 guided by principles, 953.
 Inveterate foes saluted, 269.
 Invigorated and reimpressed, 369.
 Invincible in arms, 428.
 locks, shaking her, 254.
 Inviolable sea, compassed by the, 665.
 Invisible angel of life, 803.
 inscrutable, 44.
 oh may I join the choir, 730.
 soap, 593.
 spirit of wine, 152.
 Invitation than command, more, 297.
 Invite my soul, I loafe and, 742.
 Invites you by his looks, 415.
 Invited me oft, 150.
 Invoked, though oft, 240.
 Inward and spiritual grace, 1042
 bruise, parmaceti for, 83.
 eye the bliss of solitude, 475.
 light, men of, 214.
 quality, do draw the, 158.
 self-disparagement, 480.
 Inwardly digest, 1042.
 in secret to be great, 738.
 Io, a bull to beguile, 32.
 Iona, ruins of, 369.
 Ipsa quidem virtus, 207.
 Ipse dixit, 951.
 Ireland, but I'll not forget old, 638.
 gives England her soldiers, 772.
 Iridescent dream, 785.
 Iris, livelier, 668.
 Iris' woof, spun out of, 243.
 Irksome word and task, it is an, 697.
 Iron, argue with the smith, shall the, 847.
 armies clad in, 242.
 bars a cage, 260.
 creeds, 834.
 did on the anvil cool, 80.
 entered into his soul, 1043.
 hard crab-tree and old, 211.
 is hot, strike while the, 10.
 meddles with cold, 211.
 nor any tool of, 1007.
 sharpeneth iron, 1021.
 shuts the golden opes, 247.
 sleet of arrowy shower, 384.
 tears down Pluto's cheek, 250.
 tongue of midnight, 59.
 when it is hot, hammer your, 895.
 with a rod of, 1041.
 with blood and with, 806.
 world, fleets beyond this, 685.
 written with a pen of, 1027.
 Irons in the fire, two, 196.
 Iron-bound bucket, 537.
 Irrationally held truths more harmful, 762.
 Irrecoverably dark, 241.
 Irrepressible conflict, 607.
 Irresponsible frivolity, hare-brained chatter of, 626.
 Is and all is well, God, 651.
 she not passing fair, 44.
 Island, bulwark of our, 392.
 tight little, 863.
 Islands lift their froned palms, 649.
 round many western, 576.
 when the, and the lands, 578.
 Island-valley of Avilion, 681.
 Isle, fast-anchored, 418.
 in Baie Bay, 565.
 in the far-off seas, 705.
 it frights the, 152.
 of Beauty fare thee well, 589.
 on a lone barren, 623.
 Scio's rocky, 550.
 this sceptred, 81.
 Isles of Greece, the, 557.
 ships that sailed for sunny, 623.
 that o'erlace the sea, 706.
 throned on her hundred, 544.
 we shall touch the happy, 668.
 Islets, round the misty, tempests blow, 629.
 Islington, village less than, 261.
 Israel, I arose a mother in, 1006.
 Jephthah judge of, 134, 404.
 of the Lord beloved, when, 493.
 sweet psalmist of, 1007.
 was from bondage led, when, 261.

- Issues at the last, victor, 678.
 good or bad, 476.
 touched but to fine, 46.
 Isthmus, this narrow, 525.
 It is this it is this, 527.
 might do good, some said, 265.
 might have been, 649.
 must be so, 298.
 were all one, 73.
 why doth, so and so, 816.
 Italia O Italia, 545.
 Italian priest, 79.
 Itali-an, or perhaps, 800.
 Italy a hell for women, 192.
 a paradise for horses, 192.
 linking our England to his, 712.
 my Italy, 708.
 some jay of, 160.
 Venice the masque of, 544.
 Itch of disputing, 175.
 Itching palm, 114.
 Iteration, thou hast damnable, 83.
 Ither weel, we luvit ilk, 587.
 Ithuriel with his spear, 234.
 Itself the seed of retribution, in, 647.
 Ivory, in ebony as if done in, 222.
 Ivy-branch over the wine, 900.
 Jack, banish plump, 85.
 life of poor, 436.
 loved his friend, 436.
 Robinson, could say, 1045.
 shall pipe and Gill shall dance, 199.
 spanking, 436.
 Jackdaws, eagles to fight, 921.
 Jacksonian vulgarity, the, 795.
 Jacob's ladder, talk to him of, 612.
 voice, the voice is, 1005.
 Jade, arrant, on a journey, 401.
 let the galled, wince, 138.
 Jail, in a ship is being in a, 370.
 patron and the, 365.
 Jangled out of tune, 136.
 Janus, two-headed, 59.
 Jar, mine to feel amid the city's, 753.
 Jargon of the schools, 287, 414.
 Jasper cup, like jewels in a, 839.
 Jaundiced eye, all yellow to the, 325.
 Javan or Gadire, bound to, 242.
 Jaws of darkness to devour it up, 57.
 of death, 77, 671, 969.
 ponderous and marble, 131.
 Jay-bird don't rob his own nes', 828.
 Je crains Dieu, 391.
 Je ne vous aime pas, 286.
 Jealous in honour, 69.
 one not easily, 156.
 Jealousy, beware my lord of, 153.
 full of artless, 142.
 is cruel as the grave, 1024.
 is injustice, 313.
 the injured lover's hell, 235.
 Jean, farewell to my, 859.
 Jacques Rousseau, ask, 417.
 Judgment, I'd run my chance with
 Jim at, 811.
 Jeffersonian simplicity, the, 795.
 Jehovah has triumphed, 524.
 Jehovah Jove or Lord, 334.
 Jehu, like the driving of, 1008.
 Jenny, why surely my, 750.
 Jenooary, streams snow-hid in, 737.
 Jephthah judge of Israel, 134, 404.
 Jericho, tarry at, 1007.
 Jerusalem, if I forget thee, 1016.
 Jes' to show you're up to fightin' tu,
 737.
 Jeshurun waxed fat, 1006.
 Jessamine, pale, 247.
 Jesses were my dear heart-strings, 153.
 Jest and riddle of the world, 317.
 and youthful jollity, 248.
 be laughable, Nestor swear the, 59.
 bitter is a scornful, 366.
 fellow of infinite, 144.
 it would be a good, forever, 84.
 life is a, 350.
 man's life is but a, 768.
 put his whole wit in a, 196.
 unseen inscrutable, 44.
 Jests at scars that never felt a wound,
 105.
 indebted to his memory for, 443.
 Jest's prosperity lies in the ear, 56.
 Jestling with edge tools, 198.
 Jesus, wast Thou shy once little, 841.
 Jet, pansy freaked with, 248.
 Jew, else I am a, 84.
 hath not a, eyes, 63.
 I am an Ebrew, 84.
 I thank thee, 65.
 that Shakespeare drew, 347.
 Jews might kiss, cross which, 325.
 Jewel, consistency thou art a, 1046.
 discretion thou art a, 1046.
 experience be a, 45.
 have I caught my heavenly, 34.
 in an Ethiope's ear, 105.
 in his head, wears a precious, 67.
 lies within our breast, this, 362.
 of gold in a swine's snout, 1018.
 of the just, 264.
 of their souls, 153.
 rich in having such a, 44.
 Jewels five words long, 672.
 in a jasper cup, like, 839.
 in the carcanet, 162.
 into a garret, Nature never put her,
 170.
 of the mine, bright, 569.
 unvalued, 96.
 Jewelled mass of millinery, 677.
 Jewish gaberdine, 61.
 Jig, she danced a, 770.
 Jim, I'd run my chance with, 811.
 Jingling of the guinea, 669.
 Jingo, by the living, 402.
 if we do we've got the ships, by, 867
 Job, as to a pitiful, 410.
 Jock be aye sticking in a tree, 495.
 Jocund day stands tiptoe, 108.
 strains, 786.
 John Barleycorn, bold, 451.
 Bull was beat at Waterloo, 609.
 Naps of Greece, 72.
 of Gaunt, old, 80.

- John P. Robinson he, 735.
 print it, some said, 265.
 Johnson a classic in his own age, 601.
 Join in hand, then, 426.
 the choir invisible, oh may I, 730.
 Joined together, God hath, 1032.
 Joiner squirrel or old grub, 104.
 Joint labourer with the day, 126.
 of mutton, 90.
 time is out of, 133.
 Joke, college, to cure the dumps, 290.
 gentle dulness ever loves a, 331.
 into a Scotch understanding, 459.
 many a, had he, 397.
 Jokes, wooden shoes are standing, 300.
 Jollity for apes, 160.
 I live in the crowd of, 368.
 jest and youthful, 248.
 tipsy dance and, 243.
 Jolly miller, there was a, 427.
 old pedagogue, 786.
 place in times of old, 472.
 Joly whistle, wel ywette, 3.
 Jonathan, Saul and, 1007.
 Jonson knew the critic's part, 390.
 rare Ben, 177.
 Jonson's learned sock, 249.
 Jordan's wave, on this side, 726.
 Jot of heart, nor bate a, 252.
 Journey, agreeable companion on a,
 894.
 arrant jade on a, 401.
 good company in a, 207.
 like the path to heaven, 244.
 on Sundays, begin a, 293.
 Journeys end in lovers meeting, 75.
 Journeymen, nature's, 137.
 Jove alone endured the soul, 340.
 daughter of, 382.
 for his power to thunder, 103.
 gave us life, when, 339.
 laughs at lovers' perjuries, 106, 272.
 lifts the golden balances, 341.
 like a painted, 267.
 some christened, 331.
 strikes the Titans down, 704.
 the front of, himself, 140.
 the poor are sent by, 343.
 to those we give is lent to, 343.
 weighs affairs of earth, 343.
 young Phidias brought his awful,
 614.
 Jove's dread clamours, 154.
 Joy ambition finds, such, 231.
 and bliss that poets feign, 94.
 and everlasting love, 280.
 and love triumphing, 230.
 and woe, changeless through, 611.
 apprehend some, 59.
 asks if this be, 398.
 ballad-singer's, 473.
 be to-day and, again, 845.
 be unconfined, let, 542.
 be wi' you a', 458.
 behind, and my, 161.
 brightens his crest, 239.
 canst throw no ray of light and,
 731.
 Joy, cease every, 514.
 checkered paths of, 362.
 comes grief goes, 734.
 current of domestic, 367.
 dream in, and wake in love, 578.
 envy withers at another's, 355.
 eternal and everlasting love, 280.
 for life and, and objects, 744.
 for weary hours, 630.
 forever dwells, where, 223.
 forever, thing of beauty is a, 574.
 gits loose from de, 828.
 how pure the, 456.
 is gain, every, 704.
 is like restless day, 761.
 is the sweet voice, 502.
 is wisdom, 849.
 lies all before, the land of, 686.
 Marcellus feels more true, 319.
 may be a miser, 763.
 mother's pride father's, 492.
 o'erflow with, 73.
 of all the earth, 776.
 of evils past, 346.
 of heaven to earth come down, 860.
 of silence, holds some, 865.
 of the whole earth, 1012.
 of the whole table, 122.
 of the working, 853.
 of youth and health, 444.
 of youthful sports, 547.
 oil of, for mourning, 1026.
 one inch of, 956.
 pain for promised, 446.
 present, therein I find, 22.
 quaff immortality and, 235.
 remember days of, 955.
 renews the life of, 579.
 riding is a, 706.
 rises in me, 502.
 shouted for, 1009.
 smiles of, the tears of woe, 524.
 snatch a fearful, 381.
 so seldom weaves a chain, 520.
 solemn is, 841.
 some bringer of that, 59.
 sunshine and the heartfelt, 319.
 sweeten present, 597.
 the desire of love, 837.
 the luminous cloud, 502.
 the perfectest herald of, 51.
 the word for me is, 845.
 the world can give, not a, 553.
 there is no, in Mudville, 856.
 turns at the touch of, 389.
 we wear a face of, 471.
 which warriors feel, the stern, 491.
 who ne'er knew, 335.
 widow's heart to sing for, 1009.
 without canker or cark, 822.
 would win, all who, 557.
 Joys, Africa and golden, 90.
 all we have our youth our, 26.
 and tears alike are sent, 630.
 are withered like the grass, 609.
 blest with some new, 276.
 departed not to return, 354.
 earth, for ever to sustain, 788.

- Joys flow from our own selves, 362.
 of other years, 497.
 of our heart, first, 596.
 of sense, all the, 319.
 pursues imaginary, 391.
 remembered, are never past, 496.
 society's chief, 415.
 such present, 22.
 that came down shower-like, 503.
 that faded like morning dew, 513.
 they vanish, whate'er thy, 685.
 three parts pain, be our, 710.
 to me, mingled pains and, 683.
 to rob us of our, 406.
 too exquisite to last, 496.
 we dote upon, fading are the, 281.
 with age diminish, do your, 713.
 Joy's delicious springs, 540.
 Joyful in the day of prosperity, be,
 1022.
 let the poet be, 725.
 school days, my, 509.
 Joyfully meet its translation, 745.
 Joyfulness of a man, 1029.
 Joyous book of spring, 770.
 prime, 28.
 shout, send forth a, 605.
 the birds, 238.
 time will not be staid, 30.
 Judas had given them the slip, 284.
 Judea stretches far, wild, 695.
 Judae, down in, 735.
 Judex damnatur, 910.
 Judge, amongst fools a, 331, 415.
 an upright learned, 65.
 for himself between, man, 663.
 in his own cause, 897, 984.
 neutrality of an impartial, 411.
 not by appearance, 1035.
 not of a man before he dieth, 882.
 of all things, 985.
 of Israel, Jephthah, 134, 404.
 of the man, mind is the, 901.
 of truth, sole, 317.
 sober as a, 363.
 the only righteous, art thou, 741.
 then, of my regret, 589.
 though I am no, of such matters,
 609.
 you as you are, 47.
 Judges alike of the facts and laws, 859.
 all ranged a terrible show, 348.
 fool with, 415.
 hungry, soon the sentence sign, 326.
 Judge's robe, the, 47.
 Judgment, a Daniel come to, 65.
 book, leaves of the, 761.
 day, waiting the, 766.
 defend against your, 270.
 faculty that forms thy, 936.
 falls upon a man, we say, 195.
 find righteous or unrighteous, 807.
 fled to brutish beasts, 113.
 green in, when I was, 157.
 guide his bounty, gives not till, 102.
 he which is the top of, 47.
 hoodwinked, surrender, 422.
 inclination gets the better of, 884.
 Judgment, man's erring, 323.
 of any man or thing, right, 581.
 reserve thy, 130.
 shallow spirit of, 93.
 suspension of, 952.
 vulgarize the day of, 612.
 we still have, here, 118.
 when the, 's weak, 860.
 when time and God give, 807.
 young in limbs old in, 62.
 Judgments as our watches, 256, 323.
 ignorance delivers brawling, 679.
 men's, are a parcel of their fortunes,
 158.
 of the Lord are true, 711.
 Judgment-signal's spread, when the,
 578.
 Judicious care, with, 447.
 choice, make indulgence seem, 729.
 drank and daring dined, 332.
 grieve, make the, 137.
 Judy O'Grady, the colonel's lady an',
 853.
 Jug without a handle, one old, 703.
 Juggling fiends no more believed, 126.
 Juice, bee buried in its own, 168.
 divine nectareous, 344.
 nectarian, 579.
 Julep, this cordial, 246.
 Julia, lips of, 201.
 Juliet is the sun, 105.
 Juliet's hand, white wonder of, 108.
 Julius fell, ere the mightiest, 126.
 ye towers of, 383.
 July, second day of, 429.
 warmth of its, 595.
 Jumbles live, lands where the, 703.
 Jump the life to come, 118.
 June, do you recall that night in, 778.
 leafy month of, 499.
 rose newly sprung in, 451.
 seek ice in, 539.
 the paths of, 779.
 what so rare as a day in, 734.
 Juno smiles, Jupiter on, 233.
 Juno's eyes, lids of, 77.
 unrelenting hate, 274.
 Jupiter a bull to beguile Io, 32.
 in the shape of Amphitrio, 32.
 on Juno smiles, 233.
 Juries, trial by, 435.
 Jurisprudence, gladsome light of, 24.
 Jury passing on the prisoner's life,
 47.
 Jurymen may dine, 326.
 Just, actions of the, 209.
 and friendly man, the first, 826.
 and lasting peace, cherish a, 662.
 and mightie death, 26.
 and right, grounded on, 238.
 and the, man is afraid, 578.
 are the ways of God, 242.
 as bubbles do when, 691.
 as I feared, it is, 703.
 as the twig is bent, 320.
 battled for the true the, 675.
 be, and fear not, 100.
 God forgive, 473.

- Just, he was a good man and a,** 1034.
 heaven more and less than, 763.
 hint a fault, 327.
 jewel of the, 264.
 knows and knows no more, 414.
 less than sage, 518.
 memory of the, is blessed, 1017.
 men, spirits of, 1040.
 our cause is, 426.
 path of the, 1017.
 prosperous to be, 733.
 remembrance of the, 1043.
 the gods are, 149.
 the same as on the land, 724.
 then with a wink and a sly, 723.
 through a woman, 827.
 to blow a shepherd's reed, 611.
 to drive a flock to feed, 611.
 whatever is in its causes, 276.
- Justice a debt put off with ease,** 926.
 as uncompromising as, 633.
 be thy plea, 65.
 conquers evermore, 616.
 course of, 65.
 devotes the national domain to, 606.
 even-handed, 118.
 fill the seats of, 579.
 in fair round belly, 69.
 is truth in action, 624.
 love of, 981.
 mercy seasons, 65.
 of my quarrel, 40.
 of the people, confidence in, 661.
 poetic, with lifted scale, 330.
 rails upon yond thief, 148.
 revenge a kind of wild, 164.
 shall be done, 718.
 the great interest of man, 531.
 to all men, equal and exact, 435.
 to be patient is a branch of, 937.
 truth the handmaid of, 460.
 unwhipped of, 147.
 virtue of the soul, 948.
 which the, which the thief, 148.
 with mercy I shall temper, 239.
 wrong rules waiting, sleeps, 732.
- Justifiable for real investigation,** 663.
 to men, 242.
- Justified of her children,** 1031.
- Justify the means, the end must,** 287.
 the ways of God to men, 223.
- Jutty frieze buttress, no,** 117.
- Juvenal, most bucolical,** 494.
- Juventus mundi,** 169.
- Kate Vane, eyes were filled with love,**
 747.
- Katerfelto with hair on end,** 420.
- Kathleen mavourneen,** 861.
- Keel, and sail on even,** 354.
 she steadies with upright, 498.
- Keen archer sorrow,** 776.
 smell, 769.
- Keener hunter after glory, no,** 679.
- Keep a stiff upper lip,** 758.
 and pass and turn again, 617.
 clean as fruit, 264.
 down the base in man, to, 681.
- Keep, little to earn and many to,** 727.
 moving, push on, 457.
 no bad company, 398.
 step to the music of the Union, 599.
 the word of promise to our ear, 126.
 thou my feet I do not ask, 607.
 thy shop and thy shop will keep
 thee, 37.
 to, us going and so good-day, 789.
 who can, they should, 473.
 your powder dry, 598.
- Keeps, thought which, thee from,** 607.
- Keeper, am I my brother's,** 1004.
- Keeping, the angels',** 779.
 the past in God's, 808.
 time time time, 655.
- Kelt I count them, Slav Teuton,** 682.
- Ken, far as angels',** 223.
- Kendal green, knaves in,** 84.
- Kennin' wrang, gang a,** 448.
- Kentucky home good night, my old,**
 764.
- Kepen wel thy tonge,** 5.
- Kept on shaving, and the barber,** 723.
 the faith, I have, 1040.
 watch and ward, hast thou, 749.
- Kettle black, pot calls the,** 977.
- Kew, his highness' dog at,** 334.
- Key, in a bondman's,** 61.
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart with,
 this, 485.
 that opes the palace, 243.
- Keys, clutch the golden,** 675.
 of all the creeds, 674.
 over the noisy, 761.
 Peter's, 331.
 two massy, he bore, 247.
- Keystane o' night's black arch,** 451.
- Kibe, galls his,** 143.
- Kick against the pricks,** 1035.
 in that part more hurts honour, 214.
 may kill a sound divine, 416.
 me down stairs, why did you, 445.
 their owners over, 439.
- Kicks, from crowns to,** 559.
- Kicked until they can feel,** 213.
 waxed fat and, 1006.
- Kickshaws, little tiny,** 90.
- Kid, lie down with the,** 1025.
- Kidney, man of my,** 46.
- Kill a man as a good book,** 254.
 a sound divine, 416.
 princes privileged to, 425.
 the bloom before its time, 483.
 the umpire, 856.
 thee a hundred and fifty ways, 71.
 time, how to, 958.
 too apt before to, 261.
 whom lust of office does not, 730.
- Kills the thing he loves,** 836.
- Killed off by one critique,** 808.
- Kilmeny's name, scarce remembered,**
 868.
- Kin, little more than,** 127.
 neither kith nor, 404.
 prohibited degrees of, 215.
 the whole world, 102.
 to time, I am next of, 855.

- Kind and gentle heart, he had a, 400.
 and true, my Mary, 638.
 as kings upon their coronation day,
 269.
 base in, 413.
 be to her virtues very, 287.
 best in this, 59.
 cruel only to be, 141.
 deeds with coldness, 466.
 enjoy her while she's, 274.
 he is gentle he is, 764.
 hearts are more than coronets, 667.
 kiss before we part, one, 859.
 lost him half the, 272.
 makes one wondrous, 387.
 more than kin and less than, 127.
 of alacrity in sinking, 46.
 of easiness, lend a, 141.
 of excellent dumb discourse, 43.
 of good deed to say well, 98.
 of grace, sweet attractive, 23.
 of heaven to be deluded by him, 281.
 of semi-Solomon, 604.
 of ways, newest, 90.
 porcelain clay of human, 277.
 thoughts contentment peace of
 mind, 630.
 to her virtues, 287.
 to my remains, 270.
 will creep where it may not go, 14.
 yet there is plenty of the, 666.
 yet was he, 397.
- Kinds, lilies of all, 78.
 Kindest man, the, 64.
 Kindle soft desire, 272.
 Kindled by the master's spell, 455.
 Kindles false fires, 484.
 wantonness in clothes, 201.
 Kindlier hand, the larger heart, 676.
 Kindling her undazzled eyes, 255.
 Kindly, frosty but, 67.
 fruits of the earth, 1042.
 had we never loved sae, 452.
 light, lead, 607.
 lordly friend, 806.
 stars have given, and, 608.
- Kindness, dearth of, 771.
 for many generations, 834.
 from him, to beget a, 684.
 greetings where no, is, 468.
 in another's trouble, 783.
 law of, 1021.
 little deeds of, 760.
 milk of human, 117.
 nameless acts of, 467.
 save in the way of, 463.
 tempered every blow, 803.
 to his majesty, 563.
 who does a, 320.
- Kindnesses, do me some mischief for
 these, 917.
 she doeth little, 733.
- Kindred points of heaven, 485.
 with the skies, 607.
- Kine, beeves and home-bred, 474.
- King, a ruthless, is he, 652.
 all arrayed in his, 587.
 balm from an anointed, 81.
- King, betwixt my lord the, and me,
 719.
 Cambyses' vein, 85.
 came not, 779.
 can drink the best of, 719.
 cat may look on a, 17.
 city of the great, 1012.
 conscience of the, 135.
 contrary to the, 94.
 Cophetua loved, 105.
 cotton is, 1046.
 drinks to Hamlet, 145.
 else wherefore born, follow the, 677.
 equals the shepherd with the, 978.
 every inch a, 148.
 expedients with such a, 352.
 farewell, 82.
 fellow with the best, 93.
 first who was, 987.
 God bless the, 351.
 God save our gracious, 285.
 God save the, 285.
 great as a, 436.
 here lies our sovereign, 279.
 himself, greater than the, 364.
 himself has followed her, the, 400.
 if chance will have me, 116.
 if I were tedious as a, 52.
 I'll call thee Hamlet, 130.
 in a carriage may ride, 664.
 is dead long live the king, 1052.
 long live our noble, 285.
 long live the, 417.
 lustre that surrounds a, 964.
 never dropped out of the clouds,
 196.
 not only hating David but the, 268.
 of day, powerful, 355.
 of England cannot enter, 365.
 of France went up the hill, 872.
 of good fellows, 93.
 of men, precedent is, 807.
 of shreds and patches, 141.
 of snow, mockery, 82.
 of terrors, 1009.
 of the dead, I'm, 660.
 pageantry of a, 874.
 reigns but does not govern, 1002.
 ruin seize thee ruthless, 383.
 shake hands with a, 563.
 state without, or nobles, 598.
 Stephen was a worthy peer, 152,
 406.
 such divinity doth hedge a, 142.
 under which, Bezonian, 90.
 was a' for our rightfu', 452.
 when George the Third was, 556.
 who pretender is and who, 351.
 who would wish to be thy, 492.
 worm that hath eat of a, 141.
 would change with me, perhaps, 719.
 would say, the, 794.
- Kings and republics, farce of, 963.
 are like stars, 565.
 are not born, 838.
 as happy as, 829.
 can cause or cure, 367.
 cashiering most, 584.

- Kings come bow to it, bid, 79.
 death lays his icy hands on, 209.
 dread and fear of, 64.
 dull pomp the life of, 754.
 enthroned in the hearts of, 64.
 for such a tomb would die, 251.
 guilt of Eastern, 258.
 he shall stand before, 1020.
 invest knights and barons, 189.
 it makes gods, 97.
 kingliest, 771.
 may be blest, 451.
 may love treason, 182.
 meaner creatures, 97.
 of Brentford, two, 417.
 of modern thought are dumb, 753.
 pride of, the, 314.
 princes are the breath of, 447.
 reigned in green palaces, 221.
 right divine of, 332.
 ruined sides of, 196.
 setter up and puller down of, 95.
 showers on her, barbaric pearl, 226.
 stories of the death of, 82.
 this royal throne of, 81.
 teach your flattered, 683.
 upon their coronation day, 269.
 will be tyrants from policy, 410.
 would not play at, 421.
- King's Bench walks, chambers in, 297.
 creation, you may be of the, 282.
 crown, not the, 47.
 English, abusing the, 45.
 every subject's duty is the, 92.
 eye, horse made fat by the, 915.
 gate, on the, 779.
 name a tower of strength, 97.
 stamp, 't is not the, 282.
- Kingdom come, 't was kin' o', 736.
 down, trample a, 820.
 for a horse, 98.
 good man possesses a, 901.
 good mind possesses a, 22.
 like to a little, 111.
 my large, for a little grave, 82.
 my mind to me a, is, 22.
- Kingdoms, God has sifted three, 646.
 Kingliest kings, 771.
- Kingly crown, likeness of a, 228.
 line in Europe, the longest, 494.
- Kinship, things that have, 941.
- Kipling, when Rudyards cease from,
 867.
- Kirk, the near to, from God more far,
 29.
- Kiss a baby's feet, to, 807.
 but in the cup, leave a, 179.
 drew my soul with one long, 666.
 had won, many a glowing, 592.
 I am not the thing you, 782.
 immortal with a, 41.
 it was thy, 857.
 long long, 557.
 love must, that mortal's eyes, 834.
 me and be quiet, 350.
 me sweet-and-twenty, 75.
 of youth and love, 557.
 one kind, before we part, 859.
- Kiss, she throws a, 821.
 she with traitorous, 864.
 snatched hasty, 356.
 the coward does it with a, 836.
 the place to make it well, 535.
 till the cow comes home, 197.
 to every sedge, giving a gentle, 44.
 too long, a sigh too deep or a, 759.
 which Jews might, 325.
- Kisses bring again, my, 49.
 dear as remembered, 673.
 first invençed, 293.
 from a female mouth, 554.
 if you have .rgotten my, 806.
 tears and smiles, 474.
 thinking their own, sin, 108.
- Kissed, courtised when you have, 42.
 lips that I have, 144.
 me before, that you've, 590.
 the forehead, 832.
 the ground, 343.
- Kitchen bred, in the, 552.
 grate, she passed about the, 758.
 ruled the rost in the, 194.
- Kites or crows, wars of, 255.
- Kith nor kin, neither, 404.
- Kitten, I had rather be a, 85.
- Kittens, ez soshubble ez a baskit er,
 828.
- Knave because thou strikest, ay, 678.
 best defence against knave, 916.
 he is an arrant, 132.
 how absolute the, is, 143.
 I hate thee, being but a, 678.
 more, than fool, 41, 973.
 rascally yea-forsooth, 88.
 thank God you are rid of a, 52.
 that wears a title lies, 310.
- Knaves, flatter, or lose his pension,
 290.
 he called them untaught, 83.
 in Kendal green, 84.
 little better than false, 53.
 whip me such honest, 149.
- Kneaded clod, to become a, 48.
- Knee, his head on his, 406.
 pregnant hinges of the, 137.
- Knees, bow stubborn, 139.
 down on your, 70.
 man at arms must serve on his, 25
 on parent, 438.
 saint upon his, 422.
- Kneeling take aim, 612.
- Knell is rung by fairy hands, 389.
 of parting day, 384.
 overpowering, 559.
 sighed at the sound of a, 416.
 sound like a rising, 542.
 that summons thee to heaven, 119.
 the pall the bier, 562.
 the shroud the mattock the, 308.
- Knells call heaven invites, 307.
 in that word alone, 631.
 to a world of death, 499.
 us back, each matin bell, 500.
- Knew, all declared how much he, 397.
 her loveliness I never, 586.
 himself to sing, 246.

- Knew more, no man spoke less and, 924.
 that before you were born, 902.
 that one small head could carry all he, 397.
 thee but to love thee, 562.
 we should both forget, 806.
 what's what, 8.
- Knife, blood will follow the, 312.
 carved upon it with a, 90.
 to thy throat, put a, 1020.
 war even to the, 541.
- Knight, a prince can make a belted, 452.
 because thou strikest as a, 678.
 parfit gentil, a veray, 1.
 pricking on the plain, 27.
- Knights, accomplishing the, 92.
 barons kings can invest, 189.
 carpet, 187.
- Knight's bones are dust, 502.
 pastime, toil is the true, 728.
- Knightly counsel, 456.
 love is blent with reverence, 729.
- Knit brow with purpose, 739.
- Knitters in the sun, spinsters and, 75.
- Knives, hands made before, 293.
- Knock and it shall be opened, 1031.
 as you please, 336, 415.
 at my ribs, make my heart, 116.
 it never is at home, 415.
 the breast, nothing to, 242.
- Knocks, apostolic blows and, 210.
 open locks whoever, 123.
- Knock-down argument, 277.
- Knocker, tie up the, 326.
- Knolled to church, bells have, 68.
- Knot in a bulrush, 887.
 of roots, man is a, 618.
 unloose the Gordian, 91.
- Knotted and combined locks, 131.
 oak, to bend a, 294.
- Know, a path that I do not, 795.
 a star in the sky, does not, 618.
 a subject ourselves, 372.
 a thing is nothing, to, 866.
 a trick worth two of that, 84.
 again, would that I could, 662.
 all words are faint, 437.
 all ye need to, 576.
 does both act and, 263.
 enough for man to, 319.
 enough to trust, we, 715.
 enough you, 792.
 everything except myself, 955.
 'gainst tyrants its symbols, 748.
 happier than I, 237.
 her own, so well to, 238.
 her was to love her, 455.
 him no more, shall, 1008.
 how first he met her, 697.
 how frail I am, 1012.
 how little can be known, 319.
 how sublime a thing it is, 639.
 I am small I, but wherever, 750.
 it is not safe to, 217.
 knowledge is ourselves to, 320.
 me, not to, 234.
 me, when it came to, 526.
- Know men who their duties, 438.
 mine end, make me to, 1012.
 myself, not if I, 509.
 never prophesy unless ye, 737.
 not for what he was made, 941.
 not I ask not, 522.
 not if I know what, 680.
 not well the subtle ways, 617.
 not what's resisted, 448.
 not what, to be we, 276.
 not what we may be, 142.
 nothing really, we, 952.
 old age may come after you, 743.
 one's self, difficult to, 943.
 only the constant, 611.
 or dream or fear all we, 562.
 reason but from what we, 315.
 right well how meek, 679.
 than all, I better, 651.
 that deformed, I, 52.
 that he who finds himself, 757.
 that I love thee, 522.
 the table round, I, 679.
 thee not, who, 437.
 their own good, how few, 274.
 their rights, men who, 438.
 then if, but if I, 680.
 then thyself, 317.
 there is none other, I, 680.
 thought so once now I, 350.
 thyself, 977.
 thyself and nothing too much, 922.
 to esteem to love, 502.
 too well the poison and sting, 760.
 unless others, you know it, 866.
 we believe what we least, 961.
 we loved in vain, 539.
 well I am not great, 679.
 what lays before us, little we, 702.
 what true love is, if I, 680.
 what Virgil sings, you, 684.
 what we are, 142.
 what were good to do, 60.
 whatever there is to, 769.
 where to find information, 372.
 where'er I go, yet I, 477.
 ye the land of cypress and myrtle, 549.
- Knows and knows no more, 414.
 no man distinctly, 952.
 not till he tries, 899.
 where God, and love knows where, 805.
- Knowed the Lord was nigher, she, 736.
- Knoweth of such an one, none, 805.
- Knowing dare maintain, 438.
 mastered what was not worth, 734.
 that they know nothing, 888.
 thee for such, 791.
 when to have done, 583.
- Knowledge, ample page of, 384.
 and timber, 692.
 be innocent of the, 121.
 book of, 230.
 by suffering entereth, 657.
 comes but wisdom lingers, 669.
 curious and for love, for, 744.
 diffused, immortalizes itself, 457.

- Knowledge, end of life not, but action,
 762.
 ever the beginning of, 582.
 evergreen tree of, 440.
 from ignorance, 710.
 great step to, 627.
 grow from more to more, let, 673.
 hath won God out of, 818.
 he that hath, 1019.
 he that increaseth, 1022.
 helps us to die a more painful
 death, 998.
 humble because of, 853.
 if a little, is dangerous, 762.
 in excess, desire of, 165.
 increaseth strength, 1020.
 is bought in the market, 727.
 is but sorrow's spy, 207.
 is of two kinds, 372.
 is ourselves to know, 320.
 is power, 168.
 is proud, 422.
 is the one only good, 946.
 is the only fountain, 530.
 lost by incredulity, 910.
 manners must adorn, 353.
 more than equivalent to force, 368.
 multiplieth words without, 1009.
 night unto night showeth, 1011.
 not according to, 1036.
 of divine things, 910.
 of what is excellent, 913.
 out-topping, 752.
 shall be increased, 1027.
 spirit of, 1025.
 sweet food of sweetly uttered, 34.
 the beginning of all, 583.
 the fountain of human liberty, 530.
 too high the price for, 313.
 true, leads to love, 465.
 under difficulties, 528.
 we must snatch half our, 320.
 what is, but grieving, 780.
- Known, best thoughts which he hath,
 749.
 much have I seen and, 668.
 the barber's shear, never has, 697.
 to be forever, 260.
 too late, 105.
- Knuckle-end of England, 459.
 Kosciusko fell, shrieked as, 513.
 Krysis is onto us, that a, 787.
 Kubla Khan, 500.
- Laborin' man an' woman, 735.
 Laborious at the first ascent, 339.
 days, to live, 247.
- Labour and intent study, 253.
 and sorrow, their strength is, 1014.
 and the wounds are vain, the, 726.
 and to wait, learn to, 639.
 bears a lovely face, 182.
 capital solicits the aid of, 532.
 cheers the tar's, 555.
 Chinese cheap, 813.
 ease and alternate, 355.
 even in the meanest sorts of, 583.
 for his pains, 378, 970.
- Labour for my travail, I have had my,
 101.
 good week's, 174.
 hard, difficulty and, 230.
 he who first shortened the, 584.
 in his vocation, 83.
 is but a sorrowful song, 717.
 is done, 765.
 is for future hours, your, 622.
 is independent and proud, 532.
 is the lot of man, 339.
 life is in, 996.
 many still must, for the one, 551.
 mountain in, 892, 902.
 of an age in piled stones, 251.
 of love, 1039.
 only is earnest, deemest thou, 841.
 pauperism feasteth while honest,
 696.
 the brow of, 844.
 we delight in physics pain, 120.
 what to speak, 168.
 why should life all, be, 667.
 work under our, grows, 238.
 youth of, with age of ease, 396.
- Labours and endures and waits, but,
 647.
 and peregrinations, 170.
 mourn, our fruitless, 344.
 the line too, 324.
 to tax our, 413.
- Labour's bath, ^{sore}, 120.
 Laboured not for myself, 1029.
 nothings, such, 324.
- Labourer is worthy of his hire, 1034.
 Labourers are few, 1031.
 Labouring incessant, 356.
 man, sleep of a, 1022.
- Laburnum's dropping gold, 570.
 Labyrinthine ways of my own mind,
 841.
- Lacedæmonians and the enemy, 920.
- Lack but open eye and ear, 650.
 I have they, 22.
 of argument, 91.
 of good society, no, 644.
 of kindly warmth, 109.
 of listeners are not said, for, 749.
 of many a thing, 161.
 of wit, plentiful, 133.
 of woman's nursing, there was, 653.
- Lacked and lost we rack the value, 53.
 Lackest, mind not what thou, 940.
- Lack-lustre eye, looking on it with, 68.
- Lad and all the sport is stale, 728.
 of mettle a good boy, 84.
 when all the world is old, 728.
 who when his father, I like the, 720.
- Lads and lassies in their best, 632.
- Ladder by which we rise, build the,
 730.
 Jacob's, 612.
 of our vices, 643.
 who ascended Fame's, 723.
 young ambition's, 111.
- Laden life, 786.
- Ladies, a lion among, 58.
 be but young and fair, 68.

- Ladies, fond of the company of, 376.
 good night sweet, 142.
 intellectual, lords of, 555.
 make nets and not cages, 291.
 of St. James's, 815.
 over offended, 297.
 sigh no more, 51, 405.
 whose eyes rain influence, 249.
- Ladies' love, unfit for, 272.
- Lady Disdain are you yet living, 50.
 doth protest too much, 138.
 faint heart ne'er won fair, 975.
 fair, 852.
 Fortune, railed on, 68.
 garmented in light, 567.
 he's dead and gone, 405.
 here come the, 107.
 is in the case, when a, 349.
 married to the Moor, 477.
 Moon where are you roving, 665.
 of the Mere, 472.
 protests too much, 138.
 so richly clad, 499.
 sweet arise, 159.
 weep no more, 405.
 who lent his, to his friend, 559.
- Lady's fan, brain him with his, 84.
- Ladyship, humorous, 79.
- Lady-smocks all silver white, 56.
- Lags the veteran, superfluous, 365.
- Laid low in my grave, 78.
 me down with a will, 830.
 on with a trowel, 66.
- Lair, rouse the lion from his, 495.
- Lake, looks at the stars above, 809.
 or moorish fen, 244.
 pilot of the Galilean, 247.
 silver, on thy fair bosom, 580.
 swan on still St. Mary's, 474.
 swan swims on a, 593.
 thou in thy, dost see, 756.
 where drooped the willow, 610.
- Lake-lily is an urn some nymph, 704.
- Lamb, go to bed with the, 454.
 God tempers the wind to the shorn,
 379.
 one dead, is there, 641.
 skin of an innocent, 94.
 the frolic and the gentle, 486.
 to the slaughter, as a, 1026.
 Una with her milk-white, 477.
 wolf dwell with the, 1025.
- Lambs, such protection as vultures
 give to, 442.
 to their friends lions to enemies, 627.
- Lambe them lads, 495.
- Lambent gleam, 832.
- Lame and impotent conclusion, 151.
 feet was I to the, 1009.
 man, living with a, 915.
- Lamely and unfashionable, 95.
- Lament for Madam Blaize, 400.
- Lamp, arguments smelt of the, 914.
 ere Homer's, appeared, 414.
 holds out to burn, 303.
 my love in heaven hangs out, 831.
 no, so cheering, 522.
 of experience, 429.
- Lamp that lighted the traveller, 522.
 thy, O Memory, 770.
 ungirt loin and the unlit, 707.
 unto my feet, 1015.
- Lamps, heaven's distant, 642.
 in a green night, golden, 262.
 in sepulchral urns, 415.
 shone o'er fair women, 542.
- Lancaster, time-honoured, 80.
- Land and sea, he governs, 731.
 be of good cheer I see, 949.
 beside, no, 78.
 bowels of the, 97.
 darkness of the, 676.
 deal damnation round the, 334.
 flight for such a, 489.
 flowing with milk, 1005.
 French have the empire of the, 580.
 from out of foreign, 261.
 hail to the, whereon, 580.
 I do not own an inch of, 765.
 I'm going to, in the, 638.
 ill fares the, 396.
 in No-man's, 798.
 into the silent, 777, 991.
 is holy where they fought, 634.
 just the same as on the, 724.
 light that never was on sea or, 475.
 madden round the, 326.
 my native, good night, 540.
 my own my native, 488.
 ocean leans against the, 395.
 o'er all the pleasant, 569.
 of bondage, out of the, 493.
 of brown heath, 489.
 of Calvin and oat-cakes, 459.
 of counterpane, 829.
 of darkness, 1008.
 of dreams I long to go, into, 844.
 of drowsyhed it was, 357.
 of Eldorado, 855.
 of faery, 848.
 of fear, and o'er the buried, 749.
 of Git-Thare, 839.
 of heart's desire, 849.
 of joy lies all before, the, 686.
 of liberty, sweet, 654.
 of lost gods and godlike men, 541.
 of Moab, a vale in the, 726.
 of palm and southern pine, 672.
 of palm, of orange blossom, 672.
 of pure delight, 303.
 of scholars nurse of arms, 395.
 of such a, 798.
 of the cypress and myrtle, 549.
 of the free, 516, 517.
 of the leal, in the, 458.
 of the living, 1009.
 of the mountain, 489.
 of the pilgrims' pride, 654.
 one heart one hand, one, 690.
 or water, travel by, 293.
 plenty o'er a smiling, 385.
 rare bird in the, 956.
 rent with civil feuds, 533.
 seek the happy, 717.
 set out to plant a wood, 289.
 shakes the turrets of the, 689.

- Land, speed and post o'er, 252.
 stains forever from, he loved, 788.
 stranger in a strange, 1005.
 sung through every, 302.
 sunshine to the sunless, 486.
 that lead to an enchanted, 798.
 the Holy, 798.
 they love their, 563.
 they loved so well, the, 634.
 this delightful, 233.
 to fight for such a, 489.
 violet of his native, 674.
 was bought, by their blood that,
 634.
 what heaven hath done for this, 540.
 where my fathers died, 654.
 where sorrow is unknown, 417.
 where the bong-tree grows, 703.
 where the lemon-trees bloom, 989.
- Lands forlorn, in faery, 575.
 from, of sun to lands of snows, 751.
 less happier, 81.
 lord of himself though not of, 174.
 of snow to lands of sun, 751.
 roamed o'er many, 589.
 when the islands and the, 578.
 where the Jumblies live, 703.
- Landing on some silent shore, 295.
- Landlady and Tam, 451.
 grew gracious, the, 451.
- Ländler-tune, we listened to the, 778.
- Landlord's laugh, the, 451.
- Landmark, ancient, 1020.
- Land-rats and water-rats, 61.
- Landscape, darkened, 227.
 love is like a, 181.
 tire the view, 358.
- Landsmen all, 801.
 all, list ye, 86.
- Land-thieves and water-thieves, 61.
- Lane of beams athwart the sea, 668.
 straight down the crooked, 593.
- Language, Chatham's, 419.
 flowers are love's truest, 660.
 is plain, my, 813.
 nature speaks a various, 572.
 nature's end of, 310.
 no, but a cry, 675.
 O that those lips had, 423.
 of the nation, don't confound the,
 462.
 or abuse, bad, 801.
 quaint and olden, 639.
 under the tropic is our, spoke, 220.
- Languages, especially the dead, 556.
 have been at a feast of, 56.
- Languishes loudly, a cat, 829.
- Languor is not in your heart, 754.
 smile, make, 328.
 summer's golden, 829.
- Lank and brown, thou art, 498.
- Lanterns lit, ports all up battle, 739.
- Laodicean cant of tolerance, 832.
- Lap, drop into thy mother's, 239.
 in my mother's, 240.
 it in Elysium, 244.
 low in glory's, they lie, 496.
 me in delight, 564.
- Lap me in soft Lydian airs, 249.
 of earth, his head upon the, 386.
 of legends old, asleep in, 575.
 of May, chills the, 394.
 of Thetis, sun in the, 213.
 the lot is cast, into the, 1019.
- Lapidary inscriptions, 372.
- Lapland night, lovely as a, 475.
- Lapse of murmuring streams, 237.
- Lapsing waves on quiet shores, 651.
- Larch has hung his tassels, 571.
- Lards the lean earth as he walks, 84.
- Large as life, 782.
 divine and comfortable words, 677.
 elements in order brought, 677.
 so rudely and so, 2.
 was his bounty, 386.
 youth, lusty loving, 743.
- Large-brained woman, 658.
- Large-hearted man, 658.
- Larger than the cat, lion look no, 682.
 than the sky, soul of man is, 585.
- Lark at heaven's gate sings, 159.
 no, more blithe than he, 427.
 rise with the, 33, 454.
 sang loud and high, 637.
 the morning song of the, 681.
- Larks and a wren, four, 703.
 at their matins hang over, 749.
 to catch, 957.
 when the skie falth, catch, 11.
- Lascivious pleasing of a lute, 95.
- Lash, blood drawn with the, 661.
 the rascals naked, 155.
 the shallows that line the beach,
 820.
 the sounding shore, 324.
- Lashes, teary round the, 736.
 the granite cliffs below, 629.
- Lass, drink to the, 442.
 is good and a glass is good, 861.
 penniless, wi' a lang pedigree, 458.
 wi' the bonnie, saw ye the, 586.
- Lasses, then she made the, 446.
- Lassie, she's the loveliest, 586.
- Last, all life will sleep at, 685.
 although the, not least, 146.
 at his cross, 864.
 battle of the world, for the, 650.
 best gift, heaven's, 235.
 brightening to the, 396.
 comes at the, 82.
 drop in the well, 553.
 each day a critic on the, 325.
 embrace, take your, 109.
 every hero becomes a bore at, 619.
 eyes look your, 109.
 first and the, 1041.
 home home at, 594.
 in fight first in banquets, 337.
 in the train of night, 235.
 is best, he that comes, 185.
 issues at the last, 678.
 legs, on his, 172.
 link is broken, 868.
 long sleep, 438.
 love thyself, 100.
 love will conquer at the, 683.

- Last night, yes I answered you, 658.
 not least in love, 113.
 of all the Romans fare thee well, 115.
 of earth, this is the, 459.
 out a night in Russia, 47.
 pleased to the, 315.
 reader reads no more, 689.
 returns the first, after, 662.
 rose of summer, 521.
 scene of all, 69.
 sex to the, 273.
 spring up and blossom at, 788.
 still loveliest, 545.
 syllable of recorded time, 125.
 taste of sweets is sweetest, 81.
 the daintiest, 80.
 't is his at, who says it best, 737.
 to lay the old aside, 324.
 when, we heard the sweet bells, 597.
 words Narcissa spoke, 321.
 words of Marmion, 490.
 year's crops, little good watering,
 730.
 Lasting peace among ourselves, 662.
 power, 810.
 rest, to their, 80.
 sweet not, 129.
 Late, better, than never, 13, 284, 899.
 choosing and beginning, 238.
 February days, 790.
 in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame,
 868.
 into the night, so, 553.
 known too, 105.
 nothing must be done too, 906.
 or soon, will it ever, 683.
 soon or, shall navigate, 767.
 then, war will die out, 683.
 though lingered the snow, 811.
 too, I stayed, 464.
 too, who goes too fast, 898.
 Lated traveller, now spurs the, 121.
 Lately bathed, having, 86.
 Latent force, a man without passion,
 995.
 Later star of dawn, 485.
 times are more aged, 169.
 to each sooner or, delicate death,
 744.
 Latin and Greek, speaks, 210.
 names, all their botany is, 615.
 or in Greek, must come in, 220.
 small, and less Greek, 179.
 soft bastard, 554.
 was no more difficile, 210.
 Latitude for a seine, parallels of, 796.
 Latter end of a fray, 19, 87.
 former times shake hands with, 212.
 Laud than gilt o'er dusted, 102.
 L'audace encore de l'audace, 28.
 Lauded in song, many once, 940.
 Laudem virtutis, 3.
 Laugh a siege to scorn, 125.
 an atheist's, 448.
 and be fat, 858.
 and the world laughs with you, 835.
 at any mortal thing, 558.
 for hope, I, 725.
 Laugh, I'm growing fainter in my, 719.
 in bed we, 980.
 make the unskilful, 137.
 not granted man to, 904.
 of pleasure grows less gay, 608.
 of the vacant mind, 396.
 of war, the red, 854.
 proper to the man to, 956.
 sans intermission, 68.
 that I may not weep, 558.
 that win, they, 155.
 the children, 690.
 thee to scorn, 1029.
 to make the weeper, 163.
 to scorn, 71.
 was ready chorus, the landlord's,
 451.
 where we must, 315.
 who but must, 327.
 world's dread, 356.
 Laughs at lovers' perjury, 106, 272.
 at probabilities, fate, 632.
 fair, the morn, 383.
 louder than the giant, 690.
 with a harvest, earth, 612.
 Laughable, swear the jest be, 59.
 Laughed and danced, 864.
 and said his say, when he's, 697.
 and talked in the chamber there,
 781.
 consumedly, 395.
 full well they, 397.
 his word to scorn, 415.
 Laughter weep, to make the, 163.
 Laughing devil in his sneer, 551.
 giant, laughs louder than, 690.
 quaffing and unthinking, 272.
 soil, paint the, 535.
 wild amid severest woe, 381.
 you hear that boy, 690.
 Laughing-stock, yourself a, 976.
 Laughter for a month, 84.
 for all time, 657.
 holding both his sides, 248.
 mirth and, 557.
 of a fool, 1022.
 oft is but an art, 585.
 running, 841.
 shakes the skies, 337.
 shout back our peals of, 756.
 winged his polished dart, 803.
 Laura lay, grave where, 26.
 Laurel and myrtle, groves are of, 989.
 bough, Apollo's, 41.
 greener from the brows, 665.
 under the, the blue, 766.
 Laureled ox, at the heels of the, 808.
 Lavinia, she is, 104.
 Law and the prophets, 1031.
 and to the testimony, 1025.
 as adversaries do in, 72.
 but is this, 143.
 Cantilena of the, 527.
 crowners' quest, 143.
 eleven points in the, 296.
 ends where tyranny begins, 364.
 evolution is a, 812.
 fulfilling of the, 1037.

- Law, good opinion of the, 440.
 hath not been dead, the, 48.
 higher, than the constitution, 606.
 ignorance of the, 195.
 in calmness made, keeps the, 476.
 is a 'ass a idiot, the, 702.
 is a sort of hocus-pocus, 350.
 is good, the, 1039.
 is nothing else but reason, 24.
 is open, the, 1035.
 is perfection of reason, 24.
 is the true embodiment, 801.
 it has honoured us, the, 532.
 last result of human wisdom, 375.
 lawless science of our, 670.
 live obedient to the, 783.
 measure for, 194.
 murder by the, 311.
 nature's kindly, 318.
 necessity has no, 959.
 no lust because they have no, 680.
 not to be heard in war, 911.
 nothing is, that is not reason, 278.
 of beauty and utility, 705.
 of kindness, 1021.
 of life and its best fruit, 786.
 of life, progress is the, 704.
 of the Medes and Persians, 1027.
 offends no, 36.
 old father antic the, 82.
 one God one element one, 677.
 one principle of Being and one, 940.
 possession the strongest tenure of
 the, 878.
 preserves the earth a sphere, 456.
 reason is the life of the, 24.
 rich men rule the, 395.
 rigorous, is rigorous injustice, 890.
 seat of, is the bosom of God, 31.
 seven hours to, 438.
 sovereign, sits empress, 438.
 stand level with the highest in the,
 798.
 supposes that, if the, 702.
 the, is good, 1039.
 the ultimate angels', 711.
 these nice sharp quillets of the, 93.
 thought of the people shall be, 283.
 truly kept the, 255.
 unchanging, of God, 694.
 we have a measure for, 194.
 wedded love mysterious, 234.
 what plea so tainted in, 63.
 which moulds a tear, 456.
 who to himself is, 36.
 windy side of the, 76.
 world's, is not thy friend, 108.
 written and unwritten, 946.
- Laws and learning die, 726.
 are with us, the, 506.
 better none than too many, 965.
 breathing household, 472.
 curse on all, 333.
 facts and the, judges of the, 859.
 for the blood, 61.
 gives his little senate, 327, 336.
 grind the poor, 395.
 however stringent, no, 720.
- Laws, impartial, 313.
 like cobwebs, 943.
 love knoweth no, 32.
 may give us new, 200.
 nature's, lay hid in night, 330.
 new lords give us new, 200.
 of a nation, 281.
 of conscience, 960.
 of heat, to examine the, 812.
 of nature, 434.
 of purer science holier, 728.
 of right, 996.
 of servitude began, 275.
 or kings can cause or cure, 367.
 repeal of bad, 752.
 that never cease, 843.
 true friendship's, 346.
 with sweeter manners purer, 676.
- Law's delay, the, 135.
 grave study, 24.
- Lawful for me to do what I will with
 mine own, 1032.
- Lawn, rivulets hurrying through the,
 673.
 saint in, 320.
 sprinkled the dewy, 338.
 sun upon the upland, 386.
 with rosy lustre, 342.
- Lawns, happy fair with orchard, 681.
- Lawrie, but all sang Annie, 761.
- Lawyer, the skull of a, 143.
 without literature a mechanic, 493.
- Lawyers are met, the, 348.
 Cantilena of, 527.
 take what they would give, 691.
 wrangling, 186.
- Lax in their gaiters, 510.
- Lay dying in Algiers, 653.
 go forth my simple, 437.
 her in the earth, 144.
 his weary bones among ye, 100.
 like a warrior, 563.
 Llewellyn's, 383.
 low, Brer Fox he, 828.
 me down in sorrow, 770.
 me down to sleep, now I, 873.
 no wagers, 398.
 not that flattering unction, 141.
 on Macduff, 126.
 on that day, as she, 453.
 our burdens down, where we, 758.
 set some value on his votive, 653.
 stone on stone, dig and heap, 753.
 thy soft touch of healing, 764.
 with canvas drooping, that, 727.
 your golden cushion down, 865.
- Lays before us, little we know what,
 702.
 delight by heavenly, 477.
- Lazy fokes's stummucks, 828.
- Le véritable Amphitryon, 277.
- Lea, standing on this pleasant, 476.
 the sun has left the, 494.
 winds slowly o'er the, 384.
- Lead kindly Light, 607.
 me O Lord till perfect day, 761.
 me whither thou wilt, 931.
 thou me on, 607.

- Lead to an enchanted land, 798.
 't were a pleasant life to, 611.
- Leads me on forever, 767.
 take to following where He, 788.
 to bewilder, 428.
- Leader, there lives no greater, 679.
- Leadeth me beside the still waters,
 1011.
- Leading, men of light and, 410.
 public man of light and, 628.
- Leaf, all do fade as a, 1027.
 also shall not wither, 1011.
 falls with the, 184.
 impearls on every, and flower, 235.
 is lost, not a beam or, 544.
 is on the tree, the, 637.
 my days are in the yellow, 555.
 of pity writ, 109.
 perished in the green, 675.
 right as an aspen, 5.
 sere the yellow, 124.
 shall not wither, his, 1010.
 sorrow and scarlet, 741.
 that falls, there 's not a, 865.
 turn over a new, 174, 182.
 upon the stream, vain as the, 491.
 was darkish and had prickles, 245.
- Leafless desert of the mind, 549.
 trees, sober realm of, 751.
- Leafy month of June, 499.
- Leagues apart descried, scarce long,
 727.
- Leal, in the land o' the, 458.
- Lean and hungry look, 111.
 and low ability, 77.
 and slippered pantaloons; 69.
 books, lard their, 185.
 earth, lards the, 84.
 fellow beats all conquerors, 181.
 hungry savage anti-everythings,
 690.
 upon the thought that chance, 754.
- Leans upon his hoe, 833.
- Leaned to virtue's side, 396.
- Lean-faced villain, hungry, 50.
- Leap into the dark, 956.
 into this angry flood, 110.
 leashed thunders gathering for their,
 739.
 look before you, 9, 214.
 to light, 767.
 to pluck bright honour, 84.
- Leaps the live thunder, 544.
- Leapt to life a god, 564.
- Learn and inwardly digest, 1042.
 craft so long to, 6.
 gladly would he, 2.
 late than never, better, 899.
 live and, 976.
 men from books, we can not, 626.
 not so old but she may, 64.
 of the little nautilus, 318.
 to labour and to wait, 639.
 to read slow, 265.
 what is necessary for boys to, 946.
 while you're young, 786.
 wise to, God-like to create, 720.
- Learned about women from 'er, 853.
- Learned and all drunk, 420.
 and authentic fellows, 73.
 and conned by rote, 115.
 and fair and good as she, 179.
 and wise, Babylon, 483.
 Chaucer, 179.
 doctors' spite, 564.
 dust, much, 419.
 length, words of, 397.
 lumber in his head, 325.
 reflect on what they knew, 325.
 roast an egg, the, 330.
 smile, make the, 324.
 sock, Jonson's, 249.
 to dance, who have, 324.
- Learning, become mad out of too
 much, 193.
 branches of, 62.
 breast where, lies, 336.
 cast into the mire, 410.
 dote on scraps of, 310.
 find time to be, 935.
 fraught with all, 399.
 has its value, 983.
 hath gained most by those books
 which printers have lost, 222.
 in the freshness of its youth, 881.
 is but an adjunct to oneself, 55.
 is it a time to be, 947.
 laws and, die, 726.
 little, is a dangerous thing, 323.
 love he bore to, 397.
 men of polite, 284.
 more, than appears on the scroll,
 785.
 no man wiser for his, 195.
 progeny of, 440.
 somewhat good, 935.
 study of, 254.
 to misquote, just enough, 539.
 university should be place of, 625
 weight of, 677.
 whence is thy, 348.
 wiser grow without books, 422.
- Leashed thunders gathering for their
 leap, 739.
- Least alone in solitude, 544.
 although the last not, 146.
 expected generally happens, what
 we, 628.
 of two evils, 7.
 though last not, 113.
- Leather, feet through faithless, 311.,
 or prunello, 319.
 Spanish or neat's, 213.
 trod upon neat's, 110.
- Leave all in order, embrace thy friends,
 745.
 all meaner things, 314.
 but never takes his, 720.
 her to heaven, 132.
 my character behind me, 442.
 no stone unturned, 1001.
 not a rack behind, 43.
 often took, 288.
 the gates unguarded, 798.
 thee, must I thus, 239.
 to die, freedom or, 756.

- Leave to God God does, whate'er we,
 722.
 to speak, losers must have, 297.
 to those to come the house itself,
 745.
 what with his toil he won, 267.
 Leaves and roses, month of, 723.
 do cover with, 181.
 do fall, falls as the, 184.
 do hang, when yellow, 162.
 ending on the rustling, 250.
 fall and melt, 770.
 getteth short of, 593.
 have their time to fall, 570.
 low stir of, 651.
 no man has aught of what he, 145.
 of destiny, in shady, 258.
 of hopes, puts forth the tender, 99.
 of memory, the, 641.
 of the judgment book, 761.
 on trees, like, 338.
 shatter your, 246.
 spread his sweet, to the air, 104.
 sweeps from the forest the, 715.
 they were crisped and sere, 656.
 thick as autumnal, 224, 337.
 where, might cover me, 805.
 which remain are few, 648.
 words are like, 323.
 Leaven, a little, leaveneth, 1038.
 earth's bitter, 473.
 lowly lives, 797.
 pleasure with pain for, 805.
 Leaving no tract behind, 109.
 nothing in his life became him like
 the, it, 117.
 on craggy hills and running, 653.
 the cross, nearer, 758.
 Lebanon, like a cedar in, 1014.
 Lectures in her night-dress, 594.
 Led by my hand, 332.
 Leda, a swan to enjoy, 32.
 Leer, assent with civil, 327.
 Lees, the mere, is left, 120.
 Left a name behind them, 1029.
 an aching void, 422.
 blooming alone, 521.
 free the human will, 334.
 God's right hand and, 721.
 hand know, let not thy, 1030.
 silent, 790.
 to be finished by such as she, 78.
 undone those things, 1042.
 what we, we lost, 988.
 ye have, your souls on earth, 577.
 Leg, can honour set to a, 87.
 every goose can stand on one, 924.
 Legs, a cannon-ball took off his, 594.
 biggest rascal on two, 934.
 in rhyme, making, 387.
 march wide betwixt the, 87.
 of time, break the, 688.
 on his last, 172.
 three Frenchmen on one pair of
 English, 91.
 walk under his huge, 110.
 Legacy, no, so rich as honesty, 73.
 Legends old, lap of, 575.
 Legion lay dying in Algiers, soldier of,
 653.
 my name is, 1033.
 Leisure, forbid I should be at, 917.
 never less at, 75.
 one with true toil, true, 716.
 repent at, 295.
 retired, 249.
 to contrive, 407.
 to die, so much, 921.
 wooed in haste to wed at, 72.
 Leke, mouses wit not worth a, 4.
 Lemon, in the squeezing of a, 401.
 twelve miles from a, 460.
 Lemonade, black eyes and, 519.
 Lemon-trees bloom, where the, 989.
 Lend a hand, 867.
 lend your wings, 335.
 me your ears, 113.
 or to spend or to give, 279.
 you something out of my lean and
 low ability, 77.
 Lender, borrower is servant to the,
 1020.
 nor borrower be, 130.
 Lendeth unto the Lord, 1019.
 Length, drags its slow, 324.
 folly's at full, 312.
 peace and rest at, 594.
 words of learned, 397.
 Lengthened sage advices, 451.
 Lengthening chain, 394.
 shadows, the, 268.
 Leonidas and three hundred, always,
 759.
 Leopard change his spots, 1027.
 lie down with the kid, 1022.
 Less alone, I was never, 431.
 alone than when alone, never, 455.
 beautifully, 287.
 happier lands, 81.
 heaven more and, than just, 763.
 mighty than Thou art, wert, 717.
 of earth in them than heaven, 491.
 of earth than heaven, 't is, 608.
 of harmes two, the, 5.
 of two evils, 7.
 rather than be, 226.
 than a span, 170.
 than archangel ruined, 225.
 than hope, memory no, 631.
 than kind, more than kin, 127.
 Lessened by another's anguish, 104.
 Lessening hill, time's horses gallop
 down, 850.
 up the skies, 771.
 Lessens human woe, each struggle,
 718.
 Lesser god had made, as if some,
 681.
 powers that be, o'er, 731.
 Lesson, Caution's, scorn'ing, 447.
 its stripes were a holy, 748.
 still harder, 425.
 this, seems to carry, 417.
 time has taught us a, 909.
 to the head, heart give a, 422.
 Lessons, time teaches many, 881.

- Lest pleasureless ye die, 790.
we forget, 852.
- Let all rich men remember, 684.
dearly or let alone, 204.
down the curtain, 956.
each man think himself, 721.
each try by great thoughts, 721.
for life or years, 204.
head to be, unfurnished, 210.
her down the wind, 153.
him go abroad, 372.
him go to the devil, don't, 372.
him now speak, 1042.
him that thinketh, 1037.
in the foe, 242.
it be let it pass, 1000.
knowledge grow, 673.
love be free, 680.
me hide myself in thee, 432.
me see, the difference, 719.
Newton be, God said, 330.
no guilty man escape, 752.
no such man be trusted, 66.
not the heavens hear, 97.
not your heart be troubled, 1035.
others hail the rising sun, 387.
our ship of state to harbor, 739.
the children play, 762.
the end try the man, 89.
the long contention cease, 754.
the past be past, and, 685.
the thick curtain fall, 651.
the toast pass, 442.
the world go dine and dress, 611.
the world slide, 9, 72, 198.
them loiter in pleasure or, 660.
there be light, 770, 1004.
there be no strife, 1004.
those love now, 306.
thy words be few, 1022.
us all to meditation, 94.
us be happy and live within, 787.
us be merry, 199.
us call thee devil, 152.
us consider the reason, 278.
us die to make men free, 748.
us do or die, 183, 450.
us eat and drink, 1025.
us have peace, 752.
us sit upon the ground, 82.
us talk of graves of worms, 82.
us to providence trust, 727.
us worship God he says, 447.
who will be clever, 727.
your loins be girded, 1034.
- Lets in new light through chinks, 221.
me, I'll make a ghost of him that,
131.
- Lethe wharf, fat weed on, 131.
- Letter, preferment goes by, 149.
the, killeth, 1038.
- Letters Cadmus gave, the, 558.
heaven first taught, 333.
man of, 601.
man of the world among men of,
601.
republic of, 364.
- Letting I dare not, 118.
- Level at, his eye doth, 161.
so sways she, 75.
with the highest, 798.
- Levels, hearts to higher, rise, 646.
- Levellers wish to level down, 370.
- Lever han at his beddes hed, 1.
of all things, mind is the, 530.
- Leviathan, canst thou draw out, 1010.
where the vast, sleeps, 820.
- Levy, malice domestic foreign, 121.
- Lewd fellows of the baser sort, 1035.
- Lexicography, lost in, 368.
- Lexicon of youth, in the, 631.
- Lexington and Bunker Hill, there is,
532.
- Liar, doubt truth to be a, 133.
of the first magnitude, 294.
quite picturesque, 796.
- Liars, all men are, 1015.
ought to have good memories, 264,
907, 960.
- Libanus, like a cedar in, 1014.
- Liberal air, his love was like the, 803.
education, men of, 284.
of good natural parts and of a, 972.
soul shall be made fat, 1018.
to love her was a, 297.
- Libertas et natale solum, 290.
- Liberties, he takes the strangest, 720.
people never give up, 411.
- Libertine, puffed and reckless, 129.
the air a chartered, 91.
- Liberty and glory of his country, 529.
and union now and forever, 533.
angels alone enjoy such, 260.
binds in chains and calls them, 817.
cradle of American, 534.
crimes in the name of, 990.
crust of bread and, 328.
devotes the national domain to, 606.
enjoy delight with, 30.
essential, 359.
eternal vigilance is the price of, 1047.
exists in wholesome restraint, 531.
fountain of human, 530.
God gave us at the same time, 434.
hour of virtuous, 298.
I must have withal, 68.
is in every blow, 450.
is to be subserved, 744.
mountain nymph sweet, 248.
my spirit felt thee, 501.
O, while Goddess, 798.
one of the most valuable blessings,
978.
or death, give me, 430.
price of, 1047.
principles of human, 530.
spirit of, 408.
sweet land of, 654.
that little achieved through, 714.
they died for, 784.
to that only which is good, 858.
treacherous phantom men call, 747.
tree of, 990.
university should be place of, 625.
when they cry, 252.
- Liberty's tree, garden of, 516.

- Liberty's unclouded blaze, 564.
 war, first touch of, 525.
 white throne, space for, 788.
 Library, books from mine own, 42.
 circulating, 440.
 turn over half a, 372.
 was dukedom large enough, 42.
 Libyan fable, in a, 882.
 License they mean, 252.
 Lick absurd pomp, 137.
 the dust, enemies shall, 1013.
 Licks the dust, pride that, 328.
 the hand just raised, 315.
 Licker talks mighty loud, 828.
 Lid, hang upon his penthouse, 116.
 Lids, drops his blue-fringed, 501.
 of Juno's eyes, 77.
 with eternal, apart, 578.
 Lie, but he could n't, if you paid him,
 853.
 children and fools cannot, 15.
 direct, the, 72.
 fallow for a while, well to, 696.
 give the world the, 25.
 how still we see thee, 791.
 its work done the, shall rot, 757.
 lightly, gentle earth, 197.
 men who will not, 730.
 most civil sort of, 567.
 much makes life itself a, 554.
 nature admits no, 583.
 never lives to be old, 883.
 never tell a, 943.
 nothing can need a, 205.
 shelved round us, mummied authors,
 761.
 spit in my face if I tell a, 84.
 still and slumber, 302.
 ten nights awake, 51.
 to credit his own, 42.
 under a mistake, you, 292, 567.
 was dead and damned, the, 706.
 was thy dream a shadowy, 719.
 what is a, after all, 560.
 which is all a, 671.
 which is half a truth, 671.
 with circumstance, 72.
 with me, who loves to, 67.
 Lies a conversation in his eyes, yet
 there, 647.
 a lonely grave, there, 726.
 all before his eyes, 686.
 around us like a cloud, 700.
 close at home, snug painted, 650.
 devil author of, 193.
 down to pleasant dreams, 572.
 for it behid him, 686.
 in his bed, 79.
 like a hedgehog, 593.
 like truth, fiend that, 125.
 some books are, 446.
 the throng and stress of, 791.
 to hide it makes it two, 301.
 told in silence, 830.
 under the walls of Paradise, 751.
 what is gained by telling, 947.
 Lied, he never, 810.
 Lief not be as live to be, 110.
 Liege of all loiterers, 55.
 Life, a bitter, 790.
 a breath of God, his, 721.
 a galling load, 448.
 a great interpreter of, 812.
 a little gleam of time, 585.
 a richer, 768.
 a tale of wasted, 790.
 above, there is a, 497.
 age is ripening of fresh life, 760.
 all labour be, why should, 667.
 all other passions fly, with, 508.
 and death, no difference between,
 943.
 and joy and objects, for, 744.
 and liberty, God gave us, 434.
 and light, form of, 549.
 and strength in every drop, 610.
 and universe show spontaneity, 765.
 announce a, that shall be copious,
 745.
 anything for a quiet, 1044.
 are full of, and light, 748.
 as for a future, 663.
 as I have seen it in his, 129.
 as, is to the living, 810.
 as large as, 782.
 as the wind is, so is mortal, 783.
 as though to breathe were, 668.
 at a pin's fee, do not set my, 131.
 at the door of, 805.
 ay soon upon the stage of, 696.
 bane and antidote, death and, 299.
 be that which men call death, 885.
 beyond life, 254.
 blandishments of, 859.
 blessed one's, with true believing,
 686.
 bread is the staff of, 283, 291.
 brought dead bodies into, 621.
 by the waters of, we sat, 599.
 calamity of so long, 135.
 can charm no more, till, 390.
 can little more supply, 314.
 cannot tell what other men think of
 this, 110.
 careless of the single, 675.
 care's an enemy to, 74.
 characters from high, 320.
 charmed, I bear, 126.
 Christ's in a sacred, 665.
 comes before literature, 792.
 common walk of virtuous, 307.
 condemned to part with, 398.
 confined to the space of a day,
 922.
 could navigate the sea of, 597.
 crowded hour of glorious, 493.
 crown of, receive the, 1040.
 daily beauty in his, 156.
 dear to me as light and, 450.
 death and, bane and antidote, 299.
 death and, in ceaseless, 654.
 death in the midst of, 1043.
 death of each day's, 120.
 death what men call, 952.
 deeds which make up, 705.
 dignity in every act of, 938.

- Life distasteful, have you found your, 713.
 doctrine of the strenuous, 840.
 does smack sweet, my, 713.
 dost thou love, 360.
 dreary intercourse of daily, 468.
 dull pomp the, of kings, 754.
 echo from our discordant, 761.
 elysian, suburb of the, 642.
 end of, not knowledge but action, 762.
 every lovely organ of her, 53.
 everything advantageous to, 43.
 exempt from public haunt, 67.
 faction gasping its, out, 788.
 fatigued with, 513.
 fed by the bounty of earth, 612.
 fleeing to ocean after its, 716.
 flows gently on, 935.
 for the living, 786.
 friend to my, 326.
 from death to, 40.
 from high, 320.
 from the dregs of, 276.
 fury slits the thin-spun, 247.
 give for his, all he hath, 1008.
 God who gave us, 434.
 good man's, best portion of, 467.
 growth is the only evidence of, 607.
 hand in hand through, 362.
 happiness consists in, 996.
 harp of, love took up the, 669.
 has passed but roughly, 423.
 hath quicksands and snares, 640.
 he passes from, 561.
 highest summit of, 995.
 his, I'm sure was in the right, 260.
 his, is a watch, 805.
 hour of glorious, 493.
 how good is man's, 708.
 how pleasant is thy morning, 447.
 I do not ask that, a pleasant road, 760.
 I love a ballad in print o', 78.
 idea of her, shall sweetly creep, 53.
 in every limb, feels its, 466.
 in short measures, 180.
 in so long tendance spend, 30.
 in that state of, 1042.
 in the midst of, 1043.
 inflicts ts worst, 783.
 intense, concentrated in a, 544.
 into each, some rain, 640.
 invisible angel of, 803.
 is a battle, 936.
 is a blunder and a shame, 829.
 is a bubble, whose, 201.
 is a fleeting breath, 795.
 is a jest and all things show it, 350.
 is a mystery, 810.
 is a narrow vale, 784.
 is a short summer, 366.
 is a voyage, 835.
 is all a cheat, 276.
 is an empty dream, 768.
 is at the greatest when all is done, 266.
 is but a means unto an end, 721.
- Life is but a span, our, 873.
 is but a walking shadow, 125.
 is but an empty dream, 638.
 is ever lord of death, 651.
 is in decrease, 309.
 is in labour, 996.
 is in the right, whose, 318.
 is like a stroll upon the beach, 722.
 is like a winter's day, 263.
 is like the summer rose, 865.
 is love, all that, 497.
 is made of the stuff, 360.
 is made up of mere bubbles, 843.
 is mostly froth and bubble, 783.
 is never the same again, 759.
 is of a mingled yarn, 74.
 is one demd horrid grind, 701.
 is real life is earnest, 638.
 is rounded with a sleep, 43.
 is short and the art long, 886.
 is sweet, 738.
 is the apprenticeship to renuncia-
 tion, 995.
 is this, really death, 952.
 is thorny and youth is vain, 500.
 is what our thoughts make it, 937.
 is, worth living, 797.
 it lights my, 767.
 itself a lie, much makes, 554.
 lay down his, for his friends, 1035.
 let us cherish, 991.
 lies before us in daily, 237.
 like a dome, 565.
 like a thing of, 550.
 like following, 320.
 little needed to make a happy, 940.
 loathed worldly, 49.
 long, a fool his whole, 697.
 love of, increased with years, 432.
 luxuries of, 692.
 make his whole, a heroic, 580.
 man's, is but a jest, 768.
 man's, lies within this present, 936.
 many-coloured, 366.
 map of busy, 420.
 marble softened into, 329.
 may give, that, 790.
 may you live all the days of your, 293.
 measure of a man's, 922.
 measured by deeds not years, 443.
 moves out of a red flare, 848.
 moving-delicate and full of, 53.
 my joy my, 970.
 my sole rule of, 583.
 my way of, 124.
 nearer the bound of, 758.
 nobody loves, like an old man, 883.
 no dream his, was but a fight, 741.
 nor love thy, nor hate, 240.
 nor without dying, 786.
 not a thing of consequence, 939.
 not bought with gold, 339.
 not life at all without delight, 757
 not numbered by years, 970.
 not the whole of, to live, 496.
 nothing half so sweet in, 521.
 nothing in his, became him, 117.

- Life, Oh death in, 673.
 of a man a poem of its sort, 582.
 of a man faithfully recorded, 582.
 of care, weep away the, 566.
 of danger and hardship, 537.
 of its lambent gleam, 832.
 of joy, renews the, 579.
 of man brutish and short, 200.
 of man but a point of time, 915.
 of man less than a span, 170.
 of mingled pains, this, 683.
 of mortal breath, 642.
 of poor Jack, watch for the, 436.
 of the building, stole thence the, 120.
 of the husbandman, 612.
 of the law, reason is the, 24.
 on any chance, set my, 121.
 on the ocean of, we pass, 644.
 on the ocean wave, 714.
 outlive his, half a year, 138.
 passing on the prisoner's, 47.
 perfected by death, 657.
 piercing the depths of, 542.
 presiding angel o'er his, 455.
 protracted is protracted woe, 365.
 pulse of, stood still, 306.
 pursue, not for nothing that we, 276.
 questioned me the story of my, 150.
 rainbow to the storms of, 550.
 ring in the nobler modes of, 676.
 sacred burden is this, 686.
 seasoned, of man, 254.
 seemed formed of sunny years, 662.
 seemed one pure delight, 597.
 sequestered vale of, 385, 425.
 set gray, 668.
 set upon a cast, 98.
 she was his, 553.
 short art is long, 989.
 short therefore is man's, 936.
 should teach, my own dim, 675.
 significance of, 996.
 so dear or peace so sweet, 430.
 so his, has flowed, 579.
 so precious, is, 798.
 so softly death succeeded, 270.
 sooth 't were a pleasant, 611.
 spent worthily, 443.
 spirit giveth, 1038.
 staff of my, 972.
 struggling for, 370.
 sunset of the, 514.
 sweat under a weary, 136.
 sweet civilities of, 273.
 sweetener of, 354.
 take no thought for your, 1030.
 taste lifts him into, 421.
 tedious as a twice-told tale, 79.
 thanking the Lord for a, 749.
 that breathes with human, no, 666.
 that dares send a challenge, 258.
 that death to, can give, 799.
 that, is long, 309.
 that lies before, 712.
 that man liveth, 935.
 the desire of, peace, 837.
 the race is a, 627.
 the shadow of death, 805.
- Life, the spirit of, 857.
 then seemed one pure delight, 597.
 this house to be let for, 204.
 this strange disease of modern, 753.
 this, we live and see, 810.
 thou art a galling load, 448.
 thread of, wove with pain, 343.
 't is all a cheat, 276.
 to come, expatiates in a, 315.
 to come, we 'ld jump the, 118.
 to lead a tranquil, 938.
 to live not the whole of, 496.
 to simplify my way of, 581.
 toil is the law of, 786.
 took a man's, with him, 582.
 tree of, the middle tree, 232.
 trifles make, 311.
 true pleasure of, 698.
 unbought grace of, 410.
 unspotted, is old age, 1028.
 usef, progressive virtue, 355.
 vanities of, forego, 492.
 variety 's the spice of, 419.
 victorious o'er all the ills of, 451.
 vital warmth that feeds my, 280.
 voyage of their, 115.
 was beauty, dreamed that, 719.
 was duty, found that, 719.
 was gentle, 115.
 was in the right, I am sure, 260.
 waste not the remnant of thy, 936.
 wave of, kept heaving, 591.
 web of our, is of mingled yarn, 74.
 were in 't, stir as, 125.
 we 've been long together, 433.
 wheels of weary, 276.
 when Jove gave us, 339.
 when sin, of that new, 717.
 which others pay, 339.
 while there 's, there 's hope, 349, 891.
 who fell in the battle of, 745.
 will depart silently at its hour, 998.
 will sleep at last, all, 685.
 winds of, come strong, 835.
 wine of, is drawn, 120.
 with love forever, 826.
 yes, there seemed one pure delight,
 597.
 you take my, 65.
 your arms enfold, so dear a, 672.
 Life's a flower I choose my own, 611.
 a pleasant institution, 802.
 a pudding full of plums, 802.
 battle, who in, 991.
 blessings, two greatest of, 899.
 brave heat, 785.
 business being the terrible choice,
 712.
 common way, 472.
 conditions, 815.
 dark road through, 564.
 dull round, travelled, 379.
 enchanted cup, 542.
 fading space, 262.
 feast, chief nourisher in, 120.
 final star, 833.
 fitful fever, 121.
 great end which answers, 309.

- Life's means, ravin up thine own, 120.
 morning march, 515.
 poor play is o'er, 318.
 race well run, 757.
 rough sea, 37.
 small things, 739.
 star, our, 477.
 tale makes up, 502.
 tremulous ocean, 528.
 uncertain voyage, 109.
 vast ocean we sail on, 317.
 victory won, 757.
 work well done, 757.
 worst ills, ill cure for, 606.
 young day, love of, 587.
 Life-blood of a master-spirit, 254.
 of our enterprise, 86.
 Life-complete in death-complete to die, 824.
 Life-inclining stars, 38.
 Lifeless old beliefs, 996.
 Life-long martyrdom, she knew the, 648.
 Lifetime of happiness, a, 838.
 Lift her with care, 595.
 it bear it solemnly, 686.
 it up fatherly, I cannot, 733.
 slight gives the greatest, 172.
 the down-trodden, 798.
 Lifts him into life, 421.
 Lifted high and white, 776.
 Light, a door that leads to, 784.
 a foot so, 107.
 a little warmth a little, 789.
 a spring of, 586.
 and calm thoughts, 502.
 and choice of Attic taste, 252.
 and joy canst throw, no ray of, 731.
 and leading, men of, 410.
 and leading, public man of, 628.
 and life, dear to me as, 450.
 are full of life and, 748.
 as air, trifles, 154.
 as fire is of, 582.
 as if they feared the, 256.
 between the nightfall and the, 805.
 blasted with excess of, 382.
 burning and a shining, 1035.
 by her own radiant, 244.
 children of, 1034.
 common as, is love, 566.
 darkness from, 710.
 darkness visible, no, 223.
 day shine through peace to, 761.
 dear as the, 383.
 dies before thy uncreating word, 332.
 dim religious, 250.
 divine we need no, O, 715.
 dry, 908.
 every hour of, and dark a miracle, 744.
 fantastic toe, 248.
 feasting presence full of, 109.
 fill to-night with hearts as, 633.
 for after times, 507.
 form of life and, 549.
 from grave to, 273, 985.
 from heaven, 447, 549.
 Light from which they take, 664.
 gains make heavy purses, 37.
 gaze upon each orb of, 597.
 gleaming tapers, 399.
 glides in, 579.
 go alone in the, 808.
 hail holy, 230.
 halls of dazzling, 865.
 hate the day it lendeth, 30.
 have neither heat nor, 180.
 Hebrew knelt in the dying, 623.
 hemisphere of, and another, 583.
 his sleep was aery, 234.
 I follow good-by to the, 764.
 if the, is it is because God, 770.
 in fame's illusive, 767.
 in heaven's own, 496.
 in liquid, 633.
 is as the shining, 1017.
 is sweet, truly the, 1023.
 lady garmented in, 567.
 lead kindly, 607.
 leap to, 767.
 let there be, 770, 1004.
 lets in new, 221.
 like a shaft of, 668.
 like the, silently wrapping all, 742.
 mellowed to that tender, 551.
 men of inward, 214.
 merely to officiate, 237.
 night, the shadow of, 805.
 no, but darkness visible, 225.
 of a dark eye in woman, 544.
 of a pleasant eye, 723.
 of a whole life, 833.
 of common day, 478.
 of common hours, 848.
 of day, rival in the, 482.
 of fuller day, in the, 728.
 of heaven, men have dimmed, 834.
 of heaven restore, 340.
 of hope, leave the, 514.
 of it, they made, 1032.
 of jurisprudence, gladsome, 24.
 of light beguile, 54.
 of love, 550.
 of love, purple, 382.
 of morn, golden, 592.
 of other days, 523, 561.
 of setting suns, 467.
 of the body is the eye, 1030.
 of the heaven she's gone to, 733.
 of the land and the sea, 821.
 of the Mæonian star, 325.
 of the morning gild it, 529.
 of the world, ye are the, 1030.
 of things, come forth into the, 466.
 of thy countenance, 1010, 1043.
 of truth, in the, 475.
 out of hell leads up to, 227.
 perfect pursuit of sweetness and, 755.
 possessed with inward, 503.
 presence full of, 109.
 put out the, 156.
 quivering aspen, 490.
 relume, that thy, 156.
 remnant of uneasy, 474.

- Light restore, thy former, 156.
 return, not till the hours of, 753.
 rule of streaming, 244.
 scorns the eye of vulgar, 520.
 seeking light, 54.
 she fled in, away, 447.
 shineth the everlasting, 792.
 shuddering in the gloaming, 798.
 silver, on tower and tree, 861.
 sounds possessed with inward, 503.
 sprinkled with rosy, 338.
 stand in your own, 17.
 streakings of the morning, 574.
 such a dawn of, 563.
 such, as never heaven let through,
 806.
 sweetness and, 291.
 swift-winged arrows of, 416.
 that led astray, 447.
 that lies in woman's eyes, 522.
 that never was on sea, 475.
 that visits these sad eyes, 383.
 the one true, 954.
 the sun doth pale his, 722.
 the true, which lighteth, 1034.
 the way for me, to, 831.
 through chinks, lets in new, 221.
 through love to, 821.
 through yonder window, 105.
 to counterfeit a gloom, 250.
 to guide rod to check, 475.
 truth and noonday, 719.
 unbarred the gates of, 235.
 university should be place of, 625.
 unreflected, 606.
 unto my path, 1015.
 unveiled her peerless, 233.
 walk while ye have the, 1035.
 we seek it ere it come to, 424.
 which beats upon a throne, 677.
 which heaven sheds, 522.
 which once he wore, 649.
 will repay the wrongs of night, 203.
 windows that exclude the, 386.
 within his own breast, 244.
 word part us now, shall a, 653.
- Lights** a desert pathway, star that,
 683.
 are fled whose garlands dead, 523.
 are on the sleepy, warm, 613.
 around the shore, 769.
 as vain as pleasures, 492.
 earthly godfathers of heaven's, 54.
 every room blazed with, 109.
 let your, be burning, 1034.
 my life, it, 767.
 of autumn flare, 822.
 of mild philosophy, 297.
 of the world, 414.
 shifting fancies and celestial, 659.
 that do mislead the morn, 49.
 truth may bear all, 581.
 without a name, 256.
 wrought of the leaves, 817.
- Lighten** earth from Paradise, 806.
Lights, ere one can say it, 106.
Lighter than vanity, 265.
Lightest heart makes sometimes, 653.
- Lighthouse** of hell, horrible, 591.
 looked lovely as hope, 528.
Lighting by gas, an expedient as, 693.
Lightly and joyfully meet its transla-
 tion, 745.
 draws its breath, 466.
 from fair to fair he flew, 489.
 like a flower, 677.
 turns to thoughts of love, 668.
 was her slender nose, 678.
- Lightning** and the gale, 688.
 as quick as, 214.
 defence against, 899.
 does the will of God, as, 538.
 done like, 178.
 fateful, of His terrible swift sword,
 747.
 flash of the, 561.
 in the collied night, brief as the, 57.
 or in rain, in thunder, 115.
 quick as, 214.
 scratch my head with, 796.
 too like the, 106.
 vanish like, 606.
- Lightnings** may flash, the, 623.
 of his song, veiling the, 565.
- Lightning's** gleaming rod, 817.
- Like** a bud in the frost, 590.
 a church I like a cowl, I, 614.
 a cloud, lies around us, 700.
 a cock who thought the sun, 730.
 a new Niobe with claspèd, 763.
 a poultice comes, silence, 688.
 a prayer with God, wish is, 659.
 a well-conducted person, 697.
 all good women, 825.
 an eagle caged I pine, 714.
 as eggs, 77.
 but oh how different, 476.
 clouds which seem pavilions, 631.
 drawn up, morning dews, 749.
 endure the, himself, 53.
 following life, 320.
 I never saw his, 679.
 joy is, restless day, 761.
 my father, no more, 128.
 not look upon his, again, 128.
 one who treads alone, 523.
 peace divine, quiet night, 761.
 perfect music unto nobler words,
 685.
 sit, flowers upon thy grave, 762.
 some sweet plaintive melody, 587.
 some tanned reaper, 751.
 the air 't is less of earth, that, 608.
 the lad who when, I, 720.
 the light silently wrapping all, 742.
 the petal of a flower, tip-tilted, 678.
 the sea wave, ambition is, 685.
 the sweet golden goblet, 635.
 those of morning birds, 608.
 to a little kingdom, 111.
 will to like, 11.
- Likes**, a woman may marry whom she,
 698.
- Liked** it not, and died, 175.
- Likelihood**, fellow of no, 86.
- Likeness** of a kingly crown, 228.

- Likewise, go and do thou, 1034.
 Liking old for thee, 778.
 Lilacs bloomed and died, the, 646.
 last in the door-yard bloomed, 744.
 Lilac-time, go down to Kew in, 854.
 Lilies in her hand, 769.
 in the beauty of the, 748.
 of all kinds, 78.
 of the field, consider the, 1030.
 roses and white, 871.
 twisted braids of, 246.
 Lily, a most unspotted, 101.
 faith is like a, 776.
 fresh, thou becomest thy bed, 159.
 hand, waved her, 348.
 how sweet the, grows, 535.
 it trembles to a, 815.
 to paint the, 79.
 white, bow thy head thou, 755.
 Lily-shaped, beryline buckets star-gemmed, 635.
 Lima, traveller from, 602.
 Limb, feels its life in every, 466.
 flowing, in pleasure drowns, 357.
 strength of heart and might of, 680.
 vigour from the, 542.
 Limbs at rest in the green earth's, our, 728.
 decent, composed, 335.
 her gentle, did she undress, 499.
 on those recreant, 79.
 whose trembling, 433.
 will quiver after the soul is gone, 375.
 young in, 62.
 Lined soul, 139.
 Lime-twigs of his spells, 245.
 Limit of becoming mirth, 55.
 of the world, quiet, 668.
 to the giant's strength, 572.
 Limits of a vulgar fate, 382.
 of its race utmost extremes, 756.
 stony, cannot hold love out, 105.
 Limitations of his own character, 812.
 Limited assembly, posterity is a most, 625.
 Limitless billows, swelling and, 503.
 each of us is, 742.
 Limns on water, 170.
 Line, cancel half a, 954.
 creep in one dull, 324.
 fight it out on this, 752.
 full resounding, 329.
 harsh cadence of a rugged, 270.
 in the very first, 399.
 lives along the, 316.
 longest kingly, 494.
 Marlowe's mighty, 179.
 marred the lofty, 489.
 move on a rigorous, 753.
 not one, to blot, 377.
 stretch out to the crack of doom, 123.
 too labours, the, 324.
 upon line, 1026.
 we carved not a, 563.
 Lines accords, soul unto the, 205.
 desert of a thousand, 329.
 in pleasant places, 1010.
 let a lord once own the, 324.
 Lines, mottoes of the heart, 514.
 reading between the, 989.
 see two dull, 311.
 where beauty lingers, 548.
 where go the poet's, 689.
 Lineage, a damsel of high, 678.
 Lineaments, in my, they trace, 552.
 of gospel-books, 23.
 Linen, dirty, to wash, 986.
 old, wash whitest, 181.
 you're wearing out, not, 594.
 Linger, do not live but, 188.
 sound which makes us, 548.
 Lingers, lines where beauty, 548.
 slowly day by day, 686.
 Lingered alone on the shore, I, 613.
 the snow, 811.
 Lingered look behind, 385.
 winter, chills the lap of May, 394.
 Lining, silver, on the night, 243.
 L'injure se grave en métal, 100.
 Link, last, is broken, 868.
 silver, silken tie, 488.
 Links, pain to break its, 520.
 Linked sweetness, 249.
 with one virtue, 551.
 Linnets, pipe but as the, 674.
 Lion among ladies, 58.
 as a roaring, 1041.
 better than a dead, 1023.
 blood more stirs to rouse a, 84.
 bold as a, 1021.
 breakfast on the lip of a, 91.
 from his lair, rouse the, 495.
 half appeared the tawny, 236.
 heart and eagle eye, 392.
 hungry give a grievous roar, 388.
 in his den, beard the, 490.
 in the lobby roar, 352.
 in the way, there is a, 1020.
 is in the streets, 1020.
 like a bear or, 158.
 look no larger, till the, 682.
 mated by the hind, 73.
 not so fierce as painted, 206, 222.
 pawing to get free, 236.
 righteous are bold as a, 1021.
 wooes his brides, as the, 392.
 Lions growl and fight, 301.
 talks familiarly of, 78.
 to their enemies lambs to friends, 627.
 Lion's hide, thou wear a, 79.
 mane, dew-drop from the, 102.
 nerve, the Nemean, 131.
 skin will not reach, 920.
 Lip, and the red was on your, Mary, 637.
 between the cup and the, 190.
 contempt and anger of his, 76.
 coral of his, admires, 200.
 keep a stiff upper, 758.
 nectar on a, 442.
 of a lion, eat breakfast on the, 91.
 vermeil-tintured, 246.
 Lips are now forbid to speak, 588.
 beauty's ensign crimson in thy, 109.
 divine persuasion flows from his, 338.

- Lips drop gentle words, 878.
 fevered, 579.
 foaming, of inebriated virtue, 808.
 from speaking guile, 1011.
 had language, O that those, 423.
 heart on her, 554.
 here hung those, 144.
 immortal blessing from her, 108.
 in poverty to the very, 155.
 let no dog bark when I ope my, 60.
 listen at its, 769.
 man of unclean, 1025.
 might tempt an angel's, 807.
 no sign save whitening, 690.
 of Julia, 201.
 of the unreplying dead, 784.
 of those that are asleep, 1024.
 poisoned chalice to our, 118.
 reproof on her, 590.
 she dasht her on the, 38.
 smile on her, 489.
 smily round the, 736.
 so cold and white, 832.
 soft were those, 38.
 soul through my, 666.
 steal blessing from her, 108.
 steeped to the, in misery, 640.
 suck forth my soul, her, 41.
 sweet voice sweet, 577.
 take those, away, 49.
 talk of the, 1018.
 that are for others, 673.
 that he has prest, 688.
 that I have kissed, 144.
 that were forsworn, 49.
 to speak, causing the, 1024.
 tremble, see my, 333.
 truth from his, prevailed, 397.
 we are near, make love to the, 521.
 we love, far from the, 521.
 were four red roses on a stalk, 97.
 were red and one was thin, 256.
 when meeting, and break on the,
 633.
 whispering with white, 543.
 Liquid dew of youth, 129.
 fire, glass of, 457.
 lapse of murmuring streams, 237.
 light, sparkling and bright in, 633.
 notes, 251.
 Liquors, hot and rebellious, 67.
 Lisped in numbers, 327.
 List, I've got a little, 801.
 list O list, 131.
 of friends, enter on my, 422.
 to the roar, and, 715.
 ye landsmen all to me, 860.
 Listen at its lips, 769.
 fur'z you can look or, 736.
 thou well, 793.
 to voices in the upper air, 647.
 when she speaks, angels, 279.
 where thou art sitting, 246.
 with credulity, ye who, 367.
 Listens like a three years' child, 498.
 Listened to a lute, 622.
 Listeners are not said, for lack of, 749.
 Listening ear of night, 695.
- Listening earth, nightly to the, 300.
 for the voices, I am, 653.
 love, 784.
 mood, in, 490.
 shadowless like silence, 594.
 still they seemed to hear, 345.
 Listeth, wind bloweth where it, 1034.
 Litel gold in cofre, 1.
 on the Bible, his studie was, 2.
 Literary creature, 808.
 men are a perpetual priesthood, 581.
 men, parole of, 374.
 Literature consoles sorrow, 600.
 failed in, and art, 629.
 grazed the common of, 376.
 life comes before, 792.
 on a little oatmeal, 460.
 read the oldest works, 632.
 the most seductive of professions,
 812.
 whole range of imagination, 699.
 Litigious terms, 253.
 Little, a, warmth a little light, 789.
 a, work a little play, 789.
 added to a little, 925.
 and the great, between the, 424.
 better than one of the wicked, 83.
 boats should keep near shore, 360.
 Boy Blue kissed them and put them
 there, 831.
 but our hearts, our hoard is, 678.
 can a moment show, 486.
 care we little we fear, 697.
 chimney and heated hot, 646.
 contented with, 451.
 deeds of kindness, 760.
 do or can the best of us, 714.
 do we know what, Sairey, 702.
 drops of water, 760.
 earth for charity, 100.
 employment, hand of, 143.
 faith, O heart of, 814.
 finger, more goodness in her, 293.
 fire kindleth, 1041.
 folding of the hands, 1017.
 for our heart, too, 717.
 for the bottle, 436.
 foxes that spoil the vines, 1024.
 fun to match the sorrow, 789.
 gold in coffer, 1.
 good watering last year's crops, 730.
 grave, my kingdom for a, 82.
 group of wise hearts, a, 747.
 hands were never made to tear each
 other's eyes, 302.
 happy if I could say how much, 51.
 have, and seek no more, 22.
 here a, and there a little, 1026.
 his study on the bible was, 2.
 I ask my wants are few, 689.
 I have gained, how, 651.
 if a, knowledge is dangerous, 762.
 in one's own pocket, 975.
 is achieved through, that, 714.
 is better than nothing, 896.
 Jesus, wast Thou shy once, 841.
 kingdom, like to a, 111.
 knowest thou that hast not tried, 29.

- Little, lay up little upon a, 880.
 learning dangerous, 323.
 leaven leaveneth, 1038.
 light, a little warmth a, 789.
 longer, wait a, 718.
 love me, love me long, 16, 41, 202.
 lower than the angels, 1010.
 man, there was a, 519.
 man wants but, 308, 402.
 minds, little things affect, 627.
 month, a, 128.
 more than a little is too much, 86.
 more than kin, 127.
 needed to make a happy life, 940.
 of this great world can I speak, 150.
 one become a thousand, 1026.
 one's chair, sits in my, 733.
 one's cradle, lies in my, 733.
 one-horse town, 795.
 play, a little work a, 789.
 said is soonest mended, 200, 973.
 sand-piper, 792.
 saw the, that is good, 743.
 shall I grace my cause, 150.
 sleep a little slumber, 1017.
 soul let us try, 519.
 talk too much and think too, 268.
 things affect little minds, 627.
 things are great to little man, 394.
 time, within a, 790.
 to earn and many to keep, 727.
 too wise never live long, 172.
 town of Bethlehem, 791.
 trust that when we die, 789.
 valiant great in villany, 79.
 we fear, little care we, 697.
 we see in nature that is ours, 476.
 window where the sun, 592.
 wise the best of fools, 177.
- Live above the fog, men who, 730.
 again in minds made better, 730.
 all the days of your life, 293.
 alone, why should we fear to, 569.
 always, I would not, 587, 1008.
 and learn, 976.
 and see, this life we, 810.
 but linger, do not, 188.
 by bread alone, man shall not, 1030.
 by bread only, man doth not, 1005.
 by one man's will, 31.
 cleanly, leave sack and, 88.
 dare to die bear to, 318.
 disgraced, better not to live than,
 883.
 for evermore, life shall, 675.
 good men eat to, 924.
 good world to, in, 279.
 in brass, men's evil manners, 100.
 in deeds not years, 721.
 in hearts we leave behind, 516.
 in peace, adieu, 334.
 in pleasure when I live to thee, 359.
 in snuff, rather than, 26.
 in teaching me the way to, 610.
 it matters not how long you, 899.
 lands where the Jumbies, 703.
 living we fret dying we, 713.
 means to, 43.
- Live, means whereby I, 65.
 more virtue than doth, 178.
 not in myself, I, 543.
 obedient to the law, 783.
 on hope, 822.
 one day asunder, 279.
 or die sink or swim, 530.
 past years again, none would, 276.
 peaceably with all men, 1036.
 pure speak true right wrong, 677.
 save that I think, would not, 682.
 so may'st thou, 240.
 so wise so young never, long, 97.
 taught us how to, 313.
 teach him how to, 425, 960.
 that was indeed to, 799.
 through all things, 783.
 thus let me, 334.
 till I were married, 51.
 till to-morrow, 423.
 to be in awe of such a thing, 110.
 to be the show and gaze, 126.
 to eat, bad men, 924.
 to fight another day, 216, 403.
 to, is Christ, 1039.
 to please must please to live, 366.
 together, and as brothers, 645.
 too much in a circle, all of us, 627.
 true as I, 173.
 unblest ished let me, 333.
 unnumbered years, names that shall
 726.
 unseen unknown, let me, 334.
 we, but a world has passed away,
 809.
 we must eat to, 363.
 we never live but hope to, 985.
 well what thou liv'st, 240.
 while ye, 790.
 while ye may happy pair, 233.
 while you live, 359.
 with love alone, give me to, 611.
 with me and be my love, 40.
 with the gods, 939.
 with thee and be thy love, 25.
 with them less sweet, 521.
 with your inferiors, is to, 698.
 within our means if we borrow, 787.
 without him, tried to, 175.
 without poetry, 779.
 without thee I cannot, 569.
- Lives a prayer, making their, 649.
 all that, must die, 127.
 along the line, 316.
 and dies in single blessedness, 57.
 and sacred honour, 434.
 as he ought to do, 184.
 buying men's, 493.
 contentedly, 424.
 fair weather, 847.
 fortunes and, vote away, 768.
 had all his hairs been, 156.
 how a man, 371.
 join, oft a scar two, 708.
 longer, competency, 60.
 may last but never, 860.
 most who thinks most, 721.
 nine, like a cat, 16.

- Lives no greater leader, there, 679.
of great men all remind us, 639.
of men likened to wandering winds,
776.
other heights in other, 706.
pleasant in their, 1007.
sublime, make our, 639.
that no man, forever, 806.
to build not boast, he, 354.
to leaven lowly, 797.
two, that once part are as ships,
631.
we have two, about us, 763.
- Lived and loved, I've, 504.
and loved together, we have, 637.
I have, banished from my, 742.
in abundance, poorest, 642.
in Settle's numbers, 331.
in the eye of nature, 468.
in the tide of times, 113.
she at its close, yet, 758.
the yonghy-bonghy-bo, 703.
to-day, I have, 273.
unknown, she, 469.
with no other thought, maiden, 655.
- Livelier iris, 668.
plaything, some, 318.
- Live-long day, 110.
- Lively sense of future favours, 304.
to severe, grave to gay, 320.
- Liveried angels, a thousand, 245.
- Livers in content, with humble, 98.
- Livery of heaven, stole the, 598.
of hell, the cunning, 48.
shadowed, of the burnished sun, 62.
twilight gray in her sober, 233.
- Living, art of, 940.
as though no God there were, 703.
dead man, 50.
dog better than dead lion, 1023.
fires, wake in our breast the, 689.
from too much love of, 806.
high hopes of, 254.
house appointed for all, 1009.
hues of art, with the, 683.
land of the, 1009.
life for the, 786.
makes up the sum of, 763.
might exceed the dead, the, 219.
mother of all, 1004.
need charity, 786.
plain, and high thinking, 472.
poems, for ye are, 647.
we fret dying we live, 713.
will it not live with the, 87.
with thee nor without thee, no, 300.
working still, God is, 717.
- Llewellyn's lay, 383.
- Lo all things can be borne, 783.
as the wind is, 783.
the poor Indian, 315.
- Load a falling man, a cruelty to, 101.
ass will not carry his, 978.
life thou art a galling, 448.
of infamy, any, 462.
of sorrow, wring under the, 53.
would sink a navy, a, 99.
- Loads of learned lumber, 325.
- Loaf, half a, is better than no bread,
15.
to steal a shive of a cut, 104.
- Loafe and invite my soul, I, 742.
- Loafing around the throne, 811.
- Loan oft loses itself and friend, 130.
- Loathe the taste of sweetness, 86.
- Loathed wordly life, 49.
- Loaves, half-penny, 94.
- Lobby, hear a lion in the, 352.
- Lobster boil'd, like a, 213.
- Local habitation and a name, 59.
thing called Christianity, 816.
- Lochaber, farewell to, 859.
- Lochow, far cry to, 1049.
- Lock, cryin' at the, 695.
such rascal counters, 114.
- Locks, familiar with his hoary, 598.
had they to their doors, 642.
hyacinthine, 232.
in the golden story, 104.
invincible, 254.
knotted and combined, 131.
left you are gray, the few, 506.
never shake thy gory, 122.
nor doors nor, 538.
pluck up drowned honour by the
84.
so aptly twined, 191.
time his golden, 24.
were like the raven, 449.
whoever knocks open, 123.
ye auburn, 689.
- Locked lettered collar, 447.
up from mortal eye, 258.
up in steel, naked though, 94.
- Locusts, luscious as, 151.
- Lodge a friend, house to, 289.
in a garden of cucumbers, 1024.
oh for a, 418.
thee by Chaucer, 179.
where thou lodgest I will, 1006.
- Lodges, where care, 106.
- Lodging, sleep in your cloak there's no,
750.
- Lodgings in a head unfurnished, 210.
- Lodging-place of wayfaring men, 1027.
- Lodore, this way the water comes
down at, 506.
- Loftiness of thought, 270.
- Lofty and sour, 101.
designs must close in like effects,
707.
name, 793.
rhyme, build the, 246.
scene, this our, 112.
- Log, not a, but its memories has got,
825.
tough wedge for a tough, 898.
- Logic and rhetoric, 168.
of science and, he chatters, 609.
- Logical consequences are scarecrows,
762.
way, built in such a, 691.
- Loin, the ungirt, 707.
- Loins be girded, let your, 1034.
- Loiter in pleasure or toiffully, 660.
- Loiterers and malcontents, 55.

- Loke who that is most vertuous, 4.
 London bridge, arch of, 602.
 habitation of bitterns, 602.
 has all that life can afford, 373.
 monster, 261.
 the clearing-house of the world, 799.
 London's column pointing, 322.
 lasting shame, 383.
 Lone and high, 847.
 lorn creetur, I am a, 701.
 unmated creature tired and, 717.
 Lonely fire, I sit beside my, 777.
 grave, there lies a, 726.
 men, there's too much beauty for,
 850.
 mountain, by Nebo's, 726.
 now Mary, I am very, 637.
 paths, 775.
 places, crying solitary in, 837.
 so, it was, 499.
 want retired to die, 366.
 word, flowering in a, 682.
 Lonesome October, night in the, 656.
 road, like one on a, 499.
 Long, a fool his whole life, 697.
 after it was heard no more, 473.
 ago, in the olden time, 655.
 ago, the golden time of, 803.
 ago, were the truths of, 651.
 and dreary winter, oh the, 646.
 be the day never so, 19.
 bright tresses, 781.
 brought too, a day, 592.
 choosing and beginning late, 238.
 contention cease, let the, 754.
 day's, toil is past, 594.
 dull and old, 454.
 farewell, I'm bidding you a, 638.
 gun-deck two hundred feet of hell,
 748.
 has it waved on high, 688.
 heat of the, day and wish, 753.
 home, man goeth to his, 1023.
 how, the sorrowful, 749.
 I stood there wondering, 656.
 in populous city pent, 239.
 is the way and hard, 227.
 it sha' n't be, 353.
 lank and brown, 498.
 leagues apart desiered, scarce, 727.
 ive our noble king, 285.
 live the king, 417, 1052.
 long ago, 588.
 long thoughts, thoughts of youth
 are, 646.
 long wintry nights, through, 703.
 love me little love me, 16, 41, 202.
 may it wave, 517.
 merry as the day is, 50.
 mysterious exodus of death, 647.
 night away, passed the long, 758.
 none thrives, upon happiest dreams,
 757.
 of ages, gone by, 587.
 on all things all day, 679.
 short and the, of it, 45.
 sigh too deep or a kiss too, 759.
 since, which I have loved, 607.
 Long, that life is, 309.
 the shadows that I feared so, 748.
 time ago, 610.
 to be patient and silent, 646.
 Long-drawn aisle, 384.
 out, linked sweetness, 249.
 Longed for death, has ever truly, 666.
 Longer disguised, fack can't be no, 787.
 wait a little, 718.
 Longest kingly line, 494.
 Longing after immortality, 298.
 at strife, 857.
 eyes I wait, with, 696.
 feeling of sadness and, 641.
 for the secret of the sea, 640.
 lingering look behind, 385.
 more wavering, 75.
 to be mated, has such, 750.
 why thus, 731.
 yet afraid to die, 640.
 Longings after something lost, 819.
 immortal, 159.
 Longitude for a seine, meridians of,
 796.
 Long-lasht eyes abased, her, 512.
 Long-levelled rule, 244.
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen,
 811.
 Long-tailed words, 462.
 Look a gift horse in the' mouth, 11,
 211.
 amaist as weel's the new, 447.
 and a voice, only a, 644.
 before and after, we, 565.
 before you ere you leap, 214, 975.
 behind, spare not nor, 622.
 beneath the surface, 939.
 beyond the heights, 784.
 brighter when we come, 556.
 drew audience, his, 227.
 ere thou leap, 9.
 forward not back, 867.
 give me a, give me a face, 178.
 here upon this picture, 140.
 in my face, 769.
 in the chronicles, 72.
 into happiness through another
 man's eyes, 71.
 into the seeds of time, 116.
 into thy heart, 34, 638.
 lean and hungry, 111.
 like the innocent flower, 117.
 longing lingering, 385.
 men met with erected, 269.
 no larger than the cat, 682.
 not thou upon the wine, 1020.
 older, all thoughts and things, 608.
 on her face and you'll forget, 325.
 on it lift it bear it, 686.
 on sech a blessed cretur, 736.
 or listen, fur 'z you can, 736.
 out and not in, 867.
 out upon the stars my love, 608.
 proudly to heaven, 514.
 round the habitable world, 274.
 so dull so dead in, 88.
 that threatened insult, 410.
 the same by day, will not, 658.

- Look through a milstone, 33.
 to have, I must not, 124.
 to the essence of a thing, 941.
 up and not down, 867.
 upon his like again, 128.
 when the clouds are blowing, 819.
 with a bitter, 836.
 with thine ears, 148.
 your last, 109.
- Looks a queen, she, 337.
 around in fear and doubt, 522.
 around to say farewell, and, 697.
 clear your, 466.
 commercing with the skies, 249.
 drear, tho' now each spot, 597.
 fairest garden in her, 261.
 full assurance given by, 23.
 gigantically down, death, 654.
 in the clouds, 111.
 invites you by his, 415.
 meagre were his, 108.
 of love, sidelong, 396.
 only books were woman's, 522.
 praising God with sweetest, 592.
 profound, statesmen with, 397.
 puts on his pretty, 79.
 quite through the deeds of men, 111.
 sadly upon him, 98.
 the cottage might adorn, 398.
 through his eager eyes, 791.
 through nature, 320.
 up friend and clear your, 466.
 were fond and words were few, 537.
 with despatchful, 235.
- Looked after the low-backed car, 590.
 forward through centuries, 788.
 honest, 796.
 no sooner, but loved, 71.
 on better days, if ever you have, 68.
 sighed and, 272.
 the twin of heathen hate, 682.
 unutterable things, 356.
- Looker-on here in Vienna, 49.
- Lookes, full assurance given by, 23.
- Looking back, still, 686.
 before and after, 142.
 ill prevail, 256.
 well can't move her, 256.
- Looking-glass, court an amorous, 95.
- Looming bastion, 674.
- Looms, weave no more silks ye Lyons,
 748.
- Loop, no, nor hinge, 154.
- Looped and windowed raggedness, 147.
- Loophole, cabined, 243.
- Loopholes of retreat, 420.
- Loose, all hell broke, 234.
 fast and, 55.
 his beard, 383.
- Loosed the fateful lightning, He hath,
 747.
- Lord above, the eagle was, 474.
 among wits, 369.
 are true, judgments of the, 661.
 be thanked, let the, 452.
 beloved, when Israel of the, 493.
 descended from above, 23.
 directeth his steps, 1018.
- Lord dismiss us with thy blessing, 862.
 Fanny spins a thousand such, 328.
 for the erring thought, 809.
 for the wicked will, 809.
 gave and hath taken away, 1008.
 glory of the coming of the, 747.
 God, how loving is the, 847.
 help 'em how I pities them, 510.
 how it talked, 197.
 I do not ask O, that life, 760.
 it is a world of fools, my, 684.
 knows where, Zembla or the, 318.
 knows who, parents were the, 286.
 lead me O, till perfect day, 761.
 lendeth unto the, 1019.
 man that feareth, to doubt, 760.
 my bosom's, 108.
 my pasture shall prepare, 300.
 of all the works of nature, 30.
 of all things great, 317.
 of death, life is ever, 651.
 of folded arms, 55.
 of himself that heritage of woe, 551.
 of himself though not of lands, 174.
 of humankind, 277.
 of my unchallenged fate, 774.
 of the lion heart, 392.
 of the valley, 520.
 of thy presence no land beside, 78.
 once own the happy lines, let a, 324.
 precious in the sight of the, 1015.
 present with the, 508.
 secret things belong to the, 1006.
 shall hiss for the fly, 1025.
 she knewed the, was nigher, 736.
 Stafford mines for coal, 563.
 thanking the, for a life, 749.
 till his, is crucified, 733.
 Tomnoddy is thirty-four, 768.
 too great, Thou wert O, 717.
 vicar of the almighty, 6.
 went before them, 1005.
 whom the, loveth He chasteneth,
 1040.
 wondrous book bright candle of the,
 597.
 you know what Virgil, my, 684.
- Lords, honoured at the House of, 330.
 may flourish or may fade, 396.
 new, give us new laws, 200.
 of birth, the secret, 846.
 of hell, procuress to the, 675.
 of humankind, 395.
 of ladies intellectual, 555.
 of the creation, 448.
 stories, great, 454.
 wit among, 369.
 women who love their, 392.
- Lord's anointed, rail on the, 97.
 anointed temple, broke ope the, 120.
- Lordly dish, butter in a, 1006.
 friend, 806.
 pleasure-house, 666.
- Lordships' pleasures, on their, 101.
- Lore, Cristes, and his apostles, 2.
 curious volume of forgotten, 655.
 mystical, 514.
 skilled in gestic, 395.

- Lorn, creetur, I am a lone, 701.
- Lose good dayes, 29.
 his own soul, 1032.
 it that do buy it with much care, 59.
 its own, love can never, 651.
 no man can, what he never had, 208.
 of no account what you can, 895.
 the good we oft might win, 47.
 the power to love, 717.
 the power to will, work or, 717.
 thy simple faith, nor, 647.
 to watch and then to, 749.
 who never wins can rarely, 650.
- Losses faith in God and woman, 775.
 his misery, who finds himself, 757.
- Losers must have leave to speak, 297.
- Losing earth, at cost of, 794.
 office, hath but a, 88.
 rendered sager by, 554.
- Loss, choice of, 158.
 is no loss if unknown, 894.
 most patient man in, 159.
 my, may shine goodlier than your gain, 807.
 no note of time but from its, 306.
 nor gain nor change, 824.
 of the sun, 353.
 of time, compliments are, 387.
 of wealth is loss of dirt, 8.
 though he promise to his, 1043.
 voice of woe for a lover's, 725.
- Losses, fellow that hath had, 53.
 there are gains for all our, 763.
- Lost a day, I've, 307.
 a hundred years a day, 840.
 a world made to be, 790.
 all good to me is, 231.
 all is not, 223.
 all is, save honour, 999.
 all loves and honours, 794.
 and dead, evil become, 743.
 and won, when the battle's, 115.
 and worn sooner, 75.
 battle won and battle, 463.
 beauty seen is never, 650.
 being lacked and, 53.
 but gone before, not, 654.
 count that day, 874.
 delight, give back the, 794.
 him half the kind, 272.
 in lexicography, 368.
 in mists, churches and creeds, 765.
 in the sweets, 348.
 in wandering mazes, 228.
 loved long since and, awhile, 607.
 my reputation, 152.
 no love, 178, 976.
 not, but gone before, 283, 900.
 praising what is, 74.
 silent above the flowers her children, 763.
 smallest effort is not, 718.
 than ever were, 793.
 the immortal part of myself, 152.
 the mourned the loved the, 545.
 thing not, if you have it, 951.
 things are in the angels' keeping, 779.
- Lost, think that day, 874.
 to sight, tho' thy smile be, 597.
 to sight to memory dear, 597.
 war and deeds of carnage be, 744.
 waste arguments where they will be, 634.
 what though the field be, 223.
 whatsoever thing is, 424.
 when faith is, when honor dies, 649.
 when sweetest, 522.
 woman that deliberates is, 298.
- Lot assigned to every man, 936.
 behold our, 475.
 blameless vestal's, 333.
 compare the age in which their, 603.
 God wot as by, 404.
 how hard their, 860.
 is cast into the lap, 1019.
 of man but once to die, 204.
 of man to labour, 339.
 of man to suffer and to die, 342.
 scot and, 178.
 suit thyself to thy, 940.
 though bleak our, 864.
 to find no enemies, unhappy, 896.
 to mark, has been my, 390.
- Lot's wife, remember, 1034.
- Loth and slow, aged men, 492.
 to depart, and often took leave, 288.
 to die, wandering on as, 484.
- Lothario, gay, 301.
- Lotus, divine nectareous juice, 344.
 of the Nile, to eat the, 651.
- Loud, curses not, but deep, 124.
 hissing urn, 420.
 laugh of the vacant mind, 396.
 roared the dreadful thunder, 453.
 strong tempests blow, 629.
 yet was never, 151.
- Louder but as empty quite, 318.
- Loudly, a cat languishes, 829.
- Love a bright particular star, 73.
 a puppy cur, mastiff may, 684.
 a well of, 586.
 absence conquers, 652.
 absence still increases, 589.
 after the verb to, 868.
 agree, twain in faith in, 651.
 alas for, if thou wert all, 570.
 all hearts in, 51.
 all lost things are in the angels' keeping, 779.
 all that life is, 497.
 all the world in, with night, 107.
 alone, give me to live with, 611.
 among the churches, Christian, 682.
 and be loved by me, than to, 655.
 and dignity in every gesture, 237.
 and light and calm thoughts, 502.
 and power untold, with, 715.
 and then to part, 502.
 and thought and joy, 469.
 and to cherish, 1042.
 and truth, the dreams of, 819.
 and wisdom dwell, where, 715.
 any but you, I'll never, 681.
 are blest, where they that, 717.
 are of, the food, 238.

- Love, bashful sincerity and comely, 52.
 be free free love, let, 680.
 be now no passages of, 679.
 be younger than thyself, let thy, 75.
 beggared, 834.
 begins to sicken, when, 114.
 better than secret, 1021.
 better to, in the lowliest cot, 750.
 bow before thine altar, 392.
 brief as woman's, 138.
 Briton even in, 485.
 bud of this, 106.
 burns with one, 339.
 business that we, 158.
 but her forever, 452.
 but love in vain, 261.
 but on condition, can we, 713.
 but one day, I dearly, 285.
 but only her, 547.
 can burn or blot it God is, 691.
 can die, they sin who tell us, 508.
 can hear the rustling of a wing, 784.
 can hope where reason despairs, 377.
 can never lose its own, 651.
 can scarce deserve the name, 549.
 canst thou not wait for, 814.
 change old, for new, 25.
 cherish and to obey, 1043.
 choose by another's eyes, 57.
 clothed, if not so pure a, 680.
 common as light is, 566.
 could teach a monarch, 387.
 could thou and I with fate, 849.
 course of true, 57.
 dallies with the innocence of, 75.
 deceives the best, 346.
 deep as first, 673.
 deep hymn of gratitude and, 595.
 denied, a, 847.
 dispute and practice, 221.
 divine all love excelling, 860.
 dream in joy and wake in, 578.
 each in my, alike, 102.
 each time we, we turn, 776.
 ecstasy of, 133.
 endures no tie, 272.
 evangel-poem of comrades and, 741.
 everlasting, 280.
 exalts the mind, how, 273.
 exempt from the militations, 793.
 familiar beast to man and signifies,
 45.
 fasting for a good man's, 70.
 flowers and fruits of, 555.
 fools' experiments, I, 663.
 for Charlotte, Werther had a, 697.
 free as air, 333.
 friendship constant save in, 51.
 friendship that like, is warm, 523.
 from love made manifest, 710.
 gather the rose of, 202.
 God from necessity is, 695.
 God gives us, 667.
 God, the world and, 793.
 gods no, for the souls, 728.
 goes in with folly's dress, 834.
 gold and pleasure, youth, 662.
 greater, hath no man, 1035.
- Love greater than his power, 793.
 greatest pain it is to, 261.
 hail wedded, 284.
 hapless, 367.
 harvest-time of, 508.
 hath lowly haunts, for, 611.
 he bore to learning, 397.
 he may live without, 780.
 he spake of, 482.
 he was all for, 436.
 her, to know her was to, 455.
 her, to see her was to, 452.
 her was a liberal education, to, 297.
 him at his call, 470.
 him ere he seem worthy, 471.
 him not, sour to them that, 101.
 his, was like the liberal air, 803.
 how should I know your true, 405.
 I fear to, you sweet, 841.
 I have it not, 834.
 I, my fellow-creatures, 800.
 I would that thee I had, 790.
 if I have freedom in my, 260.
 if love be perfect, as, 679.
 if there's delight in, 294.
 if thou wert all, 570.
 in a dream of, melted away, 895.
 in a hut, 574.
 in every gesture dignity and, 237.
 in heavenly spirits, is there, 28.
 in idleness, 't is, 611.
 in such a wilderness, 516.
 in the beginning, no great, 45.
 in your hearts as idly burns, 213.
 infinite, 805.
 is a beautiful dream, 837.
 is a boy by poets stiled, 213.
 is blind and lovers cannot see, 62.
 is dead, 770.
 is doomed to mourn, 869.
 is ever the beginning, 582.
 is flower-like, 503.
 is for the best, free, 680.
 is God's essence, 793.
 is grown to ripeness, when, 667.
 is heaven and heaven is love, 487.
 is, if I know what true, 680.
 is indestructible, 508.
 is left alone, and, 667.
 is light from heaven, 549.
 is like a landscape, 181.
 is like a red red rose, my, 451.
 is like a rose, 776.
 is loveliest in tears, 491.
 is nature's second sun, 35.
 is never cold, when, 718.
 is not love which alters, 163.
 is strong as death, 1024.
 is sweet given or returned, 566.
 is that orbit of the soul, 756.
 is the ambassador of loss, 841.
 is the fulfilling of the law, 1037.
 is the gift God has given, 488.
 is the sweetest thing on earth, 826.
 is there, 835.
 it would conceal, 502.
 knightly, is blent with reverence,
 729.

- Love knoweth no laws, 32.
 knows where, 805.
 labour of, 1039.
 last not least in, 113.
 laws that, has made, 333.
 let those now, 306.
 life, dost thou, 360.
 light and calm thoughts, 502.
 light of, 550.
 like a light silently wrapping, 742.
 like friendship steady, 523.
 live with me and be my, 40.
 live with thee and be thy, 25.
 look on with unselfish, 809.
 look out upon the stars my, 608.
 looks not with the eyes, 57.
 lose the power to, 717.
 lost between us, no, 178.
 maid with few to, 469.
 many waters cannot quench, 1024.
 may lead love in, 834.
 mayest pray to, 793.
 me, all that, 665.
 me little love me long, 16, 41, 202.
 me love my dog, 19.
 medicines to make me, 84.
 men have died but not for, 71.
 mightier far is, 482.
 mighty pain to, it is, 261.
 ministers of, 501.
 music be the food of, 74.
 must cling where it can, 779.
 must die, that the thing we, 713.
 must kiss that mortal's eyes, 834.
 must needs be blind, 503.
 my dear, and I were young, 791.
 my, has died for me to-day, 770.
 my, returns no more again, 822.
 my whole course of, 150.
 nature is fine in, 142.
 never doubt I, 133.
 never ebb to humble, 155.
 never say one half my, for thee, 605.
 no fear in, 1041.
 nor says nor thinks, 793.
 nor, they least who strike, 846.
 not him, then if I, 680.
 not love not ye hopeless, 653.
 not man the less I, 547.
 now who never loved before, 306.
 O fire O, 666.
 of justice, 981.
 of life increased with years, 432.
 of life's young day, 587.
 of living, from too much, 806.
 of man and woman, 827.
 of money the root of all evil, 1040.
 of nature, in the, 572.
 of praise, efforts of race due to, 747.
 of praise howe'er concealed by art,
 310.
 of right, 786.
 of the right, 785.
 of the turtle, 549.
 of truth and all that, 681.
 of war for itself, the, 599.
 of women, alas the, 557.
 of women, passing the, 1007.
- Love of your neighbour, 906.
 office and affairs of, 51.
 on through all ills, 527.
 on till they die, 527.
 once possessed, to regain, 242.
 one another, 1036.
 only they conquer, 200.
 oyster may be crossed in, 442.
 pains of, be sweeter far, 276.
 pangs of despised, 135.
 pardon in the degree that we, 982.
 paths to woman's, 198.
 perdition catch my soul but I do,
 153.
 perfect, casteth out fear, 1041.
 pity melts the mind to, 272.
 pity swells the tide of, 308.
 pity's akin to, 282.
 pleasure of, is in loving, 981.
 poet without, 581.
 power and effect of, 191.
 prize of learning, 710.
 prove variable, 106.
 purple light of, 382.
 renewal of, 888.
 renewing of, 21.
 right to dissemble your, 445.
 rules the court the camp, 487.
 say of courtship, and matrimony,
 720.
 seals of, but sealed in vain, 49.
 seeks a guerdon, 847.
 seldom haunts the breast, 336.
 sends his early ray, 611.
 she never told her, 75.
 sidelong looks of, 396.
 silence in, bewrays more woe, 25.
 silence is the speech of, 763.
 sincerity and comely, 52.
 soft eyes looked, 542.
 something to, God lends us, 667.
 sought 's good, 76.
 speak low if you speak, 51.
 speaks, when, 56.
 spring of, 44, 498.
 stony limits cannot hold, 105.
 straitened him, of an old, 680.
 such, as spirits feel, 482.
 sure my, is all crost, 590.
 sweet are the words of, 793.
 sweet love, and for, 744.
 taught him shame, 273.
 thank Heaven for a good man's, 70.
 that can be reckoned, 157.
 that endures for a breath, 805.
 that has its will, 847.
 that never found his earthly close,
 668.
 that they sing and that they, 220.
 that took an early root, 623.
 the belt of, 770.
 the desire of, joy, 837.
 the game above the prize, 846.
 the lion must die for, 73.
 the more, now, 306.
 the offender, 333.
 thee, but I do, 153.
 thee dear so much, 259.

- Love thee dearly love thee still, 875.
 thee Doctor Fell, I do not, 286.
 thee, I but know that I, 522.
 thee, none knew thee but to, 562.
 thee, still should I, 791.
 thee still, with all thy faults I, 418.
 their lords, women who, 392.
 their lovers, women, 982.
 there is none other I can, 680.
 they conquer, that run away, 200.
 they who inspire, 566.
 tho' given in vain, true, 680.
 thoughts of, 668.
 thy life nor hate nor, 240.
 thy neighbour as thyself, 1005,
 1030, 1032.
 thyself last, 100.
 thyself many will hate thee, 893.
 to do, some noble work of, 696.
 to hatred turned, like, 294.
 to light, through, 821.
 to lips we are near make, 521.
 to me was wonderful, 1007.
 to see all things but not my, 30.
 too divine to, 564.
 too much, who, 345.
 took up the harp of life, 669.
 triumph in redeeming, 862.
 true knowledge leads to, 465.
 truth of truths is, 722.
 tunes the shepherd's reed, 487.
 unfit for ladies', 272.
 unrelenting foe to, 358.
 was loveliest, 794.
 waters cannot quench, 1024.
 were young, if all the world and, 25.
 when I, thee not chaos is come, 153.
 when silence speaks for, 793.
 whence descended wisdom and, 767.
 wholesome stars of, 678.
 whom none can, 860.
 whose eyelids dropped, 879.
 will conquer at the last, 683.
 will creep in service, 14.
 will find out the way, 854.
 with all their quantity of, 144.
 with night, all the world in, 107.
 with the innocence of, 75.
 without his wings, 560.
 without praying to, 793.
 woman's whole existence, 556.
 worthy of your, 471.
 wroth with one we, 500.
 years of, have been forgot, 654.
 you because you're a sweet little
 fool, 823.
 your enemy bless your haters, 682.
 your eyes were filled with, 747.
 your neighbour's wife, 601.
- Loves and hates, and all her, 685.
 and honors lost, 794.
 as gay and fleeting, to, 633.
 believes the impossible, whoso, 659.
 faithfull, 27.
 his native country best, who, 682.
 kills the thing he, 836.
 me best that calls me Tom, 194.
 me must, for who, 679.
- Loves, nobler cares and nobler, 477.
 not wine woman and song, 697.
 revives again, 786.
 suspects yet strongly, 153.
 to hear himself talk, 107.
 to revel in a summer, sound, 654.
- Love's devoted flame, 523.
 hand, we are in, 805.
 holy flame, 508.
 majesty, wants, 95.
 cf, bestowing and so good-night,
 789.
 proper hue, rosy red, 238.¹
 truest language, flowers are, 660.
 wound, purple with, 58.
 young dream, 521.
- Loved a smaller man, that I had, 679.
 and lost, better to have, 674.
 and still loves, 455.
 arts which I, 260.
 ashamed of being, 980.
 at first sight, 35, 40.
 at home, revered abroad, 447.
 but one, sighed to many, 540.
 by me, to love and be, 655.
 Cæsar less, not that I, 113.
 gold in special, 2.
 heart that has truly, 520.
 her that she did pity them, 151.
 him, use him as though you, 208.
 how honoured, how, 335.
 I have lived and, 504.
 I never, a tree or flower, 778.
 I not honour more, 259.
 I saw and, 430.
 in vain, I know we, 539.
 let those who always, 306.
 me for the dangers, 151.
 my country and hated him, 555.
 needs only to be seen, to be, 269.
 no sooner, but they sighed, 71.
 none without hope e'er, 377.
 not wisely but too well, 156.
 one all together, and the, 714.
 passing well, 134.
 Rome more, but that I, 113.
 see blindly, had we never, 452.
 see kindly, had we never, 452.
 so long and sees no more, 455.
 so well, the land they, 634.
 stains forever from land he, 788.
 that time so fondly, 597.
 the great sea, 538.
 the mourned the lost, the, 545.
 the world, I have not, 544.
 them, no love for souls who, 728.
 to plead lament and sue, 489.
 we have lived and, together, 637.
 when all was young, you, 729.
 which I have, long since, 607.
 who never, before, 306.
- Love-darting eyes, 246.
 Love-in-idleness, maidens call it, 58.
 Lovelier face, finer form or, 490.
 things have mercy, 548.
- Loveliest lassie, she's the, 586.
 last still, 545.
 of lovely things, 573.

- Loveliest, the, ever was seen, 605.
 village of the plain, 395.
 when love was, 794.
- Love-light in your eye, and the, 637.
- Loveliness, clothed in so pure a, 680.
 dream of, descending, 759.
 I never knew her, 586.
 increases, its, 574.
 is enough, 816.
 lay down in her, 499.
 made up of, alone, 608.
 majesty of, 550.
 needs not ornament, 356.
- Lovely all her life long, 686.
 and a fearful thing, 557.
 and pleasant in their lives, 1007.
 and soothing death, come, 744.
 apparition sent, 474.
 as a Lapland night, 475.
 fair, who art so, 155.
 floating hair, 781.
 I say the world is, 816.
 in death the beauteous ruin lay, 308.
 in her husband's eye, 463.
 in your strength, 544.
 in youthful comeliness, 686.
 is the rose, 477.
 more, than Pandora, 234.
 organ of her life, every, 53.
 she's, she's divine, 868.
 Thais sits beside thee, 272.
 the brave deserve the, 759.
 whatsoever things are, 1039.
 woman stoops to folly, 403.
- Lover all as frantic, 59.
 all mankind love a, 618.
 and the poet, the lunatic, 59.
 beauty grows familiar to the, 298.
 give repentance to her, 403.
 happy as a, 476.
 in the husband lost, 377.
 is beloved, and the, 485.
 never owl more blind than a, 765.
 of life, 829.
 of the autumn-days, 824.
 rooted stays, the, 618.
 see a, in that anchorite, 741.
 sighing like furnace, 69.
 some banished, 333.
 still an angel appear to each, 305.
 to listening maid, 573.
 why so pale and wan, 256.
 without indiscretion, 816.
 woman loves her, 557.
- Lovers cannot see their pretty follies,
 62.
 eloped in the dark, 822.
 happy, and make two, 330.
 love the western star, 487.
 meeting, journeys end in, 75.
 never tired of each other, 982.
 of virtue, all that are, 208.
 old, are soundest, 181.
 pace timidly, 817.
 quarrels of, 888.
 Romans countrymen and, 113.
 swear more performance than they
 are able, 102.
- Lovers, whispering, 395.
 women love their, 982.
- Lover's loss, voice of woe for a, 725.
- Lovers' hell, injured, 235.
 perjures, Jove laughs at, 106.
 perjury, Jove but laughs at, 272.
 songs turned to holy psalms, 25.
 tongues by night, 106.
 vows seem sweet, 551.
- Love-rhymes, regent of, 55.
- Lovesick, the winds were, 159.
- Lovesome thing, 777.
- Love-song to the morn, 637.
- Loving, a, heart is the beginning, 583.
 and serving, 't is, 716.
 are the darling, the, 761.
 hearts divide, 820.
 is the Lord God, how, 847.
 lady moon whom are you, 665.
 to my mother, so, 128.
 youth large lusty, 743.
- Low ambition and the pride, 314.
 and humble, hymn of the, 746.
 bend, 794.
 death makes equal high and, 9.
 foreheads villanous, 43.
 in his seemed musical and, 732.
 it is not that I deem them, 778.
 laid in my grave, that I were, 78.
 lone song, hear but their, 715.
 man never falls so, 694.
 speak, if you speak love, 51.
 support and raise what is, 223.
 till nature high and, 685.
 to Him no high no, 316.
 to whisper, 803.
 too, they build, 309.
- Low-backed, looked after the, car, 590.
 she sat in the, car, 590.
- Lower, bright suns scorch and dark
 clouds, 610.
 can fall no, 212.
 to the higher, 737.
 when struggling passions, 607.
- Lowers between this time and that,
 686.
 the morning, 297.
- Lowering element scowls, 227.
- Lowest deep a lower, in the, 231.
 of your throng, 234.
- Lowing herd winds slowly, 384.
- Lowliest cot, better to love in the, 750.
- Lowliness ambition's ladder, 111.
- Lowly born, better to be, 98.
 earth to vaulted skies, from, 730.
 haunts, for love hath, 611.
 laid, high ambition, 487.
 lives, 797.
 taught and highly fed, 73.
 wise, be, 237.
- Lown, called the tailor, 152.
- Loyal and neutral in a moment, 120.
 hope survives, 797.
 nature and of noble mind, 681.
- Lubricates business, dinner, 437.
- Lucent syrups, 575.
- Lucid interval, 1049.
- Lucifer, falls like, 99.

- Lucifer son of the morning, 1025.
 Luck about the house, nae, 426.
 in odd numbers, 46.
 old shoe for, 12.
 shallow men believe in, 621.
 would have it, as good, 46.
 Luckless hour, from that, 2.
 Lucky chance, 356.
 Lucre, not greedy of filthy, 1039.
 Lucullus sups with Lucullus, 911.
 Lucy ceased to be, when, 469.
 Lucy's iron crown, 395.
 Lulling murmur, 792.
 Lulls to sleep, not such as, 739.
 Lumber, learned, in his head, 325.
 Luminous cloud, joy the, 502.
 Lump, little leaven leaveneth the,
 1038.
 Lunatic lover and the poet, 59.
 Lunes, in his old, 46.
 Lungs began to crow, 68.
 receive our air, 418.
 Lurch, a wink and a sly normal, 723.
 Lurks a cruel bee, 809.
 Luscious as locusts, 151.
 woodbine, 58.
 Lust, because they have no law, no,
 680.
 in man, there is a, 858.
 of gold, the narrowing, 676.
 of office does not kill, 730.
 Lusts or wine, not in toys or, 260.
 Lustre, ne'er could any, see, 442.
 purpled with rosy, 342.
 shine with such, 422, 424.
 Lusty loving, youth large, 743.
 winter, 67.
 Lute, heart and, 525.
 listened to a, 622.
 little rift within the, 679.
 musical as Apollo's, 56, 245.
 my heart and, 525.
 Orpheus with his, 98.
 pleasing of a, 95.
 this time-worn, 525.
 Luther preaches it, wisdom, 620.
 sang, sing as Martin, 697.
 Luve is like a red red rose, my, 451.
 is like the melodie, 451.
 Luvit ilk ither weel, we, 587.
 Luxuries, most of the, positive hin-
 drances, 722.
 of life, 692.
 Luxurious by restraint, 238.
 man falsely, 355.
 Luxury, blesses his stars and thinks it,
 297.
 curst by heaven, 398.
 do without any article of, 586.
 in self-dispraise, there is a, 480.
 of disrespect, 483.
 of doing good, 295, 394, 444.
 of woe, I'll taste the, 518.
 to be, it was a, 501.
 Lycurgus brought long hair into
 fashion, 920.
 Lydian airs, lap me in soft, 249.
 measures, softly sweet in, 272.
 Lyfe so short the craft so long, 6.
 Lying, as easy as, 138.
 beneath the churchyard sod, 728.
 brown and bare, fields are, 751.
 getting up not so easy as, 593.
 with hours, 387.
 without having tasted of, 941.
 words, filled her mouth with, 598.
 world is given to, 88.
 Lyke as one pease is to another, 33.
 Lym, spaniel brach or, 148.
 Lyons looms, weave no more silks ye,
 748.
 Lyre, each mode of the, 519.
 heaven-taught, 377.
 Milton's golden, 391.
 smote 'is blooming, 853.
 the living, 384.
 Lyric, splendid ecclesiastical, 629.
 Ma, a, if what I'm told is true, 799.
 Mab, Queen, hath been with you, 104.
 Macassar, incomparable^ooil, 555.
 Macaulay is a book in breeches, 461.
 out of literature, 461.
 Macbeth does^omurder sleep, 119.
 Macduff, lay on, 126.
 Macedon, fulmined over Greece to,
 241.
 there is a river in, 92.
 MacGregor, my name^{is}, 493.
 where sits, 976.
 Machiavel had ne'er a trick, 215.
 Mad as a March hare, 18, 976.
 finger's breadth of being, 949.
 fust gits, 's 'most ollers wrong, 737.
 if I am Sophocles I am not, 883.
 it drives you, 685.
 it is fitter being sane than, 711.
 it was, how sad and bad and, 711.
 maketh young men, 791.
 out of too much learning become,
 193.
 pleasure in being, 277.
 prose run, 327.
 quite certain to fall, 584.
 the dog went, and bit the man, 400.
 't is true he's, 133.
 undevout astronomer is, 310.
 whom fortune makes, 899.
 with glee, morning birds were, 795.
 with life, 857.
 Madam Blaize, lament for, 400.
 me no madam, 1054.
 Madden it, made a mannikin to, 657.
 round the land, 326.
 to crime, now, 549.
 Maddest merriest day, 667.
 Madding crowd, far from the, 385.
 Made a foe, makes no friend who
 never, 680.
 a world, to be lost, 790.
 annihilating all that's, 263.
 better by their presence, minds, 730.
 fearfully and wonderfully, 1016.
 glorious summer, 95.
 his eldest son slave, 779.
 it, and touches him who, 685.

- Made light of it, 1032.
 man knows not for what he was, 941.
 me, don't think nobody never, 700.
 no more bones, 970.
 our nation free, thy hand hath, 689.
 the world, some lesser god had, 681.
 to be fashioned as the artist, 691.
 to fade and fall away, 653.
 us, the eye of Him who, 691.
- Madmen know, none but, 277.
- Madness, despondency and, 470.
 genius has a tincture of, 900.
 go you may call it, 456.
 great wits allied to, 267.
 in the brain, work like, 500.
 lies, that way, 147.
 melancholy, of poetry, 874.
 method in, 133.
 midsummer, this is very, 76.
 moody, laughing wild, 381.
 moon-struck, 240.
 of many for gain of a few, 336.
 risen from hell, 805.
 still he did retain that fine, 40.
 to defer, 306.
 to live like a wretch and die rich, 188.
 would gambol from, 141.
- Madonnas, Rafael of the dear, 706.
- Madrigals, melodious birds sing, 41.
 that whisper softness, 254.
- Maenad of Massachusetts, rampant, 808.
- Mæonian star, light of the, 325.
- Magic casements, 575.
 in the distance, 854.
 matter, trifling handful of, 765.
 numbers and persuasive sound, 294.
 of a face, 200.
 of a name, 513.
 of the mind, the, 551.
 of the tongue most dangerous spell, 632.
 potent over sun and star, 482.
 power to calm, a, 607.
 Shakespeare's, 275.
 shall solve us the secret, 850.
- Magister artis, 305.
- Magistracy is a great trust, 411.
- Magistrate, invent a shovel and be a, 263.
 of his country's good, 571.
- Magna Charta will have no sovereign, 24.
- Magna est veritas, 1028.
- Magnificence, fuel of, 619.
- Magnificent and awful cause, 418.
 but it is not war, 1000.
 spectacle of human happiness, 462.
 three-tailed Bashaw, 454.
- Magnificently stern array, 543.
- Magnitude, thou liar of the first, 294.
- Mahogany tree, sheltered about the, 697.
- Mahomet and the mountain, 165.
 moon of, 566.
- Mahometans, pleasures of the, 387.
- Maid, be good sweet, 727.
 dancing in the shade, 248.
 it was an Abyssinian, 500.
 lover to listening, 573.
 maiden passion for a, 681.
 meek as is a, 1.
 music heavenly, 390.
 of Athens ere we part, 540.
 snatched from the sidelong, 356.
 some captive, 333.
 sphere-descended, 390.
 sweetest garland to the sweetest, 314.
 the chariest, 129.
 when King Cophetua loved the beggar, 105.
 who modestly conceals, 378.
 whom there were none to praise, 469.
 widowed wife and wedded, 494.
- Maids are May when they are maids, 71.
 malady most incident to, 78.
 must be wives and mothers, 686.
 of thirteen talk of puppy dogs, 78.
 that weave thread with bones, 75.
 who love the moon, 520.
- Maiden fair to see, I know a, 648.
 lived with no other thought, 655.
 meditation fancy-free, 58.
 of bashful fifteen, 442.
 passion for a maid, the, 681.
 presence, scater of your, 130.
 shame, blush of, 573.
 showers, like those, 202.
 sings, the village, 393.
 sword, bravely fleshed thy, 87.
 true betrayed for gold, 489.
 will steal after her heart, the, 521.
 with white fire laden, 565.
 young heart of a, 521.
- Maidens, as many, be, 586.
 call it love-in-idleness, 58.
 caught by glare, like moths, 540.
 fair are commonly fortunate, 33.
 smiles of other, 586.
 withering on the stalk, 477.
- Maiden's cheek, 810.
- Maimed among, the spent and, 729.
- Main, Belerium to the northern, 333.
 beyond the western, 395.
 Camilla scours along the, 324.
 chance, 33, 93, 214, 972.
 comes silent flooding in the, 727.
 do with might and, 620.
 far amid the melancholy, 357.
 from out the azure, 358.
- Mainly right, wise world is, 678.
 use and skill are winners, 680.
- Maintain no ill opinions, 398.
 their rights, dare, 438.
- Majestic head, some less, 547.
 in decay, 347.
 silence, 535.
 though in ruin, 227.
 world, get the start of the, 110.
- Majesty, attribute to awe and, 64.
 in rayless, 306.
 next in, 270.

- Majesty**, obsequious, approved, 237.
 of God revere, 391.
 of loveliness, 550.
 rising in clouded, 233.
 that from man's soul, the, 791.
 this earth of, 81.
 unspeakable and dread, O, 717.
 want love's, 95.
 will rise in, 731.
Majorities have been wrong, 773.
 is as much, decision by, 693.
Majority, long since death had the,
 355.
 one on God's side is a, 699.
Majors we can make every year, 189.
Make a deacon swear, enough to, 737.
 a note of, when found, 702.
 a sky, why you should n't, 765.
 history, while we read we, 758.
 indulgence seem judicious, to, 729.
 languor smile, 328.
 let us die to, men free, 748.
 man did not, and can not mar, 753.
 me a child again, 783.
 me to know mine end, 1012.
 men holy, as He died to, 748.
 men's temper bad, certain winds,
 729.
 my throne on a, and I, 660.
 no long orations, 432.
 our griefs our gains, that, 682.
 paths to the house I seek to, 745.
 the angels weep, 48.
 thy castles high and fair, 646.
 use of me for the future, 931.
Makes a faith hated, to persecute,
 684.
 a man, and all that, 681.
 heroes, to believe in the heroic, 628.
 his promise good, 1043.
 his pulses fly, 723.
 me or fordoes me, 156.
 my gain, every way, 156.
 no friend who never, he, 680.
 not thy victory vain, 790.
 on its desolate sands, 717.
 one wondrous kind, 387.
 sech nights all white and still, 736.
 some floweret blow, rain-drop, 718.
 that and the action fine, 204.
 up life's tale, 502.
 up the sum of living, 763.
 us or it mars us, 156.
 what, his dawning glow, 611.
 within itself a heaven of stars, 809.
Maken vertue of necessite, 3.
Maker and the angel death, his, 502.
Maketh haste to be rich, 1021.
 wise men fools, 791.
Making beautiful old rhyme, 163.
 many books there is no end, 1024.
 night hideous, 131.
 of man, the, 804.
 pies, and went to, 758.
 the green one red, 120.
 their lives a prayer, 649.
 them, I am always, 663.
 through creeks and inlets, 727.
Malady incident to maids, 77.
 medicine worse than the, 184.
Malcontents, loiterers and, 55.
 thou art the Mars of, 45.
Malebranche would have it, 998.
Male-lands, loved all the more by
 earth's, 708.
Malice, bearing no, 458.
 domestic foreign levy, 121.
 envy hatred and, 1042.
 nor set down aught in, 156.
 to conceal, 232.
 towards none, 662.
Malicious, virtue is not, 36.
Malign an opponent, arguments to,
 626.
Malignity, motiveless, 505.
Mallecho, this is miching, 138.
Malmsey and Malvoisie, 868.
Malt, Duke of Norfolk deals in, 563.
Mambrino's helmet, 972.
Mammon, least erected spirit, 225.
 wins his way, 540.
 ye cannot serve God and, 1030.
Man a flower he dies, 366.
 a fool at forty, 311.
 a merrier, 55.
 a nice unparticular, 816.
 a plain blunt, 114.
 a reasonable creature, 254.
 a, sat on a rock, 818.
 a single cell becomes a, 774.
 a slave, whatever day makes, 246.
 a tailless, 818.
 a thinking being, 534.
 a tool to buy and sell, 728.
 a two-legged animal, 949.
 a world without a sun, 513.
 after his desert, use every, 134.
 after his own heart, 1006.
 after sleep, like a strong, 254.
 all that a, hath, 1008.
 all that may become a, 118.
 all that was pleasant in, 399.
 ambition oft proclaims the, 130.
 an ape or an angel, is, 625.
 an eloquent, not speaking the truth,
 585.
 an honest, is aboon his might, 452.
 an inconstant creature, 916.
 and a brother, am I not a, 1044.
 and all that makes a, 681.
 and maiden fair, 832.
 and the just, is afraid, 578.
 apparel oft proclaims the, 130.
 architect of his fortune, 167.
 arms and the, I sing, 274.
 as a dying, to dying men, 858.
 as good kill a, as kill a good book, 254.
 as he is humour the, 891.
 assurance of a, 140.
 at arms must now serve on his
 knees, 25.
 at his best state, 1012.
 at his birth, 903.
 at the turn-pike bar, 590.
 at thirty, suspects himself a fool,
 307.

- Man, bad, never for good service, 411.
 be fully persuaded, let every, 1037.
 be occupied, let every, 460.
 be vertuous withal, if a, 4.
 bear his own burden, 1038.
 before thy mother, 199.
 before your mother, 424.
 begins to see that the leaves, 648.
 being in honour, 1012.
 below, God above or, 315.
 Benedick the married, 50.
 best good, 279.
 best-humoured, 400.
 better spared a better, 87.
 beware the fury of a patient, 269.
 bewrayed by his manners, 29.
 blind old, of Scio's isle, 550.
 bold bad, 27, 98.
 brave, chooses, 733.
 brave, draws his sword, 339.
 breathes there the, 488.
 brick-dust, 363.
 broken with the storms of state, 100.
 Brutus is an honourable, 113.
 builds himself, 309.
 but a rush against Othello, 156.
 by, is cursed away, 723.
 by man was never seen, 715.
 by which the bark of, could navigate, 597.
 can boast that he has trod, 571.
 can die but once, 90.
 can feel, the worst that, 341.
 can work, when no, 1035.
 cannot be as he would be, 890.
 cannot lose the past nor future, 935.
 canst not be false to any, 130.
 caverns measureless to, 500.
 cease ye from, 1025.
 cheated only by himself, 618.
 child is father of the, 469.
 childhood shows the, 241.
 Christian faithful, 96.
 civilizers of, 625.
 clever at envying a, 885.
 clever, by nature, 457.
 close buttoned to the chin, 422.
 clothe a, with rags, 1020.
 complete, hero and the, 299.
 conference maketh a ready, 168.
 could ask no more of Fate, 738.
 crime of being a young, 376.
 crossed with adversity, 44.
 cruelty and ambition of, 27.
 cruelty to load a falling, 101.
 dare do all that may become a, 118.
 debtor to his profession, 164.
 delights not me, 134.
 depressed with cares, 348.
 destructive, smiling, 281.
 devil in the heart of, 218.
 diapason closing full in, 271.
 die better, how can, 604.
 dies, how a, 371.
 diligent in business, 1020.
 diseases crucify the soul of, 188.
 distracted melancholic, 180.
 do but die, what can an old, 592.
- Man does, 't is not what, 708.
 doth not live by bread only, 1005.
 drest in a little brief authority, 48.
 dull ear of a drowsy, 79.
 dwells apart though not alone, 749.
 dwells, narrow the corner where, 936.
 dying, to dying men, 858.
 ear of, hath not seen, 58.
 eloquent, that old, 252.
 England expects every, 446.
 enough for, to know, 319.
 ever saw, nor no, 72.
 every, has his fault, 109.
 every woman should marry and no, 628.
 exceeding poor, 62.
 expatiate o'er this scene of, 314.
 extremes in, 322.
 eye of, hath not heard, 58.
 false man smiling, 281.
 falsely luxurious, 355.
 familiar beast to, 45.
 famous, is Robin Hood, 473.
 fashion wears out more apparel than the, 52.
 fear may force a, 11.
 fell into his anecdotage, 628.
 first, is of the earth earthy, 1038.
 first years of, 368.
 fittest place for, to die, 716.
 flattered to tears this aged, 575.
 fond precociously of stirring, 593.
 for himself, every, 20, 191, 973.
 foremost, of all this world, 114.
 forget not though in rags, 391.
 forget the brother resume the, 343.
 frailty of a, 164.
 free as nature first made, 275.
 from heaven proceed the woes of, 344.
 fury of a patient, 269.
 gently scan your brother, 448.
 give every, thy ear, 130.
 gives what the gods bestow, 346.
 God or devil, every, 268.
 goeth forth unto his work, 1015.
 goeth to his long home, 1023.
 good easy, when he thinks, 99.
 good great, 502.
 good meets his fate, 307.
 good name in, and woman, 153.
 good, never dies, the, 496.
 good old, 52, 67.
 good or ill of, 930.
 good, yields his breath, 496.
 goodliest of men, 232.
 grace of God to, 861.
 great city has greatest, or woman, 742.
 great to little, 394.
 greater love hath no, 1035.
 had fixed his face, as if the, 468.
 half part of a blessed, 78.
 hand against every, 1004.
 hanging the worst use of, 175.
 happy, be his dole, 46.
 happy dole, happy, 11.
 happy, 's without a shirt, 8.

- Man, happy the, 273.
 has business and desire, 132.
 has not, a microscopic eye, 316.
 he felt as a, 428.
 he is oft the wisest, 472.
 he that hath no beard is less than a,
 50.
 he was a good and just, 1034.
 he's true to God who's true to, 733.
 healthy wealthy and wise, 360.
 hearty old, 506.
 heaven had made her such a, 150.
 her wit was more than, 270.
 here lies a truly honest, 259.
 highest style of, 308.
 his prey was, 333.
 honest as any, living, 52.
 honest is aboon his might, 111.
 honest is the only perfect, 183.
 honest, the noblest work, 319.
 how poor a thing is, 39.
 I love not, the less, 547.
 I pray for no, 109.
 I see the steady gain of, 650.
 ignorance of the law excuses no, 195.
 impious in a good, 308.
 impossible to be cheated, 618.
 in all the world's new fashion, 54.
 in ignorance sedate, 366.
 in prosperite, 5.
 in the bush with God, 615.
 in the distant future will, 663.
 in the mind of, 467.
 in the mire, 109.
 in the street does not, 618.
 in wit a, 335.
 inclines to popery, 222.
 intimates eternity to, 299.
 is a bundle of relations, 618.
 is a knot of roots, 618.
 is a noble animal, 219.
 is accommodated, 89.
 is as heaven made him, 974.
 is as true as steel, 107.
 is born unto trouble, 1008.
 is dead, when honor dies the, 649.
 is found, the race of, 338.
 is his own star, 183.
 is little to be envied, that, 369.
 is man and master, 678.
 is mighty, they say that, 731.
 is nature's sole mistake, 802.
 is not a fly, 316.
 is not man as yet, 704.
 is one world, 205.
 is the gowd for a' that, 452.
 is the nobler growth, 433.
 is thy most awful instrument, 482.
 is vile, and only, 536.
 is worth something, 706.
 judgment falls upon a, 195.
 justice the great interest of, 531.
 kindest best conditioned, 64.
 knows not for what he was made,
 941.
 laborin', an' laborin' woman, 735.
 large-hearted, 658.
 laugh if such a there be, 327.
- Man lay down his life for his friends,
 1035.
 let him pass for a, 61.
 let no guilty, escape, 752.
 let no such, be trusted, 66.
 let not, put asunder, 1032.
 let the end try the, 89.
 life of a, a poem, 582.
 life of a, faithfully recorded, 582.
 life of, a point of time, 915.
 life of, less than a span, 170.
 life of, solitary, 200.
 like to a little kingdom, 111.
 little round fat oily, 357.
 little worse than a, 61.
 living dead, 50.
 look sad, near to make a, 59.
 looked honest enough, 796.
 lot assigned to every, 936.
 lot of, but once to die, 204.
 low sitting on the ground, 28.
 lust in, no charm can tame, 558.
 made of a cheese-paring, 90.
 made the town, 417.
 made us citizens, 733.
 makes a death, 308.
 makes his own stature, 309.
 maketh glad the heart of, 1015.
 man's inhumanity to, 446.
 many million ages to making of, 774.
 mark the perfect, 1011.
 marks the earth with ruin, 547.
 marry any sort of white, 698.
 master of his time, 121.
 may be in good spirits, any, 702.
 may do, strange what a, 698.
 may fish with the worm, 141.
 may last but never lives, 860.
 may learn a thousand things, 710.
 may see how this world goes, 148.
 meaning in saying he is a good, 61.
 measure of the height of, 905.
 meets his fate, when the good, 307.
 meets his Waterloo, every, 699.
 melancholic distracted, 180.
 memory of, runneth not, 392.
 merciful (righteous), 1018.
 might know the end, that, 115.
 mildest mannered, 557.
 mind of desultory, 417.
 mind the standard of the, 303.
 mine equal my guide, 1012.
 misery acquaints a, 43.
 more sinned against, 147.
 most married, I ever saw, 787.
 most senseless and fit, 51.
 mounts through all the spires, 616.
 must judge for himself, 663.
 must mind his belly, 371.
 must play a part, every, 60.
 my foe, to make one worthy, 327.
 nae, can tether time or tide, 451.
 nature formed but one such, 552.
 nature made thee to temper, 280.
 never falls so low that, 694.
 never is but always to be blest, 315.
 never stept, a princelier-looking, 682.
 never was so wise a, before, 646.

- Man, no, can feel himself alone, 842.
 no, can lose what he never had, 208.
 no, ever felt the halter draw, 440.
 no good, grew rich at once, 899.
 no, has aught of what he leaves, 145.
 no, is born an angler, 206.
 no, is born an artist, 206.
 no, knows distinctly anything, 952.
 no, loseth other life than that which
 he liveth, 935.
 no, who is correctly informed, 603.
 no, wicked at once, 907.
 no wiser for his learning, 195.
 not always, actions show the, 320.
 not good to be alone, 1004.
 not made for the Sabbath, 1033.
 not passion's slave, 138.
 not the creature of circumstances,
 626.
 nothing so becomes a, 91.
 noticeable, with large gray eyes,
 472.
 nowhere so busy a, 2.
 of cheerful yesterdays, 481.
 of contention, 1027.
 of giant mould, 767.
 of God, round fat oily, 357.
 of his fate is never wide, 616.
 of knowledge increaseth strength,
 1020.
 of letters amongst men of the world,
 601.
 of light and leading, public, 628.
 of men, the goodliest, 232.
 of mettle, grasp it like a, 313.
 of morals, why, 260.
 of my kidney, 46.
 of nasty ideas, a nice man is a, 291.
 of one book, beware of a, 1045.
 of peace and war, 214.
 of pleasure, a man of pains, 309.
 of plots craft poisonous, a, 678.
 of rank as an author, 374.
 of Ross, sing the, 322.
 of sovereign parts, 55.
 of strife, 1027.
 of such a feeble temper, 110.
 of the world amongst men of letters,
 601.
 of unbounded stomach, 100.
 of unclean lips, 1025.
 of wisdom man of years, 309.
 of woe, not always a, 487.
 old age in this universal, 169.
 old, and no honestier than I, 52.
 on his oath or bond, 109.
 one, among a thousand, 1022.
 one, excels another, 888.
 one, with a dream, 820.
 one worthy, my foe, 327.
 only knows nothing, 904.
 parchment undo a, 94.
 partly is and wholly hopes to be,
 711.
 past the wit of, 58.
 patient in loss, 159.
 pays the public, the tax a, 291.
 people arose as one, 1006.
- Man perfect who understands for
 himself, 879.
 perils doe enfold the righteous, 27.
 picked out of ten thousand, 133.
 place of thine, did not make, 753.
 plant himself on his instincts, 617.
 play the, 871.
 plays many parts, in his time, 69.
 poet still more a, 581.
 poor, a wise, 181.
 poorest, in his cottage, 365.
 prentice han' she tried on, 446.
 press not a falling, 99.
 profited, what is a, 1032.
 proper, as one shall see, 57.
 proper judge of the, 901.
 proposes God disposes, 7.
 proud man, 48.
 prudent, looketh well, 1018.
 reading maketh a full, 168.
 recovered of the bite, the, 400.
 regardeth the life of his beast, 1018.
 remote from, 305.
 repents, will not believe a, 678.
 right, in the right place, 724.
 right judgment of, 581.
 rights of, 409.
 rousing herself like a strong, 254.
 ruins of the noblest, 113.
 Sabbath was made for, 1033.
 sadder and a wiser, 499.
 seasoned life of, 254.
 see me more, no, 99.
 seems the only growth, 394.
 sensible well-bred, 415.
 seven women hold of one, 1025.
 shall be surpassed, 997.
 shall bear his own burden, 1038.
 shall cast his idols, 1024.
 shall not live by bread alone, 1030.
 shall these paper bullets awe a, 51.
 sharpeneth the countenance, 1021.
 she knows her, 274.
 should be upright, 936.
 should not be alone, 1004.
 should render a reason for his faith,
 460.
 sleep of a labouring, 1022.
 slumbers of the virtuous, 299.
 smell the blood of a British, 147.
 so faint so spiritless, 88.
 so frail a thing is, 873.
 so much one, can do, 263.
 so unto the, is woman, 645.
 so various, 268.
 sorrows of a poor old, 433.
 soul of, is larger than the sky, 585.
 soul of, like rolling world, 775.
 sour-complexioned, 206.
 soweth that he reaps, 1039.
 speak every, truth, 1039.
 state of, like to a little kingdom,
 111.
 strong, when is, 705.
 struggling for life, 370.
 struggling in the storms of fate, 336.
 studious of change, 417.
 study of mankind is, 317.

- Man, such affinity with the soul of, 694.
 such master such, 21.
 sure he's a talented, 609.
 suspect your tale untrue, lest, 349.
 suspects himself a fool at thirty, 307.
 take him for all in all, 128.
 teach you more of, 466.
 telle a tale after a, 2.
 tested, metal of a, 740.
 than cells and gibbets for the, 724.
 than comes of music, by, 714.
 thankless inconsistent, 307.
 that blushes, 309.
 that died for men, 811.
 that endureth temptation, 1040.
 that feareth Lord to doubt, 760.
 that first eat an oyster, 292.
 that hails you Tom or Jack, 423.
 that hangs on princes' favours, 99.
 that hath a tongue, 44.
 that hath friends, 1019.
 that hath his quiver full, 1016.
 that hath no music in himself, 66.
 that I had loved a smaller, 679.
 that is born of woman, 1009.
 that is not passion's slave, 138.
 that lays his hand upon a woman, 463.
 that makes a character, 311.
 that meddles with cold iron, 211.
 that mourns, vile, 316.
 that old, eloquent, 252.
 that wants money, 919.
 the catholic, 818.
 the first, found that to his cost, 827.
 the first just and friendly, 826.
 the greater courtesy, greater, 680.
 the hermit sighed, 513.
 the humblest, stand level with the highest, 798.
 the interpreter of God, 780.
 the kindest, the best conditioned, 64.
 the making of, 804.
 the noblest work of, 784.
 the truly civilized, 826.
 the whole soul of a, 583.
 the wise, is at home, 614.
 there lived a, in ages past, 496.
 there was a little, 519.
 think himself an act of God, 721.
 this is the state of, 99.
 this was a, say to all the world, 115.
 thou art e'en as just a, 137.
 thou art the, 1007.
 thou pendulum, 546.
 thoughtless inconsistent, 307.
 to all the country dear, 396.
 to double business bound, 139.
 to enter into, for rich, 684.
 to fall, caused, 165.
 to keep down the base in, 681.
 to know, enough for, 319.
 to labour in his vocation, 83.
 to man, 771.
 to man, speech made to open, 310.
- Man to mend God's work, 270.
 to produce great things, 740.
 to the last, 90.
 to whom all Naples is known, 984.
 to whom old men hearkened, 921.
 too fond to rule alone, 327.
 turn over half a library, 372.
 twins from birth, misery and, 343.
 unclubable, 371.
 under his fig-tree, 1028.
 upon this earth, to every, 604.
 upright, God hath made, 1023.
 use doth breed a habit in a, 44.
 use it lawfully, if a, 1039.
 used to vicissitudes, 368.
 vain is the help of, 1013.
 vindicate the ways of God to, 315.
 virtue and riches seldom settle on, 190.
 virtuous and vicious, 318.
 want as an armed, 1017.
 wants but little, 308, 402.
 warning for thoughtless, 481.
 weak and despised old, 147.
 weigh the, not his title, 282.
 well-bred, will not affront me, 415.
 well-favoured, to be a, 51.
 were wise to see it, if, 184.
 what a piece of work is a, 134.
 what a strange thing is, 559.
 what can an old, do but die, 592.
 what, dare I dare, 122.
 what has been done by, 309.
 what is good in, 836.
 when I became a, 1037.
 where he dies for, 716.
 where lives the, 492.
 which lighteth every, 1034.
 while, is growing, 309.
 who can be out of danger, 762.
 who can keep the whiteness of his soul, 776.
 who could make so vile a pun, 282.
 who first invented sleep, 720.
 who hath never known fame, 632.
 who is not wise is oft the wisest, 472.
 who knew more and spoke less, 924.
 who makes a count ne'er made a, 282.
 who much receives, 860.
 who seeks one thing, 780.
 who smokes, 632.
 who tells his wife all he knows, 222.
 who turnips cries, 375.
 who wants a shirt, 398.
 whole duty of, 1024.
 whose blood is very snow-broth, 47.
 whose blood is warm within, 60.
 whose breath is in his nostrils, 1025.
 whose wish and care, 334.
 whose would be a, 618.
 wicked all at once, no, 907.
 will go down into the pit, 828.
 will wait, everything comes if, 628.
 wind which blows good to no, 20, 90.
 wise in his own conceit, 1020.
 wise, know himself to be a fool, 71.

- Man, wit and wisdom born with a, 195.
 with a beard, an old, 703.
 with a terrible name, 508.
 with large gray eyes, 472.
 with passion, 995.
 with soul so dead, 488.
 within him hide, what may, 49.
 within this learned, 41.
 without a tear, 516.
 worth makes the, 319.
 would die when the brains were out, 122.
 writing maketh an exact, 168.
 written out of reputation, 284.
 yields his breath, when the good, 496.
- Man's apparel, every true, 49.
 best things are nearest him, 664.
 blood, whoso sheddeth, 1004.
 censure, take each, 130.
 cheek, stain my, 146.
 contumely, the proud, 135.
 darling, old, 19.
 daughter, this old, 149.
 distinctive mark, 711.
 dominion, 767.
 erring judgment, 323.
 every wise, son, 75.
 eye, watch in every old, 106.
 face, nose on a, 44, 192.
 feast, sat at any good, 68.
 first disobedience, 223.
 fortune, mould of a, 167.
 genius is a deity, 928.
 good qualities, see a, 581.
 ground, built on another, 45.
 hand against him, every, 1004.
 hand, cloud like a, 1007.
 hand is not able to taste, 58.
 happiness to do proper things, 941.
 heart deviseth his way, 1018.
 heart, which strengthens, 283.
 house his castle, 24.
 illusion given, for, 524.
 imperial race, 326.
 ingratitude, unkind as, 70.
 ingress to the world, 439.
 inhumanity to man, 446.
 injustice to beasts, 928.
 life, he took a, 582.
 life, how good is, 708.
 life is but a jest, 768.
 life is like unto a winter's day, 263.
 life lies within this present, 936.
 life, measure of a, 922.
 life, short therefore is, 936.
 loss comes to him from gain, 710.
 love, a good, 70.
 love is a thing apart, 556.
 memory, a great, 138.
 merit in a, knowing, 583.
 money makes the, 943.
 mortality, watch o'er, 478.
 most dark extremity, 492.
 nature, art is, 721.
 own, to get a, 279.
 pie, no, 98.
- Man's poison, what's one, 199.
 poor, garden grow more than herbs, 630.
 progress through the world, 439.
 smile, to share the good, 397.
 soul, the majesty that from, 791.
 the best cosmopolite, that, 682.
 true touchstone, 197.
 unconquerable mind, 471.
 virtue nor sufficiency, 53.
 wickedness, a method in, 197.
 will, to live by one, 31.
 work is born with him, 732.
 work made manifest, 1037.
- Mandelay, on the road to, 852.
- Mandragora, give me to drink, 157.
 not poppy nor, 154.
- Mane, dew drop from the lion's, 102.
 hand upon the ocean's, 598.
 hand upon thy, 548.
- Manger, dog in the, 188.
- Mangled forms, vents in, 68.
- Manhood, bone of, 408.
 disappointment of, 626.
 is a struggle, 628.
 nor good fellowship in thee, 83.
 sounder piece of British, 582.
 wear a noble face, hills of, 664.
- Maniac world, 775.
- Manichean god, 421.
- Manifest, made, 1034, 1037.
- Manifestation of the Divinity, 996.
- Manifold stories, 778.
- Mankind, all the better for, 693.
 are my subjects all all, 660.
 beyond myself beyond, 340.
 brightest meanest of, 319.
 cause of, 520.
 common curse of, 102.
 creeps slowly on, wisdom of, 622.
 crucify, upon a cross of gold, 844.
 deserve better of, 290.
 diseases unbidden haunt, 879.
 enemy to, 76.
 example the school of, 411.
 free spirit of, 572.
 from China to Peru, 365.
 hindrances to elevation of, 722.
 in eharity to all, 458.
 love a lover, all, 618.
 misfortunes of, 430.
 proper study of, is man, 317.
 respect to the opinions of, 434.
 surpasses or subdues, 543.
 things are in the saddle and ride, 615.
 think their little set, 437.
 to all, 794.
 tramples o'er, 339.
 what was meant for, 399.
 wine pernicious to, 338.
 woman that seduces all, 348.
 wrongs of base, 345.
- Mankind's concern, charity, 318.
 epitome, not one but all, 268.
 wonder, my delight all, 279.
- Manliest beauty, form of, 436.
- Man-like is it to fall into sin, 979.

- Manliness of grief, silent, 398.
 Manly blood, ruddy drop of, 618.
 foe, give me the, 464.
 sentiment, nurse of, 410.
 to be simple modest true, 738.
 voice, his big, 69.
 Manna, his tongue dropped, 226.
 in the way, you drop, 66.
 Manner, awfully stupendous, 861.
 born, to the, 130.
 is all in all, 414.
 of men, after the, 1036.
 Manners all who saw admir'd, 444.
 are not idle, for, 681.
 catch the, living as they rise, 315.
 climates, cities of men and, 668.
 corrupt good, 1038.
 gentle of affections mild, of, 335.
 graced with polished, 422.
 had not that repose, her, 666.
 in the face, saw the, 367.
 man bewrayed by his, 29.
 men's evil, live in brass, 100.
 must adorn knowledge, 353.
 need the support of manners, 620.
 purer laws, with sweeter, 676.
 the mildest, 340.
 turn with fortunes, 321.
 with the bravest mind, mildest, 342.
 Mannikin merely to madden it, made
 a, 657.
 Mannish cowards, 66.
 Mansions be, where the many, 758.
 build thee more stately, 690.
 in my Father's house, 1035.
 in the skies, 303.
 Mantle, Aurora displays her, 972.
 like a standing pond, 60.
 morn in russet, 127.
 of the standing pool, 147.
 silver, threw o'er the dark, 233.
 that covers all human thoughts,
 978.
 Mantuan swan, ages ere the, 414.
 Manus hæc inimica tyrannis, 264.
 Manuscript, zigzag, 419.
 Many a smale maketh a grate, 5.
 a time and oft, 61.
 a weary year, 766.
 and so many and such glee, 574.
 are called but few chosen, 1032.
 eyes that look on it, 772.
 generous and some chaste, 679.
 made for one, faith of, 318.
 maidens be, as, 586.
 mellow cydonian suckets, 635.
 must labour for the one, 551.
 safe from, honored by the few, 738.
 to keep, little to earn and, 727.
 where the, mansions be, 758.
 Many-coloured glass, dome of, 565.
 life, 366.
 Many-headed monster, 194, 329, 492.
 multitude, 34, 103.
 Many-twinkling feet, 382.
 Many-voiced earth, the, 851.
 Map me no maps, 1054.
 of busy life, 420.
 Maps, as geographers crowd their, 908.
 geographers in Afric, 289.
 Maple wood the burning bush, yon,
 650.
 Mar, man did not make and can not,
 753.
 what's well, oft we, 146.
 your fortunes, lest it may, 146.
 Mars, eye like, to threaten, 140.
 of malcontents, 45.
 this seat of, 81.
 us, it makes us or it, 156.
 Marathon, age spares gray, 541.
 looks on the sea, 557.
 mountains look on, 557.
 plain of, 369.
 Marble cold, monument slab of, 660.
 deeds writ in, 197.
 forget thyself to, 249.
 halls, I dreamt that I dwelt in, 561.
 halls, sweep through her, 645.
 index of a mind, 475.
 jaws, ponderous and, 131.
 leapt to life a god, 564.
 many a braver, 259.
 nor gilded monuments, 162.
 of her snowy breast, 219.
 poets that lasting, seek, 220.
 sleep in dull cold, 99.
 soft rain perce the hard, 32.
 softened into life, 329.
 some write their wrongs in, 314.
 the hills are full of, 792.
 to retain, 554, 978.
 wastes, more the, 955.
 with his name, mark the, 322.
 Marbles, mossy, rest, 688.
 Marbled steep, Sunium's, 558.
 Marble-hearted fiend, ingratitude, 146.
 Marcellus exiled feels, 319.
 our young, sleeps, 813.
 March, ashbuds in the front of, 668.
 beware the Ides of, 110.
 drought of, 1.
 hare, mad as a, 18.
 Ides of, are come, 112, 914.
 is o'er the mountain waves, 514.
 life's morning, 515.
 long majestic, the, 329.
 nearer home, day's, 497.
 of intellect, 506.
 of that eternal harm ny, 685.
 of the human mind, is slow, 408.
 on march on, 990.
 stormy, has come, 573.
 through Coventry, 86.
 to the battlefield, 863.
 wide, the villains, 87.
 winds of, with beauty, 77.
 Marches fill the nights, and solemn,
 748.
 funeral, to the grave, 638.
 to delightful measures, 95.
 Marched on without impediment, 97.
 Marching on, His truth is, 747.
 Marcia towers above her sex, 298.
 Marcial providence fashioned us,
 735.

- Marden, roared at, Nantucket's sunk,
724.
- Mare, grey, the better horse, 17.
- Marge, into the sunset's turquoise,
850.
- Margin, meadow of, 442.
of fair Zurich's waters, 865.
- Marginal sand-beach, 817.
- Mariana, this dejected, 49.
- Mariners of England, ye, 514.
- Marivaux, romances of, 387.
- Mark Antony, who lost, the world,
280.
death loves a shining, 309.
fellow of no, nor likelihood, 86.
hits the, 161.
measures not men my, 401.
miss the, 439.
now how a plain tale, 85.
of virtue, 63.
push beyond her, 675.
the archer little meant, 492.
the marble with his name, 322.
the perfect man, 1011.
well experienced archer hits the, 161.
- Marks, death aims at fairer, 203.
of honest men, titles are, 310.
- Marked him for her own, 386.
him for his own, 208.
- Marked-down quarry, 838.
- Market, knowledge is bought in the,
727.
town, fellow in a, 432.
- Marketh the going of time, 664.
- Marlborough's eyes, from, 365.
- Marle, over the burning, 224.
- Marlowe's mighty line, 179.
- Marm Hackett's garden, over old, 724.
- Marmion, last words of, 490.
- Maro sings, scenes that, 421.
- Marred the lofty line, 489.
young man married is, 73.
- Marreth what he makes, 327.
- Marriage an open question, 619.
and hanging go by destiny, 192.
curse of, 154.
is a desperate thing, 195.
mirth in funeral dirge in, 127.
of true minds, 163.
tables, furnish forth the, 128.
- Marriages, why so few, are happy, 291.
- Marriage-bell, merry as a, 542.
- Married, he is dreadfully, '787.
in haste, 295.
live till I were, 51.
man, Benedick the, 50.
most, man I ever saw, 787.
to immortal verse, 249.
- Marrow of tradition, 510.
- Marry a rich woman, as easy to, 698.
ancient people, 222.
every woman should, 628.
proper time to, 417.
whether it was better to, 946.
whom she likes, a woman, 698.
widow of doubtful age will, 698.
- Marshal's truncheon, 47.
- Marshallest me the way, 119.
- Marshes how candid and simple, ye,
817.
- Martial airs of England, 533.
cloak around him, 563.
outside, swashing and, 66.
- Martin Luther sang, sing as, 697.
- Martyr, fallest a blessed, 100.
like a pale, 775.
- Martyrs, blood of the, 942.
noble army of, 1042.
worthy of the name, 447.
- Martyrdom of fame, 552.
of John Rogers, 873.
she knew the life-long, 648.
- Marvel how men toil and fare, 822.
of bloom and grace, 857.
- Marvels here, to find the Orient's, 650.
- Marvellous boy, Chatterton the, 470.
mercies, 805.
things appear, 904.
- Mary go and call the cattle home, 727.
hath chosen that good part, 1034.
image of Bloody, 593.
kept the belt of love, 770.
kind and true, my, 638.
my sweet Highland, 450.
red was on your lip, 637.
- Mary-buds, winking, 159.
- Maryland my Maryland, 813.
- Mask, he shows as he removes the, 697.
of woe, 799.
- Masque of Italy, the, 544.
- Masquerade, truth in, 560.
- Masquerades as cream, skim milk, 801.
- Mass enormous, a, 341.
live as models for the, 709.
of matter lost, in the, 342.
of millinery, 677.
of things to come, 102.
- Masses of our countrymen, 698.
- Massachusetts, there she is, behold
her, 532.
- Mast, bends the gallant, 537.
like a drunken sailor on a, 97.
nail to the, her holy flag, 688.
of some great ammiral, 224.
- Masts crack, 37.
- Master a grief, every one can, 51.
Brook, think of that, 46.
of all good workmen, 853.
of his fate, man is man and, 678.
of his time, every man be, 121.
of my fate, I am the, 829.
spirits of this age, 112.
such, such man, 21.
the eternal, found, 366.
under heaven, no more subtle, 681.
- Masters, I have to tell a tale, 790.
noble and approved good, 149.
of assemblies, 1024.
of the things they write, few are,
195.
of their fates, men are, 110.
spread yourselves, 57.
we cannot all be, 149.
- Master's requiem, chants the, 615.
spell, kindled by, 455.
- Masterdom and sway, 117.

- Mastered whatever was not worth knowing, 734.
 Masterly inactivity, 457.
 Master-passion in the breast, 317.
 Masterpiece, made his, 120.
 nature's chief, 279.
 of nature, a friend is the, 619.
 Master-spirit embalmed, 254.
 Master-spirits of this age, 112.
 Master-stroke is nature's part, the, 617.
 Mastery, strive here for, 229.
 Mastiff dog may love a puppy, a, 684.
 greyhound, 148.
 Mat half hung, 322.
 Match the sorrow, little fun to, 789.
 Matches are made in heaven, 192.
 Mate, choose not alone a proper, 417.
 of the Nancy brig, 800.
 Mated by the lion, the hind, 73.
 has such longing to be, 750.
 Mater ait natæ, 874.
 Materia medica could be sunk, whole, 693.
 Material comes before the work, 792.
 Materials of action, 931.
 Mathematics, angling like, 206.
 makes men subtle, 168.
 Matin bell, each, 500.
 the glow-worm shows the, 132.
 Matins hung over, larks at their, 749.
 Matrimony, begin with aversion in, 440.
 say of courtship love and, 720.
 Matron's bones, mutine in a, 140.
 Matter, a little fire kindleth, 1041.
 Berkeley said there was no, 560
 book containing such vile, 107.
 conclusion of the whole, 1024.
 for a May morning, 76.
 for virtuous deeds, 36.
 half knows a, 899.
 he that repeateth a, 1019.
 lost in the mass of, 342.
 love doth mince this, 152.
 mince the, 152, 784, 1049.
 more german to the, 145.
 more, with less art, 133.
 no, Berkeley said, 560.
 root of the, found in me, 1009.
 so they ended the, 1007.
 success in the smallest, 942.
 trifling handful of magic, 765.
 what is, never mind, 560.
 will make a Star-chamber, 44.
 will re-word, I the, 141.
 wrecks of, the, 299.
 Matters, amplifying petty, 922.
 I am no judge of such, 609.
 men may read strange, 117.
 not how a man dies, it, 371.
 of importance, pay attention to, 943.
 small to greater, 157.
 will go swimmingly, 977.
 Matter-o'-money, quoth echo plainly, 720.
 Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, 870.
 Prior, here lies, 288.
 Mattock and the grave, 308.
 Maturest counsels, dash, 226.
 Maturity, credit requires time to arrive at, 625.
 excellence to, 899.
 Maud, come into the garden, 677.
 Maudlin poetess, a, 326.
 Maunder and mumble, let her, 583.
 Mavis singing its love-song, 637.
 Maxim in the schools, an old, 290.
 nothing is so useless as a general, 600.
 scoundrel, 357.
 this great, be my virtue's guide, 350.
 Maxims, little hoard of, 669.
 May although I care not, 25.
 as flush as, 139.
 before the thing we, 760.
 bring us there to be, 700.
 call my own, that I, 689.
 flowers, clouds that shed, 233.
 flowery meads in, 199.
 full of spirit as the month of, 86.
 he that will not when he, 9.
 here's to day when it is, 844.
 I be there to see, 417.
 I join the choir invisible, oh, 730.
 in the merry month of, 175.
 is thine, sweet, 779.
 it was the month of, 795.
 maids are, when they are maids, 71.
 morning, more matter for a, 76.
 not, I dare and yet I, 25.
 Queen o' the, 667.
 there be no moaning, 685.
 what potent blood hath modest, 616.
 winter chills the lap of, 394.
 wol have no slogardie a-night, 2.
 May's new-fangled mirth, 54.
 May-blossom and a brow, 678.
 Mayde, meke as is a, 1.
 Maying, of that we two were, 728.
 Maypole in the Strand, where's the, 352.
 May-time and cheerful Dawn, 474.
 Maze, mighty, not without a plan, 314.
 through the mirthful, 395.
 wandered long in fancy's, 328.
 Mazes, in wandering, lost, 228.
 Mazy progress, 382.
 Me, as comes to, or cloud or sun, 630.
 pinguem et nitidum, 393.
 swear to, that ye will, 579.
 Mead, floures in the, 6.
 Meads in May, flowery, 199.
 naiads through the dewy, 414.
 of Asphodeli, ever-flowing, 347.
 Meadow of margin, 442.
 seek thee in vain by the, 596.
 sweets of Burn-mill, 474.
 white with snow, fairest, 691.
 Meadows brown and sear, 573.
 do paint the, with delight, 56.
 trim with daisies pied, 248.
 Meadow-flower its bloom unfold, 487.
 Meagre were his looks, 108.
 Meal in a barrel, handful of, 1007.
 Meals, make no long, 398.

- Mean and small, 767.
 golden, 345, 424, 900.
 yes an' say no, mebbly to, 736.
- Means and appliances, 89.
 and content, he that wants, 70.
 and leisure, increased, 625.
 end must justify the, 287.
 get wealth by any, 177.
 if we borrow, live within our, 787.
 most good, when fortune, 79.
 no matter by what, 177.
 not, but ends, 502.
 of evil out of good, 223.
 of preserving peace, 425.
 ravin up thine own life's, 120.
 the, of sovereignty, 579.
 to be of note, youth that, 158.
 to do ill deeds, 80.
 to live, save, 43.
 unto an end, life's but a, 721.
 what this wild drama, 683.
 whereby I live, 65.
- Meander, as streams, 635.
 proper, 987.
- Meaner beauties of the night, 174.
 creatures kings, 97.
 part, it is the, 791.
- Meanest flower that blows, 478.
 floweret of the vale, 386.
 of mankind, wisest brightest, 319.
 pity it is to slay the, 594.
 thing that feels, 472.
- Meaning bear, no more of, 790.
 blunders round about a, 327.
- Meanings, hell is full of good, 205.
 our fantasies have two, 731.
- Meant, more, than meets the ear, 250.
- Measels, did you ever have the, 787.
- Measure for law, we have a, 194.
 God gives wind by, 206.
 of a man's height, 905.
 of a man's life, 922.
 of an unmade grave, 108.
 of my days what it is, 1012.
 of my wrath, 44.
 often have I sighed to, 470.
 three with a new song's, 820.
 to tread a, with you, 56.
- Measures, delightful, 95.
 Dundee's wild warbling, 447.
 life in short, may perfect be, 180.
 Lydian, softly sweet in, 272.
 not men, 401, 408.
- Measured by deeds not years, 443.
 by my soul, 303.
 many a mile to tread a measure, 56.
 phrase and choice word, 470.
- Measureless content, shut up in, 119.
 grossness and slag, amid, 742.
 to man, caverns, 500.
- Meat, after, comes mustard, 972.
 and cannot eat, some have, 452.
 and drink to me, 71.
 as an egg is full of, 107.
 fire and clothes, 322.
 God sendeth both mouth and, 20.
 heaven sends us good, 388.
 I cannot eat but little, 22.
- Meat is too good for any but anglers,
 208.
 it feeds on, mock the, 153.
 never to say grace to his, 291.
 or drink, is another's, 199.
 outdid the, 203.
 strong, for age, 1040.
 upon what, doth Cæsar feed, 110.
- Meats, funeral baked, 128.
- Mebby to mean yes an' say no, 736.
- Mecca saddens at the delay, 356.
- Meccas of the mind, 562.
- Mechanic art, made poetry a mere,
 414.
 lawyer without literature, a, 493.
 operation, poetry a mere, 215.
 pacings to and fro, 668.
 slaves, 159.
- Mechanized automaton, 567.
- Mechanizes it, Watt, 620.
- Meddles with cold iron, 211.
- Meddling, every fool will be, 1019.
 paternal or, government, 603.
- Mede, all the floures in the, 6.
- Medes and Persians, law of the, 1027.
- Medicinable, some griefs are, 159.
- Medicinal gum, 157.
- Medicine, doeth good like a, 1019.
 for the soul, 1001.
 miserable have no other, 48.
 thee to that sweet sleep, 154.
 worse than the malady, 184.
- Medicines at the outset, use, 899.
 to make me love, 84.
- Medio de fonte leporum, 540.
- Meditate the thankless muse, 247.
- Meditation, let us all to, 94.
 maiden, fancy-free, 58.
- Meditations, thy testimonies are my,
 1015.
- Meditative spleen, 480.
- Medium, knows no cold, 339.
- Meed of some melodious tear, 247.
 sweat for duty not for, 67.
- Meek and gentle, I am, 113.
 and lowly pure and holy, 637.
 and quiet spirit, 1041.
 as is a mayde, 1.
 borne his faculties so, 118.
 brave and, 810.
 nature's evening comment, 483.
 patient humble spirit, 182.
 soe'er he seem, how, 679.
 than fierce, safer being, 711.
- Meek-eyed morn, 355.
- Meet again, if we do, 115.
 it is I set it down, 132.
 me by moonlight alone, 605.
 mortality, how gladly would I, 239.
 neath the sounding rafter, 756.
 no more, 775.
 nurse for a poetic child, 489.
 parted to, nevermore, 613.
 that part and, 807.
 the like a pleasant thought, 473.
 thee at thy coming, 1025.
 when shall we three, 115.
 you and them, 804.

- Meets the ear, more than, 250.
 Meetest for death, 64.
 Meeting, break on the lips when, 633.
 broke the good, 122.
 journeys end in lovers, 75.
 of gentle lights, 256.
 Meetings, changed to merry, 95.
 Melancholic distracted man, 180.
 Melancholy as a battle won, 463.
 bait, fish not with this, 60.
 boughs, under the shade of, 68.
 but only, sweetest melancholy, 184.
 chord in, 592.
 days are come, 573.
 disposition, he is of a very, 50.
 gold, bathe the hills in, 613.
 grace, elysian beauty, 482.
 green and yellow, 76.
 hardships prevent, 373.
 joy of evils past, 346.
 main, amid the, 357.
 marked him for her own, 386.
 men are most witty, 189.
 moping, and moon-struck madness, 240.
 most musical most, 249.
 naught so sweet as, 185.
 of mine own, it is a, 70.
 slow, remote unfriended, 394.
 there's such a charm in, 456.
 train, forced from their homes a, 395.
 veil'd, has her sovran, 577.
 waste, ocean's gray and, 572.
 what charm can soothe her, 403.
 Mellifluous milking of the cow, 839.
 Mellow cydonian suckets sweet apples, 635.
 goes to bed, 184.
 rich and ripe, 555.
 time, 770.
 too, for me, 350.
 wedding bells, hear the, 655.
 whether grave or, 300.
 Mellows the spirit, 768.
 Mellowed long, fruit that, 276.
 to that tender light, 551.
 Mellowing grain, whisper of her, 788.
 of occasion, 55.
 year, before the, 246.
 Melodie, fouples maken, 1.
 my luv'e's like the, 451.
 Melodies, heard, are sweet, 576.
 sweetest, are those, 477.
 the echoes of that voice, 502.
 thousand, unheard before, 455.
 Melodious birds sing madrigals, 41.
 sound eftsoones they heard, 28.
 strains, heaven's, 695.
 tear, meed of some, 247.
 Melody, ah well-a-day the sweetest, 605.
 and something more than, 608.
 blundering kind of, 269.
 crack the voice of, 688.
 falling in, back, 504.
 of every grace, 259.
 some sweet plaintive, 587.
 Melrose by the pale moonlight, 487.
 Melt and dispel ye spectre-doubts, 513.
 at others' woe, 335, 346.
 in her mouth, butter would not, 13, 292.
 in her own fire, 140.
 into sorrow, 549.
 not in an acid sect, 651.
 the dead leaves fall and, 770.
 too solid flesh would, 127.
 Melts the mind to love, pity, 272.
 Melted into air into thin air, 43.
 Melting airs or martial, 422.
 both but makes the union sure, 827.
 charity, open as day for, 90.
 heaven with earth, 653.
 mood, unused to the, 157.
 Member, comfortable feel in any, 595.
 joint or limb, 228.
 tongue an unruly, 1041.
 Members of the crew, unmarried, 799.
 Memnonium was in all its glory, 517.
 Memorable epocha, 429.
 Memorial, the world is turned, 844.
 Memories and sighs, a night of, 511.
 liars ought to have good, 264.
 no pyramids set off his, 198.
 of eld, vastness and age and, 655.
 Memory, at the expense of his, 986.
 be green, 127.
 begot in the ventricle of, 55.
 blushes at the sneer, 690.
 clings, 823.
 dear, lost to sight to, 596.
 dear son of, 251.
 dear, thoughts to, 492.
 does not make, a great, 607.
 fond, brings the light, 523.
 graves of, 497.
 great man's, 138.
 green in our souls, 519.
 holds a seat, while, 132.
 how sweet their, 422.
 illiterate him from your, 440.
 indebted to his, for his jests, 443.
 leaves of, 641.
 lends her light no more, 492.
 liar should have a good, 907.
 made such a sinner of his, 42.
 meek Walton's heavenly, 484.
 morning-star of, 549.
 my name and, 170.
 no less than hope owes its, 631.
 of a wrong, no room to hold, 621.
 of all he stole, pleasing, 331.
 of earth's bitter leaven, 473.
 of her name, nor, 763.
 of the just is blessed, 1017.
 of the past will stay, 518.
 place in thy, dearest, 611.
 plays an old tune, 724.
 pluck from, a rooted sorrow, 125.
 runneth not to the contrary, 392.
 silent shore of, 481.
 table of my, 132.
 takes them to her caverns, 588.
 thou art dear, to, 597.
 throng into my, 243.

- Memory thy lamp, O, 770.
 to convict of plagiarism, a, 376.
 to keep good acts in, 171.
 to, thou art dear, 597.
 too good, 997.
 vibrates in the, music, 567.
 wakes the bitter, 231.
 warder of the brain, 119.
 Washington's awful, 507.
 watches o'er the sad review, 513.
 will bring back the feeling, 875.
- Men, a man that died for, 811.**
 able to rely upon themselves, 438.
 about me that are fat, 111.
 above that which is written, 1037.
 above the reach of ordinary, 470.
 adversity is the test of strong, 197.
 after the manner of, 1036.
 aged, full loth and slow, 492.
 all, are created equal, 434.
 all, are liars, 1015.
 all things to all, 1037.
 and manners, cities of, 668.
 and women merely players, 69.
 are April when they woo, 71.
 are better than their theology, 618.
 are but children of a larger growth,
 275.
 are fit for, which ordinary, 146.
 are free to think and act, 797.
 are never so likely to settle, 603.
 are not flattered by being, 662.
 are polished, 767.
 are used as they use others, 877.
 are we and must grieve, 471.
 are you good, and true, 51.
 as He died to make, holy, 748.
 as he wrote down for, 726.
 as maketh wise, fools, 791.
 as maketh young, mad, 791.
 at most differ as heaven, 679.
 bad, live to eat and drink, 924.
 below and saints above, 487.
 beneath the rule of, 631.
 best of, that e'er wore earth, 182.
 betray, finds too late that, 403.
 bodies of unburied, 181.
 busy companies of, 263.
 busy haunts of, 570.
 busy hum of, 249.
 by losing rendered sager, 554.
 by whom impartial laws were given,
 313.
 call treasure the gods' call'dross, 738.
 callen daisies in our town, 6.
 can counsel and speak comfort, 53.
 can not learn, from books, 626.
 cause that wit is in other, 88.
 cheerful ways of, 230.
 circumstances the creatures of, 626.
 claret for boys port for, 374.
 clever, are good, 578.
 company of righteous, 884.
 comprehend all vagrom, 52.
 condemned alike to groan, 381.
 contending with adversity, 190.
 cradled into poetry, 566.
 crowd of common, 209.
- Men, cuckoo mocks married, 56.**
 daily do not knowing what they do,
 52.
 dare do what men may do, 52.
 dear to gods and, 347.
 decay, wealth accumulates and, 396.
 December when they wed, 71.
 deeds are, 206.
 deep, natural philosophy makes,
 168.
 desire to be immortal, all, 694.
 die but sorrow never dies, 824.
 do not your alms before, 1030.
 doubt, till all, 332.
 down among the dead, 860.
 draw, as they ought to be, 399.
 drink, reasons why, 979.
 dying man to dying, 858.
 endure, hope of all ills, 261.
 equal in presence of death, 894.
 erring, call chance, 245.
 evil that, do, 113.
 eyes of, are idly bent, 82.
 far from the ways of, 345.
 fates of mortal, 341.
 favour the deceit, 276.
 few, admired by their domestics,
 964.
 fill every beaker up my, 610.
 first produced in fishes, 925.
 foolery of wise, 66.
 for the use and benefit of, 266.
 from a former generation, 530.
 from the chimney-corner, 34.
 God give us, time demands, 730.
 gods and godlike, 541.
 gods superintend the affairs of, 946.
 good, eat and drink to live, 924.
 good will toward, 1033.
 goodliest man of, 232.
 gratitude of, 466.
 gratitude of most, 982.
 great nature made us, 733.
 great, not always wise, 1009.
 great, not great scholars, 692.
 greatest clerks not the wisest, 17.
 greatest, ofttest wrecked, 240.
 happy breed of, 81.
 have died not for love, 71.
 have done on rafts, as, 685.
 have dulled their eyes, 834.
 have lost their reason, 113.
 have their price, all, 304.
 hearts of oak are our, 388.
 heaven hears and pities, 343.
 heights by great, reached, 643.
 histories make, wise, 168.
 honest in the sight of all, 1036.
 hopes of living to be brave, 254.
 ignorance plays the chief part
 among, 944.
 impious, bear sway, 298.
 in dungeons dreamed, 798.
 in faces of, I see God, 742.
 in great place, are servants, 165.
 in obedience, supreme powers keep,
 193.
 in the brains of, 111.

- Men in the catalogue ye go for, 121.
 in the mouths of, 162.
 in these degenerate days, 337.
 it ain't by princerples nor, 735.
 I've studied, from my, 772.
 judge, by their success, 981.
 justifiable to, 242.
 justify the ways of God to, 223.
 let us die to make, free, 748.
 literary, a perpetual priesthood, 581.
 live peaceably with all, 1036.
 lived like fishes, 264.
 lived to eat, 946.
 lives of great, all remind us, 639.
 lodging-place of wayfaring, 1027.
 logical consequences beacons of, 762.
 looks through the deeds of, 111.
 made, and not made them well, 137.
 makes all, one, 582.
 man of letters amongst, 601.
 masters of their fates, 110.
 may come and men may go, 670.
 may live fools, 308.
 may read strange matters, 117.
 measures not, 401, 408.
 melancholy, are the most witty, 189.
 men's, gentle or simple, 730.
 met each other with erected look,
 269.
 midst the shock of, 541.
 might be better if we, 721.
 modest, are dumb, 454.
 most infamous, 413.
 most, were bad, 944.
 most wretched, 566.
 moulded out of faults, best, 50.
 must be taught, 325.
 must die or the world, old, 684.
 must work, 727.
 my brothers, 669.
 my giant arms upbear, and, 725.
 nation of gallant, 409.
 nobleness that lies in other, 731.
 nor wrong these holy, 540.
 of Boston, solid, 432.
 of culture true apostles, 755.
 of few words are the best, 91.
 of high degree and low degree, 1013.
 of honour and of cavaliers, 409.
 of inward light, 214.
 of light and leading, 416.
 of most renowned virtue, 255.
 of musty morals, 798.
 of polite learning, 284.
 of pride and fraud and blood, 826.
 of sense approve, 324.
 of the same religion, sensible, 629.
 of these degenerate days, 337.
 of wit will condescend, 290.
 old, shall dream dreams, 1028.
 only disagree of creatures rational,
 227.
 ought to investigate things, 945.
 poet still more a man than are, 581.
 possess a poison for serpents, 904.
 power makes slaves of, 567.
 prevailin' weakness of, 787.
 proper, as ever trod, 110.
- Men propose, why don't the, 588.
 put an enemy in their mouths, 152.
 quit yourselves like, 1006.
 quotation the parole of literary, 374.
 remember, let all rich, 684.
 rich, rule the law, 395.
 rise on stepping stones, 673.
 roll of common, 85.
 ruined by their propensities, 411.
 sailors are but, 61.
 saw how souls of, had grown, 788.
 say nothing in dangerous times, wise,
 196.
 schemes o' mice and, 446.
 science that, here, 6.
 self-made, 692.
 shallow, believe in luck, 621.
 shame to, 227.
 she takes the breath of, away, 658.
 shiver when thou art named, 354.
 should fear, strange that, 112.
 shut doors against a settings sun,
 109.
 sicken of avarice, old, 173.
 sin without intending it, 937.
 sleek-headed, 111.
 smile no more, 348.
 so are they all honourable, 113.
 so many minds, so many, 890.
 so, were developed from monkeys,
 605.
 Socrates the wisest of, 241.
 some to business take, 321.
 some to pleasure take, 321.
 speak after the manner of, 1036.
 speak with the tongues of, 1037.
 spirits of just, made perfect, 1040.
 stand before mean, 1020.
 strength of twenty, 108.
 such, are dangerous, 111.
 superiority of educated, 948.
 suspect your tale, 349.
 talk only to conceal the mind, 310.
 tall, had empty heads, 170.
 tall, sun-crowned, 730.
 tears of bearded, 489.
 tell them they are, 381.
 that be lothe to departe, 288.
 that can render a reason, 1020.
 that fishes gnawed upon, 96.
 that perished to make us, 809.
 the value of many, 997.
 the workers ever reaping, 669.
 the world's great, 692.
 think all men mortal, 307.
 think, what you and other, 110.
 this blunder find in, 437.
 thoughts of, are widened, 669.
 three good, unchanged, 84.
 three sorts of wise, 877.
 tide in the affairs of, 115.
 titles are marks of honest, 310.
 to be of one mind in an house, 1043.
 tongues of dying, 81.
 treacherous phantom, call liberty,
 747.
 truths which are not for all, 987.
 twelve good, into a box, 528.

- Men, twelve honest, have decided, 859.
 unlearned, of books, 310.
 various are the tastes of, 391.
 we are, my liege, 121.
 we petty, walk under his legs, 110.
 were deceivers ever, 51.
 were living before Agamemnon, 555.
 we've got the, 867.
 what if, take to following, 788.
 when bad, combine, 408.
 when, speak well of you, 1033.
 which never were, 72.
 which ordinary, are fit for, 146.
 who can fancy warless, 683.
 who can hear the Decalogue, 468.
 who can stand before, 730.
 who clung to their first fault, 704.
 who have failed in literature, 629.
 who have honour, 730.
 who know their rights, 438.
 who possess opinions and a will, 730.
 who prefer any load of infamy, 462.
 who their duties know, 438.
 who will not lie, 730.
 whom the lust of office, 730.
 whom the spoils of office, 730.
 whose heads do grow beneath their
 shoulders, 150.
 whose views of Christian duty, 730.
 whose visages do cream and mantle,
 60.
 wiser by weakness, 221.
 with good, not so absolute, 579.
 with human, I will plead, 634.
 with mothers and wives, 594.
 with reasonable, I will reason, 634.
 with sisters dear, 594.
 with words we govern, 627.
 women and Herveys, 461.
 world knows nothing of its greatest,
 606.
 world was worthy of such, 657.
 worth a thousand, 492.
 would be angels, 316.
 you took them for, not the, 52.
 young, fitter to invent, 167.
 young, shall see visions, 1027.
 young, think old men fools, 36.
- Men's bones, full of dead, 1033.
 business and bosoms, 164.
 charitable speeches, 170.
 cottages princes' palaces, 60.
 counters, words are, 200.
 daughters, words are, 368.
 dream, the old, 268.
 evil manners live in brass, 100.
 facts, precedents for poor, 36.
 judgments are a parcel, 158.
 labours and peregrinations, 170.
 lives, ye are buying, 493.
 men gentle or simple, 730.
 misery, became the cause of all, 31.
 names, that syllable, 243.
 nurses, wives are old, 165.
 office to speak patience, 53.
 smiles, there's daggers in, 120.
 souls, times that try, 431.
 stuff, disposer of other, 175.
- Men's temper bad, certain winds make,
 729.
 thoughts according to their inclina-
 tions, 167.
 vision, the young, 268.
 weaknesses are often necessary, 998.
 wives are young, mistresses, 165.
- Mend God's work, man to, 270.
 it or be rid on 't, 121.
 lacks time to, 606.
 your speech a little, 146.
- Mendacity, tempted into, 687.
- Mended from that tongue, came, 333.
 little said is soonest, 200, 973.
 never can be, but must ever, 636.
 nothing else but to be, 211.
 old houses, 296.
- Menial, pampered, 433.
- Mens regnum bona possidet, 22.
- Mental constitution, conditions of our,
 693.
- Mention her, no we never, 588.
- Mentions hell to ears polite, never, 322.
- Mentioned, better be damned than
 not, 431.
- Mercantile morality, 997.
- Merchant and pirate, 997.
 over-polite, 528.
- Merchants are princes, whose, 1026.
 where, most do congregate, 61.
- Mercies, marvellous, 805.
 of the wicked, 1018.
- Merciful proud and strong, 846.
- Merciless stepmother, 903.
- Mercury can rise, Venus sets ere, 336.
 like feathered, 86.
 like the herald, 140.
 the words of, are harsh, 57.
- Mercy and truth are met, 1013.
 asked, mercy I found, 870.
 ever hope to have, 29.
 for youth, have they no, 728.
 God all, is a God unjust, 308.
 his, shall clear, 808.
 I to others show, 29, 334.
 is above this sceptred sway, 64.
 is nobility's true badge, 103.
 is not strained, 64.
 la belle dame sans, 575.
 nothing becomes them as, 47.
 nothing emboldens sin so much as,
 109.
 of a rude stream, 99.
 render the deeds of, 65.
 seasons justice, 65.
 shown, lovelier things have, 548.
 shut the gates of, 385.
 sighed farewell, 551.
 temper justice with, 239.
 unto others show, 29.
 upon us miserable sinners, 1042.
 we do pray for, 65.
- Mere, lady of the, 472.
 white truth in simple, 678.
- Merge itself and become lost, evil, 743.
- Meridian of my glory, 93.
- Meridians for a seine, 796.
- Merit, as if her, lessened yours, 377.

- Merit, candle to thy, 362.
 displays distinguished, 358.
 endless, in a man's knowing, 583.
 envy will pursue, 324.
 heaven by making earth a hell, 540.
 raised, by, 226.
 sense of your great, 423.
 spurns that patient, takes, 135.
 wins the soul, 326.
- Merits, careless their, 396.
 dumb on their own, 454.
 handsomely allowed, 374.
 to disclose, no further his, 386.
- Mermaid, things done at the, 196.
- Meroe Nilotic isle, 240.
- Merrier man, a, 55.
 more the, 19.
- Merrily shall I live now, 43.
- Merriment, flashes of, 144.
- Merry and wise, 9, 37, 450, 875.
 as a marriage-bell, 542.
 as the day is long, 50.
 boys are we, three, 184.
 dancing drinking time, 272.
 eat drink and be, 1023.
 feast, great welcome makes a, 50.
 fool to make me, 71.
 heart goes all the day, 77.
 heart hath a continual feast, 1018.
 I am not, 151.
 in hall where beards wag all, 21.
 let's be, 199.
 meetings, changed to, 95.
 monarch scandalous and poor, 279.
 month of May, 175.
 roundelay, 25.
 swithe it is in hall, 21.
 when I hear sweet music, 65.
- Merryman and Doctor Quiet, 293.
- Message of despair, 513.
- Messes, herbs and other country, 248.
- Messmates hear a brother sailor, 860.
- Met face to face, 798.
 hail fellow well, 290.
 her, know how first he, 697.
 if we had never, 589.
 in thee to-night, are, 792.
 night that first we, 588.
 no sooner, but they looked, 71.
 part of all that I have, 668.
 the day and the way we, 806.
 't was in a crowd, we, 588.
- Metal, breed for barren, 61.
 flowed to human form, 329.
 more attractive, 138.
 not the king's stamp makes better
 the, 282.
 of a man tested, 740.
 rang true, 737.
 sonorous, 224.
- Metamorphosis, in a state of, 942.
- Metaphor, betrayed into no, 528.
- Metaphysic wit, high as, 210.
- Meteor flag of England, 515.
 harmless flaming, 224, 261.
 like a fast-flitting, 561.
 ray, fancy's, 447.
 streamed like a-, 383.
- Meteor streaming to the wind, 224.
- Method in madness, 133.
 in man's wickedness, 197.
 of making a fortune, 387.
- Methought I heard a voice, 119.
- Metre ballad-mongers, 85.
 of an antique song, 161.
- Mettle, a lad of, a good boy, 84.
 grasp it like a man of, 313.
- Mew, be a kitten and cry, 85.
 the cat will, 145.
- Me-wards, affection's strong to, 202.
- Mewing her mighty youth, 255.
- Mewling and puking, 69.
- Micawber I never will desert Mr., 701.
- Mice and rats and such small deer, 147.
 best-laid schemes o', 446.
 desert a falling house, 905.
 feet like little, 256.
 fishermen appear like, 148.
- Miching mallecho, this is, 138.
- Mickle is the powerful grace, 106.
- Microcosm of a public school, 626.
- Microscopic eye, 316.
- Midas me no Midas, 1054.
- Midday beam, at the full, 255.
 sun, under the, 244.
- Middle age, companions for, 165.
 of the night, vast and, 128.
 of the woods lived, in the, 703.
 on his bold visage, 491.
 tree, tree of life the, 232.
 wall of partition, 1039.
- Middlesex, an acre in, is better than,
 604.
- Midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 235.
 crew, Comus and his, 383.
 dances and the public show, 335.
 dead of, the noon of thought, 433.
 flower, pleasure like the, 520.
 gravity out of bed at, 85.
 hags, secret black and, 123.
 heard the chimes at, 90.
 hours, mournful, 645.
 in the solemn, centuries ago, 699.
 iron tongue of, 59.
 murder many a foul and, 383.
 oil consumed, 348.
 once upon a, dreary, 655.
 revels by a forest side, 225.
 shout and revelry, 243.
 stars of, shall be dear, 469.
 wind doth sigh, the, 587.
- Mid-noon risen on, 235, 476.
- Midshipmite, a bo'sun tight and a,
 800.
- Midst of cheerless gloom, from the,
 725.
 of life we are in death, 1043.
- Midsummer, as the sun at, 86.
 madness, this is very, 76.
- Midway between earth and heaven,
 798.
- Midwife, she is the fairies', 104.
- Mien carries more invitation, 297.
 monster of so frightful, 317.
 such a face and such a, 269.

- Might and main, do with, 620.
 be better if we better, men, 721.
 do it with thy, 1023.
 faith that right makes, 661.
 have been, it, 649.
 honest man's aboon his, 452.
 hope is the day-star of, 857.
 in their hour of, 526.
 not be, and so it, 720.
 of limb, strength of heart and, 680.
 of our sovereign, 29.
 of the gods, 884.
 try with all my, 535.
 would not when he, 405.
 you have thought, 790.
 Might-have-been, my name is, 769.
 Mightier far is love, 482.
 than boastings, actions, 645.
 Mightiest in the mightiest, 64.
 Julius fell, 126.
 practical force in the universe, 826.
 Mightily strive, 72.
 won, 818.
 Mighty above all things, 1028.
 ale a large quart, of, 3.
 all the proud and, 358.
 by sacrifice, 853.
 crack, hear the, 300.
 dead, converse with the, 356.
 death, eloquent just and, 26.
 fallen, how are the, 1007.
 fortress is our God, 956.
 heart is lying still, 470.
 ills, what, 280.
 large bed, bed of honour a, 305.
 laws that never cease, 843.
 line, Marlowe's, 179.
 maze but not without a plan, 314.
 minds of old, 506.
 orb of song, 479.
 pain it is to love, 261.
 scepter, he wields a, 731.
 sepulchres of, dead, 580.
 shrine of the, 548.
 state's decrees, mould a, 675.
 than Thou art, wert less, 717.
 they say that man is, 730.
 thought in a mighty mind, 820.
 tone, dwells in that, 716.
 while ago, 177.
 wicked anyhow, I's, 700.
 workings, hum of, 576.
 your hearts are, 46.
 youth, mewing her, 255.
 Mild decay, general flavor of, 691.
 philosophy, calm lights of, 297.
 Mildest-mannered man, 557.
 Mildness, ethereal, 355.
 Mile, measured many a, 56.
 Miles asunder, villain and he are, 108.
 away, and Sheridan twenty, 751.
 travelled twelve stout, 472.
 twelve, from a lemon, 460.
 Militations of necessity, 793.
 Militia, the rude, 273.
 Milk, adversity's sweet, 103.
 and honey, flowing with, 1005.
 and water, happy mixtures of, 554.
 Milk of concord, sweet, 124.
 of human kindness, 117.
 of Paradise, drunk the, 500.
 skim, masquerades as cream, 801.
 such as have need of, 1040.
 Milking of the cow, mellifluous, 839.
 Milk-white before now purple, 58.
 lamb, Una with her, 477.
 thorn, beneath the, 447.
 Milky baldric of the skies, 573.
 mothers, 27, 494.
 way i' the sky, 256.
 way, solar walk or, 315.
 Mill, apple-boughs down by the, 724.
 brook that turns a, 455.
 God's, grinds slow but sure, 206.
 I wandered by the, 664.
 more water glideth by the, 104.
 much water goeth by the, 18.
 Mills of God grind slowly, 979.
 Miller sees not all the water, 192.
 there was a jolly, 427.
 Millers thin, bone and skin two, 351.
 Miller's golden thumb, 2.
 Millet-seeds, store of, 843.
 Milliner, perfumed like a, 83.
 Millinery, mass of, 677.
 Million acres, Cleon hath a, 718.
 buds but stay their blossoming, 822.
 million worlds that move in peace,
 843.
 misses an unit aiming at a, 707.
 pleased not the, 134.
 Millions boast, who dost thy, 261.
 for defence, 861.
 in tears, leaves, 723.
 of spiritual creatures, 234.
 of surprises, 205.
 of years, untold, 774.
 saddled and bridled, 868.
 think, perhaps makes, 558.
 twenty-seven, mostly fools, 584.
 yet to be, thanks of, 562.
 Millstone hanged about his neck, 1034.
 hard as the nether, 1010.
 look through a, 33.
 see into a, 975.
 seen far in a, 13.
 Milo's end, remember, 278.
 Milton, faith and morals of, 472.
 round the path of, 485.
 shouldst be living, 472.
 some mute inglorious, 385.
 that mighty orb of song, 479.
 the divine, 479.
 the sightless, 483.
 to give a, birth, 414.
 Milton's golden lyre, 391.
 Mimsy were the borogoves, 782.
 Mince the matter, 1049.
 this matter, 152, 970.
 Mincing, walking and, 1025.
 Mind, absence of, 509.
 appearances to the, 930.
 as the, is pitched, 421.
 banquet of the, 346.
 be ye all of one, 1041.
 bear in, your labor is, 622.

- Mind, beneficent of, 343.
 bettering of my, 42.
 blameless, a, 342.
 bliss centres in the, 395.
 blotted from his, 314.
 body or estate, 1042.
 breathing from her face, 550.
 clothed and in his right, 1033.
 conquest of the, 345.
 conscious of rectitude, 893.
 converse of an innocent, 577.
 dagger of the, 119.
 damning those they have no, to, 211.
 desires of the, 169.
 did minde his grace, never, 23.
 diseased, minister to a, 125.
 education forms the common, 320.
 encyclopedic, 604.
 exercise is strength of, 317.
 farewell the tranquil, 154.
 fire from the, 542.
 firm capacious, 342.
 fleet is a glance of the, 416.
 forbids to crave, 22.
 glimmer on my, to, 514.
 God offers to every, its choice, 621.
 good, possesses a kingdom, 22.
 grand prerogative of, 534.
 grateful, by owing owes not, 231.
 his, a thought his life, 721.
 his eyes are in his, 503.
 how love exalts the, 273.
 immortal remains, 341.
 in a mighty, 820.
 in ruins, the human, 868.
 in the victor's, 299.
 is bent, when to ill thy, 345.
 is clouded with a doubt, 681.
 is God, our, 928.
 is its own place, 224.
 is pitched, as the, 421.
 is the judge of the man, 901.
 is the lever of all things, 530.
 large and fruitful, 168.
 last infirmity of noble, 247.
 laugh that spoke the vacant, 396.
 leafless desert of the, 549.
 love looks with the, 57.
 loyal nature and of noble, 681.
 magic of the, the, 551.
 makes the man, 303.
 man's unconquerable, 471.
 marble index of a, 475.
 march of the human, 408.
 Meccas of the, 562.
 men to be of one, 1043.
 mildest manners with bravest, 342.
 misguide the, 323.
 musing in his sullein, 28.
 narrowed his, 399.
 noble, o'erthrown, 136.
 nobler in the, to suffer, 135.
 noblest, the best contentment has, 27.
 not body enough to cover his, 460.
 not to be changed, 224.
 not what thou lackest, 940.
- Mind, nurture your, with great thoughts, 628.
 o'erwrought, 816.
 of desultory man, 417.
 of man, in the, 467.
 of man, wine shows the, 880.
 one, in an house, 1043.
 oppressed with dumps, 404.
 Othello's visage in his, 151.
 out of sight out of, 7, 35.
 outbreak of a fiery, 133.
 peace of, and joy for weary hours, 630.
 pen is the tongue of the, 975.
 persuaded in his own, 1037.
 philosophy inclineth a man's, 166
 pity melts the, to love, 272.
 plead it in heart and, 387.
 poison to his, and peril to his body, 606.
 power to broaden the, 936.
 quite vacant, 415.
 raise and erect the, 169.
 redeem the human, from error, 645.
 rehearse, this truth within thy, 666.
 repose for the, 994.
 riches of the, 923.
 sad thoughts to the, 466.
 serene for contemplation, 349.
 she had a frugal, 417.
 standard of the man, 303.
 steady, ballast to keep the, 740.
 strong and sound, 373.
 suspicion haunts the guilty, 95.
 talk only to conceal the, 310.
 that builds for aye, 485.
 that makes the man, 893.
 that very fiery particle, 560.
 the philosophic, 478.
 thou present to my, appearest, 596.
 time out of, 104.
 to change thy, 940.
 to glimmer on my, 514.
 to me a kingdom is, 22.
 to me an empire is, 22.
 to mind heart to heart, 488.
 torture of the, 121.
 unconquerable, the, 382.
 untutored, sees God in clouds, 315.
 vacant, and body filled, 92.
 vacant, is a mind distressed, 415.
 well-ordered, 937.
 were weight, if, 483.
 what I am taught, 535.
 what you are pleased to call your, 1053.
 whose body lodged a mighty, 338.
 whose well-taught, 343.
 wisest books in her, 261.
 with women heart argues not, 754.
 without a certain unsoundness of 600.
- Minds, admiration of weak, 240.
 are many, 846.
 are not ever craving, 444.
 balm of hurt, 120.
 divine insanity of noble, 647.
 innocent and quiet, 260.

- Minds led captive, 240.
 little things affect little, 627.
 made better by their presence, 730.
 marriage of true, 163.
 of old, the mighty, 506.
 of some of our statesmen, 518.
 powers which impress our, 466.
 so many men so many, 890.
 that have nothing to confer, 487.
 time demands strong, great hearts,
 730.
- Mind's construction in the face, 117.
 eye Horatio, in my, 128.
- Minden's plain, on, 427.
- Mindful what it cost, ever, 465.
- Mine, a desert pathway yours or, 683.
 be a cot beside the hill, 455.
 be the breezy hill, 428.
 bright jewels of the, 569.
 but all I see it, 765.
 eye seeth thee, 1010.
 eyes have seen the glory, 747.
 fairy of the, 215.
 father thy will not be done, 630.
 it was, 782.
 own, do what I will with, 1032.
 soul of all things make it, 753.
 what is yours is, 50.
- Mines for coal and salt, 563.
- Mingle in its care and strife, to, 696.
 mingle mingle, 173.
- Mingled pains and joys to me, 683.
 yarn, 74.
- Minions of the moon, 82.
- Minister of minister, 839.
 one fair spirit for my, 547.
 so sore, no, 328.
 thou flaming, 156.
 to a mind diseased, 125.
 to himself, the patient must, 125.
- Ministers of grace defend us, 130.
 of love, all are but, 501.
- Ministering angel, 144, 490.
- Minnows, Triton of the, 103.
- Minor pants for twenty-one, the, 329.
- Minstrel lead, Mercy this, 473.
 raptures swell, no, 488.
 ring the fuller, in, 676.
- Minstrelsy, brayed with, 109.
- Mint and anise, tithes of, 1032.
 of phrases in his brain, 54.
- Minuet in Ariadne, 441.
- Minute, Cynthia of this, 321.
 forgot in the hatred of a, 654.
 of heaven, one, 526.
 speak more in a, 107.
 suppliance of a, 129.
 too soon, came a, 592.
- Minutes count by sensations, 327.
 in forty, 58.
 make the ages, 760.
 we reckon hours and, 586.
 what damned, tells he o'er, 153.
- Minute-hand, his conversation shows
 not the, 376.
- Miracle, every hour of light and dark
 a, 744.
 if a Redeemer came, 848.
- Miracle instead of wit, 311.
- Miracles are past, 73.
 of precocity, 904.
- Miraculous organ, with most, 135.
- Mire, in the, 793.
 learning will be cast into the, 410.
 water never left man in the, 109.
- Mirror, honest wife's truest, 463.
 in that just, 309.
 of all courtesies, 98.
 of constant faith, 342.
 of friendship, 881.
 of the soul, speech, is a, 900.
 thou glorious, 547.
 up to nature, to hold the, 137.
 warped, to a gaping age, 564.
- Mirrors of the gigantic shadows, 568.
- Mirth and fun grew fast and furious
 451.
 and innocence, 554.
 and laughter, 557.
 and tears, humblest, 468.
 bards of passion and of, 577.
 can into folly glide, how, 492.
 displaced the, 122.
 far from all resort of, 250.
 he is all, 51.
 in funeral dirge in marriage, 127.
 limit of becoming, 55.
 May's new-fangled, 54.
 mixed wisdom with, 399.
 must borrow its, 835.
 of children with high spirits, 632.
 of its December, 608.
 of others only saddens, times when,
 632.
 string attuned to, 584.
 that after no repenting draws, 252.
 there's small sincerity of, 585.
 with songs of sadness and of, 647.
- Mirthful maze, through the, 395.
- Misapplied, virtue turns vice being,
 106.
- Misbegotten knaves, 84.
- Misbeliever, you call me, 61.
- Miscarriage in war, a second, 919.
- Mischief, beauty is an ivory, 947.
 for idle hands, 302.
 hand to execute any, 255.
 in-every deed of, 430.
 it means, 138.
 neglect may breed, 360.
 place which has done man, 901.
 Satan finds some, 302.
 smile with an intent to do, 186.
 the very virtuous do, till the, 698.
- Mischievous thing spoken unawares,
 919.
- Miser, honesty dwells like a, 72.
 joy may be a, 763.
- Miser's coins, the hours are as a, 798.
 pensioner, to be a, 475.
 treasure, unsunned heaps of, 244.
- Miserable comforters are ye all, 1009.
 have no other medicine, 48.
 night, I have passed a, 96.
 sinners, mercy upon us, 1042.
 to be weak is, 223.

- Miseries, in shallows and in, 115.
 Misery acquaints a man with strange
 bedfellows, 43.
 and man from birth, 343.
 became the cause of all men's, 31.
 child of, baptized in tears, 427.
 cold to distant, 430.
 companions in, 900.
 company in, 192.
 had worn him to the bones, 108.
 half our, from our foibles, 437.
 happy time in, 648.
 he gave to, all he had, 386.
 is at hand, 955.
 poets in their, dead, 470.
 power naught but, brings, 588.
 sacred to gods is, 343.
 steeped to the lips in, 640.
 thou art so full of, 666.
 twenty ought and six result, 701.
 vow an eternal, together, 280.
 who finds himself loses, 757.
- Misery's darkest cavern, 366.
 Misfortune, delight in another's, 896.
 made the throne her seat, 301.
 Misfortunes, bear another's, 336.
 delight in others', 407.
 hardest to bear, 741.
 ignorance of one's, 884.
 laid in one heap, 922.
 occasioned by man, 904.
 of mankind, 430.
 of others, to endure the, 980.
 Misfortune's book, writ in sour, 108.
 Misgivings, blank, 478.
 Mishaps, wisdom from another's, 899.
 Misled by fancy's meteor ray, 447.
 Mislike me not for my complexion, 62.
 Misquote, enough learning to, 539.
 Miss, nature cannot, 272.
 not the discourse of the elders, 1029.
 the blow, is oft to, 684.
 Missed it lost it forever, we, 711.
 who never would be, 801.
 Misshaping vision of the powers, our,
 682.
 Mississippi of falsehood, vast, 755.
 Mist and a weeping rain, comes a, 759.
 and cloud and foam, 775.
 and cloud will turn to rain, 647.
 in my face, to feel the, 711.
 is dispelled when a woman appears,
 348.
 obscures, no, 507.
 of light from which they, 664.
 of years, dim with the, 541.
 resembles rain, as, 641.
 Mists, churches and creeds lost in, 765.
 to-day clear seas anon, 845.
 Mistake, man is nature's sole, 802.
 never made, never made discovery,
 721.
 there is no, 463.
 you lie under a, 292, 567.
 Mistakes, pride at bottom of great,
 746.
 Mistaken, fools who fancy Christ, 728.
 Mistletoe hang in the castle hall, 589.
- Mistress in my own house, 853.
 is a hallowed thing, poet's, 665.
 of her art, 446.
 of herself, 322.
 such, such Nan, 21.
 Mistresses, wives are young men's, 165.
 Mistress' eyebrow, 69.
 Mistrust, hate and, 840.
 Misty islets the strong tempests, round
 the, 629.
 light, 833.
 mountain-tops, 108.
 old Autuan in the, morn, 594.
 Misunderstood, to be great is to be,
 618.
 Misused wine, poison of, 243.
 Mithridates, half, 603.
 Mixture of earth's mould, 243.
 Mixtures of more happy days, 554.
 Moab, a vale in the land of, 726.
 Moan, a sigh a sob, a, 783.
 for rest, 783.
 of doves, 673.
 on its desolate sands eternal, 717.
 Moaning, and the harbor bar is, 727.
 of the bar, be no, 685.
 Moat defensive to a house, 81.
 Moated grange, at the, 49.
 Mob of gentlemen, 329.
 Mock a broken charm, 500.
 at fate and care, thou dost, 617.
 at sin, fools make a, 1018.
 our own, time whose verdicts, 741.
 sit in the clouds and, 89.
 the air with idle state, 383.
 the meat it feeds on, 153.
 thee, nor will we, 790.
 Turtle replied, 782.
 your own grinning, 144.
 Mocks married men, the cuckoo, 56.
 me with the view, 394.
 Mocked forever, God is not, 811.
 himself, smiles as if he, 111.
 Mockery, wine is a, 1019.
 Mockery and a snare, 527.
 hence unreal, 122.
 king of snow, 82.
 of woe, bear about the, 335.
 over slaves, in, 518.
 Mocking the air with colours idly
 spread, 80.
 Mockings or arguments, I have no,
 742.
 Mode of the lyre, each, 519.
 Modes of faith, 318.
 of life, ring in the nobler, 676.
 Model of the barren earth, 82.
 then draw the, 88.
 Models for the mass, live as, 709.
 Moderate haste, one with, 129.
 the rancour of your tongue, 860.
 Moderation even in excess, there is
 626.
 is the silken string, 182.
 observe, 880.
 the gift of heaven, 884.
 Moderator of passions, 207.
 Modern, classics are always, 632.

- Modern instances, wise saws and, 69.
 life, this strange disease of, 753.
- Modest doubt, 102.
 men are dumb, 454.
 pride and coy submission, 232.
 stillness and humility, 91.
 the quip, 72.
 to be simple, manly true, 738.
 zealous yet, 428.
- Modesty. bounds of, 108.
 downcast, concealed, 356.
 grace and blush of, 140.
 is a candle to thy merit, 362.
 of nature, o'erstep not the, 137.
 pure and vestal, 108.
- Modification, bad plan that admits no,
 896.
- Mohammed's truth lay in a holy, 665.
- Mole-hill, mountain of, 863.
- Moles and to the bats, 1024.
- Molly, was true to his, 436.
- Mome raths outrabe, 782.
- Moment, face some awful, 476.
 give to God each, 359.
 improve each, as it flies, 366.
 is a day, each, 627.
 little chimney heated hot in a, 646.
 loyal and neutral in a, 120.
 of sweet peril, 780.
 on moment there rushes, 631.
 pith and, enterprises of, 136.
 psychological, 836.
 show, how little can a, 486.
 then in a, presto pass, 609.
 to decide, 732.
 work of a, 971.
 yet the actor stops, a, 697.
- Moments make the year, 311.
 quick to haste, the golden, 696.
- Moment's ornament, to be a, 474.
- Momentary bliss, bestow, a, 381.
- Monarch, does not misbecome a, 389.
 hears assumes the god, 271.
 love could teach a, 387.
 morsel for a, 157.
 of all I survey, 416.
 of mountains, 553.
 of the vine, 158.
 once uncovered sat, 352.
 scandalous and poor, 279.
 the throned, 64.
- Monarchs, change perplexes, 225.
 fate of mighty, 356.
 scion of chiefs and, 547.
 seldom sigh in vain, 489.
- Monarchies, mightiest, 227.
- Monarchy, trappings of a, 369.
- Monastic aisles fall like sweet strains,
 614.
 brotherhood, 480.
- Monday, betwixt Saturday and, 285.
 hanging his cat on, 1048.
- Money and books placed for show, 215.
 cannot buy, blessing that, 208.
 comes withal, 72.
 full of comfort built with, 743.
 how pleasant it is to have, 726.
 in thy purse, put, 151.
- Money in trust, but put your, 692.
 makes the man, 943.
 man that wants, 919.
 means and content, that wants, 70.
 much, as 't will bring, 213.
 no one shall work for, 854.
 not scarce, times not hard and, 621.
 of fools, words the, 200.
 perish with thee, thy, 1035.
 possessed by their, 188.
 put not your trust in, 692.
 sets the world in motion, 712.
 still get, boy, 177.
 the love of, root of all evil, 1040.
 time is, 361.
 to a starving man at sea, 972.
 too, we've got the, 867.
- Monger, shall the iron reason with
 the, 847.
- Mongrel mastiff, 148.
 puppy whelp and hound, 400.
 Monie a blunder free us, 448.
- Monitions, time's, 815.
- Monk, the devil a, would be, 958.
 who shook the world, 635.
- Monks of old, I envy those, 866.
- Monkeys, men were developed from,
 605.
- Monmouth, river at, 92.
- Monopoly of fame, 189.
- Monster custom who all sense doth eat,
 141.
 faultless, 279.
 green-eyed, it is the, 153.
 London, 261.
 many-headed, 194.
 of so frightful mien, 317.
- Monstrous, every fault seeming, 70.
 little voice, 57.
 tail our cat has got, 285.
- Mont Blanc is the monarch, 553
- Month, a little, 128.
 in town, 777.
 it was the, of May, 795.
 laughter for a, 84.
 march stout once a, 273.
 more than he will stand to in a, 107.
 of June, leafy, 499.
 of leaves and roses, 723.
 of May, in the merry, 175.
- Months without an R, 1049.
- Monument, enduring, 565.
 my gentle verse, your, 162.
 patience on a, 76.
 slab of marble cold, 660.
- Monuments, hung up for, 95.
 shall last when Egypt's fall, 309.
 upon my breast, 571.
- Monumental alabaster, smooth as, 156.
 pomp of age, 479.
- Mood, Dorian, of flutes, 225.
 fantastic as a woman's, 492.
 in any shape in any, 552.
 in listening, she stood, 490.
 jar on our own quiet, 632.
 sweet, when pleasant thoughts, 466
 that blessed, 467.
 unused to the melting, 157.

- Moody madness, 381.
 Moon, as yon dead world the, 683.
 ascending up from the east, 743.
 auld in hir arme, 404.
 be a dog and bay the, 114.
 by night, nor the, 1016.
 by yonder blessed, 106.
 cast before the, 32.
 cast beyond the, 11.
 close by the, 230.
 course of one revolving, 268.
 dips like a pearly barge, 850.
 glimpses of the, 131.
 had filled her horn, thrice the,
 306.
 has climbed the highest hill, 861.
 honour from the pale-faced, 84.
 in full-orbed glory, 507.
 inconstant, 106.
 into salt tears resolves the, 109.
 is an arrant thief, 109.
 looks on many brooks, 521.
 loud thundering to the, 358.
 lucent as a rounded, 738.
 made of green cheese, 19.
 maids who love the, 520.
 minions of the, 82.
 mortals call the, 565.
 night-flower sees but one, 521.
 no morn no, 595.
 of Mahomet, 566.
 reverence to yon peeping, 173.
 rising in clouded majesty, 233.
 shall rise, when the, 174.
 shine at full or no, 214.
 silent as the, 241.
 silent night with this fair, 233.
 sits arbitress, 225.
 swear not by the, 106.
 sweet regent of the sky, 426.
 takes up the wondrous tale, 300.
 that monthly changes, 106.
 unmask her beauty to the, 129.
 wandering, behold the, 250.
 went up the sky, the moving, 498.
 will wax the moon will wane, 647.
 yestreen I saw the new, 404.
 Moons wasted, some nine, 149.
 waxed and waned the lilacs, 646.
 Moon's unclouded grandeur, 568.
 Moonbeams are bright, for the, 637.
 on a river, 767.
 play, about their ranks the, 536.
 quiver, 778.
 Moonlight and feeling, music, 567.
 is the sunlight, yet the, 683.
 meet me by, alone, 605.
 shade. along the, 335.
 sleeps upon this bank, 65.
 tale told by, 605.
 traveler in Fancy's land, 849.
 visit Melrose by, 487.
 Moonlit floor, float along the, 613.
 sails, 822.
 Moon-struck madness, 240.
 Moor, lady married to the, 477.
 Moore, Tom, a health to thee, 553.
 Moorish fen, lake or, 244.
 Moor-sheep feeding everywhere, wild,
 725.
 Moping melancholy, 240.
 Moral authority, the basis of, 995.
 enterprise does not depend upon
 numbers, 634.
 everything's got a, 781.
 evil and of good, 466.
 good a practical stimulus, 910.
 indifference, 995.
 nature, with a higher, 773.
 no man's sufficiency to be so, 53.
 no one can be, till all are, 773.
 point a, or adorn a tale, 365.
 sensible and well-bred man, 415.
 Morals, bible is a book of, 530.
 men of musty, 798.
 which Milton held, 472.
 why man of, 260.
 Moralist, teach the rustic, to die, 385.
 Morality and politics, treat apart, 812.
 is perplexed, 411.
 knows nothing of boundaries, 773.
 mercantile, 997.
 periodical fits of, 601.
 religion and, 370.
 sexless orgies of, 808.
 unawares expires, 332.
 veracity the heart of, 762.
 Moralize my song, 27.
 Moralized his song, 328.
 Mordre wol out, 5.
 More and less than just, heaven, 763.
 angels could no, 307.
 blessed to give, 1035.
 can tie with, 451.
 eloquence, silence hath, 696.
 frayd then hurt, 11.
 giving thy sum of, 67.
 have been wrecked, 793.
 I hate thee all the, 678.
 in sorrow than in anger, 128.
 is meant than meets the ear, 250.
 is thy due than more than all, 117.
 knave than fool, 41.
 matter for a May morning, 76.
 matter with less art, 133.
 more honoured in the breach than
 the observance, 130.
 never more, no, 715.
 no man see me, 99.
 of meaning bear, no, 790.
 of the serpent than dove, 41.
 ruthless than mortals, are gods, 728.
 said dreamer dream no, 758.
 sinned against than sinning, 147.
 than a crime, it is, 991.
 than a little, 86.
 than all can pay, 117.
 than herbs and flowers, grow, 630.
 than kin less than kind, 127.
 than melody, and something, 608.
 than painting can express, 301.
 the merrier, 19.
 the, we arg'ed the question, 825.
 things in heaven and earth, 133.
 when sin shall be no, 717.
 who dares do, 118.

- More you drink more you thirst, 685.
 Morn and cold indifference came, 301.
 and liquid dew of youth, 129.
 and with the, those angel faces, 607.
 blushing like the, 237.
 came peeping in at, 592.
 cheerful at, he wakes, 394.
 fair laughs the, 383.
 furthers a man on his road, 880.
 genial, appears, 513.
 golden light of, 592.
 her rosy steps, 234.
 in russet mantle clad, 127.
 incense-breathing, 384.
 lights that do mislead the, 49.
 like a lobster boiled, the, 213.
 like a summer's, 502.
 love-song to the, 637.
 meek-eyed, appears, 355.
 no, no noon no dawn, 595.
 not waking till she sings, 32.
 of toil nor night of waking, 491.
 old Autumn in the misty, 594.
 on the Indian steep, 243.
 one, I missed him, 386.
 opening eyelids of the, 247.
 risen on mid-noon, 235, 476.
 salutation to the, 97.
 shall come to me, 849.
 suns that gild the vernal, 424.
 sweet approach of even or, 230.
 sweet is the breath of, 233.
 till night he sung from, 427.
 to noon he fell, from, 225.
 tresses like the, 246.
 waked by the circling hours, 235.
 was fair the skies were clear, 636.
 with rosy hand, 235.
 with the dawning of, 515.
 Morns, in the music of the, 636.
 Morning air, scent the, 132.
 all in the, betime, 142.
 as this that drowning, a, 701.
 at odds with, 123.
 best of the sons of the, 535.
 bid me good, 433.
 birds, like those of, 608.
 birds were mad with glee, 795.
 brightly breaks the, 864.
 clock wound up every, 762.
 come in the, 714.
 dew, as the sun the, 270.
 dew, chaste as, 308.
 dew, faded like the, 513.
 dew, washed with, 491.
 dew, womb of, 28.
 dews, drawn up like, 749.
 dewy as, colored like dawn, 751.
 drum-beat, 533.
 earliest light of the, 529.
 ever break, when did, 520.
 face, disasters in his, 397.
 face, schoolboy with his shining, 69.
 fair came forth, 241.
 found myself famous one, 560.
 full many a glorious, 161.
 I thought that, cloud, 579.
 in the, thou shalt hear, 302.
 Morning, life how pleasant is thy, 447.
 like the spirit of a youth, 158.
 lowers, the dawn is overcast the, 297.
 Lucifer son of the, 1025.
 more matter for a May, 76.
 nap, thought to clip his, 720.
 never, wore to evening, 674.
 night and, Hannah's at window,
 765.
 no this, sir I say, 658.
 of the times, in the, 670.
 of the world, in the, 705.
 reflection came with the, 301, 494.
 saw two clouds at, 578.
 shows the day, as, 241.
 sky, forehead of the, 248.
 sky, opens to the, 865.
 somewhere, 't is always, 622.
 song of the lark, the, 681.
 song the stars of, sung, 651.
 sow thy seed in the, 1023.
 stars of, dewdrops, 235.
 stars sang together, 1009.
 when will the, break, 802.
 wings of the, 1016.
 womb of the, 1015, 1043.
 Morning's march, in life's, 515.
 Morning-gate, through glory's, 694.
 Morning-star, glittering like the, 409.
 of memory, 549.
 to the full round of truth, 682.
 Morose, disposed to take a, view, 603.
 Morrow, desire of the night for the,
 567.
 good night till it be, 106.
 no part of their good, 258.
 take no thought for the, 1030.
 watching for the, 989.
 windy night a rainy, 162.
 Morsel for a monarch, 157.
 under his tongue, 283.
 Mortal cares, far from, 534.
 coil, shuffled off this, 135.
 crisis death portend, 212.
 ever dreamed before, dreams, 656.
 frame, quit this, 334.
 frame, stirs this, 501.
 hopes defeated, 482.
 how to die, immortality teach, 765.
 ills prevailing, flood of, 956.
 instruments, 111.
 life, as the wind is, so is, 783.
 men think all men, 307.
 mixture of earth's mould, 243.
 murders, twenty, 122.
 passions, necessity of, 926.
 resting-place so fair, no, 546.
 shame of nature, paint the, 683.
 spirit of, be proud, 561.
 taste brought death, 223.
 thing, laugh at any, 558.
 through a crown's disguise, 391.
 to the skies, he raised a, 272.
 Mortals, are gods more ruthless than,
 728.
 call the moon, whom, 565.
 given, some feelings to, 491.
 human, 57.

- Mortals share, every grief that, 803.
 the barrenest of all, 583.
 the spirit of, 561.
 to command success, not in, 297.
 to the skies, raise, 532.
 what fools these, 58.
 Mortality. child of, 434.
 gladly would I meet, 239.
 is too weak to bear them, 281.
 kept watch o'er man's, 478.
 o'ersways their power, 162.
 thoughts of, 222.
 to frail, 170.
 weighs heavily on me, 577.
 Mortality's strong hand, 80.
 Mortar, bray a fool in a, 1021.
 Moses, Pan lends his pagan horn to,
 331.
 Moss and flowers, azure, 565.
 and through brake, through, 506.
 grew gray, 779.
 rolling stone gathers no, 14.
 Mosses cling, on old decay greenest,
 650.
 Moss-beds, purpled the, 570.
 Moss-covered bucket, 537.
 Mossy marbles rest, the, 688.
 stone, violet by a, 467.
 Most beautiful verb in the world, 868.
 dangerous of all spells, 632.
 gifted poet, this the, 726.
 he serves me, 339.
 mutable, woman is various and, 684.
 of heaven he hath in him, 721.
 unkindest cut of all, 113.
 wondrous book bright candle, 597.
 Mote of the air, 832.
 Motes that people the sunbeams, 249.
 Moth, desire of the, for the star, 567.
 Moths, maidens like, 540.
 that a garment fret, 844.
 Mother Earth, common growth of,
 468.
 father brethren all in thee, 338.
 happy he with such a, 673.
 heart within me, 811.
 honour thy father and, 881.
 in Israel, I arose a, 1006.
 is a mother still, 502.
 man before thy, 424.
 man before your, 199.
 meets on high her babe, 508.
 mother, mak' my bed, 770.
 my, says I must not pass, 803.
 of all living, 1004.
 of arts and eloquence, 241.
 of devotion, ignorance the, 275.
 of dews, morn appears, 355.
 of enjoyment, variety is the, 626.
 of folly and crime, debt the, 628.
 of form and fear, 39.
 of good fortune, 977.
 of invention, necessity the, 305.
 of safety, provident fear, 451.
 of the day, night is, 650.
 of them all, highest virtue, 680.
 so loving to my, 128.
 the holiest thing alive, 502.
 Mother to her daughter spake, 874.
 tongue, 419.
 wandered with her child, 568.
 was weeping, its, 590.
 who'd give her booby, 348.
 who ran to help me? my, 535.
 who talks of her children, 625.
 whose, was her painting, 160.
 wit, nature by her, 29.
 Mothers and wives, men with, 594.
 maids must be wives and, 686.
 milky, 27, 494.
 Mother's breath, extend a, 328.
 glass, thou art my, 161.
 grave, botanize upon his, 471.
 house, daughter am I in my, 853.
 lap, 239, 240.
 pride a father's joy, 492.
 Mother-land which gave them birth
 sweet, 682.
 Motion and a spirit, 467
 between the acting and first, 111.
 clear without strife, brook's, 716.
 in his, like an angel sings, 65.
 in our proper, 226.
 money sets the world in, 898.
 of a hidden fire, 497.
 of a muscle, 465.
 of his starry train, 485,
 pulling the cords of, 940.
 scoured with perpetual, 88.
 this sensible warm, 48.
 two stars keep not their, 87.
 Motions of his spirit dull as night, 66.
 of the sense, 47.
 Motionless as ice, 473.
 in the, fields of upper air, 580.
 torrents silent cataracts, 501.
 Motive guide original and end, 367.
 Motives of more fancy, 74.
 Motive-hunting of a motiveless malig-
 nity, 505.
 Motley fool, 67.
 rout, 424.
 Motley's the only wear, 68.
 Mottoes of the heart, 514.
 Mould, a man of giant, 767.
 ethereal, 226.
 light shaft of orient, 570.
 mortal mixture of earth's, 243.
 nature lost the perfect, 552.
 nature's happiest, 388.
 of a man's fortune, 167.
 of form, glass of fashion, 136.
 of such firm, 684.
 verge of the churchyard, 593.
 Moulded on one stem, two lovely ber-
 ries, 58.
 out of faults, best men are, 50.
 scarcely formed or, 560.
 shall a nation be, 806.
 Moulder piecemeal on the rock, 549.
 Mouldering urn, 428.
 Moulding Sheridan, 552.
 Mouldy rolls of Noah's ark, 268.
 the world would grow, 684.
 Mount Abora, singing of, 500.
 Casius old, 228.

- Mount to its summit round by round,
730.
Zion city of the great king, 1012.
- Mountain and lea, o'er, 637.
- Mountain brought forth a mouse, 912.
by Nebo's lonely, 726.
each cloud-capt, is a holy, 595.
haunt dale or piny, 504.
in its azure hue, robes the, 512.
land of the, 489.
like the dew on the, 491.
nymph sweet liberty, 248.
of a mole-hill, 863.
pendent rock a forked, 158.
rolling his stone up the, 644.
see one, see all, 189.
side, from every, 654.
small sands the, 311.
tops, tiptoe on the misty, 108.
was in labour, 902.
waves, march is o'er the, 514.
- Mountains, bind him to his native,
394.
Delectable, 266.
faith to remove, 1037.
far-hidden heart of the, 767.
Greenland's icy, 536.
high, are a feeling, 543.
interposed make enemies, 418.
look on Marathon, 557.
Mont Blanc is the monarch of, 553.
of truth, 997.
will be in labour, 892.
woods or steepy, 40.
- Mountain-height, freedom from her,
573.
winds swept the, 568.
- Mountain-piling, they set about their,
704.
- Mounted in delight, 470.
- Mounteth with occasion, courage, 78.
- Mounting barbed steeds, 95.
in hot haste, 542.
up to God, 769.
- Mourn, countless thousands, 446.
her, all the world shall, 101.
lacks time to, 606.
love is doomed to, 869.
the unalterable days, 616.
who thinks must, 289.
- Mourns the dead, he, 307.
nothing dies but something, 558.
vile man that, 316.
- Mourned and yet shall mourn, I, 744.
by man, 482.
by strangers, 335.
her soldier slain, 427.
honoured and forever, 341.
revered and, 342.
the dame of Ephesus, so, 295.
thè loved the lost, 545.
- Mourners go about the streets, 1023.
- Mournful heart and let, sleep, 685.
midnight hours, 645.
numbers, tell me not in, 638.
rhymes, ring out my, 676.
rustling in the dark, 641.
truth, this, 366.
- Mournfully oh mournfully, 587.
- Mourning, house of, 1022.
lightest heart makes heaviest, 653.
oil of joy for, 1026.
- Mourning for the dead, 642.
- Mouse, as a cat would watch a, 293.
killing a, on Sunday, 1048.
mounting brought forth a, 912.
not even a, 527.
of any soul, 336.
with one poor hole, 206, 336, 887.
- Mouses wit not worth a leke, 4.
- Mousing owl hawked at, 120.
- Mouth, an thou 'lt, I'll rant, 145.
and the meat, God sendeth, 11, 20.
butter would not melt in her, 292.
clbse, catches no flies, 973.
even in the cannon's, 69.
familiar in his, 92.
filled her, with lying words, 598.
gaping, and stupid eyes, 273.
ginger shall be hot i' the, 75.
given two ears but only one, 628.
her, is a honey-blossom, 809.
like kisses from a female, 554.
look a gift horse in the, 11, 211.
most beautiful, in the world, 353.
of babes and sucklings, 1010.
of hell, into the, 671.
out of thine own, 1034.
purple-stained, 575.
to water, made his, 212.
which hath the deeper, 93.
whose haughty valor, sweet, 613.
wickedness sweet in his, 1009.
with a red, 803.
with open, swallowing a tailor's
news, 80.
- Mouths a sentence, as curs, 412.
enemy in their, 152.
familiar in their, 92.
in a glass, made, 147.
of men, in the, 162.
of wisest censure, 152.
what in other, was rough, 732.
without hands, 273.
- Mouth-filling oath, 86.
- Mouth-honour, breath, 124.
- Movable types, device of, 584.
- Move, all things work and, 717.
easiest, those, 324.
in peace, worlds that, 843.
on a rigorous line, 753.
- Moves a goddess, 337.
as I move, 767.
in a mysterious way, God, 423.
- Moved, a woman, 73.
it, so sweetly to the west, 579.
to smile at anything, 111.
- Movers and shakers of the world, 820.
- Moveth o'er the dial-plate of time, 649.
- Moving accidents, 150.
push on keep, 457.
seems asleep, tide as, 685.
- Moving-delicate and full of life, 53.
- Mown clear space for liberty's, 788.
grass, like rain upon the, 1013.
- Much an expedient as lighting, 693.

- Much credit in that, there ain't, 702.
 delight of battle with my, 668.
 goods laid up, 1034.
 have I seen and known, 668.
 he reads, 111.
 he thinks too, 111.
 I owe, I have nothing, 956.
 I want which most would have, 22.
 may be made of a Scotchman, 371.
 may be said on both sides, 300, 363.
 more than little, is by much too, 86.
 more to that which had too, 67.
 must he toil who serves, 647.
 of a muchness, 870.
 of a muchness, they're, 730.
 of earth so much of heaven, 472.
 one man can do, 263.
 so, to do so little done, 675.
 some have too, 22.
 something too, of this, 138.
 to say, 793.
 too, of a good thing, 71, 971.
 Muchness, much of a, 870.
 they're much of a, 730.
 Muck of sweat, all of a, 402.
 Muckle, twice as, as a' that, 447.
 Mud, sun reflecting upon the, 169.
 Muddy, ill-seeming thick, 73.
 Mudsills of society, 636.
 Mudville, there is no joy in, 856.
 Muffins, no more inspiration than in a
 plate of, 838.
 Muffled drums are beating, 638.
 Mugwump a person educated beyond
 his intellect, 867.
 mainspring mogul and, 784.
 Multiplication of the inferior, 773.
 Multiplied visions, 1027.
 Multiplieth words, he, 1009.
 Multitude call the afternoon, 56.
 is always in the wrong, 278.
 many-headed, 34, 103.
 of counsellors, 1017.
 of projects, 895.
 of sins, charity shall cover the,
 1041.
 swinish, hoofs of a, 410.
 Multitudes in the valley of decision,
 1028.
 Multitudinous lives awake, sounds of,
 851.
 seas incarnadine, 120.
 Mumble, let her maunder and, 583.
 Mumbling Athanasian creeds, weary
 of, 788.
 Mummied authors, shelved round us
 lie, 761.
 Munich, wave, all thy banners, 515.
 Murder, a brother's, 139.
 by the law, 311.
 cannot be long hid, 62.
 ez fer war I call it, 734.
 many a foul and midnight, 383.
 one, made a villain, 425.
 one to destroy is, 311.
 sacrilegious, hath broke ope, 120.
 sleep, Macbeth does, 119.
 though it have no tongue, 135.
 Murder, thousands takes a specious
 name to, 311.
 will out, 972.
 Murders, twenty mortal, 122.
 Murderer, carcasses bleed at the sight
 of the, 187.
 Murky air, into the, 239.
 Murmur, invites one to sleep, whose,
 380.
 of a low fountain, 814.
 of the breaking flood, 824.
 the shallow, 25.
 with lulling, 792.
 Murmurs as the ocean murmurs, 512.
 died away in hollow, 390.
 hear our mutual, 558.
 near the running brooks, 471.
 to their woe, 398.
 Murmuring fled, 234.
 of innumerable bees, 673.
 streams, lapse of, 237.
 Murmurings were heard within, 480.
 Murray was our boast, 332.
 Muscle, motion of a, 465.
 trained, keep thy, 739.
 Muscular, his Christianity was, 620.
 training of a philosopher, 931.
 Muse, every conqueror creates a, 220.
 his chaste, 377.
 His praise, expressive silence, 357.
 meditate the thankless, 247.
 of fire, O for a, 90.
 on nature with a poet's eye, 513.
 rise honest, 322.
 said look in thy heart, 34.
 worst-humoured, 400.
 worst-natured, 279.
 Muses, all the charm of all the, 682.
 Mused, still as I, the naked room, 725.
 Music and moonlight, 567.
 and the flying cloud, 775.
 architecture is frozen, 999.
 at the close, setting sun and, 81.
 audible to him alone, 485.
 be the food of love, 74.
 breathing from her face, 550.
 by man than comes of, 714.
 ceasing of exquisite, 642.
 die in, 63.
 discourse most eloquent, 138.
 dwells lingering, where, 484.
 fading in, a swan-like end, 63.
 governed by a strain of, 485.
 has died away, the, 746.
 hath charms to soothe the savage
 breast, 294.
 heavenly maid was young, 390.
 his very foot has, 427.
 in its roar, 547.
 in my heart I bore, 473.
 in the beauty, there is, 218.
 in the nightingale, there is no, 44.
 in them, die with all their, 689.
 instinct with, 485.
 is well said to be the speech, 582.
 like perfect, unto nobler words, 685.
 like softest, 106.
 like the warbling of, 167.

- Music, man that hath no, in himself,** 66.
 mute, will make the, 679.
 never merry when I hear sweet, 65.
 might shall be filled with, 641.
 not for the doctrine but the, 324.
 of her face, 259.
 of humanity, still sad, 467.
 of the morns, in the, 636.
 of the sea, rose to the, 503.
 of the spheres, 218.
 of the spheres above, silence, 763.
 of the union, keep step to the, 599.
 of those village bells, 422.
 passed away, though all their, 802.
 passed in, out of sight, 669.
 pealed, southern stars a, 686.
 slumbers in the shell, 455.
 some to church repair for, 324.
 soul of, shed, 519.
 sounds of, creep in our ears, 65.
 sphere-descended maid, 390.
 sweet compulsion in, 250.
 sweeter than their own, a, 471.
 tells, many a tale their, 523.
 tells no truths, 722.
 that heavenly, 587.
 that would charm forever, 485.
 the sea-maid's, to hear, 57.
 't is angels', 205.
 to attending ears, softest, 106.
 to honied phrases set, 844.
 waste their, on the savage, 311.
 we may live without, 779.
 when soft voices die, 567.
 wherever there is harmony there is,
 218.
 with her silver sound, 404.
 with its voluptuous swell, 542.
 with poem or with, 241.
 with the enamelled stones, 44.
Music's golden tongue, 575.
 own, every tone is, 608.
Musical and low, in his seemed, 732.
 as bright Apollo's lute, 56, 245.
 glasses, Shakespeare and the, 402.
 most, most melancholy, 249.
 silence, 777.
Musically wells, tintinnabulation that
 so, 655.
Music-makers, we are the, 819.
Musing in his sullen mind, 28.
 on companions gone, 489.
 there an hour alone, 557.
 while the fire burned, 1011.
Musk, swirls of, 833.
Musket moulds in his hands, 831.
Muskets aimed at duck, 439.
Musk-rose and woodbine, 248.
 of the dale, sweetened every, 245.
Musk-roses, sweet with, 58.
Must be as we are now, 263.
 be counted ere I see thy face, 686.
 be for the best, 780.
 be now no passages of, 679.
 couple or must die, it, 750.
 do the thing we must, 760.
 genius does what it, 781.
Must have a touch of earth, 679.
 I thus leave thee, 239.
 not what we would but what we,
 763.
 youth replies I can, 616.
Mustard, after meat comes, 972.
Musty morals, men of, 798.
Mutable, woman is various and most,
 684.
Mutantur nos et mutamur, 321.
Mute farewell, wave their hands for a,
 749.
 inglorious Milton, 385.
 nature mourns, 488.
 nightingale was, 622.
 unchanged hoarse, 236.
Mutine in a matron's bones, 140.
Mutiny, stones to rise and, 114.
Mutter, wizards that peep and, 1025.
Mutters backward, 246.
Muttered in hell, 't was, 862.
Mutton, joint of, 90.
Muttons, to return to our, 957.
Mutual heart, when we meet a, 358.
My better half, 34.
 country 't is of thee, 654.
 ever new delight, 235.
 idea of an agreeable person, 629.
 life is like a stroll upon the beach,
 722.
 lord the king and me, betwixt, 719.
 opinion is and so and so, 947.
 own dim life should teach, 675.
 sole rule of life, almost, 583.
 whinstone house my castle is, 585.
Mynheer Vandunek, 454.
Myriad of precedent, codeless, 670.
Myriads bid you rise, what, 990.
 of daisies, 486.
 of other globes, around me, 745.
 of rivulets hurrying, 673.
Myriad-minded Shakespeare, 504.
Myrtle, groves of laurel and, 989.
 land of the cypress and, 549.
Myrtles, grove of, 175, 989.
Myself am hell, 231.
 clear, of cants, 583.
 enabled me to remain true to, 581.
 I live not in, 543.
 never less alone by, 431.
 not if I know, 509.
 such a thing as I, 110.
Mysteries lie beyond thy dust, 264.
 nor lose thy simple faith in, 647.
 priestess of night's high, 613.
Mysterious cement of the soul, 354.
 exodus of death, the long, 647.
 union with its native sea, 480.
 way, God moves in a, 423.
Mystery, before, 844.
 burden of the, 467.
 constitutes the essence of worship,
 995.
 desire and, 769.
 despite faith and creed remains the,
 683.
 heart of my, 139.
 hid under Egypt's pyramid, 658.

Mystery, life is a, 810.
of mysteries, 494.
Mystic bond of brotherhood, a, 582.
fabric sprung, the, 535.
night, to the, 851.
Mystical lore, 514.
Mythology, a respectable, 832.

Naebody care for me, if, 449.
Naiad of the strand, 490.
or a grace, 490.
Naiads, leads the dancing, 414.
Nail, fasten him as a, 1026.
not a, but touches a tender spot,
825.
on the head, hit the, 20, 183, 957.
shoe lost for want of a, 360.
to our coffin, care adds a, 431.
to the mast her holy flag, 688.
tooth and, 967.
Nails fastened by the masters, 1024.
near your beauty with my, 93.
Nailed by the ears, 214.
on the bitter cross, 82.
Naked, every day he clad the, 400.
human heart, 308.
ignorance, blind and, 679.
in December snow, 81.
new-born babe, 118.
new-born child, 438.
room, still as I mused the, 725.
star, one, 833.
to lash the rascals, 155.
to mine enemies, 100.
villany, clothe my, 96.
woods wailing winds, 573.
wretches, poor, 147.
Nakedness, not in utter, 477.
white truth in simple, 678.
Nam et ipsa scientia, 168.
Name Achilles assumed, 219.
Ah Sin was his, 813.
and memory, 170.
at which the world grew pale, 365.
be George, if his, 78.
be sung, let the Redeemer's, 302.
behind them, left a, 1029.
beyond the sky, waft thy, 539.
breathe not his, 519.
call it by some better, 524.
cannot conceive nor, 120.
current but not appropriate, 457.
deed without a, 123.
fame and, and praise, 834.
fascination of a, 422.
filches from me my good, 153.
foolish whistling of a, 262.
for which my soul had panted, 814.
friend of every friendless, 366.
good, better than precious ointment,
1022.
good, better than riches, 976, 1019.
good, in man and woman, 153.
grand old, of gentleman, 676.
greatness of his, 101.
Greek or Roman, 267.
halloo your, to the reverberate hills,
75.

Name, hell trembled at the hideous,
229.
her, is never heard, 588.
his former, is heard no more, 235.
if I have forgotten your, 806.
in print, pleasant to see one's, 539.
in the ambush of my, 47.
is great in mouths, 152.
is Legion, my, 1033.
is MacGregor, my, 493.
is Norval, my, 392.
is Onward, death's truer, 685.
is woman, frailty thy, 128.
is worthy of the, of poet, 583.
king's, is a tower of strength, 97.
lights without a, 256.
local habitation and a, 59.
love can scarce deserve the, 549.
magic of a, 513.
man with a terrible, 508.
mark the marble with his, 322.
murder takes a specious, 311.
no blot on his, 514.
no one can speak, 507.
no parties, I, 198.
nor memory of her, 763.
of action, lose the, 136.
of Crispian, rouse at the, 92.
of the Prophet figs, 517.
of the slough was Despond, 265.
of the world, borrow the, 166.
of Vanity Fair, it beareth the, 265.
Phœbus what a, 539.
pledge of a deathless, 643.
ravished with the whistling of a, 319.
rose by any other, 105.
so blest as thine, no, 345.
speak to thee in friendship's, 523.
the world grew pale at, 365.
thence they had their, 246.
though late redeem thy, 354.
to be known by, no, 152.
to every fixed star, that give a, 54.
trod down my lofty, 793.
unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
103.
was writ in water, 578.
we will not ask her, 516.
what is friendship but a, 402.
what the dickens his, is, 46.
what's in a, 105.
which no one can spell, 508.
whose, has been well spelt, 559.
worth an age without a, 493.
worthy of the, 447.

Names, call things by their right, 457.
commodity of good, 83.
familiar as household words, 92.
he loved to hear, 688.
inscribed in history's page, 726.
new-made honour doth forget men's,
78.
of all the gods at once, 110.
of their founders, forgotten the, 222.
one of the few immortal, 562.
syllable men's, 243.
that are England's noblest heritage,
726.

- Names that shall live unnumbered years, 726.
 twenty more such, 72.
 which never were, 72.
 who dare for that, their, 682.
 win ourselves good, 36.
- Named of the four winds, 798.
 thee but to praise, nor, 562.
- Nameless column with the buried base, 546.
 deed, tells of a, 456.
 unremembered acts, 467.
- Nan, such mistress such, 21.
- Nancy brig, mate of the, 800.
- Nantucket's sunk and here we are, 724.
- Nap after dinner, 372.
 thought to clip his morning, 720.
- Naps, old John, of Greece, 72.
- Napkins tacked together, two, 87.
- Naples is known, man to whom all, 984.
- Napoleon's troops, 537.
- Napping, while I nodded nearly, 655.
- Narcissa's last words, 321.
- Narcotics numbing pain, 674.
- Narrative with age, 337.
- Narrow as the neck of a vinegar-cruet, 376.
 beach, across the, 792.
 compass, 220.
 human wit so, 323.
 isthmus, this, 525.
 the corner where man dwells, 936.
 two, words hic jacet, 27.
 walls, 776.
 world, he doth bestride the, 110.
- Narrowed his mind, 399.
- Narrowing lust of gold, 676.
- Nasty ideas, a man of, 291.
- Nation, ballads of a, 281.
 confound the language of the, 462.
 corner-stone of a, 646.
 curled darlings of our, 149.
 evermore, one, 690.
 fret, hath made our, 689.
 God sifted a whole, 266.
 he hates our sacred, 61.
 institutions alone can create a, 625.
 language of the, 462.
 laws of a, who should make the, 281.
 made and preserved us a, 517, 609.
 ne'er would thrive, 287.
 noble and puissant, 254.
 not lift sword against, 1024.
 of amateurs, 827.
 of gallant men, 409.
 of men of honour, 409.
 of shop-keepers, 1050.
 other courts of the, 213.
 righteousness exalteth a, 1018.
 shall a, be moulded, 806.
 small one a strong, 1026.
 trick of our English, 88.
 void of wit and humour, 389.
 youth of a, trustees of posterity, 628.
- Nations, among ourselves and with all, 662.
 as a drop of a bucket, 1026.
 but two, in all, 263.
 cheap defence of, 410.
 day of small, 799.
 eclipsed the gayety of, 369.
 enrich unknowing, 39.
 fierce contending, 299.
 fond hope of many, 547.
 friendship with all, 435.
 greatness of his name make new, 101.
 heard entranced, touched harp and, 597.
 kindreds and tongues, 1041.
 mountains make enemies of, 418.
 Niobe of, 546.
 privileged and people two, 627.
 to belong to other, 800.
 to foreign, and to the next ages, 170.
- Nation's eyes, history in a, 385.
 heart, song that nerves a, 682.
 wounds, to bind up the, 662.
- National debt a national blessing, 532.
 domain to union, 606.
 downfall, surest road to, 693.
 injustice is the surest road, 693.
- Native and to the manner born, 130.
 charm, one, 398.
 country best, who loves his, 682.
 heath, my foot is on my, 493.
 hue of resolution, 136.
 land good night, my, 540.
 seas, guard our, 514.
 shore, adieu my, 540.
 shore, fast by their, 423.
 to the heart, head is not more, 127.
 wood-notes wild, 249.
- Nativity chance or death, 46.
- Natur', not in human, to surrender, 586.
- Natural defect, not caused by any, 168.
 expression of villainy, 796.
 force abated, nor his, 1006.
 I do it more, 75.
 in him to please, 267.
 more than, 134.
 on the stage he was, 399.
 selection, 663.
 sorrow loss or pain, 473.
 tears they dropped, 240.
 twice as, 782.
- Naturalist and historian, 367.
- Naturalists observe a flea, so, 290.
- Naturally as pigs squeak, 210.
- Nature abhors imperfect work, 818.
 accuse not, 238.
 action lies in his true, 139.
 admits no lie, 583.
 affrighted, recoils, 411.
 against the use of, 116.
 an apprentice, 446.
 ancestors of, 299.
 and nature's God, 304.
 and nature's laws, 330.
 and of noble mind, loyal, 681.

- Nature and reason, according to, 940.
 appalled, 354.
 art imitates, 305.
 art is man's, 721.
 be your teacher, let, 466.
 blessed is the healthy, 582.
 book of, 970.
 book of, short of leaves, 593.
 broke the die, 552.
 built many stories high, 222.
 cannot make a man, 738.
 cannot miss, 272.
 canvas glowed beyond, 394.
 clever man by, 457.
 commonplace of, 473.
 compunctious visitings of, 117.
 could no further go, the force of,
 271.
 course of, is the art of God, 310.
 credulities dear to, 486.
 custom is almost, 921.
 darling of, 962.
 death is a secret of, 937.
 debt to, 's quickly paid, 204.
 diseased, breaks forth, 85.
 disobedience to, 932.
 dissembling, 95.
 done in my days of, 131.
 everything contains all the powers
 of, 618.
 exerting unwearyed power, 414.
 extremes in, 317, 322.
 faire is good by, 29.
 fast in fate, binding, 334.
 fault to, 127.
 first cause of all that is true, 941.
 first made man, free as, 275.
 fitted by, to bear, 939.
 fluid as, chaste affectionate, 745.
 fool of, stood, 273.
 fools of, 131.
 for 't is their, too, 301.
 formed but one such man, 552.
 forms us for ourselves, 963.
 framed strange fellows, 59.
 friend a masterpiece of, 619.
 from her seat sighing, 239.
 great secretary of, 208.
 habit is second, 965.
 has given us two ears, 628.
 he is great who is what he is from,
 619.
 her custom holds, 143.
 hides the fact well, 776.
 high and low, till, 685.
 his, is too noble, 103.
 hold the mirror up to, 137.
 holds communion with, 572.
 how unjust to, 307.
 I do fear thy, 117.
 I loved, 512.
 in him was almost lost, 390.
 in hir corages, 1.
 in spite of, and their stars, 211.
 in the love of, 572.
 in you stands on the very verge, 146.
 is a mutable cloud, 618.
 is above art in that respect, 148.
- Nature is but art unknown, 316.
 is divine, highest human, 683.
 is fine in love, 142.
 is God's art, 721.
 is good by, 29.
 is more powerful than education,
 627.
 is styled truth, 941.
 is subdued to what it works in, 163.
 is the art of God, 218, 310.
 is too noble for the world, 103.
 lengths unknown, to carry, 414.
 little we see in, that is ours, 476.
 lived in the eye of, 468.
 looks through, 320.
 lord of all the works of, 30.
 lost in art, 390.
 lost the perfect mould, 552.
 loves so well to change, 938.
 made a pause, 306.
 made by man, 780.
 made her, fairer than, 35.
 made her what she is, 452.
 made thee to temper man, 280.
 made us men, 733.
 might stand up, 115.
 modesty of, o'erstep not the, 137.
 mortal, did tremble, 478.
 mourns her worshipper, 488.
 muse on, with a poet's eye, 513.
 must obey necessity, 115.
 never did betray, 467.
 never lends her excellence, 46.
 never made, death which, 308.
 never put her jewels into a garret,
 170.
 no such thing in, 279.
 nor that man's, art, 844.
 not inferior to art, 942.
 not man the less but, more, 547.
 of an insurrection, 111.
 of things that are, 941.
 one touch of, 102.
 out from the heart of, 614.
 paint the mortal shame of, 683.
 passing through, to eternity, 127.
 pattern of excelling, 156.
 permit, to take her own way, 966.
 prodigality of, 96.
 prompting of, 904.
 rich with the spoils of, 217.
 rough paths of peevish, 288.
 says best and she says roar, 283.
 second, practice becomes, 893.
 seems dead o'er one half-world, 191.
 shakes off her firmness, 354.
 shows, happiness depends as, 413.
 sink in years, 299.
 so mild and benign, 312.
 solid ground of, 485.
 some things are of that, 266.
 speaks a various language, 572.
 speaks in symbols and in signs, 650.
 state of war by, 290.
 strong propensity of, 253.
 sullenness against, 254.
 swears the lovely dears, 446.
 teaches beasts, 103.

- Nature, the breeze of, 480.
 the vicar of the Lord, 6.
 this fortress built by, 81.
 't is their, too, 301.
 to advantage dressed, 323.
 to write and read comes by, 51.
 tone of languid, 417.
 under tribute, laid all, 457.
 unjust to, and himself, 307.
 use can almost change the stamp of,
 141.
 voice of, cries, 385.
 war was the state of, 407.
 weaknesses of human, 430.
 wears one universal grin, 362.
 what I call God and fools call, 712.
 what is done against, 927.
 what we owe to, 339.
 what, wishes should be said, 802.
 who can paint like, 355.
 whole frame of, 300.
 whose body, is, 316.
 wild abyss the womb of, 229.
 wills, death a thing that, 941.
 youth of primy, 129.
- Natures, same with common, 313.
- Nature's advent strung, harp at, 651.
 bastards not her sons, 246.
 chief masterpiece, 279.
 cockloft is empty, 222.
 copy is not eterne, 121.
 daily food, human, 474.
 end of language is declined, 310.
 evening comment, 483.
 funeral cries, sad sounds are, 729.
 God, through nature up to, 320.
 good and God's, 705.
 grace, rob me of free, 357.
 happiest mould, 388.
 heart beats strong, 664.
 heart in tune, 587.
 journeymen, 137.
 kindly law, 318.
 laws lay hid in night, 330.
 own creating, noble of, 358.
 own sweet cunning hand, 74.
 part, the master-stroke is, 617.
 patient sleepless Erémite, 578.
 prentice hand, 446.
 second course, 120.
 second sun, love is, 35.
 soft nurse, gentle sleep, 89.
 sole mistake, 802.
 sternest painter, 540.
 sweet restorer balmy sleep, 306.
 teachings, list to, 572.
 walks, eye, 375.
 works, a universal blank of, 230.
- Naught a trifle, think, 311.
 availeth, say not the struggle, 726.
 but misery brings, 588.
 but the nightingale's song, 428.
 but vanity in beauty, see, 730.
 but weakness in fond caress, 730.
 can me bereave, 357.
 horror of falling into, 298.
 in this life sweet, 184.
 in world or church or state, 738.
- Naught my sighs avail, 869.
 saith the buyer it is, 1019.
 venture naught have, 21.
 woman's nay doth stand for, 163.
- Naughty night to swim in, 147.
 world, good deed in a, 66.
- Nausicaa, heaven of charms divine,
 343.
- Nautilus, learn of the little, 318.
- Navee, rulers of the Queen's, 801.
- Navies are stranded, when, 493.
- Navigate, bark of man could, 597.
 the azure, 767.
- Navigators, winds and waves on the
 side of the ablest, 430.
- Navy, load would sink a, 99.
 of England, royal, 392.
- Nay he shall have, 9.
 turn not away that sweet head, 605.
 woman's, doth stand for naught,
 163.
- Nazareth, good thing out of, 1034.
- Ne supra crepidam, 907.
- Neera's hair, tangles of, 247.
- Near and far ray on ray, till, 713.
 as, the ocean's edge as I, 722.
 he comes too, 193, 350.
 he seems so, 676.
 is God to man, so, 616.
 port is, the bells I hear, 744.
 the sacred gate, and, 696.
 to be thought so, will go, 53.
 to kerke the, from God more farre,
 29.
- Nearer and a broader mark, 776.
 gaining the crown, 758.
 leaving the cross, 758.
 my father's house, 758.
 my God to thee, 630.
 the bound of life, 758.
 the crystal sea, 758.
 the great white throne, 758.
- Nearing the solution of some theme,
 839.
- Neat not gaudy, 510.
 repast light and choice, 252.
 still to be, still to be drest, 178.
- Neat's leather, ever trod on, 110.
 leather, shoe of, 213.
- Neat-handed Phillis, 248.
- Nebo's lonely mountain, by, 726.
- Nebulous star we call the sun, 672.
- Necessary being, God a, 266.
 end, death a, 112.
 harmless cat, 64.
 to invent God, 986.
- Necessitatem in virtutem, 3.
- Necessite, maken vertue of, 3.
- Necessity, beautiful, 695.
 children of, 793.
 has no law, 959.
 hostile empires, and free will, 583.
 is the argument of tyrants, 453.
 knows no law, 897.
 militations of, 793.
 nature must obey, 115.
 never refuses anything, 897.
 of mortal passions, 926.

- Necessity proper parent of an art, 441.
 the gods cannot strive against, 944.
 the mother of invention, 305.
 the tyrant's plea, 232.
 to make virtue of, 3, 192.
 turns to glorious gain, 476.
 villains by, 146.
 we give the praise of virtue to, 907.
- Necessity's sharp pinch, 146.
- Neck, driveth o'er a soldier's, 105.
 millstone hanged about his, 1034.
- Necks to gripe of noose, 440.
 walk with stretched-forth, 1025.
- Nectar on a lip, 442.
 water, and the rocks pure gold, 44.
- Nectarean juice, 579.
- Nectared sweets, feast of, 245.
- Need, deserted at his utmost, 271.
 ever but in times of, 273.
 friend in, 887.
 good turn at, 968.
 if, be to die, 746.
 many things I do not, 945.
 never fear want of persuasion, 746.
 no fuller test, we, 715.
 of a remoter charm, 467.
 of arsenals and forts, no, 645.
 of blessing, I had most, 119.
 of milk not strong meat, 1040.
 of the sky, I have, 847.
- Needs go that the devil drives, 18, 73.
 no record of her descent there, 763.
 only to be seen, 269.
- Needed by each one, all are, 614.
- Needful, one thing is, 1034.
 to the flower, alike they're, 630.
- Needle and thread, hinders, 594.
 and thread, plying her, 594.
 eye of a, go through the, 1032.
 in a bottle of hay, 858.
 points faithfully, the, 524.
 to the pole, true as the, 306.
 true, like the, 389.
- Needle's eye, postern of a, 82.
- Needless alexandrine, 324.
- Needy hollow-eyed sharp-looking, 50.
- Neglect may breed mischief, 360.
 such sweet, 178.
 wise and salutary, 408.
- Neglecting worldly ends, 42.
- Negligences, his noble, 285.
- Negotiate for itself, every eye, 51.
- Neighbour, hate your, 601.
 love of your, 906.
 love your, as thyself, 1005, 1030, 1032.
 says, looks not to what his, 937.
 that he might rob a, 603.
 to wrangle with a, 962.
- Neighbours, do good to our, 877.
- Neighbour's corn, acre of, 472.
 creed, argument to thy, 614.
 heart, in conjecture of a, 935.
 shame, publishing our, 858.
 wife, love your, 601.
- Neighbouring eyes, cynosure of, 248.
- Neighe as ever he can, 2.
- Neighing steed, farewell the, 154.
- Neighs, high and boastful, 92.
- Neither here nor there, 156.
 is most to blame, 806.
- Nelly, none so fine as, 285.
- Nemean lion's nerve, 131.
- Nemesis, the feet of, 840.
- Neptune, would not flatter, 103.
- Neptune's ocean, all great, 120.
- Nerve, strength of, 482.
 stretch every, 359.
 the Nemean lion's, 131.
 the visual, 240.
- Nerves a nation's heart, song that, 682.
 and finer fibres brace, 357.
 shall never tremble, 122.
- Nes', jay-bird don't rob his own, 828.
- Nessus, as of poisonous, shirts, 583.
 shirt of, is upon me, 158.
- Nest, byrd that fyleth his owne, 8, 18.
 no birds in last year's, 640.
 this delicious, 357.
- Nests, birds in their little, agree, 302.
 birds of the air have, 1031.
 birds of this year in the, of the last, 978.
 in my beard, built their, 703.
 in order ranged, 242.
- Nest-eggs to make clients lay, 215.
- Nestles the seed perfection, 742.
- Nestor swear, though, 59.
- Net, all is fish that cometh to, 15.
- Nets, ladies spend their time making, 291.
- Nether millstone, hard as, 1010.
- Nettle danger, out of this, 84.
 tender-handed stroke a, 313.
 the world is a, 780.
- Neutral, loyal and, in a moment, 120.
- Neutrality of an impartial judge, 411.
- Never a song, 791.
 alone appear the Immortals, 502.
 asked for the toll, 590.
 better late than, 13.
 can be mended, egg can, 636.
 can fall from the days, ah, 631.
 ceased to play, has, 651.
 climbs as rarely falls, who, 650.
 cold, where love is, 718.
 come, back again, 596.
 comes to pass, 454.
 could, never say one half, 605.
 died away, has, 651.
 earth's philosopher, and, 726.
 elated, never dejected, 320.
 ending still beginning, 272.
 fear want of persuasion, 746.
 found the companion, I, 722.
 funked and he never lied, 810.
 go to sea, 801.
 goes out of fashion, bravery, 698.
 has known the barber's shear, 697.
 I shall, never find, 764.
 knew, her loveliness I, 586.
 less alone, 431, 455.
 life is, the same again, 759.
 lost, beauty seen is, 650.
 love any but you, I'll, 681.

- Never loved sae blindly, had we, 452.
 mention her, no we, 588.
 met or never parted, had we, 452.
 more, no more, 715.
 never can forget, 587.
 read any book that is not a year,
 620.
 saw his like, I, 679.
 say nothin' without you're com-
 pelled, 737.
 says a foolish thing, 279.
 shall send our ancient, he, 652.
 stept thro' a prince's hall, 682.
 takes his leave, but, 720.
 that dead men rise up, 806.
 tell a lie, 943.
 the time and the place, 714.
 the twain shall meet, 852.
 till nature high and low, 685.
 to hope again, 99.
 use, 801.
 was owl more blind, 765.
 was seen nor never shall be, 182.
 was so wise a man, there, 646.
 will desert Mr. Micawber, 701.
 wins can rarely lose, who, 650.
 would be missed, 801.
 would lay down my arms, 364.
 yet was a springtime, 811.
you mind, 800.
- Never-ending flight of days, 227.
 Never-failing friends, 506.
 vice of fools, pride the, 323.
- Nevermore be officer of mine, 152.
 let the great interests, 579.
 parted to meet, 613.
 quoth the raven, 656.
 shall be lifted, 656.
 would come again, 648.
- New broom sweeps clean, 16.
 cost little less than, 296.
 departure, 1050.
 earths and skies and seas, 722.
 ever charming ever, 358.
 fangled theories, repudiate these,
 625.
 fashion, the world's, 54.
 fountains in the human heart,
 opened, 597.
 God granted a heart ever, 754.
 is not valuable, what is, 532.
 laws, new lords and, 200.
 life when sin, of that, 717.
 look amaist as weel's the, 447.
 Niobe with clasped hands, 763.
 or old, ale enough whether, 23.
 or old, alike fantastic if too, 324.
 party who has, first of, 700.
 see this is, it may be said, 1022.
 Testament, blessing of the, 164.
 thing under the sun, no, 1022.
 things succeed, 203.
 what is valuable is not, 532.
 what was, was false, 374.
 whole, democratic world, 584.
 world into existence, 464.
 Zealand, traveller from, 601.
- News, bringer of unwelcome, 88.
- News, evil, rides post, 242.
 from a far country, 1020.
 good, baits, 242.
 much older than their ale, 397.
 on the Rialto, what, 61.
 swallowing a tailor's, 80.
- New-born babe, pity like a, 118.
 babe, sinews of the, 139.
 child, a naked, 478.
 in loveliness, 848.
- New England, I sing, 725.
 lights her fire in every prairie, 725.
 the courage of, 599.
 weather, variety about the, 796.
- New England's dead New England's
 dead, 634.
- Newest kind of ways, 90.
 works, in science read the, 632.
- New-fangled mirth, May's, 54.
- New-fledged offspring, 396.
- New-laid egg, as innocent as a, 802.
 eggs roasted rare, 274.
- New-lighted, herald Mercury, 140.
- New-made honour doth forget men's
 names, 78.
- New-mown hay, 296.
- New-spangled ore, 248.
- Newspaper, never look into a, 441.
- Newspapers are villainous, 441.
- Newt, eye of, and toe of frog, 123.
- Newton be, God said let, 330.
 where stood the statue of, 475.
- Next doth ride abroad, 417.
 of kin to time, 855.
- Niagara stuns with thundering sound,
 395.
- Nicanor lay dead in his harness, 1029.
- Nice of no vile hold to stay him up, 79.
 too, for a statesman, 399.
 unparticular man, a, 816.
- Nicely sanded floor, 397.
- Nicer hands, affection hateth, 27.
- Niche he was ordained to fill, 421.
- Nicht-goun, in his, 695.
- Nick, Machiavel, 215.
 of time, 257.
 our old, 215.
- Niece, ten female cousins and a, 799.
- Niggardly rich man, 947.
- Nigh is grandeur to our dust, 616.
 that bring'st the summer, 790.
- Nigher, she knowed the Lord was,
 736.
- Night, a cap by, 397, 401.
 across the day beyond the, 670.
 an atheist half believes a God by,
 308.
 and death and hell, despite, 678.
 and morning Hannah's at window,
 765.
 and storm and darkness, 544.
 arriving in day in, to all, 744.
 as darker grows the, 399.
 at, the wind died, 792.
 attention still as, 227.
 azure robe of, the, 573.
 bed by, chest of drawers by day-
 397.

- Night before Christmas, 't was the, 527.
 beyond the silent, 784.
 black it stood as, 228.
 borrower of the, 120.
 breathed the long long, 694.
 breathing through the, 591.
 by day by, 596.
 by the wind of, 790.
 calm and silent, 699.
 candles of the, 66.
 chaos and old, 224.
 cheek of, hangs upon the, 105.
 closed his eyes in endless, 382.
 cometh when no man can work, 1035.
 compare as day with, 755.
 danger's troubled, 515.
 darkens the streets, 224.
 day brought back my, 252.
 day of woe the watchful, 508.
 deep of, is crept upon our talk, 115.
 descending, 331.
 desolation and dim, 655.
 doomed to walk the, 131.
 drooped in western sky at, 744.
 eldest, and chaos, 229.
 empty-vaulted, 244.
 except I be by Sylvia in the, 44.
 fair regent of the, 426.
 follows the day, 130.
 for the morrow, desire of the, 567.
 from busy day the peaceful, 387.
 gloomy as, he stands, 345.
 golden lamps in a green, 262.
 good, and joy be wi' you, 458.
 good night good, 106.
 had withdrawn her sable veil, 972.
 hands of the sisters death and, 744.
 has a thousand eyes, 833.
 heard the trailing garments of the, 645.
 hideous, makes, 331.
 hideous, making, 131.
 how beautiful is, 507.
 imagining some fear in the, 59.
 in June, recall that, 778.
 in love with, 107.
 in Russia, this will last out a, 47.
 in the dead of, 88.
 in the lonesome October, 656.
 infant crying in the, 675.
 infinite day excludes the, 303.
 innumerable as the stars of, 235.
 is but the daylight sick, 66.
 is long that never finds the day, 124.
 is mother of the day, the, 650.
 is the time to weep, 497.
 it is a dreary, 714.
 joint labourer with the day, 126.
 last in the train of, 235.
 light will repay the wrongs of, 203.
 lightning in the collied, 57.
 listening ear of, 695.
 lone splendour hung aloft the, 577.
 lovely as a Lapland, 475.
 lovers' tongues by, 106.
 lovers to revel in a summer, 654.
 many a dreadful, 356.
- Night, meaner beauties of the, 174.
 mid the cheerless hours of, 568.
 motions of his spirit are dull as, 66.
 my native land good, 540.
 my old Kentucky home good, 764.
 nature's laws lay hid in, 330.
 naughty, to swim in, 147.
 no evil thing walks by, 244.
 nor the moon by, 1016.
 O day and, 133.
 O dusky, 794.
 O, most beautiful and rare, 751.
 of cloudless climes, 551:
 of death, 784.
 of memories and of sighs, 511.
 of sorrow, a fore-spent, 258.
 of the grave, 428.
 of waking, morn of toil, 491.
 oft in the stilly, 523.
 oft in the tranquil, 597.
 oft in the tranquil hour of, 597.
 out into the, 764.
 passed a miserable, 96.
 passed long long, away, 758.
 peace divine like quiet, 761.
 pillar of fire by, 1005.
 pilot 't is a fearful, 589.
 regent of the, 426.
 sable goddess, 306.
 say not good, 433.
 shades of, 234.
 shadow of a starless, 564.
 shall be filled with music, 641.
 ships that pass in the, 644.
 silver lining on the, 243.
 singeth all, 127.
 so full of ghastly dreams, 96.
 so late into the, 553.
 so wild but brings, no, 715.
 soft stillness and the, 65.
 son of the sable, 39.
 sound of revelry by, 542.
 stars in empty, 496.
 steal a few hours from the, 521.
 sung from morn till, 427.
 Sylvia in the, except I be by, 44.
 that covers me, out of the, 828.
 that first we met, 588.
 that makes me or fordoes me, 156.
 that slepen alle, 1.
 the dark-blue hunter, 855.
 the, is dark and I am far, 607.
 the shadow of light, 805.
 there were no day were there no, 786.
 through the balmy air of, 655.
 through the dim halls of, 613.
 thy path be dark as, 702.
 till it be morrow, 106.
 to bloom for sons of, 520.
 to each a fair good, 490.
 toiling upward in the, 643.
 unto night showeth knowledge, 1011.
 untroubled sentries of the shadowy, 635.
 upon the cheek of, 105.
 vast and middle of the, 128.
 watch in the, 1014.

- Night, watchman what of the, 1025.
 what is the, 123.
 when deep sleep falleth, 1008.
 where ignorant armies clash by, 753.
 windy, a rainy morrow, 162.
 wings of, 641.
 witching time of, 139.
 with sudden odour reeled, 686.
 with this her solemn bird, 233.
 womb of uncreated, 227.
 world in love with, 107.
 would not spend another such, 96.
 yes I answered you last, 658.
 yield day to, 93.
- Nights, all white and still, sech, 736.
 and days to come, all our, 117.
 and solemn marches fill the, 748.
 are longest in Russia, when, 47.
 are wholesome, 127.
 awake, lie ten, 51.
 dews of summer, 426.
 forty days and forty, 1004.
 profit of their shining, 54.
 such as sleep o', 111.
 three sleepless, I passed, 465.
 through long long wintry, 703.
 to waste long, in pensive discontent,
 29.
 with sleep, winding up, 92.
- Night's black arch, 451.
 black mantle, 967.
 blue arch adorn, 424.
 candles are burnt out, 108.
 dull ear, piercing the, 92.
 high mysteries, priestess of, 613.
 Plutonian shore, on the, 613.
 work, his day's work and his, 805.
- Night-cap decked his brow, 401.
 Night-dress, lectures in her, 594.
 Nightfall and the light, between the,
 805.
- Night-flower sees but one moon, 521.
 Nightingale dies for shame if another
 bird sings, 188.
 man who imitated the, 912.
 no music in the, 44.
 roar an 't were any, 57.
 the wakeful, 233.
 to act the part of a, 929.
 was mute, the, 622.
- Nightingale's high note, 551.
 hymn in the dark, the, 681.
 song in the grove, 428.
- Nightly dreams, all my, 655.
 pitch my moving tent, 497.
 to the listening earth, 300.
- Night-wind bewaileth the fall of, the,
 715.
 blew cold on my desolate, 613.
- Nil tam difficilist, 203.
- Nile, allegory on the banks of the, 440.
 dam up the waters of the, 596.
 dogs drinking from the, 901, 905.
 outvenoms all the worms of, 160.
 show me the fountain of the, 619.
 to eat the lotus of the, 651.
 where is my serpent of old, 157.
- Nilotic isle, 240.
- Nimble and airy servitors, 253.
 and full of subtle flame, 196.
- Nimbly and sweetly recommends it-
 self, 117.
 capers, in a lady's chamber, 95.
- Nine days' wonder, 6, 16.
 lives like a cat, 16, 877.
 moons wasted, 149.
- Nineteen or twenty short summers
 ago, 750.
- Ninety-eight, to speak of, 866.
- Ninny, Handel's but a, 351.
- Ninth part of a hair, I'll cavil on, 85.
- Niobe, like, all tears, 128.
 of nations, 546.
 with clasped hands, new, 763.
- Nipping and an eager air, 130.
- Nips his root, 99.
- Nisi suadeat intervallis, 1049.
- No better than you should be, 197.
 day without a line, 906.
 love lost between us, 178.
 matter what you do, 809.
 mebbly to mean yes an' say, 736.
 more like my father, 128.
 more of that Hal, 85.
 reckoning made, 107.
 sooner looked but they loved, 71.
 sooner met but they looked, 71.
 sooner sighed but asked the reason,
 71.
 wisdom like frankness, 627.
- Noah's ark, hunt it into, 416.
 ark, mouldy rolls of, 268.
- Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus,
 406.
- Nobility, betwixt the wind and his, 83.
 idleness is an appendix to, 187.
 is the only virtue, 907.
 my, begins with me, 919.
 of ascent and descent, 795.
 our old, 726.
- Nobility's true badge, mercy is, 103.
- Noble and approved good masters,
 149.
 and well-beloved souls, 804.
 army of martyrs, 1042.
 be, 731.
 bloods, the breed of, 110.
 by heritage generous and free, 285.
 deed is wrought, where'er a, 646.
 every, crown is and, 583.
 face, hills of manhood a, 664.
 fame, 793.
 in a death so, 242.
 in reason, 134.
 living and the noble dead, 476.
 mind, loyal nature and of, 681.
 mind o'erthrown, 136.
 minds, divine insanity of, 747.
 negligences, teach his, 288.
 of every, work silent part is best,
 746.
 of nature's own creating, 358.
 origin, gift of, 474.
 shame, ashamed with the, 729.
 thought, where'er is spoken a, 646.
 thoughts, never alone with, 34.

- Noble to be good, 't is only, 667.
 to be, we'll be good, 406.
 too, for the world, 103.
 work of love to do, some, 696.
- Nobles and heralds, 288.
 by the right of an earlier creation,
 600.
- Nobleman writes a book, when a,
 374.
- Nobleness in other men, 731.
- Nobler growth, man is the, 433.
 in the mind to suffer, 135.
 loves and cares, 477.
 modes of life, ring in the, 676.
 race of men, 842.
 than any fact my wish, 651.
 words, like perfect music unto, 685.
- Noblest acts the best feels the, 721.
 heritage, names that are England's,
 726.
 mind the best contentment has, 27.
 Roman of them all, 115.
 thing, earth's, 731.
 things, sweetness and light the two,
 291.
 work of God, an honest man, 319,
 447.
 work of man, 784.
- Nobly born must nobly meet his fate,
 884.
 die for their country, 102.
 planned, perfect woman, 475.
 to do nobly to die, 682.
- Nobody at home, there's, 336.
 gets old and godly and grave, 848.
 has ever expected me to be, 660.
 I care for, 427.
 never made me, don't think, 700.
 which, can deny, 605.
- Nobody's business, 207.
- Nod, affects to, 271.
 an esteemed person's, 914.
 ready with every, to tumble, 97.
 shakes his curls and gives the, 337.
- Nods and becks, 248.
 Homer sometimes, 892.
 nor is it Homer, 323.
- Nodded at the helm, Palinurus, 332.
 nearly napping, while I, 655.
- Noddin, nid nid, 458.
- Nodding horror, 243.
 violet grows, 58.
- Nodosities of the oak, 412.
- Noise, dire was the, of conflict, 236.
 like of a hidden brook, 499.
 no, over a good deed, 939.
 of endless wars, 229.
 of folly, shun'st the, 249.
 of many waters, 1014.
 of sighs, 791.
 of tempests dieth, the, 700.
 of waters in mine ears, 96.
 they that govern make least, 196.
- Noiseless around me myriads of other
 globes, 745.
 fabric sprung, 535.
 falls the foot of time, 464.
 foot of time, inaudible and, 74.
- Noiseless night, the splendid summer
 of its, 846.
 tenor of their way, 385.
- Noisy keys, over the, 761.
- Noll for shortness called, 388.
- No-man's land, 798.
- Nomen alias quare, 175.
- Nominated in the bond, 65.
- Nomination of this gentleman, 145.
 to office, 410.
- No-more, I am also called, 769.
- Non amo te, Sabidi, 286.
- Non-conformist, whoso would be a
 man must be a, 618.
- None are so desolate, 541.
 but himself his parallel, 352.
 but the brave deserves the fair, 271.
 can truly write his, 685.
 can write it for him, and, 685.
 ever loved but at first sight, 35.
 has begun to think how divine, 742.
 knew thee but to love thee, 562.
 on earth above her, 455.
 other I can love, there is, 680.
 resign, few die and, 435.
 so blind that will not see, 283, 293.
 so deaf that will not hear, 19, 283.
 so poor to do him reverence, 113.
 take seriously, ape whom, 729.
 think the great unhappy but the
 great, 310.
 thrives for long upon, 757.
 to praise, maid with, 469.
 unhappy but the great, 301.
 who dares do more is, 118.
 without hope e'er loved, 377.
- Nonsense and sense, through, 269.
 now and then, a little, 389.
 the corner of, 505.
- Nook for me, an obscure, 704.
 seat in some poetic, 536.
- Nooks to lie and read in, 536.
- Noon, blaze of, 241.
 heaven's immortal, 566.
 no sun no moon no, 595.
 of thought, 433.
 sailing athwart the, 501.
 sun has not attained his, 202.
 to dewy eve, from, 225.
- Noonday, clearer than the, 1008.
 light, truth and, 719.
 that wasteth at, 1014.
- Noontide air, summer's, 227.
- Noose, necks to gripe of, 440.
- Noosing a bursting purse, 449.
- Nor can I, 719.
- Nor-east to sou'-west winds, 797.
- Normal as life itself, 826.
 lurch, a wink and a sly, 723.
- Norman blood, 667.
- Norms, dark vistas of the reboantic,
 636.
- North and south clasp hands, 698.
 and the south and, 578.
 Ariosto of the, 545.
 ask where's the, 318.
 fair weather out of the, 1009.
 forth in triumph from the, 604.

- North, hills of the stormy, 570.
 no east no west no, 517.
 south, east and west, 798.
 to southeast to west, 967.
 unripened beauties of the, 298.
 Northern main, to the, 333.
 thought is slow, 709.
 North-wind's breath, 570.
 Norval, my name is, 392.
 Norwegian hills, hewn on, 224.
 Nor'-wester is blowing, a strong, 510.
 Nose, down his innocent, 67.
 entuned in hire, 1.
 his own, would not assert his, 415.
 into other men's porridge, 973.
 jolly red nose, 869.
 look so blue, why does thy, 861.
 may ravage a rose, any, 703.
 of Cleopatra, 985.
 on a man's face, 44, 192, 971.
 paying through the, 1050.
 sharp as a pen, 91.
 spectacles on, and pouch on side, 69.
 that's his precious, 593.
 tip-tilted, her slender, 678.
 to the grindstone, 360.
 wipe a bloody, 349.
 Noses, and pleasant scents the, 723.
 athwart men's, 104.
 to the grindstone, 11, 172, 191.
 Nosegay of culled flowers, 965.
 Nostril, that ever offended, 46.
 upturned his, 239.
 Nostrils, breath is in his, 1025.
 Not a drum was heard, 563.
 at all surprising, it's, 720.
 dead but gone before, 455.
 if I know myself at all, 509.
 in the vein, I am, 97.
 in toys we spent them, 260.
 lost but gone before, 283.
 of an age but for all time, 179.
 that I loved Cæsar less, 113.
 to know me, 234.
 to speak it profanely, 137.
 what we wish, 390.
 with me is against me, 1034.
 Notches on the blade, 1003.
 Not-day exhibited, till I saw what the,
 745.
 Note, deed of dreadful, 121.
 deserving, 201.
 it in a book, 1026.
 of him take no, 52.
 of praise, swells the, 384.
 of preparation, give dreadful, 92.
 of time, we take no, 306.
 of, when found make a, 702.
 take note take, O world, 154.
 that means to be of, 158.
 that swells the gale, 386.
 which Cupid strikes, 218.
 youth that means to be of, 158.
 Notes, all the compass of the, 271:
 by distance made more sweet, 390.
 chiel's amang ye takin', 449.
 never scare, yet its, 750.
 of the harpers ring, the, 587.
 Notes of woe, the deepest, 452.
 thick-warbled, 241.
 thy liquid, 251.
 thy once loved poet sung, 335.
 with many a winding bout, 249.
 Note-book, set in a, 115.
 Nothin' that you can be held tu, say,
 737.
 without you're compelled, say, 737.
 Nothing, a thing cannot go back to,
 937.
 becomes him ill, 55.
 before and nothing behind, 503.
 blessed is he who expects, 347.
 but immortality, think there is, 745.
 but that, might ever do, 78.
 but the infinite pity, 791.
 but vain fantasy, begot of, 105.
 but well and fair, 242.
 but what hath been said before, 185,
 888.
 can be well done hastily, 897.
 can bring back the hour, 478.
 can bring you peace, 618.
 can come out of nothing, 937.
 can cover his high fame, 198.
 can happen more beautiful than
 death, 742.
 can need a lie, 205.
 can touch him further, 121.
 can we call our own but death, 82.
 comes amiss so money comes, 72.
 comes to thee new or strange, 668.
 common did or mean, 263.
 condition of doing, 934.
 created something of, 222.
 death in itself is, 276.
 dies but something mourns, 558.
 earthly could surpass her, 555.
 either good or bad, 134.
 else but to be mended, 211.
 emboldens sin so much as mercy,
 109.
 except a battle lost, 463.
 extenuate, 156.
 first, all at once and, 691.
 for thee is too early, 938.
 full of sound and fury signifying,
 125.
 gives to airy, 59.
 half so sweet in life, 521.
 having, yet hath all, 174.
 hid from the heat thereof, 1011.
 I have everything yet have, 888.
 I owe much, I have, 956.
 I want nothing and I possess, 888.
 if not critical, 151.
 ill can dwell in such a temple, 43
 in excess, 943.
 in his life became him, 117.
 in the world to do, with, 611.
 infinite deal of, speaks an, 60.
 is but what is not, 116.
 is changed in France, 1001.
 is fair or good alone, 614.
 is had for nothing, world when, 727.
 is here for tears, 242.
 is impossible, 11.

- Nothing is law that is not reason, 278.
 is so galling to a people, 603.
 is so hard but search will find it out,
 203.
 is so useless as a general maxim,
 600.
 is there to come, 261.
 is unnatural, 441.
 knew when to say, 836.
 learned nothing and forgotten, 1003.
 like being used to a thing, 441.
 little is better than, 896.
 long, everything by starts and, 268.
 must be done too late, 906.
 new except what is forgotten, 1003.
 of him that doth fade, 42.
 of nothing comes, 767.
 passages that lead to, 386.
 profits more than self-esteem, 238.
 risks nothing gains, 21.
 says, when nothing to say, 374.
 secretly, do, 883.
 so becomes a man as modest still-
 ness, 91.
 so difficult but it may be found out,
 890.
 so expensive as glory, 460.
 so precious as time, 959.
 starve with, 60.
 succeeds like success, 1050.
 that he did not adorn, 367.
 that is can pause or stay, 647.
 the sweet do, 934.
 the world knows, of its greatest men,
 606.
 't is not for, we life pursue, 276.
 't is something, 153.
 to do but work, 838.
 to have a thing is, 866.
 to him falls early, 183.
 to this, but, 378.
 to wail or knock the breast, 242.
 to wear, really and truly I've, 763.
 to write about, 934.
 tost, 790.
 triumphs for, 160.
 true but heaven, 524.
 we desire, so much as what we ought
 not to have, 897.
 will come of nothing, 146.
 wise for saying, 60.
 wise men say, in dangerous times,
 196.
 zealous for, 373.
 Nothings, such laboured, 324.
 Nothingness, day of, 548.
 pass into, 574.
 Nothing-withholding and free, 817.
 Noticeable man, 472.
 Notion, blunder and foolish, 448.
 Notions fudge, we call old, 739.
 of Deity, down with ridiculous, 765.
 Notorious by base fraud, 901.
 Nought but a lovely sighing, 577.
 is everything, 517.
 shall make us rue, 80.
 so vile that on the earth, 106.
 to have, is to have all things, 757.
- Nouns, whose verbs and, do more
 agree, 813.
 Nourish all the world, 56.
 Nourisher in life's feast, 120.
 Nourishment called supper, 54.
 to give the soul fit, 630.
 Novelist realist rhymester play your,
 683.
 Novelty, pleased with, 417.
 November, no leaves no birds, 595.
 November's surly blast, 446.
 Novice she could say, what to a, 720.
 Now and forever, 533.
 came still evening on, 233.
 eternal, does always last, 261.
 everlasting, 261.
 gold hath sway we all obey, 652.
 I know it, thought so once, 350.
 I lay me down to sleep, 873.
 if it be, 't is not to come, 145.
 is the accepted time, 1038.
 's the day, now's the hour, 450.
 Noyance or unrest, 357.
 Nude, to keep one from going, 838.
 Null, splendidly, 677.
 the evil is, 710.
 Nulla dies sine linea, 906.
 Nullum magnum ingenium, 267.
 quod tetigit non ornavit, 367.
 Number, blessings without, 302.
 happiness of the greatest, 1048.
 of things, the world is full of, 829.
 our days, teach us to, 1014.
 stand more for, than account, 48.
 Numbers, add to golden, 182.
 good luck in odd, 46.
 harmonious, 230.
 lisped in, 327.
 lived in Settle's, 331.
 luck in odd, there is, 590.
 magic, and persuasive sound, 294.
 round, are false, 375.
 sanctified the crime, 425.
 stream in smoother, 324.
 success does not depend upon, 634.
 tell me not in mournful, 638.
 there is divinity in odd, 46.
 warmly pure, 389.
 Nun, the holy time is quiet as a, 470.
 Nunnery, get thee to a, 136.
 Nunquam se minus otiosum, 455.
 Nuptial bower, led her to the, 237.
 Nurse a flame, if you, 516.
 contemplation, her best, 244.
 for a poetic child, 489.
 nature's soft, 89.
 of arms and land of scholars, 395.
 of manly sentiment, 410.
 of young desire, 427.
 to rear to watch, to, 749.
 Nurses, wives are old men's, 165.
 Nurse's arms, puking in the, 69.
 Nursed a dear gazelle, 526.
 Nursing her wrath, 451.
 there was lack of woman's, 653.
 Nurture your mind with great
 thoughts, 628.
 Nutbrown ale, the spicy, 249.

- Nuther, he could n't ha' told ye, 736.
 Nutmeg-graters, rough as, 313.
 Nutmegs and cloves, 869.
 Nutrition, to draw, 317.
 Nuts by hard buffoonery, earn his, 729.
 Nymph, a wanton ambling, 95.
 haste thee, 248.
 in thy orisons, 136.
 lake-lily is an urn some, 704.
 mountain, sweet liberty, 248.
 Naiad or a Grace, 490.
 Nympha pudica Deum vidit, 258.
 Nympholepsy of fond despair, 546.
- O me no O's, 1054.
 welcome, 790.
- Oak, bend a knotted, 294.
 brave old, the, 652.
 for angling rod a sturdy, 217.
 from a small acorn grows, 459.
 hardest-timbered, 94.
 hearts of, are our ships, 388.
 hollow, our palace is, 537.
 little strokes fell great, 360.
 many strokes overthrow the tallest, 32.
 nodosities of the, 412.
 raven on yon left-hand, 349.
 shadow of the British, 410.
 ships were British, 388.
- Oaks, branch-charmed, 575.
 from little acorns, tall, 459.
- Oaken bucket, the old, 537.
- Oar, drip of the suspended, 543.
 in every man's boat, 975.
 soft moves the dipping, 862.
 spread the thin, 318.
- Oars alone can ne'er prevail, 416.
 keep time and voices tune, 518.
 low stir of leaves and dip of, 651.
 were silver, the, 157.
 with falling, 262.
- Oat-cakes and sulphur, the land of, 459.
- Oath, corporal, 974.
 good mouth-filling, 86.
 hard a keeping, sworn too, 54.
 he never made, to break an, 214.
 he that imposes an, 214.
 honour of more weight than an, 943.
 no, too binding for a lover, 883.
 not the, makes us believe, 882.
 spirit flew up with the, 379.
 trust no man on his, 109.
- Oaths, false as dicers', 140.
 soldier full of strange, 69.
- Oatmeal, literature on a little, 460.
- Oats food for horses, 187.
- Obadiah David Josias, 872.
- Obdured breast, arm the, 228.
- Obedience bane of all genius, 567.
 supreme powers keep men in, 193.
 to God, 1051.
- Obedient to the law, 783.
- Obey gold that sway we all, 652.
 the important call, 421.
 thy cherished secret wish, now, 745.
- Obey, till we can and do, 760.
 to love cherish and to, 1043.
 troops of friends, 124.
 whom three realms, 326.
- Obeys him, though she bends him she, 645.
- Object all sublime, 802.
 be our country, let our, 530.
 can there be a more horrible, 585.
 failure in a great, 577.
 in possession, 934.
 passion or the excitement, 657.
 truth or the satisfaction, 657.
- Objects and knowledge curious, for, 744.
 in an airy height, 287.
 of all thought, 467.
 sees in all, eye of intellect, 582.
- Obligation, fulfilment every pecuniary, 755.
 haste to pay an, 981.
 to posterity, 439.
- Obliged by hunger, 326.
 in this fool's world, 729.
- Obliging, so, ne'er obliged, 327.
- Oblivion, after life is, 936.
 bury in, 201.
 second childishness and mere, 69.
 stretch her wing, 347.
 tooth of time and razure of, 49.
- Oblivious antidote, some sweet, 125.
- Obscure, circuitous and, 840.
 grave, a little little, 82.
 palpable, 227.
- Obscures the show of evil, 63.
- Obsequious majesty, 237.
- Observance, breach than the, 130.
 with this special, 137.
- Observation, bearings of this, 702.
 by my penny of, 55.
 smack of, 78.
 strange places crammed with, 68.
 with extensive view, 365.
- Observations which we make, 320.
- Observe the opportunity, 1029.
- Observer, God has waited six thousand years for an, 858.
 he is a great, 111.
- Observers, observed of all, 136.
- Observer's sake, partial for the, 320.
- Obstinate questionings of sense, 478.
- Obstruction, to lie in cold, 48.
- Obtainable, no truer truth, 714.
- Obtained, but when once, 586.
- Occasion, courage mounted with, 78.
 mellowing of, 55.
 requires, silent when, 915.
 to know one another, 45.
 when to take, by the hand, 665.
- Occasions and causes, 93.
- Occident, in the yet unformed, 39.
- Occupation, absence of, 415.
 's gone, Othello's, 154.
- Occupations, let thy, be few, 938.
- Occur in the best regulated families, 701.
 the most of them never, 843.
 things that did n't, 839

- Occurs, liberty be subserved whatever,
744.
what we anticipate seldom, 628.
- Occurrence, fortuitous, 403.
- Ocean after its life, fleeing to, 716.
bed, daystar in the, 248.
deep bosom of the, 95.
deeper than, 585.
depths of the, 862.
each wavelet on the, tost, 718.
girdled with the sky, 507.
grasp the, with my span, 303.
great Neptune's, 120.
heart of the great, 640.
I have loved thee, 547.
is n't God upon the, 724.
is this the mighty, 512.
leans against the land, 395.
life's tremulous, 528.
like the round, 507.
murmurs as the, 512.
nothing but sky and, 503.
of life we pass, so on the, 644.
of truth all undiscovered, 278.
on life's vast, 317.
on whose awful face, 635.
raging o'er the upper, 700.
roll on thou dark blue, 547.
sunless retreats of the, 524.
the round, 467.
to the river of his thoughts, 553.
unfathomed caves of, 385.
upon a painted, 498.
verge, white sail upon the, 802.
wave, life on the, 714.
wave of the, 867.
- Ocean's edge as I can go, near the,
722.
foam to sail, on, 542.
mane, hand upon the, 598.
melancholy waste, 572.
wave-beat shore, and, 717.
- Ocean-beach, a shell from the, 793.
- O'clock, for it's nou ten, 695.
- October, dies in, 184.
night in the lonesome, 656.
- Octogenarian chief, the, 545.
- Octosyllabic verse, the, 550.
- Ocular proof, give me, 154.
- Odd numbers, divinity in, 46.
numbers, luck in, 590.
numbers most effectual, 906.
numbers, the god delights in, 906.
- Odds, facing fearful, 604.
life must one swear, 287.
with morning, night almost at, 123.
- Odious, comparisons are, 7, 40, 177.
in woollen, 321.
- Odourous, comparisons are, 52.
- Odour reeled, night with sudden, 686.
stealing and giving, 74.
sweet and wholesome, 296.
- Odours crushed are sweeter, 455.
flung rose flung, 238.
Sabeau, 232.
sweet, with, 821.
virtue is like precious, 165.
when sweet violets sicken, 567.
- Odyssey, the Iliad and the, 503.
- O'er folded blooms, 833.
the hill-tops far away, 831.
the vast globe, 776.
- O'er-dusted, than gilt, 102.
- O'erflowing full, without, 257.
- O'erwrought, a mind, 816.
upon a mind, 816.
- Off with his head, 97, 296.
- Offence, detest the, 333.
forgave the, 273.
from amorous causes, spring, 325.
is rank, nay, 139.
no harshness gives, 324.
returning after, 242.
- Offences, too thin to hide, 101.
- Offend, broken into shards if we, 691.
- Offends at some unlucky time, 328.
- Offended, for him have I, 113.
- Offender, hugged the, 273.
love the, 333.
never pardons the, 206.
- Offenders, of social, 801.
- Offending Adam, whipped the, 90.
front of my, 149.
soul alive, most, 92.
- Offer yourselves to the sea, 817.
- Offers to every mind its choice, God,
621.
- Offering be, though poor the, 525.
- Offerings, the gods despise enforced,
850.
- Off-heel provokes the caper, his, 442.
- Office and affairs of love, 51.
circumlocution, 701.
clear in his great, 118.
due participation of, 435.
hath but a losing, 88.
he'll hold, 768.
insolence of, 135.
nomination to, 410.
tender, long engage me, 328.
to speak patience, 't is all men's, 53.
whom lust of, does not kill, 730.
whom spoils of, cannot buy, 730.
- Offices are public trusts, 529.
friendship an exchange of good, 981.
great talents for great, 421.
of prayer and praise, 479.
- Officer and the office, 461.
fear each bush an, 95.
of mine, never more be, 152.
- Officious innocent sincere, 366.
- Offspring, new fledged, 396.
of heaven first-born, 230.
of the gentelman Jafeth, 182.
time's noblest, 312.
true source of human, 234.
- Oft expectation fails, 73.
has it been my lot, 390.
in the stilly night, 523.
in the tranquil hour of night, 597.
invited me, 150.
is but an art, laughter, 585.
repeating they believe 'em, 288.
the wisest man, he is, 472.
- Often, always blind and, tipsy, 609.
been so, it has, 694.

- Often funny, words are few and, 720.
 Ofttimes I hover, about the spot,
 696.
- Oil, business furnishes, 415.
 everything is soothed by, 903.
 incomparable Macassar, 555.
 little, in a cruise, 1007.
 midnight, consumed the, 348.
 neither did the cruise of, fail, 1007.
 of joy for mourning, 1026.
 on the sea, pouring, 926.
 unprofitably burns, our, 415.
- Oily art, that glib and, 146.
 man of God, round fat, 357.
- Ointment precious, better than, 1022.
- Old age bring the red flare again, 848.
 age comes on apace, 428.
 age, dallies like the, 75.
 age in this universal man, 169.
 age is a regret, 628.
 age is beautiful and free, their, 471.
 age may come after you, know, 743.
 age of cards, 321.
 age serene and bright, 475.
 age, which should accompany, 124.
 ale enough whether new or, 23.
 alike fantastic if too new or, 324.
 all brave, my friends of, 679.
 always find time to grow, 312.
 and fat, grows, 84.
 and young, 792.
 and young we are on our last cruise,
 830.
 as I am for ladies' love unfit, 272.
 authors to read, 171.
 autumn in the misty morn, 594.
 Belerium to the northern main, 333.
 bookes, out of, 5.
 cares, 794.
 chairs and half a candle, two, 703.
 decay the greenest, ever upon, 650.
 dog Tray's ever faithful, 764.
 ere I was, 503.
 even to the, 798.
 experience is a fool, 683.
 fetish raiments of the past, 788.
 fieldes, out of the, 6.
 friends are best, 195.
 friends old times, 401.
 friends to trust, 171.
 Greece or Rome, beauty which, 650.
 Grimes is dead, 596.
 groans ring yet in my ears, 106.
 growing, in drawing nothing up, 419.
 have been young and now am, 1011.
 hugged by the, 593.
 I love everything that 's, 401.
 in the brave days of, 604.
 Ireland, I'll not forget, 638.
 iron rang, 211.
 jolly place in times of, 472.
 jug without a handle, one, 703.
 Kentucky home good night, my,
 764.
 love for new, 25.
 love is born anew, 993.
 love straitened him, of an, 680.
 man, a good, 52.
- Old man do, what can an, 592.
 man eloquent, 252.
 man to have so much blood, 124.
 man, weak and despised, 147.
 man with a beard, an, 703.
 man's darling, 19.
 man's heart, blood in an, 723.
 manners old books old wine, 171.
 Marm Hackett's garden, over, 724.
 men fools, young men think, 36.
 men must die or the world, 684.
 men shall dream dreams, 1028.
 men's dream, 268.
 mighty minds of, 506.
 monks of, those, 866.
 Nick, 215.
 nobility, leave us still our, 726.
 not so, but she may learn, 64.
 oaken bucket, 537.
 odd ends stolen out of holy writ, 96.
 soldiers are surest, 181.
 songs, sing the, 778.
 tale and often told, 489.
 Testament, blessing of the, 164.
 that glorious song of, 695.
 the public is an, woman, 583.
 the world is growing, 718.
 time, cities of, 815.
 when all the world is, lad, 728.
 which I heard in days of, 653.
 wine to drink, 171.
 wine wholesomest, is not, 181.
 with service, weary and, 99.
 wood burns brightest, 181.
 wood to burn, 171.
 yes I'm growing, 719.
 you are, Father William, 781.
- Olden sanctities, flower of, 757.
 time long ago, this was in the, 655.
- Older days, the great of, 774.
 thoughts and things look, 608.
- Oldest colours have faded, 853.
 in literature read the, 632.
 sins the newest kind of ways, 90.
- Old-fashioned poetry, 208.
- Old-gentlemanly vice, 556.
- Ole Hundred ring, my when he made,
 736.
- Olive-plants, children like, 1016.
- Oliver, Rowland for an, 1051.
- Olympian bards who sung, 615.
- Olympic games, conqueror in the, 919.
 race, Alexander in the, 918.
- Olympus, tottering Ossa stood on,
 344.
- Omega, Alpha and, 1041.
- Omen, asks no, 339.
- 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre, 853.
- Omnia mutantur, 321.
- Omnipresent, like the Deity is, 534.
- On a lone barren isle, 623.
 and up amid the hills, 664.
 his last legs, 172.
 Stanley on, 490.
 the wild emerald cucumber-tree, 635.
 this hapless earth, 585.
 which one he felt the wust, 736.
 with the dance, 542.

- On ye brave, 515.
 Once a year, Christmas comes but, 20.
 and nothing first, all at, 691.
 have a priest for enemy, 630.
 I thought so, now I know it, 350.
 in doubt, 153.
 loved poet sung, notes thy, 335.
 man can die but, 90.
 more, telling battle was on, 751.
 more unto the breach, 91.
 more upon the waters, 542.
 my soul possesst, 794.
 to be resolved, 153.
 to every man and nation, 732.
 upon a midnight dreary, 655.
 went to pieces all at, 691.
 One all together, and the loved, 714.
 and all, 792.
 and inseparable, 533.
 and the other a sea, between the,
 631.
 as the sea, 496.
 breath attunes the spheres, with,
 722.
 bright hour to waste, nor suffer,
 696.
 brotherhood makes all men, 582.
 clear call for me, and, 685.
 country one constitution, 531.
 day in the country, 777.
 day, that shall we know, 769.
 down eternity's river, flow in, 714.
 fair daughter and no more, 134.
 fair spirit, with, 547.
 fell swoop, 124.
 flag one land one heart, 690.
 foot fust, stood a spell on, 736.
 forty feeding like, 469.
 full peal of praise, is, 678.
 God grant you find, face, 729.
 God one law one element, 677.
 golden hour, 766.
 good sir I owe you, 454.
 great law, 797.
 half, never say, my love for thee,
 605.
 her heart's adrift with, 765.
 I fill this cup to, 608.
 is n't loved every day, 779.
 kind kiss before we part, 859.
 led astray, like, 250.
 little hour, 775.
 little sand-piper, 792.
 man among a thousand, 1022.
 man can do, so much, 263.
 man's poison, 199.
 man's will, to live by, 31.
 man's wit, 1053.
 many must labour for the, 551.
 mind in an house, 1043.
 more unfortunate, 595.
 mouth, two ears but only, 628.
 nation evermore, 690.
 near one is too far, 708.
 of her, within, 297.
 old jug without a handle, 703.
 on God's side is a majority, 699.
 on which, he felt the wust, 736.
 One pure delight, life then seemed,
 597.
 science only, 323.
 seated, day at the organ, 761.
 sharp stern struggle, 771.
 small ant-heap, 843.
 step enough for me, 607.
 that feared God, 1008. ■
 that hath, unto every, 1033.
 that loved not wisely, 156.
 that was a woman, 143.
 that would circumvent God, 143.
 that would peep and botanize, 471.
 thet fust gits mad 's 'most, 737.
 thing, the man who seeks, 780.
 thought of thee, 333.
 truth is clear, 316.
 unquestioned text we read, 691.
 what are his qualifications, 768.
 where every, goes in his turn, 742.
 who fed on poetry, as, 631.
 with true toil, true leisure, 716.
 One's own self, easiest to deceive, 632.
 sphere, fitting of self to, 716.
 One-eyed blinking sort of place, 816.
 One-horse town, this poor little, 795.
 One-hoss shay, wonderful, 691.
 Only a baby small, 856.
 a little while now, 804.
 a look and a voice, 644.
 a signal shown, 644.
 a worm again, 803.
 Onset, word of, 474.
 Onward, death's truer name is, 685.
 in the way, walks, 686.
 steer right, 252.
 upward till the goal ye win, 686.
 Onwards unswerving, 't is, 716.
 Ooze of the silent river, 857.
 Oozing out, my valour is, 441.
 Opaceous earth, round this, 237.
 Ope, murder hath broke, 120.
 my lips, when I, 60.
 the sacred source, 382.
 Open and free, hand and heart, 102.
 as day and the hearts, 642.
 as day for melting charity, 90.
 eye, alle night with, 1.
 eye and ear, we lack but, 650.
 hands, stretch forth your, 790.
 locks whoever knocks, 123.
 outlets to the Divinity, 994.
 rebuke is better, 1021.
 stand our gates, 798.
 to all always, always true, 754.
 yield, try what the, 315.
 Opened and blazed with thunder, 680.
 new fountains in the human heart,
 597.
 Opening bud to heaven conveyed, 500.
 eyelids of the morn, 247.
 flower, every, 302.
 paradise to him are, 386.
 Openings, spots of sunny, 536.
 Open-wood-fire, what is more cheerful
 than an, 799.
 Operation, by mere mechanic, 715.
 it requires a surgical, 459.

- Opes the palace of eternity, 243.
 Ophiuchus, huge, 229.
 Opinion, error of, 434.
 human to err in, 928.
 inconsistencies of, 533.
 my deliberate, 505.
 no way approve his, 77.
 of his own, still, 215.
 of Pythagoras, 77.
 of the law, with good, 440.
 of the strongest, 983.
 pay for his false, 215.
 scope of my, 126.
 was clearly of the, 767.
 what thinkest thou of his, 77.
 Opinions, all creeds and, 791.
 and a will, men who possess, 730.
 back with wager, 554.
 force of, 961.
 halt between two, 1007.
 I have bought golden, 118.
 maintain no ill, 398.
 never two, alike, 963.
 of mankind, 434.
 stiff in, always in the wrong, 268.
 Opponent, arguments to malign an,
 626.
 Opportunities, a woman with fair, 698.
 lost never regained, 906.
 Opportunity, dust of servile, 483.
 observe the, 1029.
 watch your, 944.
 we often miss our, 995.
 will prevail, 944.
 Opposed, that the, may beware, 130.
 Opposing end them, by, 135.
 wrong, engaged in, 693.
 Oppressed, while one man's, 320.
 with two weak evils, 69.
 Oppression, rumour of, 418.
 Oppressor's wrong, 135.
 Oppugnancy, in mere, 102.
 Optics sharp it needs, 439.
 turn their, in upon 't, 214.
 Oracle, I am Sir, 60.
 of God, fast by the, 223.
 pronounced wisest, 241.
 Oracles are dumb, 251.
 Oracular tongue, use of my, 440.
 Oraculous, let him, thy fate display,
 344.
 Orange bright, like golden lamps, 262.
 flower perfumes the bower, 494.
 glows, where the gold, 989.
 Orations, make no long, 432.
 objections against, 924.
 Orator, I am no, 114.
 till the lion, charm us, 682.
 Orators, loud-bawling, 921.
 repair, the famous, 241.
 very good, when they are out, 71.
 Oratory, flowery, he despised, 304.
 Orb, foolery does walk about this, 76.
 in orb cycle and epicycle, 237.
 monthly changes in her circled, 106.
 of light, I gaze upon each, 597.
 of one particular tear, 163.
 of song, that mighty, 479.
 Orb, there is not the smallest, 65.
 this wretched, 775.
 Orbaneja the painter, 974.
 Orbed maiden with white fire, 565.
 Orbit and sum of Shakespeare's wit,
 616.
 of the restless soul, love the, 756.
 Orcaes, in Scotland at the, 318.
 Orchard lawns, happy fair with, 681.
 sleeping within my, 132.
 Orchestral silences, grand, 659.
 Ordained of God, 1036.
 Ordains, heav'n a time, 252.
 Order brought, large elements in, 677.
 change, the old, 681.
 decently and in, 1038.
 embrace thy friends leave all in, 745.
 gave each thing view, 98.
 his mistress', to perform, 331.
 in variety we see, 333.
 is heaven's first law, 319.
 nests ranged in, 242.
 of your going, stand not upon the,
 122.
 rain or shine, can not, 719.
 reigns in Warsaw, 1001.
 set thine house in, 1026.
 this better in France, 379.
 to haud the wretch in, 448.
 Orders, Almighty's, to perform, 299.
 profane no divine, 398.
 Ordered well, that all is, 715.
 Ordinances, external, 369.
 Ordinary men are fit for, 146.
 men, reach of, 470.
 Ordine retrogrado, 169.
 Ore, new-spangled, 248.
 Organ, an, breathes in every grove,
 595.
 most miraculous, 135.
 of her life, every lovely, 53.
 seated one day at the, 761.
 silent, loudest chants, 615.
 Organs dimensions senses, 63.
 Organically incapable of a tune, 509.
 Organized hypocrisy, 624.
 Organ-pipe of frailty, 80.
 Orgies of morality, sexless, 808.
 Orient beams, spreads his, 233.
 mould, shaft of, 570.
 pearl, a double row, 871.
 pearl, sowed the earth with, 234.
 pearls at random strung, 437.
 pearls, puddly thoughts to, 969.
 Orient's marvels here, to find the, 650.
 Origin, every gift of noble, 474.
 Original, a thought is often, 691.
 and end, 367.
 brightness, lost her, 225.
 proclaim, their great, 300.
 Originals, reading books in the, 620.
 Shakespeare more original than his,
 621.
 Originality, solitude of his own, 865.
 Originator and quoter, 621.
 Orion, loose the bands of, 1010.
 Orisons, nymph in thy, 136.
 Ormus and of Ind, wealth of, 226.

- Ornament, foreign aid of, 356.
 in prosperity, education an, 948.
 is but the guiled shore, 63.
 it carried none, 1003.
 of a meek and quiet spirit, 1041.
 of beauty is suspect, 162.
 sent to be a moment's, 474.
 to his profession, 164.
 to society, 510.
- Ornate and gay, 242.
- Orphan, for his widow and his, 562.
 Orphan's tears, wronged, 194.
- Orpheus, bid the soul of, sing, 250.
 harp of, 253.
 with his lute, 98.
- Orthodox, prove their doctrine, 210.
- Orthodoxy is my doxy, 1050.
- Osity and ation, words in, 462.
- Ossa on Olympus stood, 344.
 on Pelion, 1001.
 on the top of Pelion, 958.
- Ostentatious, elegant but not, 369.
- Ostrich, resembled the wings of an,
 600.
- Oswego spreads her swamps, 395.
- Othello's breast, a rush against, 156.
 occupation's gone, 154.
 visage in his mind, I saw, 151.
- Other, between the one and the, a sea,
 631.
 I can love, there is none, 680.
 useless each without the, 645.
- Others apart sat on a hill, 228.
 know you know it, unless, 866.
 shall right the wrong, 651.
 shall sing the song, 651.
 should build for him, 470.
 times when mirth of, only saddens,
 632.
- Ounce of civet, give me an, 148.
 of poison in one pocket, 603.
- Our academical Pharisees, 600.
 acts our angels are, 183.
 champion waiting in his, 650.
 flag unfurled, seemed to see, 650.
 glories float between earth and, 631.
 hearts in glad surprise, 646.
 in, own honest hearts, 579.
 will be, safeguard, 579.
- Oursel's, to see, as others see, 448.
- Ourselves and with all nations, among,
 662.
 are at war, 183.
 in, in our own honest, 579.
 the fault is in, 110.
 to know, knowledge is, 320.
 truth is within, 704.
- Ought, we do not what we, 754.
- Out brief candle, 128.
 damned spot, 124.
 good orators when they are, 71.
 into the night, 764.
 it does not put him, 720.
 mordre wol, 5.
 of house and home, 89.
 of my due time, born, 789.
 of my lean and low ability, 77.
 of old bookes, 6.
- Out of sight out of mind, 7, 35.
 of the everywhere into here, 759.
 of the frying-pan, 18.
 of the night that covers me, 828.
 of the old fieldes, 6.
 of the skies as I came through, 759.
 of the sweetest place, 857.
 of thine own mouth, 1034.
 the boundless deep, from, 685.
 to sea, when I put, 685.
 upon the stars, look, 608.
- Outbreak of a fiery mind, 133.
- Outcry of the heart, to drown the,
 585.
- Outdid the frolic wine, 203.
 the meat, 203.
- Out-herods Herod, 137.
- Outlets to the Divinity, 994.
- Outlined in fame's illusive light, 767.
- Outlives in fame, 296.
 the man, vanity in some cases, 830.
 this day and comes safe home, 92.
- Out-paramoured the Turk, 147.
- Outrageous fortune, arrows of, 135.
- Outrageously virtuous, 297.
- Outrun the constable, 212.
- Outshone the wealth of Ormus, 226.
- Outside, swashing and a martial, 66.
 what a goodly, falsehood bath, 61.
- Out-topping knowledge, 752.
- Outvenoms all the worms of the Nile,
 160.
- Out-vociferize even sound itself, 285.
- Outward and visible sign, 1042.
 appear beautiful, 1033.
 form and feature, 503.
 side, angel on the, 49.
 systems, 832.
 view, she is not fair to, 586.
 walls, banners on the, 125.
- Outworn earth be dead, till this, 683.
- Over all the earth, peace shall, 695.
 all the sky, 743.
 old Marm Hackett's garden, 724.
 the great gromboolian plain, 703.
 the hill to the poor-house, 825.
 the hills and away, 850.
 the hills and far away, 348.
 the noisy keys, 761.
 the roofs of the world, 742.
 the sea, roving, 665.
 violent or over civil, 268.
 you see yet can not see, 584.
- Overarched, Etrurian shades high, 224
 pillared shade high, 239.
- Overcame, I came saw and, 90.
- Over-canopied with woodbine, 58.
- Overcome but half his foe, 225.
 evil with good, 1036.
 us like a summer's cloud, 122.
- Overcomes by force, 225.
- Over-flowing full, without, 257.
- Overhead, I believe that God is, 810.
- Overman, I teach you the, 997.
- Over-measure, enough with, 103.
- Overmuch, be not righteous, 1022.
- Over-payment of delight, 508.
- Overpowering knell, 508.

- Over-refinement, let not, deck thy thoughts, 936.
- Overthrow, purposed, 162.
- Overthrown, all but their faith, 746.
from being overthrown, 678.
overthrower from being, 678.
- Over-weathered ribs, 62.
- Overwhelmed in the strife, who died, 745.
- Ovid Murray, how sweet an, 332.
- Owe, if I can't pay, I can, 9.
much I have nothing, 956.
no man anything, 1036.
you one, thank you I, 454.
- Owes its charm to the far away, 631.
- Owed, dearest thing he, 117.
- Owing owes not, a grateful mind, 231.
- Owl and the pussy-cat, the, 703.
hawked at by a mousing, 120.
I'm an, you're another, 723.
never was, more blind, 765.
that shrieked, it was the, 119.
to be afraid of an, 292.
very gravely got down, the, 723.
- Owls and a hen, two, 703.
answer him ye, 331.
to Athens, sending, 946.
- Owlet atheism, the, 501.
- Own a princely service, 776.
come to their, 811.
do what I will with mine, 1032.
every subject's soul is his, 92.
God marked him for his, 208.
I do not, an inch of land, 765.
I have my, four walls, 585.
in our, honest hearts, 579.
no superior, soul walk free and, 744.
that I may call my, 689.
the soft impeachment, 441.
time whose verdicts mock our, 741.
would not assert his nose his, 415.
- Owned with a grin, 507.
- Owner, grief makes his, stoop, 79.
ox knoweth his, 1024.
- Owners, kick their, 439.
open as the hearts of the, 642.
- Ox, at the heels of the laureled, 808.
fish sold for more than an, 920.
goeth to the slaughter, 1017.
knoweth his owner, 1024.
than a stalled, 1018.
- Oxen, who drives fat, 375.
- Oxenforde, clerk ther was of, 1.
- Oxlips and the crown imperial, 78.
and the nodding violet, 58.
- Oyster crossed in love, 442.
man that first eat an, 292.
not good without an R in the month, 1049.
pearl in your foul, 72.
secret and solitary as an, 701.
the world's mine, 45.
't was a fat, 334, 986.
- Pace, are traveling all the same, 664.
creeps in this petty, 125.
inoffensive, 237.
thoughts with violent, 155.
- Paces, time travels in divers, 70.
- Pacific, stared at the, 576.
- Pacings, the long mechanic, 668.
- Pack, as a huntsman his, 399.
- Pack-staff, plain as a, 172.
- Paddle or fin or pinion, 767.
- Pagan horn, lends his, 331.
suckled in a creed, 476.
- Page, beautiful quarto, 442.
history hath but one, 546.
names inscribed in history's, 726.
of knowledge, ample, 384.
of some tenth-rate poeticle, 808.
pictures for the, atone, 331.
prescribed, all but the, 315.
rank thee upon glory's, 518.
torn from their destined, 456.
traced on the deathless, 726.
with dimpled chin, ho pretty, 697.
- Pageant, insubstantial, 43.
train when I am dead, no, 571.
- Pageantry of a king, 874.
- Paid dear for his whistle, 361.
well that is well satisfied, 65.
- Pain, a balm for every, 596.
akin to, 641.
all the heart then knew of, 662.
and anguish wring the brow, 490.
and ruin, threats of, 385.
be our joys three parts, 710.
change the place and keep the, 303.
cure is not worth the, 911.
death who puts an end to, 680.
die of a rose in aromatic, 316.
dull narcotics numbing, 674.
ending to my, 790.
error wounded writhes with, 573.
famine thirst bereavement, 783.
for leaven, 805.
for promised joy, 446.
frown at pleasure smile in, 309.
glad life's arrears of, 711.
good out of infinite, 818.
greatest, it is to love, 261.
heart that never feels a, 377.
I had, I would that, 790.
in company with, 476.
in every peopled sphere, or, 683.
is felt in every member, 974.
is hard to bear, 794.
is no evil unless it conquer, 728.
it is that pain to miss, 261.
it was to drown, 96.
labour we delight in physics, 120.
laughter is fraught with some, 565.
lessened by another's anguish, 104.
mighty, to love it is, 261.
naught but grief and, 446.
no fiery throbbing, 367.
no throbs of fiery, 367.
of finite hearts that yearn, 708.
of hell and paradise, 855.
of thought, 786.
pleasures banish, 303.
pleasures in the vale of, 492.
seed of retribution and undying, 647.
short-lived, 489.

- Pain, sigh yet feel no, 525.
 some natural sorrow loss or, 473.
 stranger yet to, 381.
 sweet desolation — balmy, 577.
 sweet is pleasure after, 271.
 tender for another's, 381.
 that has been and may be, 473.
 the weariness the endless, 648.
 there are balms for all our, 763.
 though full of, 227.
 to break its links so soon, 520.
 to the bear, 604.
 too much rest becomes a, 346.
 turns with ceaseless, 394.
 'twixt, and nothing tost, 790.
 vows made in, 231.
- Pains and joys to me, mingled, 683.
 and penalties of idleness, 332.
 grow sharp, when, 432.
 labour for his, 378.
 man of pleasure man of, 309.
 of love be sweeter far, 276.
 pleasure in poetic, 419.
 stings you for your, 313.
 which only poets know, 419.
 world of sighs for my, 150.
- Painful inch to gain, seem here no,
 727.
 noise of sighs, 791.
 vigils keep, pensive poets, 331.
 warrior famed for fight, 161.
- Paint an inch thick, 144.
 like nature, who can, 355.
 lion not so fierce as they, 206.
 no words can, 437.
 the laughing soil, 535.
 the lily gild refined gold, 79.
 the meadows with delight, 56.
 the mortal shame of nature, 683.
 them, he best can, 333.
 them truest praise them most, 300.
- Paints wisdom, Raphael, 620.
- Painted blind, winged Cupid, 57.
 blossoms drest, 28.
 devil, childhood that fears a, 120.
 Jove, like a, 267.
 lion is not so fierce as, 222.
 ocean, upon a, 498.
 she's all my fancy, her, 868.
 ship, idle as a, 498.
 to the eyes, 815.
 trifles and fantastic joys, 391.
 wrought lies close at home, 650.
- Painter, flattering, a, 399.
 great, dips his pencil, 564.
 gymnastic teacher, 907.
 nature's sternest, 540.
- Painting can express, more than, 301.
 is silent poetry, 928.
 poetry as speaking, 928.
- Paintings, I have heard of your, 136.
- Palace alone, than pine in a, 750.
 and a prison, 544.
 beautiful, the, 266.
 deceit in gorgeous, 107.
 hollow oak our, 537.
 of eternity, key that opes the, 243.
 of rest, 784.
- Palace of the soul, 221, 541.
- Palaces, gorgeous, 43.
 'mid pleasures and, 568.
 princes', cottages had been, 60.
 prosperity within thy, 1016.
- Pale and white and cold as snow, 782.
 anguish keeps the heavy gate, 836.
 call it fair not, 500.
 cast of thought, 136.
 feet crossed in rest, 765.
 gradations, no, 493.
 his light, the sun doth, 722.
 his uneffectual fire, 'gins to, 132.
 Horse stands, 811.
 in her fading bowers summer, 763.
 jessamine, crow-toe and, 247.
 martyr in shirt of fire, 775.
 my cheeks make, 199.
 passion loves, places which, 184.
 prithee why so, 256.
 realms of shade, 572.
 unripened beauties, 298.
- Pale-eyed priest, 251.
- Pale-faced moon, 84.
- Palestines, Delphian vales the, 562.
- Palinurus nodded at the helm, 332.
- Pall, in sceptred, 250.
 Mall, sweet shady side of, 432.
- Palls upon the sense, 298.
- Pallas Jove and Mars, 699.
 perched upon a bust of, 656.
- Palm and southern pine, land of, 672.
 bear the, alone, 110.
 bearing in thy, the poppy-seeds,
 764.
 itching, 114.
 like some tall, 535.
 of my hands, oozing out at the, 441.
 of orange blossom and, 672.
 open upon his harp, 644.
- Palms, his islands lift their froned,
 649.
- Palmer's weed, votarist in, 243.
- Palm-tree, flourish like the, 1014.
- Palmy state of Rome, 126.
- Palpable and familiar, 504.
 hit, 145.
 obscure, the, 227.
- Palsied old, 48.
- Palsy-stricken, poor weak, 575.
- Palter in a double sense, 126.
- Paly flames, through their, 92.
- Pam, a tap on the, 764.
- Pamper'd goose, 318.
 menial drove me from the door, 433.
- Pan, awe-inspiring god, 480.
 is dead great Pan is dead, 658, 926.
 leap out of the frying, 18.
 to Moses lends his pagan horn, 331.
- Pancakes, flat as, 173.
- Panders will, reason, 140.
- Pandora, more lovely than, 234.
- Pang as great as when a giant dies, 48.
 dismissed without a parting, 296.
 learn nor account the, 710.
 preceding death, 398.
 that rends the heart, 398.
- Pangs and fears, 99.

- Pangs of despised love, 135.
 of fair hopes crost, 794.
 of guilty power, 367.
 the wretched find, 549.
 which it hath witnessed, 481.
- Pansies for thoughts, 142.
- Pansy for lovers' thoughts, 35.
 freaked with jet, 248.
- Pant for you, till we meet shall, 859.
- Pants for glory, 329.
 for twenty-one, 329.
- Pantaloon, lean and slippered, 69.
- Panted, my soul had, 814.
- Panteth, as the hart, 1012.
- Panting syllable, chase a, 416.
 time toiled after him in vain, 366.
- Paper bullets of the brain, 51.
 credit, blest, 322.
 he hath not eat, 55.
 portion of uncertain, 556.
 that ever blotted, 64.
- Papers in each hand, 326.
 speak from your folded, 689.
- Paper-mill, thou hast built a, 94.
- Paradise, and walked in, 694.
 beyond compare, 497.
 drunk the milk of, 500.
 flowers worthy of, 232.
 for horses, Italy a, 192.
 for women, England a, 192.
 heavenly, is that place, 871.
 how grows our store in, 569.
 in this fool's, 444.
 must I thus leave thee, 239.
- O Paradise, O, 717.
- of fools, 231, 1050.
 only bliss of, 419.
 opened unto you, 1028.
 spirit lies under walls of, 751.
 thought would destroy their, 382.
 to him are opening, 386.
 to lighten earth from, 806.
 to what we fear of death, 49.
- Paradisiacal pleasures, 387.
- Paragon, an earthly, 160.
 of her gentle sex the seeming, 608.
- Parallel, admits no, 352.
 none but himself his, 352.
- Parallels, for a seine, 796.
- Parcel of their fortunes, 158.
- Parcel-gilt goblet, 89.
- Parchment should undo a man, that,
 94.
- Pard, bearded like the, 69.
- Pard-like spirit, 565.
- Pardon father I beseech, thy, 994.
 in the degree that we love, 982.
 or to bear it, 423.
 something to the spirit of liberty,
 408.
 they ne'er, 275.
- Pardons, the offender never, 206.
- Pardoned all except her face, 559.
- Parent from the sky, keep one, 328.
 knees, a new-born child, 438.
 of good, 235.
 of invention, necessity the, 441.
 the people's, 343.
- Parents passed into the skies, 423.
 were the Lord knows who, 286.
- Parfit gentil knight, a veray, 1.
- Paris, for French of, 1.
 good Americans when they die go to,
 692.
 good talkers only found in, 955.
- Parish church, plain as way to, 68.
 me no parishes, 1054.
 wide was his, 2.
- Park where the peach-blossoms grew,
 822.
- Parliament, a, speaking through re-
 porters, 584.
- Parlour, is it a party in a, 468.
 will you walk into my, 629.
- Parlous boy, 96.
- Parmaceti for an inward bruise, 83.
- Parmenio and Alexander, 918.
- Parole of literary men, 374.
- Parson bemused in beer, 326.
 forty, power, 559.
 owned his skill, in arguing the, 397.
 there goes the, 416.
- Part, a kick in that, 214.
 act well your, 319.
 acting a silent desperate, 746.
 and meet, 807.
 art and, 1044.
 authors essayist play your, 683.
 believe it, I do in, 127.
 each minute and unseem, 642.
 every man must play a, 60.
 for my own, 111.
 hard to, when friends are dear, 433.
 hath chosen that good, 1034.
 he bore his, 803.
 immortal, of myself, 152.
 it is the meaner, 791.
 love and then to, 502.
 master-stroke is nature's, 617.
 my soul's better, 338.
 of a hair, ninth, 85.
 of all that I have met, 668.
 of being, hath a, 544.
 of his religion, he made it, 291.
 of noble work silent, is best, 746.
 of sight, became a, 549.
 of valour, the better, 87.
 of wisdom, 420.
 so he plays his, 69.
 then we twa did, 587.
 time when darkies have to, 764.
 to heaven gave his blessed, 100.
 two lives that once, are as ships,
 631.
 us now, shall a light word, 653.
 vital in every, 236.
 we know in, 1037.
 words of doom ye must, 613.
- Parts, all his gracious, 79.
 allure thee, if, 319.
 man of sovereign, 55.
 mark of virtue in his outward, 68.
 of an infinite plan, 804.
 of good natural, 972.
 of one stupendous whole, 316.
 one man plays many, 69.

- Parts, pawing to get free his hinder,
236.
- Partake the gale, 320.
- Parted, double cherry seeming, 58.
I remember the way we, 806.
never met or never, 452.
when we two, 539.
where we, in sorrow, 613.
- Parthenon, Earth proudly wears the,
614.
- Partial evil universal good, 316.
for the observer's sake, 320.
- Participation of divineness, 169.
of office, 435.
- Particle, that very fiery, 560.
- Particular hair, each, 131.
star, a bright, 73.
tear, orb of one, 163.
- Parties, I name no, 198.
- Parting day dies like the dolphin, 545.
day, knell of, 384.
day linger and play, 529.
guest, speed the, 346.
is such sweet sorrow, 106.
of the way, 1027.
pang, dismissed without a, 296.
was well made, 115.
- Partings, such, break the heart, 540.
- Partington, Dame, 462.
- Partition, middle wall of, 1039.
union in, 58.
- Partitions, what thin, 267, 316.
- Partly may compute, we, 448.
- Partners at the whist-club said, 609.
- Party, gave up to, 399.
he serves his, best, 755.
honesty is party expediency, 804.
in a parlour, is it a, 468.
is the madness of many, 336.
who has, first of new, 700.
- Pass, and the sun himself will, 683.
and turn again, I keep and, 617.
away, even this shall, 794.
by me as the idle wind, 114.
for a man, let him, 61.
in the night, ships that, 644.
into nothingness, 574.
let him, 149.
let it be let it, 1001.
my imperfections by, 459.
never never comes to, 454.
on the ocean of life we, 644.
presto, your joys are withered, 609.
so it came to, 404.
this way again, will not, 839.
- Passage, act of common, 160.
bird of, cuckoo is a, 906.
each dark, shun, 311.
of an angel's tear, 576.
to fret a, 221.
- Passages of love, now no, 679.
that lead to nothing, 386.
- Passed about the kitchen grate, she,
758.
in music out of sight, 669.
long long night away, 758.
them in rich disdain, 803.
to bright unclouded day, 725.
- Passenger pukes in, sea the, 559.
wandering, 243.
- Passenjare, in the presence of the,
796.
- Passeth all understanding, 1039.
show, that which, 127.
- Passing all wisdom or its fairest flower,
622.
fair, is she not, 44.
rich with forty pounds, 396.
speak each other in, 644.
strange, 't was, 150.
sweet is solitude, 416.
sweet, your song is, 791.
the love of women, 1007.
thought, like a, 447.
through nature to eternity, 127.
tribute of a sigh, 385.
well, daughter which he loved, 134.
- Passion, bards of, and of mirth, 577.
catching all, 163.
chaos of thought and, 317.
dies, till our, 182.
driven by, 447.
for a maid, the maiden, 681.
haunted me like a, 467.
is power, 851.
is the gale, 317.
leads, where, 860.
may I govern my, 858.
one, doth expel another, 36.
only I discern infinite, 708.
or the excitement of heart, 657.
places which pale, loves, 184.
put me into a towering, 145.
ruling, 321, 322.
sad as a wasted, 729.
something with, clasp, 645.
spent its novel force, 669.
that insane and awful, 599.
to light the fires of, 648.
to tatters, tear a, 137.
vows with so much, 281.
we feel, happier in the, 981.
what is, but pining, 780.
whirlwind of, 137.
woman in her first, 557.
women love in their first, 982.
- Passions, all, all delights, 501.
are likened best to floods, 25.
fly with life, all other, 508.
necessity of mortal, 926.
never let such angry, rise, 302.
noblest, to inspire, 377.
to be relished, 960.
when struggling, lower, 607.
- Passion's slave, man that is not, 138.
- Passionate intuition, 481.
love of right, 786.
simple sensuous and, 254.
- Passion-waves are lulled to rest, 562.
- Passiveness, in a wise, 466.
- Past again, only breed the, 684.
all surgery, 152.
and to come seems best, 89.
anticipate the, 440.
at least is secure, 532.
be past, and let the, 685.

- Past, conclude the future by the, 962.
 day's long toil is, 594.
 groaning ever for the, 712.
 hallowed quiet of the, 738.
 heaven has not power upon the, 274.
 help should be past grief, 77.
 in world's soil in cycles, 788.
 indemnity for the, 364.
 is gone, the, 936.
 leave thy low-vaulted, 690.
 let the dead, bury its dead, 639.
 man who is correctly informed as to
 the, 603.
 miracles are, 73.
 neither the, nor the future, 935.
 never plan the future by the, 411.
 no, is dead for us, 779.
 nothing to come and nothing, 261.
 Oh fondly on the, I dwell, 596.
 old fetish raiments of the, 788.
 our dancing days, 105.
 repent what 's, 141.
 shadowy, summon from the, 641.
 the bitter, more welcome the sweet,
 74.
 the bounds of freakish youth, 419.
 the, in God's keeping, 808.
 the, like a funeral gone by, 815.
 the size of dreaming, 159.
 the wit of man, 58.
 unsighed for, 482.
 voice of the, 584.
 winter's woe was, 790.
- Paste and cover to our bones, 82.
 Pastime and our happiness, 477.
 are winners in this, 680.
 toil is the true knight's, 728.
- Pastoral, cold, 576.
 Pastors, as some ungracious, 129.
 Pasture shall prepare, the Lord my,
 300.
- Pastures and fresh woods, 248.
 lie down in green, 1011.
- Patch grief with proverbs, 53.
 up his fame, 412.
- Patches, king of shreds and, 141.
 Pate, you beat your, 336.
- Paternal acres, a few, 334.
 or meddling government, 603.
- Path be dark as night, though thy,
 702.
 light unto my, 1015.
 motive guide, original and end, 367.
 no, of flowers leads to glory, 983.
 no royal, to geometry, 1003.
 of dalliance treads, 129.
 of duty was to glory, 671.
 of Milton, round the, 485.
 of sorrow and that alone, 417.
 of the just, 1017.
 that I do not know, 795.
 the world advances along its, 523.
 to heaven, journey like the, 244.
 to tread, soon or late that, 345.
 we tread, side of every, 422.
- Paths are peace, all her, 1017.
 ask for the old, 1027.
 of glory lead to the grave, 384.
- Paths of joy and woe, checkered, 362.
 of June, 779.
 of men, the, 839.
 of peevish nature, 288.
 on lonely, 775.
 to the house I seek to make, 745.
 to woman's love, 198.
- Pathless groves, 184.
 realms of space, 800.
 was the dreary wild, 568.
 way, heaven's wide, 250.
 woods, pleasure in the, 547.
- Pathos of human life, infinite, 791.
 that is the true, 449.
- Pathway, star that lights a desert,
 683.
- Patience, abusing of God's, 45.
 and shuffle the cards, 975.
 and sorrow strove, 148.
 by your gracious, 150.
 day by day, 794.
 flour of wily, 4.
 habits of peace and, 207.
 ingredient of genius, 627.
 may compass anything, 958.
 men's office to speak, 53.
 on a monument, sat like, 76.
 passion of great hearts, 732.
 poor are they that have not, 152.
 preacheth, 205.
 sovereign o'er transmuted ill, 366.
 stubborn, 228.
 thou rose-lipped cherubin, 155.
 with, He stands waiting, 979.
- Patient confidence in ultimate justice,
 661.
 endurance is godlike, 643.
 fate of a woman long to be, 646.
 humble spirit, 182.
 inattention, 772.
 man, fury of a, 269.
 man in loss, 159.
 merit of the unworthy takes, 135.
 must minister to himself, 125.
 of toil, 428.
 our playwright may, be, 683.
 remedy for every trouble, 887.
 search and vigil long, 555.
 though sorely tried, 640.
 to be, is a branch of justice, 937.
 to perform, 342.
 when favours are denied, 362.
- Patiently to endure the toothache, 53.
 Patines of bright gold, 65.
- Patriarch, the venerable, 425.
 Patrick Spence, ballad of, 502.
- Patriot truth, 863.
- Patriots all, true, 445.
 who for a theory risked, 659.
 worthy, dear to God, 254.
- Patriot's boast, such is the, 394.
 fate, cowards mock the, 866.
- Patriotic gore, 813.
- Patriotism is the last refuge of a
 scoundrel, 372.
 whose, would not gain force on the
 plain of Marathon, 369.
- Patron and the jail, 365.

- Patron one who looks with unconcern, 370.
- Patronage sway, 768.
- Pattern of excelling nature, 156.
to imitate, not as a, 874.
- Paul, by the apostle, 97.
now by Saint, 295.
robbing Peter he paid, 14, 186, 957.
- Pauper, he's only a, 599.
- Pauperism feasteth while honest labor, 696.
- Pause, an awful, 306.
and look back, 611.
for a reply, I, 113.
I stand in, 139.
must give us, 135.
nature made a, 306.
or stay, nothing that is can, 647.
- Pavement, riches of heaven's, 225.
stars, dust is gold and, 236.
- Pavilions of the sun, clouds seem, 631.
- Pawing to get free, lion, 236.
- Pay, a double debt to, 397.
boundless risk must, 790.
him in his own coin, 293.
if I can't, why I can owe, 9.
more due than more than all can, 117.
sleep in cloak no lodging to, 750.
- Pays all debts, he that dies, 43.
base is the slave that, 91.
the best, I scent which, 735.
us but with age and dust, 26.
- Paying through the nose, 1050.
- Payment, friendship gives and asks no, 847.
- Peace, a charge in, 273.
above all earthly dignities, 99.
all her paths are, 1017.
among ourselves, lasting, 662.
anchor of our, 435.
and competence, health, 319.
and health, best treasures, 387.
and quiet, calm, 249.
and rest at length have come, 594.
and rest can never dwell, 223.
and slumberous calm, 575.
and war, man of, 214.
as a breathing time, 407.
be within thy walls, 1016.
brooded o'er the hushed domain, 699.
cankers of a long, 86.
carry gentle, 100.
day shine through, to light, 761.
deep dream of, 536.
deeper than sleep can bring, 851.
divine like quiet night, 761.
doth abide, 823.
drowning would be happiness and, 701.
ef you want, 737.
first in war first in, 445.
fool when he holdeth his, 1019.
forever hold his, 1042.
God give us, not such as lulls, 739.
habits of patience and, 207.
hath her victories, 252.
- Peace henceforward, therefore be at, 645.
hold companionship in, 103.
in freedom's hallowed shade, 459.
in thy right hand, 100.
inglorious arts of, 263.
is always beautiful, 744.
is its companion, 460.
is poor reading, 816.
is what I seek and calm, 754.
its ten thousand slays, 425.
lay me down in, to sleep, 864.
let us have, 752.
live in, adieu, 334, 986.
makes solitude and calls it, 550, 933.
man of, and war, 214.
means of preserving, 425.
modest stillness and, 91.
never a good war or bad, 361.
no, unto the wicked, 1026.
nor ease of heart, 389.
not houses of, are you, 743.
nothing can bring you, 618.
of God, 1039.
of mind and joy for weary hours, 630.
of mind, dearer than all, 568.
on earth good will toward men, 1033.
only as a breathing time, 407.
prepare for war in, 892, 898.
priest for enemy good bye to, 630.
righteousness and, 1013.
shall over all the earth, 695.
slept in, 100.
so sweet, life so dear or, 430.
soft phrase of, 149.
soft, she brings, 288.
star of, return, 515.
the desire of life, 837.
the empire is, 1002.
thinks of war in time of, 191.
thousand years of, 676.
to be found in the world, 518.
to gain our peace have sent to, 121.
unjust, before a just war, 361.
uproar the universal, 124.
veriest school of, 777.
was slain, thrice my, 306.
weak piping time of, 96.
when there is no peace, 1027.
your valor won, enjoyed the, 465.
- Peaceably if we can, 516.
with all men, live, 1036.
- Peaceful evening, welcome, 420.
hours I once enjoyed, 422.
skies, or early find the, 696.
stillness reigneth evermore, 700.
- Peacefully, silver waves chime ever, 700.
- Peacemaker, If is the only, 72.
- Peach in an orchard grew, 830.
the ripest, is highest, 833.
- Peach-blossoms blew, in a park where the, 822.
- Pea-green boat, in a beautiful, 703.
- Peak and pine, dwindle, 116.
in Darien, upon a, 576.
to peak, far along from, 544.

- Peaks of two eternities, 784.
 wrapped in clouds, 543.
- Peal of praise, wood-world one, 678.
- Peals of laughter, shout back our, 756.
- Pealed, southern stars a music, 686.
- Pealing anthem, 384.
- Pearl and gold, barbaric, 226.
 chain of all virtues, 182.
 double row of orient, 871.
 for carnal swine, too rich a, 213.
 heaps of, 96.
 if all their sand were, 44.
 in a woman's eye, 35.
 in your foul oyster, 72.
 many a fair, laid up, 182.
 no radiant, 424.
 of charity, the Christian, 651.
 of great price, 1031.
 quarelets of, 201.
 sowed the earth with orient, 234.
 threw a, away, 156.
 to gold, 855.
- Pearls at random strung, orient, 437.
 before swine, 1030.
 did grow, asked how, 201.
 of thought, 738.
 puddly thoughts to orient, 969.
 row of orient, 871.
 that were his eyes, 42.
 who would search for, 275.
- Pearly barge, the moon dips like a,
 850.
- Pears from an elm, 977.
 go to a pear-tree for, 898.
- Peasant, some belated, 225.
 toe of the, 143.
- Peasantry, country's pride, 396.
- Pease, like as one, is to another, 32, 959.
- Pebbles, children gathering, 241.
 on the rolling beach, 767.
- Pebbly spring, stream or, 504.
- Peck at, for daws to, 149.
 of salt, 971.
 of troubles, 977.
- Peculiar and indescribable charm, 814.
 graces, shot forth, 235.
 grand gloomy and, 865.
- Pedagogue, the jolly old, 786.
- Pedants much affect, learned, 210.
- Pedestaled in triumph, 712
- Pedigree, lass wi' a lang, 458.
- Peep and botanize upon his mother's
 grave, 471.
 into glory, 264.
 of day, 202.
 to what it would, 142.
 wizards that, 1025.
- Peeping in at morn, came, 592.
- Peer, King Stephen was a worthy, 152,
 406.
 rhyming, a, 326.
- Peers, delight of battle with my, 668.
 my, the heroes of old, 711.
 walks among his, unread, 749.
 will take his place, in the, 768.
- Peering, deep into that darkness, 656.
- Peerless cup afloat of the lake-lily,
 704.
- Pegasus, turn and wind a fiery, 86.
- Pelf, I crave no, 109.
- Pelion, from Ossa hurled, 893.
 nods with all his wood, 344.
 on the top of Ossa, 958.
 Ossa on, 1001.
- Pellucid streams, 482.
- Pelops' line, Thebes or, 250.
- Pelting of this pitiless storm, 147.
- Pembroke's mother Sidney's sister,
 179.
- Pen and ink, never saw, 77.
 becomes a torpedo, 369.
 devise wit write, 55.
 famous by my, 257.
 glorious by my, 257.
 in hand, foolish without, 374.
 is the tongue of the mind, 975.
 mightier than the sword, 631.
 nose sharp as a, 91.
 of a ready writer, 1012.
 of iron, written with a, 1027.
 poet's, turns them to shapes, 59.
 product of a scoffer's, 479.
 such virtue has my, 162.
 traced with his golden, 726.
 was shaped, 484.
 worse than the sword, 189.
- Pens a stanza, who, 326.
- quirks of blazoning, 151.
- Penalties of idleness, 332.
- Penance, call us to, 226.
 in their struggle, 775.
- Pence bestowing honour pudding, 609.
 take care of the, 352.
- Pendent bed and procreant cradle, 117.
 rock a towered citadel, 158.
 world, 48, 230.
- Pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
 546.
- Penelophon O king quoth she, 405.
- Penetrable stuff, made of, 140.
- Penned it down, so I, 265.
- Penniless lass, a, 458.
- Penning bows, 't is, 387.
- Penny for your thoughts, 16, 292.
 in the urn of poverty, 598.
 of observation, by my, 55.
 saved is a penny got, 363.
 saved is twopence dear, 363.
 seven halfpenny loaves for a, 94.
 wise pound foolish, 186.
- Pension list is the roll of honour, 804.
 or lose his, 290.
- Pensioner on the bounties of an hour,
 306.
 to be a miser's, 475.
- Pensive beauty, like, 513.
 discontent, waste nights in, 29.
 gaze. do probe my heart with, 845.
 poets painful vigils keep, 331.
 smiles, like sweet strains or, 614.
 through a happy place, 482.
- Pent, here in the body, 497.
 long in populous city, 239.
- Pentameter, in the, 504.
- Penthouse lid, hang upon his, 116.
- Pent-up Utica, 439.

- Penury and imprisonment, 49.
 repressed their noble rage, 384.
- People, all of the time, can not fool
 all, 662.
 all of the time, fool some, 662.
 all sorts of, 118.
 all with one accord, 400.
 are good, the, 861.
 arose as one man, 1006.
 at leaving unpleasant, 556.
 bells I hear, all exulting, 744.
 blossoms armies, 846.
 by the people for the, 661.
 confidence in justice of the, 661.
 fond of ill-luck, 612.
 formed two nations, privileged and,
 627.
 good for good-for-nothing, 659.
 government from and for the, 626.
 government of all the, 694.
 government of the, 661.
 in the gristle, 408.
 indictment against a whole, 408.
 inurned, weep a, 602.
 judge men by success, 981.
 last, I should choose, 440.
 made for the, by the, 532.
 never give up their liberties, 411.
 nothing is so galling to a, 603.
 of the skies, common, 174.
 perish where there is no vision, 1021.
 pleurisy of, 199.
 saying to the, do not weep, 742.
 snatched my crown, 793.
 some of the time, all the, 662.
 the sunbeams, motes that, 249.
 the, will come to their own, 811.
 they that marry ancient, 222.
 thy people shall be my, 1006.
 who would have been poets, 505.
 whose annals are blank, 584.
 with all their rights in their hands,
 634.
- Peoples disappear, 841.
 great and small, all the, 682.
- People's government, 532.
 parent he protected all, 543.
 prayer, 268.
 right maintain, 863.
 will, based upon her, 665.
- Peopled sphere, or pain in every, 683.
 the world must be, 51.
- Peopling the grasses with joy, 851.
- Peor and Baälim, 251.
- Pepper his cabbage, 898.
- Peppercorn, I am a, 86.
- Peppered the highest, who, 399.
 two of them, I have, 84.
- Perch, gravely got down from his, 723.
 where eagles dare not, 96.
- Perchance the dead, 545.
 to dream, to sleep, 135.
- Perched and sat, 656.
 upon a bust of Pallas, 656.
- Percy and Douglas, song of, 34.
- Perdition catch my soul, 153.
- Peregrinations, labours and, 170.
- Peremptory tone, with a, 415.
- Perfect as love if love be, 679.
 chrysolite, one, 156.
 day, from darkness to the, 821.
 day, lead me O Lord till, 761.
 day, unto the, 1017.
 days, then if ever come, 734.
 faith in him who persecutes, 684
 love casteth out fear, 1041.
 man, mark the, 1011.
 music unto nobler words, like, 685.
 poem the crystalline revelation, 636.
 pursuit of, pursuit of light, 755.
 simplicity, 772.
 so hate if hate be, 679.
 ways of honour, 101.
 witness of a perfect faith, no, 684.
 woman nobly planned, 475.
- Perfected, a woman, 731.
- Perfectest herald of joy, 51.
- Perfection, fulness of, 78.
 nestles the seed, 742.
 of reason, 24.
 perishes, what's come to, 707.
 pink of, 401.
 praise and true, 66.
 realize our, 836.
- Perfections, his sweete, 23.
- Perfectly free moral happy, 773.
- Perfidious bark, that fatal, 247.
- Perform, an ability that they never,
 102.
 patient to, 342.
- Perfume and suppliance of a minute,
 129.
 on the violet, to throw a, 79.
 puss-gentleman that's all, 415.
 scent of odorous, 242.
- Perfumes of Arabia, 124.
 of the vanished day, 993.
- Perfumed like a milliner, 83.
- Perhaps no person can be a poet, 600.
 the king would change, 719.
 the wind wails so in winter, 729.
 turn out a sermon, 448.
 turn out a song, 448.
- Peri at the gate of Eden, 526.
 beneath the dark sea, 526.
- Peril in thine eye, 105.
 moment of sweet, 780.
 poison to his mind and, to his body,
 606.
- Perils do environ, what, 27, 211.
 doe enfold, how many, 27.
 of actual existence, sordid, 836.
 safe through a thousand, 497.
- Perilous edge of battle, 224.
 shot out of an elder gun, 92.
 stuff which weighs upon the heart,
 125.
- Perilously sweet, 780.
- Periodical fits of morality, 601.
- Periods of time, in, 228.
- Perish, all of genius which can, 552.
 in its fall, 453.
 no seed shall, 814.
 that thought, 296.
 where there is no vision, the people,
 1021.

- Perish with him the folly that seeks,
649.
with thee, thy money, 843.
- Perishable, detach ourselves from all
that is, 994.
- Perished, friends have, 792.
in his pride, 470.
years that, to make us men, 809.
- Periwig-pated fellow, 137.
- Perjura ridet amantum Jupiter, 106.
- Perjuria, Jove laughs at lovers', 106.
- Perjury, lovers', 272.
- Perked up in a glistening grief, 98.
- Permanent alliances, 425.
forward not, 129.
grandeur of these states religion,
742.
- Permit to heaven, 240.
- Pernicious to mankind, wine, 338.
weed, 415.
- Perpetual benediction, 478.
motion, scoured with, 88.
priesthood, literary men a, 581.
- Perpetually, tends to disappear, 773.
- Perplex and dash maturest counsels,
226.
- Perplexed in the extreme, 156.
morality is, 411.
the wisest may well be, 408.
- Perplexes monarchs, 225.
- Persecute, makes a faith hated, to,
684.
- Persecutes, a perfect faith in him
who, 684.
- Perseverance better than violence, 912.
- Persian carpet, discourse like a, 909.
gulfs, pearls of thought in, 738.
- Persians, law of the Medes and, 1027.
- Persian's heaven is easily made, 519.
- Person, freedom of, 435.
like a well-conducted, 697.
my idea of an agreeable, 629.
oblong square triangular, 461.
perhaps no, can be a poet, 600.
to deceive is one's self, easiest, 632.
who agrees with me, is a, 629.
- Persons of good sense, 982.
no respect of, place nor, 75.
there is no respect of, with God, 1036.
two distinct, 186.
- Personage, genteel in, 285.
less imposing, 527.
this goodly, 479.
- Personally defeated our principles
never, 634.
- Persuade, tongue to, 255.
- Persuaded in his own mind, 1037.
whom none could advise thou hast,
26.
- Persuading, fair-spoken and, 101.
- Persuasion flows from his lips, 338.
holds aloof, 882.
of whatever state or, 435.
on his tongue, want of, 746.
ripened into faith, 481.
tips his tongue, 297.
- Persuasive sound, 339.
- Persumin', or don't 'ould be, 736.
- Pertains to feats of broil, 150.
- Perturbed spirit, rest, 133.
- Peru, from China to, 365, 403.
- Perverts the prophets, 539.
- Pesteringly fond, inalterably and, 684.
- Pestilence and war, 229.
like a desolating, 567.
seals that close the, 562.
that walketh in darkness, 1014.
- Petal of a flower, tip-tilted like the,
678.
- Petals, her lips the, 809.
- Petar, hoist with his own, 141.
- Peter, by robbing, he paid Paul, 14, 957.
denied his Lord, 872.
feared full twenty times, 468.
I'll call him, 78.
- Peter's dome, that rounded, 614.
keys, 331.
- Peterkin, quoth little, 507.
- Petition me no petitions, 362, 1054.
- Petrified truth, this is, 795.
- Petrifies the feeling, 448.
- Petticoat, her feet beneath her, 256.
tempestuous, 201.
- Pettiest form of his kind, 820.
- Petty pace, creeps in this, 125.
- Phalanx, in perfect, 225.
the Pyrrhic, 557.
- Phantasma, like a, 111.
- Phantom moon, ghastly, 743.
of delight, she was a, 474.
the awful, 797.
treacherous, men call liberty, 747.
- Phantoms of hope, 367.
- Phaon was not there, if, 665.
- Pharisees, our academical, 600.
- Pherecydes, stories about, 945.
- Phials hermetically sealed, 21.
- Phidias carves it, wisdom, 620.
his awful Jove young, 614.
- Philanthropists in time of famine, 612.
- Philip and Mary on a shilling, 215.
drunk, appeal from, 999.
receiving news of success, 917.
when arbitrator, 917.
- Philips whose touch harmonious, 367.
- Philippi, I will see thee at, 115.
- Philistines be upon the, 1006.
opponent of the children of light,
755.
- Phillida, my Phillida, 815.
- Phillis, neat-handed, 248.
- Philologists who chase a panting
syllable, 416.
- Philosopher, a trifling handful O, 765.
and friend, 320.
and never earth's, 726.
can scorn, scarce the firm, 356.
great memory does not make a, 607.
he was a, 1.
muscular training of a, 931.
never yet that could endure the
toothache, 53.
- Philosophers have judged, as wise, 214.
sayings of, 212.
will put their names to their books,
188.

- Philosophic mind, the, 478.
 Philosophie, Aristotle and his, 1.
 Philosophies and outward systems, 832.
 had my day and my, 680.
 Philosophy adversity's sweet milk, 108.
 bringeth about to religion, 166.
 could find it out, if, 134.
 depth in, 166.
 dreamt of in your, 133.
 for fear divine, 675.
 hast any, in thee shepherd, 70.
 how charming is divine, 245.
 I ask not proud, 516.
 inclineth to atheism, 166.
 is a good horse in the stable, 401.
 is nothing but discretion, 195.
 lights of mild, 297.
 makes men deep, 168.
 of one who studies, 931.
 search of deep, 260.
 teaching by examples, 304.
 that no, can lift, 486.
 triumphs over past evils, 980.
 vain wisdom and false, 228.
 what to be gained from, 948.
 will clip an angel's wings, 574.
 Phocion and Demosthenes, 914.
 saying of, 920.
 Phœbus 'gins arise, 159.
 in his strength, 77.
 what a name, 539.
 Phœbus' wain, wheels of, 243.
 Phosphor, sweet, bring the day, 203.
 Photography of a printed record, colorless, 827.
 Phrase, a fico for the, 45.
 choice word and measured, 470.
 of peace, the soft, 149.
 of vagrant worm, hackneyed, 720.
 proverb'd with a grandsire, 104.
 would be more german, 145.
 Phrases, mint of, in his brain, 54.
 Phrygian Turk, 45.
 Physic, gold in, is a cordial, 2.
 pomp, take, 147.
 throw, to the dogs, 125.
 to preserve health, 167.
 well because I use none of your, 923.
 Physics pain, labour we delight in, 120.
 Physical and metaphysical impossibility, 581.
 arguments and opinions, 966.
 Physically impossible, 441.
 Physician heal thyself, 1033.
 is there no, there, 1027.
 presumed to call himself a, 878.
 time is the great, 628.
 Physicians, beyond the practice of all, 693.
 catch diseases to cure them, 189.
 use three, 872.
 Physiological experiment on animals, 663.
 Pia mater, womb of, 55.
 Pick a pocket, not scruple to, 282.
 no quarrels, 398.
 Picks yer pocket, smiles while it, 350.
 Pickaninny, an exceedingly small, 750.
 Picked, age is grown so, 143.
 out of ten thousand, 133.
 up his crumbs, 393.
 Picket's off duty forever, 766.
 Picking and stealing, 1042.
 Pickwickian sense, in a, 701.
 Pict, from a naked, 871.
 Picture, look here upon this, 140.
 placed the busts between, 312.
 who looks at an American, 462.
 Pictures, eyes make, 502.
 for the page atone, 331.
 in Afric maps, savage, 289.
 of silver, 1020.
 Pictured urn, fancy from her, 382.
 Picturesque liar, 796.
 Pie, finger in every, 975.
 no man's, is freed from his finger, 98
 Piece, a, of human frailty, 579.
 faultless, to see, 323.
 of British manhood, sounder, 582.
 of work is a man, what a, 134.
 Pieces, all at once, it went to, 691.
 dash him to, 114.
 Piecemeal on the rock, 549.
 Piercing the night's dull ear, 92.
 Pierian spring, taste not the, 323.
 Pies, and went to making, 758.
 Piety, no real, without heroism, 994.
 nor wit shall lure it, 954.
 whose soul sincere, 391.
 Pig in a poke, buying or selling of, 20.
 Pigs have wings, 782.
 squeak, naturally as, 210.
 Pike-staff, plain as a, 351, 986.
 Pile, nor cursing creed, nor crackling, 691.
 Pilfers wretched plans, 412.
 Pilgrim gray, honour comes a, 390.
 of eternity, 565.
 shrines, such graves are, 562.
 steps in amice gray, 241.
 steps of spring, 822.
 stock pithed with hardihood, 737.
 Pilgrims foundation of greatness of, 752.
 Pilgrim's Progress that wonderful book, 601.
 Pilgrimage, overtaketh in his, 44.
 Pilgrimages, folk to gon on, 1.
 Pillar of fire by night, 1005.
 of salt, 1005.
 of state, seemed a, 227.
 Pillars are fallen at thy feet, 610.
 Pillared firmament, 245.
 shade high overarched, 239.
 Pillory, each window, like a, 214.
 Pillow hard, finds the down, 160.
 Pilot cannot mitigate the billows, 916.
 in extremity, a daring, 267.
 of my proper woe, 552.
 of the Galilean lake, 247.
 that weathered the storm, 464.
 't is a fearful night, 589.
 Pimpernell and twenty more, 72.
 Pin a day's a groat a year, 363.
 bores with a little, 82.

- Pins it with a star, 591.
 Pin's fee, do not set my life at a, 131.
 Pincers tear, where the, 312.
 Pinch, a lean-faced villain, 50.
 necessity's sharp, 146.
 Pinches, where the shoe, 910.
 Pindarus, house of, 252.
 Pine, dwindle peak and, 116.
 for thee, then most I, 631.
 I live they lack I have they, 22.
 immovable infix'd, 228.
 land of palm and southern, 672.
 like an eagle caged I, 714.
 than, in a palace alone, 750.
 to equal which the tallest, 224.
 with fear and sorrow, 29.
 Pines, silent sea of, 501.
 the solemn, 784.
 thunder-harp of, 775.
 tops of the eastern, 81.
 under the yaller, 737.
 Pine-apple of politeness, 440.
 Pined and wanted food, 465.
 in thought, 76.
 Pining hideth his sharp ribs, labor,
 696.
 what is passion but, 780.
 Pinion, with paddle or fin or, 767.
 Pinions, oft I hear thy dusky, 613.
 shadow of thy, float along, 613.
 Pink and the pansy, 248.
 eyne, Bacchus with, 158.
 of courtesy, the very, 107.
 of perfection, 401.
 sea-shells, 807.
 trip slip, 796.
 Pinks that grow, the, 184.
 Pinnace, sail like my, 45.
 Pinned with a single star, 591.
 Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez, 294.
 Piny mountain, 504.
 Pious action we do sugar o'er, 135.
 frauds and holy shifts, 212.
 gentlemen, some, 811.
 impiety of the, 773.
 not the less a man though, 983.
 seem when only bilious, 595.
 thoughts, she sent, 221.
 Pipe and viol, 786.
 but as the linnets sing, 674.
 easier to be played on than a, 139.
 for fortune's finger, 138.
 Gill shall dance and Jack shall, 199.
 glorious in a, 555.
 tipped with amber, 555.
 to smoke in cold weather, 861.
 to the spirit ditties, 576.
 Pipes and whistles in his sound, 69.
 soft, play on, 576.
 Piping, at the, of all hands, 578.
 time of peace, 96.
 Pippins, old, toothsome, 181.
 Pirate, merchant and, 997.
 Piratical morality, 997.
 Pit, black as the, 828.
 man will go down into the, 828.
 monster of the, 329.
 they'll fill a, as well as better, 87.
 Pit, whoso diggeth a, 1021.
 Pitch, dark as, 265.
 he that toucheth, 1029.
 my moving tent, nightly, 497.
 out of tune above the, 957.
 which flies the higher, 93.
 Pitched, as the mind is, 421.
 Pitcher broken at the fountain, 1023.
 Pitchers have ears, 17.
 Pitchfork, clothes thrown on with a,
 292.
 Piteous chase, 67.
 Pith and moment, enterprises of, 136.
 seven years', these arms had, 149.
 Pitied men whose views of Christian,
 730.
 Pitiful 't was wondrous pitiful, 150.
 Pitiless storm, pelting of this, 147.
 Pity, challenge double, 25.
 drops of sacred, 69.
 gave ere charity began, 396.
 he hath a tear for, 90.
 I learn to, them, 402.
 in his tenderness, found, 803.
 infinite, 791.
 is akin to love, 282.
 is the straightest path to love, 198.
 it is to slay the meanest, 594.
 like a new-born babe, 118.
 melts the mind to love, 272.
 of it Iago the pity of it, 155.
 swells the tide of love, 308.
 that it was great, so it was, 83.
 the sorrows of a poor old man, 433.
 then embrace, endure then, 317.
 't is 't is true, 133.
 upon the poor, he that hath, 1019.
 writ, within the leaf of, 109.
 Pity's self be dead, till, 390.
 Pity-pat, his heart kep' goin', 736.
 Pity-Zekle, but hern went, 736.
 Pixes and rosaries, 215.
 Place, a little one-eyed blinking sort
 of, 816.
 all other things give, 349.
 and time, bounds of, 382.
 and wealth, get, 329.
 as a nail in a sure, 1026.
 at home in a better, 67.
 below the skies, 538.
 but the fate of, 98.
 creep home and take your, 729.
 did then adhere, nor time nor, 118.
 dignified by the doer's dead, 73.
 ear in many a secret, 469.
 everywhere his, 260.
 first in glory first in, 344.
 fittest, where man can die, 716.
 get wealth and, 329.
 in many a solitary, 468.
 in thy memory dearest, 611.
 jolly, in times of old, 472.
 keep the pain but change the, 301.
 kiss the, to make it wel', 535.
 know him any more, 1008.
 men are servants in great, 165.
 mind is its own, 224.
 never the time and the, 714

- Place, no, like home, 568.
 no respect of, 75.
 of dream, a, 798.
 of festivity, pleasant, 544.
 of light, university should be, 625.
 of my birth, came to the, 550.
 of rest, where to choose their, 240.
 of thine, that there abides a, 753.
 or time, not to be changed by, 224.
 our champion waiting in his, 650.
 pensive though a happy, 482.
 pride of, 120.
 right man in the right, 724.
 stands upon a slippery, 79.
 sunshine in the shady, 27.
 that has known him, 1008.
 thereof shall know it no more, 1008.
 those who have the second, 291.
 towering in her pride of, 120.
 when virtuous things proceed, 73.
 where he is not known, 372.
 where honour's lodged, 214.
 where the tree falleth, 1023.
 which 't is not good manners to mention, 287.
 worship the gods of the, 193.
- Places all alike distant from heaven, 190.
 do not grace men, 923.
 fill up their proper, 265.
 lines in pleasant, 1010.
 men grace the, 923.
 other graces follow in proper, 265.
 shall be hell, all, 41.
 strange, crammed, 68.
 the eye of heaven visits, 80.
 which pale passion loves, 184.
- Place-expectants, gratitude of, 304.
- Plagiarè, among authors, 253.
- Plagiarism, memory to convict of, 376.
- Plague, every one has his particular, 916.
 my wife is my particular, 916.
 of all cowards, 84.
 of both your houses, 107.
 of sighing and grief, 85.
 the inventor, return to, 118.
 upon such backing, 84.
 us, instruments to, 149.
- Plagues and common dotages, 188.
 of heaven, 464.
 that haunt the rich, 424.
- Plain and flat, 734.
 and simple faith, 114.
 and to the purpose, 51.
 as a pack-staff, 172.
 as a pike-staff, 351, 986.
 as way to parish church, 68.
 blunt man, 114.
 brownstone will do, a very, 689.
 Camilla scours the, 324.
 here as on a darkling, 753.
 in dress, be, 350.
 knight pricking on the, 27.
 living and high thinking, 472.
 loveliest village of the, 395.
 nodding o'er the yellow, 356.
- Plain of Marathon, 369.
 over the great gromboolian, 703.
 stretched upon the, 539.
 tale shall put you down, 85.
 thou 'lt hear, 793.
 when he wastes the, 807.
- Plains of windy Troy, ringing, 668.
 silver-mantled, 695.
 tolerant, 818.
- Plainness of speech, use great, 1038.
- Plaintive martyrs, 447.
 some sweet, melody, 587.
- Plaited cunning hides, what, 146.
- Plan, not without a, 314.
 parts of an infinite, 804.
 that admits no modification, 896.
 the simple, sufficeth them, 473.
- Plans, pilfers wretched, 412.
- Planet, born under a rhyming, 54.
 swims into his ken, when a new, 576.
- Planets, as easily have created the, 585.
 guides the, 456.
 in chime, sun with his, 664.
 in their turn, all the, 300.
 not more numerous than the, 625.
 then no, strike, 127.
- Planned, perfect woman nobly, 475.
- Plant, error is a hardy, 695.
 fame is no, 247.
 fixed like a, 317.
 himself on his instincts, 617.
 of slow growth, confidence is a, 364.
 that grows on mortal soil, 247.
 while the earth bears a, 863.
- Plants, aromatic, 398.
 children like olive, 1016.
 suck in the earth, 260.
- Planted a garden, God Almighty, 167.
 Apollos watered I have, 1037.
 of the tree I, 544.
- Planting, wheat for this, 646.
- Plaster saints, 852.
- Platform, upon the, 129.
- Plato, taught of the rule of, 254.
 thou reasonest well, 298.
- Plato's retirement, 241.
- Play, a little work a little, 789.
 and make good cheer, 20.
 and sit like flowers on thy grave, 762.
 at cherry-pit, 76.
 better at a, 519.
 false, wouldst not, 117.
 good as a, 1048.
 has never ceased to, 851.
 healthful, 302.
 heart ungalled, 138.
 holdeth children from, 34.
 in the plighted clouds, 244.
 is done, the, 697.
 is the thing, 135.
 life's poor, is o'er, 318.
 me no plays, 1054.
 on give me excess of it, 74.
 out the play, 85.
 pleased not the million, 134.

- Play, pleasure when I, not, 25.
 rather hear a discourse than see a,
 191.
 run, they will not let my, 282.
 the devil, seem a saint and, 96.
 the fools with the time, 89.
 the man, 871.
 the woman with mine eyes, 124.
 to you is death to us, 858.
 who goes to an American, 462.
 with similes, 473.
 work or healthful, 302.
 wouldst have me sing and, 525.
 your part, authors essayist, 683.
- Plays his part, so he, 69.
 many parts, one man, 69.
 round the head, 319.
 such fantastic tricks, 48.
- Playbill of Hamlet, 494.
- Played and sung, as once I, 525.
 at bo-peep, 202.
 familiar with his hoary locks, 598.
 in fancy we, 653.
 on the banks of the Yuba, 636.
 upon a stage, if this were, 76.
- Player, life's a poor, 125.
 ought to accept his throws, 883.
 shuffles off the buskin, 690.
- Players, men and women merely, 69.
- Playful, when I'm, 796.
- Playing holidays, all the year were, 83.
- Playmates, I have had, 509.
- Playmates' glad symphony, 848.
- Plaything, elephant man's, 925.
 some livelier, 318.
- Playwright may show in some fifth,
 our, 683.
- Plea, necessity the tyrant's, 232.
 shall beauty hold a, 162.
 so tainted, in law what, 63.
 though justice be thy, 65.
- Plead lament and sue, 489.
 like angels, his virtues will, 118.
 their cause I, 387.
 with human men I will, 634.
- Pleasant and cloudy weather, 433.
 bless me this is, 720.
 bread eaten in secret is, 1017.
 country's earth, 82.
 duty, 766.
 fellow, touchy testy, 300.
 for brethren to dwell together, 1016.
 how, it is to have money, 726.
 in man, all that was, 399.
 in their lives, 1007.
 institution, 802.
 is thy morning, life how, 447.
 land of counterpane, 829.
 life to lead, 't were a, 611.
 places, lines in, 1010.
 road, that life may be a, 760.
 scents salute the noses, 723.
 sights salute the eyes, 723.
 thought, we meet thee like a, 473.
 thoughts bring sad thoughts, 466.
 to behold the sun, 1023.
 to see one's name in print, 539.
 to severe, grave to light, 273, 985.
- Pleasant to think on, 256.
 vices, our, 149.
 way, all along the, 795.
- Pleasantness, ways of, 1017.
- Please, books cannot always, 444.
 certainty to, 455.
 everybody, hard to, 898.
 live to, must please to live, 366.
 natural in him to, 267.
 studious to, 366.
 surest to, 399.
 uncertain coy and hard to, 490.
 you so if not why so, 44.
- Pleases all the world, he, 986.
- Pleased, I would do what I, 974.
 not the million, 134.
 the ear is, 421.
 they please are, 395.
 to the last, 315.
 with a rattle, 318.
 with novelty, 417.
 with the danger, 267.
 with this bauble, 318.
- Pleasing anxious being, 385.
 dreadful thought, 299.
 dreams and slumbers light, 490.
 hope, whence this, 298.
 illusions of youth, 791.
 less, when possesst, 381.
 memory of all he stole, 331.
 of a lute, the lascivious, 95.
 punishment that women bear, 50.
 shade, ah happy hills, 381.
 shape, power to assume a, 135.
- Pleasure after pain, sweet is, 271.
 all hope, 276.
 arrivals and departures of, 776.
 at the helm, 383.
 by myself a lonely, 470.
 chords that vibrate sweetest, 452.
 comes, 794.
 dissipation without, 431.
 drown the brim, 73.
 drowns in, 357.
 ease content, 318.
 eternally new, a, 822.
 friend of, 390.
 full of, void of strife, 209.
 give a shock of, 579.
 has ceased to please, 368.
 how'er disguised by art, 403.
 I fly from, 368.
 in poetic pains, 419.
 in the pathless woods, 547.
 in trim gardens, takes his, 249.
 laugh of, grows less gay, 608.
 like the midnight flower, 520.
 little, in the house, 427.
 live in, when I live to thee, 359.
 loiter in, or toilfully spin, 660.
 lost, the just, 163.
 love sweeter than all other, 276.
 man of, is a man of pains, 309.
 mixed reason with, 399.
 never to blend our, 472.
 no, is comparable, 164.
 no profit grows where is no, 72.
 of being cheated, 214.

- Pleasure of life is to, true, 698.
 of love is in loving, 981.
 of the game, the little, 287.
 of the time, spoils the, 122.
 praise all his, 305.
 reason's whole, 319.
 she was bent, though on, 417.
 smile in pain frown at, 309.
 stock of harmless, 369.
 sure in being mad, 277.
 sweet the, 271.
 take, some men to, 321.
 to be drunk, it is our, 362.
 to come, immense, 380.
 to deceive the deceiver, 983.
 to the spectators, 604.
 treads upon the heels of, 295.
 unseasoned by variety, 896.
 was the chief good, 952.
 well-spring of, 695.
 when I live to thee I live in, 359.
 when I play not, 25.
 with pain for leaven, 805.
 youth and, 542.
 youth love gold and, 662.
- Pleasures and palaces, 568.
 are like poppies, 451.
 banish pain, 303.
 calm, 357.
 catastrophes due to love of, 747.
 doubling his, 455.
 every age has its, 986.
 hovered nigh, 357.
 in the vale of pain, 492.
 lie thickest where no, 865.
 now, what are, 844.
 of the Mahometans, 387.
 of the present day, 359.
 of the spheres, 526.
 pretty, might me move, 25.
 prove, all the, 40.
 soothed his soul to, 272.
- Pleasure-dome, stately, 500.
 Pleasure-house, lordly, 666.
 Pleasureless ye die, lest, 790.
 Pledge, never signed no, 735.
 of a deathless name, 643.
 our sacred honour, 434.
- Pleiades, sweet influences of, 1010.
 Plenteous, harvest truly is, 1031.
 Plentiful as blackberries, 85.
 lack of wit, 133.
- Plenty comes and goes, 785.
 o'er a smiling land, 385.
 of the kind, yet there is, 666.
- Pleurisy of people, 199.
 Plighted clouds, play in the, 244.
 Plodders, continual, 54.
 Plods his weary way, 384.
- Plot me no plots, 1054.
 of state to make a bank, 263.
 this blessed, this earth, 81.
 we first survey the, 88.
- Plots, a man of, 678.
 Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
 360.
 following his, 470.
 for what avail the, 617.
- Plough the sea, those who, 898.
 the watery deep, 337.
 who steer the, 614.
- Ploughman homeward plods, 384.
 Ploughshare o'er creation, 309.
 stern Ruin's, 448.
 unwilling, 486.
- Ploughshares, swords into, 1024.
 Plover, muskets aimed at, 439.
 Plow deep and straight with all, 622.
 Plowmen, ye rigid, bear in mind, 622.
 Pluck blackberries, sit round it and,
 659.
 bright honour from the moon, 84.
 from memory a rooted sorrow, 125.
 out the heart of my mystery, 139.
 this flower safety, 84.
 up drowned honour, 84.
 your berries, I come to, 246.
- Plucked his gown, 397.
- Plume a eu d'avantage sur l'épée, 189.
 is trailing in the dust, thy, 623.
 of amber snuff-box, 326.
 to fledge the shaft, 518.
- Plumes her feathers, she, 244.
- Plumed like estridges, 86.
 troop farewell, 154.
- Plummet, deeper than e'er, 43.
 Plummetts, deeper than all, sound, 807.
- Plump Jack, banish, 85.
 Plumpy Bacchus, 158.
- Plums, life's a pudding full of, 802.
 Plunder, power of public, 529.
- Plunge, Festus I, 704.
- Plunged along the shore, waves that,
 758.
 in, accoutred as I was, I, 110.
- Plutarch, no such person as, 916.
- Plutarch's men, one of, 738.
- Plutonian shore, on the night's, 613.
- Pluto's cheek, drew tears down, 250.
- Po, or wandering, 394.
- Pocket, little in one's own, 975.
 not scruple to pick a, 282.
 smiles while it picks yer, 350.
 stole and put it in his, 140.
- Poem, himself to be a true, 253.
 his whole life a heroic, 580.
 is a proof of genius, a great, 600.
 life of a man a, of its sort, 582.
 perfect, the crystalline revelation,
 636.
 rhymed or unrhymed, 5.
 round and perfect as a star, 775.
 with music or with, 241.
 works and does some, 583.
- Poems, for ye are living, 647.
 would write heroic, 580.
- Poesy, heavenly gift of, 270.
 seeds of, by heaven sown, 347.
 some participation of divineness,
 169.
- Poet be, joyful let the, 725.
 cannot die, the, 670.
 dies, when the, 488.
 God is the perfect, 704.
 has grudge against poet, 879.
 hopes that after-times, every, 653.

- Poet is made as well as born, 179.
 is worthy of the name of, 583.
 lunatic lover and the, 59.
 naturalist and historian, 367.
 once loved, 335.
 or other literary creature, 808.
 perhaps no person can be a, 600.
 sings, as the, 809.
 sings, this is truth the, 669.
 soaring, 253.
 speak to men with power, 581.
 still more a man than men, 581.
 the tadpole, 808.
 they had no, and they died, 330.
 this the most gifted, 726.
 was ever, so trusted before, 372.
 whose work so content us, 388.
 without love, 581.
- Poets are all who love, 722.
 are sultans, 258.
 are the hierophants of inspiration,
 568.
 by their sufferings grow, 216.
 dream, as youthful, 249.
 fancy, or youthful, 301.
 feign of bliss and joy, 94.
 forms of ancient, 504.
 histories make, witty, 168.
 in their misery dead, 470.
 in three distant ages born, 270.
 in youth begin in gladness, 470.
 lose half the praise, 221.
 pensive, painful vigils keep, 331.
 sing, all that, 631.
 steal from Homer, 185.
 styled, love is a boy by, 213.
 that, lasting marble seek, 220.
 things the first, had, 40.
 we, in our youth, 470.
 who feel great truths, 722.
 who made us heirs, 477.
- Poet's brain, should possess a, 40.
 darling, the, 473.
 dream, consecration and the, 475.
 ear, flattery lost on, 487.
 eye in a fine frenzy rolling, 59.
 eye, muse with a, 513.
 lines, where go the, 689.
 mistress is a hallowed, 665.
 pages, sculptured in stone on, 709.
 pen turns them to shapes, 59.
- Poets' hope, critics who stamped out,
 659.
- Poetess, maudlin, 326.
- Poetic child, meet nurse for a, 489.
 fields encompass me, 299.
 justice with lifted scale, 330.
 nook, seat in some, 536.
 pains, pleasure in, 419.
 prose, warbler of, 421.
- Poetical, gods had made thee, 70.
- Poeticule, some tenth-rate, 808.
- Poetry, angling is somewhat like, 207.
 attainable in, 657.
 best words in best order, 505.
 is speaking painting, 928.
 melancholy madness of, 874.
 men are cradled into, 566.
- Poetry mere mechanic art, 414.
 of earth is never dead, 577.
 of ethics from Byron's, 601.
 of speech, the, 545.
 of words as rhythmical creation,
 657.
 old-fashioned, 208.
 or even enjoy, without, 600.
 prose run mad not, 327.
 simple passionate and sensuous, 254.
 tender charm of, 486.
 we may live without, 779.
 wit eloquence and, 260.
 you speak as one who fed on, 631.
- Poitiers, shrined with Cressy and,
 726.
- Point a moral or adorn a tale, 365.
 armed at, exactly cap-a-pe, 128.
 don't put too fine a, 978.
 his slow unmoving finger at, 155.
 not to put too fine a, 702.
 of a diamond, 1027.
 of all my greatness, 99.
 of death, at the, 1033.
 swim to yonder, 110.
 thus I bore my, 84.
- Points, armed at all, 128.
 in the law, eleven, 296.
 of heaven, kindred, 485.
 out an hereafter, 298.
 the meeting, 326.
 to yonder glade, 335.
 true to the kindred, 485.
- Poison and sting of things too sweet,
 760.
 for serpents, 904.
 for the age's tooth, 78.
 of misused wine, 243.
 one man's, another's meat, 199.
 ounce of, in one pocket, 603.
 steel nor, can touch him, 121.
 to his mind and peril to his body,
 606.
- Poisoned chalice, 118.
 rat in a hole, like a, 292.
- Poisoning of a dart, 261.
- Poisonous counsels wayside ambush-
 ings, 678.
 Nessus shirts, 583.
- Poison-weeds, the vilest deeds like,
 836.
- Poke, drew a dial from his, 68.
 pig in a, buying or selling of, 20.
- Pole, from Indus to the, 333.
 soldier's, is fallen, 159.
 to pole, beloved from, 499.
 to pole, truth from, 300.
 true as the needle to the, 306.
 were I so tall to reach the, 303.
- Poles, that wheel between the, 682.
- Policeman's lot is not a happy one,
 801.
- Policy, honesty is the best, 976.
 kings will be tyrants from, 410.
 turn him to any cause of, 91.
- Polished dart, laughter winged his,
 803.
 idleness, 457.

- Polished manners, 422.
 razor, satire is like a, 350.
 through act and speech, 767.
- Polite learning, men of, 984.
 never mentions hell to ears, 322.
- Politeness, pine-apple of, 440.
- Political bands, dissolve the, 434.
 cave of Adullam, into his, 700.
 fault, it is a, 991.
- Politician, coffee makes the, wise, 326.
 not a, other habits good, 787.
 that would circumvent God, 143.
- Politicians, whole race of, 290.
 whom democracy has degraded into,
 628.
- Politics and morality, treat apart, 812.
 conscience with, 442.
 the purification of, 785.
- Poll, all flaxen was his, 142.
 and his heart *was* true to, 809.
 just rubbed his auld, 590.
 talked like poor, 388.
- Pollertics like my religion, my, 787.
- Pollutes whate'er it touches, power,
 567.
- Pollutions, safe from sin's, 642.
 sun through, 169.
- Pomegranate from Browning, some,
 658.
- Pomp, all his, without his force, 412.
 and circumstance, 154.
 and glory of this world, 99.
 blot out vain, 941.
 candied tongue lick absurd, 137.
 dull, the life of kings, 754.
 give lettered, 649.
 of age, monumental, 479.
 of power, 384.
 sepulchred in such, 251.
 take physic, 147.
 to flight, puts all the, 333.
 worthless, of homage, 571.
- Pomps and vanity, 1042.
- Pompey's shade, great, 298.
- Pompous in the grave, 219.
- Pond, mantle like a standing, 60.
- Pondered weak and weary, while I,
 655.
- Ponderous and marble jaws, 131.
 axes rung, no, 535.
 form was, and his step, 546.
 gate of the west, 817.
 woe, though a, 289.
- Pontic sea, like to the, 155.
- Pool, fringed, 777.
 mantle of the standing, 147.
- Poop was beaten gold, 157.
- Poor a thing is man, how, 39.
 always ye have with you, 1035.
 and content is rich enough, 153.
 annals of the, 384.
 but honest, my friends were, 73.
 Christ himself was, 190.
 considereth the, 1012.
 creature small beer, 89.
 destruction of the, 1017.
 exchequer of the, 81.
 give the rest to the, 95c.
- Poor, grind the faces of the, 1025.
 he that considereth the, 1012.
 he that hath pity upon the, 1019.
 he was rich and she was, 720.
 how many, I see, 301.
 human heart, and also my, 722.
 I am stale, 160.
 I rich they, 22.
 in thanks, I am even, 134.
 indeed, makes me, 153.
 indeed must thou be, 731.
 infirm weak and despised, 147.
 laws grind the, 395.
 lean lank face, in my, 660.
 little one-horse town, 795.
 lone woman, 89.
 love their country and be, 336.
 make no new friends, 637.
 man has grudge against poor man,
 879.
 man laughs loudest of all, 690.
 man's garden grow more than
 herbs, 630.
 must be wisely visited, 687.
 naked wretches, 147.
 old man, sorrows of a, 433.
 pensioner, 306.
 prophets apostles all, 190.
 rich gifts wax, 136.
 richest was, and the poorest, 642.
 scandalous and, 279.
 that found'st me, 398.
 that have not patience, 152.
 that lack ablution, 845.
 the hungry, 797.
 the offering be, though, 525.
 though much they have, 22.
 to do him reverence, 113.
 to slight the, 345.
 Tom, heaven be thy aid, 578.
 Tom's a-cold, 147.
 too, for a bribe, 387.
 wanders heaven-directed to the, 321.
 wants that pinch the, 424.
 weak palsy-stricken, 575.
 when that the, have cried Cæsar
 wept, 113.
 wise man like a book, 181.
 without Thee we are, 421.
 woman, marry rich woman as, 698.
- Poorest lived in abundance, 642.
 man in his cottage, 365.
- Poor-house, over the hill to the, 825.
- Pope of Rome, no more than the, 212.
- Popery, inclines a man to, 222.
- Popish liturgy, 365.
- Poplar pale, edged with, 251.
- Poppies of Cathay, and drink the,
 651.
 overcharged with rain, 338.
 pleasures are like, 451.
- Poppy nor mandragora, 154.
- Poppy-seeds of slumber deep and calm,
 764
- Population, agricultural, bravest, 905.
- Populous city pent, long in, 239.
- Porcelain clay of humankind, 277.
 of human clay, 558.

- Porcupine, upon the fretful, 131.
 Pore benighted 'eathen, 851
 Porpentine, upon the fretful, 131.
 Porpoise, fat as a, 293.
 Porridge, breath to cool your, 959,
 975.
 nose into other men's, 973.
 Port, and hawser's tie no more, to, 745.
 as meke as is a mayde, his, 1.
 beyond the surge, thou hast thy,
 802.
 for men, 374.
 is near the bells I hear, 744.
 of all men's labours, 170.
 pride in their, 395.
 to imperial Tokay, 380.
 Ports, all up battle lanterns lit, 739.
 and happy havens, 80.
 Portal we call death, whose, 642.
 Portals of gold, unfolding those, 587.
 that lead to an enchanted land, 798.
 who to thy sacred, come, 798.
 Portance in my travels' history, 150.
 Portents of impending doom, 613.
 Portion, he wales a, 447.
 in this life, my, 253.
 of my early gleam, 767.
 of that around me, I become, 543.
 of uncertain paper, certain, 556.
 that best, of a good man's life, 467.
 Portions of eternity, 731.
 of the soul of man, 731.
 Portius, thy steady temper, 297.
 Posies, thousand fragrant, 41.
 Positive truth, this I set down as,
 698.
 Positivists, truth be sought with, 765.
 Possess a poet's brain, 40.
 but one idea, he seems to, 371.
 God, to, 994.
 opinions and a will, men who, 730.
 to see to feel and to, 541.
 Possessed but not enjoyed, 342.
 by their money, 188.
 first I have, 549.
 with inward light 503.
 Possessing all things, 501.
 too dear for my, 162.
 Possession, bliss in, 496.
 fie on, 4.
 is eleven points in the law, 296.
 man's best, 884.
 object in, 934.
 of a day, the poor, 339.
 of eternal things, 855.
 would not show, virtue that, 53.
 Possest, less pleasing when, 381.
 that once my soul, 794.
 Possibilities, a world of startling, 826.
 pounds and, 45.
 Possibility, a man without passion,
 995.
 Possible and proper, things, 939.
 worlds, best of, 987.
 Post, evil news rides, 242.
 o'er land and ocean, 252.
 of honour is a private station, 298,
 349.
 Posteriors of this day, 56.
 Posterity, contemporaneous, 361.
 done for us, what has, 439.
 gentlemen who reach, 625.
 intimately known to, 601.
 is a most limited assembly, 625.
 look forward to, 409.
 obligation to, 439.
 think of your, 458, 933.
 to imitate, 874.
 we are a kind of, 361.
 what, will say, 361.
 youth of nation trustees of, 628.
 Postern of a needle's eye, 82.
 Posting winds, rides on the, 160.
 Posy of a ring, prologue or the, 138.
 Pot, boil like a, 1010.
 calls the kettle black, 977.
 death in the, 1008.
 of ale and safety, 91.
 thorns under a, 1022.
 three-hooped, 94.
 with a cot in a park, 822.
 Pots of ale, size of, 210.
 Potations, banish strong, 432.
 pottle-deep, 152.
 Potent grave and reverend signiors,
 149.
 over sun and star, 482.
 to coerce and to, so, 682.
 Potentiality of growing rich, 374.
 Potomac, all quiet along the, 766.
 Pottage, breath to cool his, 924.
 Potter is jealous of potter, 879.
 power over the clay, 1036.
 Potter's clay, if we are only as the,
 691.
 Pottle-deep, potations, 152.
 Pouch, tester I'll have in, 45.
 Poultrice comes, silence like a, 688.
 Pouncet-box 'twixt his finger, 83.
 Pound foolish penny wise, 186.
 Pounds, annual income twenty, 701.
 rich with forty, 396.
 seven hundred, and possibilities, 45.
 six hundred, a year, 289.
 take care of themselves, 352.
 three hundredth, a year, 46.
 two hundred, a year, 215.
 Pour forth the cheering wine, 610.
 Pout, in vain I scowl and, 720.
 Pouter tumbler and fantail are from,
 605.
 Poverty come, so shall thy, 1017.
 depressed, worth by, 366.
 distressed by, 367.
 from affluence to, 796.
 I pay thy, not thy will, 108.
 nor riches, give me neither, 1021.
 not my will consents, 108.
 penny in the urn of, 598.
 rustic life and, 514.
 steeped me in, 155.
 stood smiling, 346.
 the destruction of the poor, 1017.
 Powder, food for, 87.
 keep your, dry, 598.
 Powdered with stars, 236.

- Power, a magic, to calm the breast,
607.
a witty beauty is a, 772.
above can save, the, 342.
alas naught but misery, 588.
an unwearied, 414.
and effect of love, 191.
and self, 488.
balance of, 304.
beauty hath strange, 242.
behind the eye, 620.
behind the throne, 364.
breathe secret of your, 846.
but his attribute, 793.
daughter of Jove relentless, 382.
day of thy, 1015.
earthly, show likest God's, 64.
force of temporal, 64.
forty parson, 559.
genius hath electric, 610.
gray flits the shade of, 541.
great, make me always think, 762.
greatest not exempted from her, 31.
heaven upon the past has not, 274.
human, which could evade, 555.
in excess, desire of, 165.
intellectual, the, 465, 480.
is a trust, all, 626.
is passing from the earth, 477.
knowledge is, 168.
lay down the wreck of, 571.
like a desolating pestilence, 567.
love greater than his, 793.
not now in fortune's, 212.
o'er true virginity, 245.
of beauty I remember, the, 272.
of grace, 513.
of proselytism, 995.
of public plunder, cohesive, 529.
of thought, the, 551.
of words, graced with the, 330.
pangs of guilty, 367.
pomp of, 384.
seeds of godlike, are in us, 754.
shadow of some unseen, 564.
should take who have the, 473.
some novel, 676.
talent in a man's, 740.
taught by that, 402.
thank the eternal, 380.
that fills the world with terror, 645.
that hath made us a nation, 517.
that pities me, 402.
the giftie gie us, wad some, 448.
to assume a pleasing shape, 135.
to broaden the mind, 936.
to charm insanity, 620.
to charm, nor witch hath, 127.
to love, lose the, 717.
to persuade, 942.
to say behold, 57.
to thunder, flatter Jove for his, 103.
to will, work or lose the, 717.
to wound, her very shoe has, 378.
untold, with love and, 715.
upon the past, heaven has not, 274.
wealth excludes but one evil, 373.
whence has come thy lasting, 810.
- Power which erring men call chance,
245.
while Thee I seek protecting, 862.
within, the ruling, 936.
Powers, our misshaping vision of the,
682.
plow deep and straight with all your,
622.
struggle of discordant, 409.
supreme, keep men in obedience,
193.
that be, 1036.
that be, o'er lesser, 731.
that will work for thee, 471.
we lay waste our, 476.
which impress our minds, 466.
Power's employ, in some unknown,
753.
Powerful as truth, nothing so, 534.
grace that lies in herbs, 106.
Practical force, the mightiest, 826.
Practice becomes second nature, 893.
in little things, 929.
is everything, 944.
is the best instructor, 896.
of a wise man, 207.
of all physicians, beyond the, 693.
success in, 816.
Practices, long train of these, 364.
to deceive, 490.
Practised falsehood, 232.
what he preached, 860.
Prague, old hermit of, 77.
Prague's proud arch, 513.
Prairie's midst, she lights her fires in
every, 725.
Praise, all his pleasure, 305.
and true perfection, 66.
arise, let the Creator's, 302.
be to you, O hills, 846.
beat high for, 519.
blame love kisses, 474.
blessings and eternal, 477.
come to bury Cæsar not to, 113.
damn with faint, 327.
dispraised no small, 240.
efforts of race due to love of, 747.
Father Son and Holy Ghost, 278.
for the sure-unwinding arms, 744.
from a friend, 339.
from Sir Hubert Stanley, 457.
garment of, 1026.
God from whom all blessings flow,
278.
great men's, 834.
him all creatures here below, 278.
I'll sing thee a song in thy, 449.
if there be any, 1039.
love of, howe'er concealed, 310.
none named thee but to, 562.
of those about to marry, 949.
only to be praised, we, 981.
poets lose half the, 221.
pudding against empty, 330.
silence muse His, 357.
skies were purple and breath was,
599.
sound of woman's, 604.

- Praise, swells the note of, 384.
 the Frenchman, I, 416.
 them most that paint truest, 300.
 thirst of, 414.
 undeserved is scandal in disguise,
 330.
 wealth preferring to eternal, 341.
 whom there were none to, 469.
 wood-world one full peal of, 678.
- Praises faintly when he must, 327.
 sound of one's, 927.
- Praised be the fathomless universe,
 744.
- Praising God with sweetest looks, 592.
 man when he is dead, 885.
 most dispraises, 327.
 the rose that all are, 588.
 what is lost makes the remembrance
 dear, 74.
- Prate, hear him, 772.
 of my whereabouts, stones, 119.
- Prattle to be tedious, thinking his, 82.
- Pray, doth late and early, 174.
 for no man but myself, I, 109.
 for wisdom, 777.
 goody please to moderate, 860.
 I scarcely dare to, 779.
 late and early, 174.
 remained to, 397.
 that this mighty scourge, 661.
 the Lord my soul to keep, 873.
 to God, 793.
 to love, 793.
 we do, for mercy, 65.
 with you drink with you nor, 61.
 work not can not, 717.
- Prayer all his business, 305.
 ardent, opens heaven, 309.
 cursed with every granted, 321.
 doth teach us all, 65.
 erects a house of, 286.
 for others' weal, fondest, 539.
 four hours spend in, 24.
 have steeped their souls in, 665.
 heaven sometimes grants before the,
 269.
 homes of silent, 674.
 imperfect offices of, 479.
 is of no avail, when, 479.
 is the burden of a, 497.
 is the soul's sincere desire, 497.
 making their lives a, 649.
 of Ajax was for light, 640.
 of devotion, the still, 524.
 people's, the, 268.
 swears a, or two, 105.
 the fervent, 538.
 the impulse to a worldless, 819.
 wish is like a, with God, 659.
- Prayers, child of many, 640.
 feed on, 25.
 for death, old man's, 883.
 God answers sudden on some, 659.
 which are old age's alms, 25.
- Prayer-books are the toys of age, 318.
- Prayeth best who loveth best, 499.
 well who loveth well, 499.
- Praying to God, 793.
- Praying to love, 793.
- Preach a respectable mythology, 832.
 a whole year, if I, 439.
 humility is a virtue all, 195.
 the men of musty morals, 798.
- Preached as never to preach again,
 858.
 practised what he, 860.
- Preaches it, Luther, 620.
 wife who, in her gown, 594.
- Preacheth patience, 205.
- Preaching, a woman, 371.
- Precede, lead the way we'll, 441.
- Precedes, consider what, 932.
- Precedent, codeless myriad of, 670.
 embalms a principle, 624.
 for poor men's facts, 36.
 is a king of men, 807.
 well-established, 840.
- Precedents, day supported by, 912.
- Precept, example more efficacious,
 368.
 upon precept, 1026.
- Precincts of the cheerful day, 385.
- Precious bane, deserve the, 225.
 in the sight of the Lord, 1015.
 instance of itself, sends some, 142.
 jewel in his head, wears a, 67.
 life is, so, 798.
 life-blood of a master-spirit, 254.
 nose, that's his, 593.
 odours, virtue is like, 165.
 ointment, better than, 1022.
 seeing to the eye, it adds a, 56.
 soul, damn your, 958.
 stone, a gift is as a, 1019.
 stone, this, 81.
 to me, things most, 124.
 treasure of his eyesight, 104.
 truth is, 213.
- Precipitate down dashed, 358.
- Precise, art is too, 201.
 in promise-keeping, 47.
- Precocity, miracle of, 904.
- Predecessor, illustrious, 364, 408.
- Preference, in science read by, the
 newest, 632.
- Preferment goes by letter, 149.
- Pregnant hinges of the knee, 137.
 quarry teemed with human form,
 394.
- Prejudice is strong when the judg-
 ment's weak, 860.
- Prelate, religion without a, 598.
- Premier pas qui coûte, 987.
- Premises are strong when her, 849.
- 'Prentice han' she tried on man, 446.
- Preordained from everlasting, 942.
- Preparation, dreadful note of, 92.
- Prepare to shed tears, 113.
- Prerogative of mind, the grand, 534.
- Presage of his future years, 427.
- Presbyterian true blue, 210.
- Presence full of light, 109.
 in minds made better by their, 730.
 lord of thy, and no land beside, 78.
 maiden, scunter of your, 130.
 now and in my, 101.

- Presence of body, 509.
 of mind, 889.
 of the passenjare, 796.
 shall my wants supply, his, 300.
 whose, civilizes ours, 415.
- Present, desponding view of the, 603.
 fears less than imaginings, 116.
 help in trouble, 1012.
 in spirit, absent in body, 1037.
 joys therein I find, 22.
 things seem worst, 89.
 thou, to my mind, 596.
 wrong the eternal right, through,
 649.
- Presents endear absents, 509.
- Presentment, counterfeit, 140.
- Preservative of all arts, 1044.
- Preserves us a nation, made and, 609.
- President, ever expected me to be,
 660.
 rather be right than, 517.
- Press down upon the brow of labor,
 844.
 freedom of the, 435.
 not a falling man too far, 99.
 the, is the fourth estate, 585.
 the people's right maintain, 863.
 with vigour on, 359.
- Pressure, his form and, 137.
 of taxation, 462.
- Presto pass your joys are withered,
 609.
- Presume not God to scan, 317.
- Pretender, God bless the, 351.
- Pretty boy, my, 803.
 chickens, all my, 124.
 creature drink, 472.
 everything that, is, 159.
 Fanny's way, 305.
 feet like snails, 202.
 looks, puts on his, 79.
 page with dimpled chin, 697.
 Sally, there's none like, 285.
 to force together thoughts, 500.
 to walk with, 256.
- Prudent course is steadied, my, 735.
- Prevail, oars alone can ne'er, 416.
 or not, none cares whether it, 757.
 truth is great and shall, 757.
- Prevailin' weakness of public men, 787.
- Prevaricate, thou dost, 211.
- Prey at fortune, 153.
 expects his evening, 383.
 fleas that on him, 290.
 the destined, 838.
 to dumb forgetfulness, a, 385.
 to hastening ills, a, 396.
 was man, his, 333.
 where eagles dare not perch, wrens
 make, 96.
- Priam's curtain, drew down, 88.
 powers and self shall fall, 337.
- Price, all men have their, 304.
 for knowledge, too high the, 313.
 of chains and slavery, 430.
 of liberty, 1047.
 of wisdom is above rubies, 1009.
 pearl of great, 1031.
- Prices, all have, 559.
- Prick the sides of my intent, 118.
- Pricks, kick against the, 1035.
 me on, honour, 87.
- Pricking of my thumbs, 123.
 on the plaine, 27.
- Prickles on it, leaf had, 245.
 tormenting himself with his, 593.
- Pride aiming at the blest abodes, 316.
 alone, stands in his, 652.
 and fraud and blood, men of, 826.
 and haughtiness of soul, 298.
 at bottom of all great mistakes, 746.
 blend our pleasure or, 472.
 coy submission modest, 232.
 crueltie and ambition of man, 27.
 day in its, 528.
 father's joy mother's, 492.
 fell with my fortunes, 66.
 goeth before, 13, 38.
 goeth before destruction, 1018.
 high-blown, broke under me, 99.
 humbled out of, 963.
 idleness and, 361.
 in Casey's bearing, 856.
 in reasoning pride, 315.
 in their port, 395.
 of former days, 519.
 of kings, 314.
 of place, towering in her, 120.
 of sway, peace and, 339.
 peasantry their country's, 396.
 pomp and circumstance, 154.
 rank pride, 't is, 298.
 spite of, 316.
 that apes humility, 501, 507.
 that licks the dust, 328.
 that must be yours, solemn, 660.
 that perished in his, 470.
 that puts the country down, 406.
 the vice of fools, 323.
 to relieve the wretched, 396.
 vain the chief's the sage's, 330.
 were not also, as if true, 713.
 will have a fall, 13.
 withered in their, 704.
- Priest for enemy good bye to peace,
 630.
 hearing the holy, 31.
 no Italian, shall tithe, 79.
 pale-eyed, 251.
 rich without a fault, 337.
- Priests altars victims, 333.
 by the imposition of a mightier
 hand, 600.
 tapers temples, 333.
- Priestcraft and superstition, main
 pillars of, 634.
- Priestess of night's high mysteries,
 613.
 of the wise, a gentle, 855.
- Priesthood, literary men a perpetual,
 581.
- Priestlike, moving waters at their,
 task, 578.
- Primal duties shine aloft, 481.
 eldest curse upon 't, 139.
- Prime, April of her, 161.

- Prime conception of the joyous, 28.
golden, of Haroun Alraschid, 665.
wisdom, 237.
- Primer, school master with his, 527.
- Primeval, this is the forest, 642.
- Primrose, bring the rathe, 247.
by a river's brim, 468.
first-born child of Ver, 199.
path of dalliance treads, 129.
peeps beneath the thorn, 398.
soft silken, fading timelessly, 251.
sweet as the, 398.
yellow, was to him, 468.
- Primroses that die unmarried, 77.
- Primy nature, youth of, 129.
- Prince make a belted knight, 452.
of darkness, 147. 256.
war the only study of a, 407.
- Princes and lords may flourish, 396.
are the breath of kings, 447.
find few real friends, 377.
gilded monuments of, 162.
like to heavenly bodies, 166.
of courtesy, 846.
privileged to kill, 425.
put not your trust in, 1016.
that sweet aspect of, 99.
the death of, 112.
whose merchants are, 394.
- Prince's hall, never stept thro' a, 682.
- Princes' favours, hangs on, 99.
palaces, 60.
service of, 878.
- Princedoms virtues powers, 235.
- Princelier-looking man never stept, a, 682.
- Princely in bestowing, 101.
service, 776.
- Princeps copy in blue and gold, 456.
- Princerples, I don't believe in, 735.
nor men, it ain't by, 735.
- Principal thing, wisdom is the, 1017.
- Principality in Utopia, better than a, 604.
- Principle, act in accordance with, 939.
free trade is not a, 624.
inconsistencies in, 816.
not expediency, 627.
of bliss, the vital, 358.
precedent embalsms a, 624.
reason measured by, 929.
rebels from, 410.
- Principles never defeated, our, 634.
of human liberty, 530.
of nature, 953.
of resistance, 408.
oftener changed, their, 311.
search men's, 938.
turn with times, 321.
we might our, swaller, 735.
- Print, I love a ballad in, 78.
it and shame the fools, 326.
it, some said John, 265.
't is devils must, 520.
to see one's name in, 539.
transforms old, 419.
- Printed in a book, words, 1009.
- Printed record, the colorless photog-
raphy of, 827.
- Printers have lost, books by which, 222.
- Printing, had invented the art of, 584.
to be used, caused, 94.
- Prior, here lies Matthew, 288.
- Priscian a little scratched, 56.
- Prism and silent face, 475.
- Prison, palace and a, 544.
stone walls do not a, make, 260.
- Prison-air, bloom well in, 836.
- Prison'd soul, take the, 244.
- Prisoner, takes the reason, 116.
- Prisoners of hope, 1028.
- Prisoner's life, passing on the, 47.
- Prison-house, secrets of my, 131.
- Prithee why so pale, 256.
- Privacy, an obscure nook, a, 704.
let there be an end, a, 704.
- Private credit is wealth, 875.
end, who served no, 323.
ends, to gain his, 400.
griefs they have, 114.
property, 809.
station, post of honour is a, 298,
340.
thinking, above the fog in, 730.
- Prive and apert, 4.
- Privilege of putting him to death, 462.
- Privileged and the people two nations, 627.
beyond the common walk, 307.
to kill, princes were, 425.
- Prize, art not strength obtains the, 341.
ever grateful for the, 465.
me no prizes, 1053.
not to the worth whiles we enjoy, 53.
o' death in battle, 737.
of learning love, 710.
that which is best, 939.
the world holds high, unsexed by, 746.
to love the game above the, 846.
we sought is won, the, 744.
- Probabilities, between conflicting
vague, 663.
fate laughs at, 632.
- Probability keep in view, 349.
- Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, 797.
- Probe my heart with pensive gaze, 845.
- Proceed ad infinitum, 290.
- Proceedings intrusted him no more, 813.
- Process, evolution is a, 812.
human thought is the, 530.
of the suns, 669.
such was the, 150.
- Procrastination is the thief of time, 307.
- Procreant cradle, 117.
- Proctors, prudes for, 672.
- Procureur of contentedness, 207.
- Procuress to the lords of hell, 675.
- Prodigal, chariest maid is, 129.

- Prodigious excess, to our own, 483.
 how like the, 62.
 the soul lends the tongue vows, 130.
 within the compass of a guinea, 536.
 Prodigious's favourite, to be a, 475.
 Prodigiously of nature, framed in, 96.
 Prodigious ruin, one, 337.
 Produce its hundredfold, catch and, 694.
 Product of a scoffer's pen, 479.
 Profane, hence ye, 262.
 no divine ordinances, 398.
 Profaned the God-given strength, 489.
 Profanely, not to speak it, 137.
 Profession, debtor to his, 164.
 of the truth, 996.
 Professions, the most dangerous of, 812.
 Professor of our art, 274.
 Professors, respectable, of the dismal science, 583.
 Profit and title I resign, 349.
 by the folly of others, 906.
 countenance and, 164.
 no, where is no pleasure, 72.
 of their shining nights, 54.
 Profitable, revenge is, 430.
 Profited, what is a man, 1032.
 Progeny of learning, 440.
 Progress, calls each fresh link, 817.
 long-continued slow, 663.
 man's distinctive mark, 711.
 their mazy, 382.
 Progressive renunciation, 995.
 virtue, 355.
 Prohibited degrees of kin, 215.
 Project crossed, thus their, 860.
 Projects, multitude of, 895.
 young men fitter for new, 167.
 Prolific mother of folly and crime, 628.
 Prologue, excuse came, 239.
 is this a, or the posy of a ring, 138.
 Prologues, happy, 116.
 like compliments, 387.
 Promethean fire, 56.
 heat, where is that, 156.
 Promiscuously applied hands, 548.
 Promise hope believe, we, 551.
 keep the word of, 126.
 most given when least said, 38.
 never, more than you can perform, 897.
 of celestial worth, 311.
 of supply, eating the air on, 88.
 of your early day, 535.
 to come for I said, 605.
 to his loss, though he, 1043.
 who broke no, 323.
 Promises of youth, 368.
 oft fails where most it, 73.
 promised on a time, 30.
 Promise-keeping, precise in, 47.
 Promontory, earth seems a sterile, 134.
 see one, see all, 189.
 with trees upon 't, 158.
 Promotion cometh neither from the east nor west, 1013.
 Promotion, none will sweat but for, 67.
 Prompter's bell, slow falling to the, 697.
 Prompting of nature, 904.
 Prompts the eternal sigh, which, 318
 Pronounce, foreigners spell better than they, 796.
 it Vinchy, 796.
 Pronouncing on his bad, before, 581.
 Proof, give me ocular, 154.
 of genius, a great poem is, 600.
 of the pudding, 975.
 sweetness yieldeth, 484.
 't is a common, 111.
 Proofs of holy writ, 154.
 Proosian, a French or Turk or, 800.
 Prop, staff of my age my very, 62.
 that doth sustain my house, 65.
 Propagate and rot, 317.
 Propensities, ruined by natural, 411.
 Propensity of nature, 253.
 Proper hue, love's, 238.
 man as one shall see, 57.
 mean, the, 987.
 men as ever trod, 110.
 study of mankind is man, 317.
 time of day, no, 595.
 time to marry, 417.
 Property has its duties, 589.
 of easiness, 143.
 of friends is common, 947, 949.
 private, 809.
 public, 809.
 Prophecy in part, we, 1037.
 never, unless ye know, 737.
 Prophet, in the name of the, 517.
 not without honour, 1031.
 of the soul, I like a, 614.
 Prophets and apostles all poor, 190.
 do they live forever, 1028.
 is Saul also among the, 1006.
 of the future, 561.
 perverts the, 539.
 Prophet's vision, thine was the, 647.
 word, sounds like a, 562.
 Prophet-bards foretold, by, 695.
 Prophetic cell, priest from the, 251.
 of her end, 306.
 ray, tints to-morrow with, 550.
 soul, O my, 132.
 strain, something like, 250.
 Propontic and the Hellespont, 155.
 Proportion, curtailed of fair, 95.
 in small, we just beauties see, 180.
 law and the, 1031.
 preserving the sweetness of, 178.
 Propose, why don't the men, 588.
 Proposes, man, but God disposes, 7.
 Propriety, frights the isle from her, 152.
 of speech, 169.
 Proprium humani ingenii, 275.
 Prose and poetry, definition of, 505.
 is grand verse, whose, 734
 more attainable in, 657.
 no 't is not even, 734.
 or rhyme, unattempted in, 223.
 run mad, not poetry but, 327.
 verse will seem, 280.

- Prose, warbler of poetic, 421.
 what others say in, 329.
 words in best order, 505.
- Proselytism, the power, 995.
- Proserpina, O, for the flowers now, 77.
- Proserpine gathering flowers, 232.
- Prospect less, approaches make the, 181.
 of belief, within the, 116.
 of his soul, into the eye and, 53.
 pleases, though every, 536.
 Scotchman's noblest, 370.
 so full of goodly, 253.
 some have looked on a fair, 468.
- Prospects all look blue, 800.
 brightening, 396.
 distant, please us, 181.
 gilded scenes and shining, 299.
 in view are more pleasing, 402.
- Prosper, surer to, 226.
 treason doth never, 39.
- Prospering, we shall march, 707.
- Prosperity, a jest's, lies in the ear, 56.
 all sorts of, 986.
 any nor all of their, 743.
 could have assured us, 226.
 education an ornament in, 948.
 in the day of, 1022.
 is not without many fears, 164.
 makes friends, 899.
 man that hath been in, 5.
 the blessing of the Old Testament, 164.
 things which belong to, 164.
 within thy palaces, 1016.
- Prosperous to be just, 733.
- Prosperum ac felix scelus, 39.
- Prostitute, puff away the, 274.
- Prostrate city is thy seat, a, 610.
 the beauteous ruin lies, 453.
- Protecting power, 862.
- Protection of habeas corpus, 435.
 of vultures to lambs, 442.
- Protest of the weak, 717.
 too much, the lady doth, 138.
- Protests too much, the lady, 138.
- Protestantism of the Protestant religion, 408.
- Protestants or Papists believe in the essential articles, 370.
- Proteus rising from the sea, 477.
- Protracted life is woe, 365.
- Proud and mighty have, all the, 358.
 conceited talking spark, 390.
 ever fair and never, 151.
 for a wit, too, 399.
 grief is, 79.
 his name, though, 488.
 in humility, 188.
 in that they are not proud, 188.
 instruct my sorrows to be, 79.
 knowledge is, 422.
 labour is independent and, 532.
 man, but man, 48.
 man's contumely, 135.
 me no prouds, 108.
 of the earth, 614.
 on his own dunghill, 14.
- Proud philosophy, I ask not, 516.
 possession of eternal things, 855.
 scene was o'er, the, 331.
 science never taught to stray, 315.
 setter up of kings, 95.
 shall be, all the, 335.
 spirit of mortal be, 561.
 to importune, too, 387.
 too, to be pleased with them, 746.
 tops of the eastern pines, 81.
 tower in the town, from a, 654.
 waves be stayed, 1009.
 world, good bye, 615.
- Prouder than rustling in silk, 159.
- Proud-pied April, 163.
- Prove, all the pleasures, 40.
 all things, 1039.
 an aspiration, 812.
 their doctrine orthodox, 210.
 wit to be witty, who can, 729.
- Proved, by sorrow tried and, 788.
 true before, was, 215.
- Provençal song and dance, 575.
- Proverb and a by-word, 1007.
- Proverbs, books like, 266.
 patch grief with, 53.
- Proverbed with a grandsire phrase, 104.
- Providence alone secures, 417.
 behind a frowning, 423.
 even God's, seeming estranged, 595.
 fashioned us holler, 735.
 foreknowledge, will and fate, 228.
 I may assert eternal, 223.
 in the fall of a sparrow, 145.
 is with the last reserve, 1003.
 rubs which, sends, 401.
 their guide, 240.
 to demonstrate a, 929.
 trust, let us to, 727.
 ways of God are full of, 935.
- Provident fear, early and, 411.
- Providently caters for the sparrow, 67.
- Provoke a saint, 't would, 321.
- Provokes the caper, while his off-heel, 442.
- Provoketh thieves, beauty, 66.
- Prow, youth on the, 383.
- Prudence points the way, 860.
- Prudent man looketh well, 1018.
- Prudes for proctors, 672.
- Prunello, leather or, 319.
- Prunes and prism, 701.
- Pruning-hooks, spears into, 1024.
- Prussia hurried to the field, when, 489.
- Psalmist of Israel, the sweet, 1007.
- Psalms, purloins the, 539.
 songs be turned to holy, 25.
- Psalter, and the full heart's a, 595.
- Psyche, with, my soul, 656.
- Psychological moment, 836.
- Public amusements, friend to, 371.
 calm, peace what I seek and, 754.
 credit, dead corpse of, 531.
 duty, above the fog in, 730.
 feasts, wedlock compared to, 176.
 flame nor private, 332.
 haunt, exempt from, 67.
 honour is security, 875.

- Public man of light and leading, 628.
 men, prevailin' weakness of, 787.
 offices, keep out of, 915.
 plunder, power of, 529.
 property, 809.
 rout, where meet a, 176.
 school, microcosm of a, 626.
 show, midnight dances and, 335.
 stock of harmless pleasure, 369.
 tax eminent men pay to the, 291.
 the, is an old woman, 583.
 to speak in, on the stage, 459.
 trust, when a man assumes a, 436.
 trusts, 1051.
 ways, when'er I walk the, 845.
 weal, 963.
- Publish it not in the streets, 1006.
 yourselves to the sky, 817.
- Publishing our neighbour's shame, 858.
- Pudding against empty praise, 330.
 bestowing honour, pence, 609.
 full of plums, life's a, 802.
 last piece of, 510.
 proof of the, 975.
- Puff and blow himself, 808.
 the prostitute away, 274.
- Puffed and reckless libertine, 129.
- Puissant nation, noble and, 254.
- Pukes in, sea the passenger, 559.
- Puking in the nurse's arms, 69.
- Pull in resolution, 125.
- Pulled ruin on the state, statesmen
 who, 659.
- Puller down of kings, 95.
- Pulpit drum ecclesiastick, 209.
- Pulse of life stood still, 306.
 sends a thrilling, through me, 640.
- Pulses fly, makes his, 723.
- Pulteney's toad-eater, 389.
- Pumice isle in Baiae's bay, 565.
- Pun, who could make so vile a, 282.
- Punch in the presence, 796.
 some sipping, 468.
 with care, 796.
- Punctual spot, this, 237.
- Punished sir for early rising, worm,
 720.
- Punishment, back to thy, 229.
 fit the crime, 802.
 greater than I can bear, 1004.
 idea of eternal, 812.
 that women bear, 50.
- Pun-provoking thyme, 380.
- Puny whipster, every, 156.
- Pupil of the human eye, 518.
- Puppy cur, mastiff dog may love a,
 684.
 whelp and hound, 400.
- Puppy-dogs, as maids talk of, 78.
- Purchaser will pay for worth of every-
 thing, 899.
- Pure a love clothed, if not so, 680.
 a loveliness, clothed in so, 680.
 alone are mirrored, 579.
 and eloquent blood, 177.
 and holy, meek and lowly, 637.
 and radiant one, 857.
 and vestal modesty, 108.
- Pure as snow chaste as ice, 136.
 by being purely shone upon, 526.
 delight, land of, 303.
 delight, seemed one, 597.
 heavenly crystal flood, 821.
 in thought as angels are, 455.
 kept thy truth so, 252.
 speak true right wrong, live, 677.
 the real Simon, 859.
 the, the beautiful the bright, 819.
 too, and too honest, 780.
 unto the pure all things are, 1040.
 women, eyes of, 678.
- Pure-eyed faith, 243.
- Purer laws, with sweeter manners,
 676.
 science holier laws, of, 728.
- Purgatory, taste of fame to have it is a,
 632.
- Purge and leave sack, 88.
 off the baser fire, 226.
- Purged with euphrasy, 240.
- Purification of politics, 785.
- Purified, every creature shall be, 41.
- Puritanism laid the egg of democracy,
 740.
- Puritans gave the world action, 699.
 hated bear-baiting, 604.
- Purity and truth, 280.
 of grace, the, 550.
 out of a stain, 818.
- Purloins the psalms, 539.
- Purple all the ground, 247.
 and gold, gleaming in, 551.
 as their wines, abbots, 332.
 curtain, rustling of each, 656.
 grapes in the land of Git-Thare,
 839.
 light of love, 382.
 shadows of the night, 833.
 testament of bleeding war, 82.
 the sails, 157.
 when skies were, 599.
 with love's wound, 58.
- Purpled o'er the lawn, 342.
- Purple-stained mouth, 575.
- Purpose, between Almighty, difference
 of, 662.
 cite Scripture for his, 61.
 constancy to, 625.
 firm, is equal to the deed, 307.
 flighty, never is o'ertook, 123.
 I know the evil of that I, 884.
 infirm of, 120.
 knit, and brow with, 739.
 one increasing, runs, 669.
 plain and to the, 51.
 shake my fell, 117.
 speak and, not, 146.
 time to every, 1022.
- Purposes, Almighty has his own, 661.
 execute their airy, 224.
 of life, 998.
- Purposed overthrow, 162.
- Purpureal gleams, 482.
- Purr to sleep with thunder, 796.
- Purse, bursting, 449.
 costly as thy, can buy, 130.

- Purse is free, but sorrow's, 763.
 put money in thy, 151.
 who steals my, steals trash, 153.
- Purses, light gains make heavy, 37.
- Pursue phantoms of hope, 367.
 the triumph, 320.
 then be it yours while you, 696.
- Pursued, it is you who are the, 838.
- Pursuing, still achieving still, 639.
- Pursuit of happiness, 434.
 of knowledge, 528.
 of the perfect, of light, 755.
- Push on keep moving, 457.
 us from our stools, 122.
- Puss-gentleman, a fine, 415.
- Pussy-cat, the owl and the, 703.
- Put a tongue in every wound, 114.
 back to-morrow, 29.
 him out, it does not, 720.
 money in thy, 151.
 not your trust in money, 692.
 not your trust in princes, 1016.
 old cares to flight, 794.
 out the light, 156.
 out to sea, when I, 685.
 too fine a point, don't, 978.
 too fine a point, not to, 702.
 up with a great deal, 889.
 up with anything, 888.
 you down, a plain tale shall, 85.
 your money in trust, but, 692.
 your trust in God, 598.
- Puts an end to pain, death who, 680.
 on his pretty looks, 79.
- Putteth down one, he, 1013.
- Putting off, eased the, 234.
- Puzzles the will, 136.
- Pygmies are pygmies still, 309.
- Pygmy-body, fretted the, 267.
- Pyramid, mystery hid under Egypt's,
 658.
 star-y-pointing, 251.
- Pyramids are pyramids in vales, 309.
 doting with age, 222.
 set off his memories, no, 198.
 virtue alone outbuilds the, 309.
- Pyrrhic dance, you have the, 557.
 phalanx, where is the, 557.
- Pythagoras, opinion of, 77.
- Pythian treasures, Apollo's, 339.
- Pythias and Demosthenes, 914.
- Quadrangular spots, 420.
- Quaff immortality, and joy, 235.
- Quaffing laughing drinking, 272.
- Quaint and curious volume, many a,
 655.
- Qualifications, what are his, one, 768.
- Qualities, see a man's good, 581.
- Quality of mercy is not strained, 64.
 of success which includes all others,
 627.
 taste of your, 134.
 things outward do draw the inward,
 158.
 things that have a common, 941.
 true-fixed and resting, 112.
- Quantity of love, with all their, 144.
- Quantum o' the sin, 448.
- Quarelets of pearl, 201.
- Quarles saved by beauties not his own,
 331.
- Quarrel, entrance to a, 130.
 in a straw, 142.
 is a very pretty, 441.
 just, he that hath his, 94.
 justice of my, 40.
 sudden and quick in, 69.
 with my bread and butter, 292.
- Quarrels of lovers, 888.
 pick no, 398.
 thy head is as full of, 107.
 who in, interpose, 349.
 would not last long, 982.
- Quarreled and told each other facts,
 825.
- Quarrelsome, countercheck, 72.
- Quarries rocks and hills, 150.
- Quarry, sagacious of his, 239.
 the marked-down, 838.
 the pregnant, 394.
- Quarry-slave, like the, 572.
- Quart of mighty ale, 3.
- Quarter, to tyrants I will give no, 634.
- Quean, extravagant, 442.
- Queen apparent, 233.
 Bess, image of good, 593.
 Elizabeth, scandal about, 441.
 hail their, fair regent, 426.
 Mab hath been with you, 104.
 o' the May, I'm to be, 667.
 of land and sea, Rome the, 699.
 of the world, 862.
 our, our rose our star, 608.
 rose of the rosebud garden, 677.
 shall be as drunk as we, 362.
 she looks a, 337.
 show the night-flowers their, 605.
 upon a card, insipid as the, 670.
 would grace a summer's, 492.
- Queen's navee, 801.
- Quem Jupiter vult perdere, 893.
- Quenchless star forever bright, 596.
 stars so eloquently bright, 635.
- Querulous reeds, whimper of, 840.
- Quest despite of day, I follow up the,
 678.
- Question, answer not every, 897.
 begging the, 1045.
 ignorance never settles a, 625.
 is this is man an ape, 625.
 marriage an open, 619.
 never so likely to settle a, 603.
 not settled until settled right, 835.
 now placed before society, 625.
 of despair, the hurried, 550.
 that is the, 135.
 two sides to every, 951.
- Questions, ask me no, 401.
 deep, arguments and, 163.
- Questionable shape, in such a, 130.
 superfluity small beer, that, 612.
- Questioning is not the mode of con-
 versation, 373.
 voice dissolves the spell, 646.
- Questionings of sense, 478.

- Qui desiderat pacem, 425.
 fugiebat, rursus præliabitur, 216.
 fuit peut revenir aussi, 216.
- Quick bosoms, quiet to, 543.
 bright things come to confusion, 57.
 in quarrel, sudden and, 69.
 to haste, the golden moments, 696.
- Quickens into deeds, He, 650.
- Quickly, well it were done, 117.
- Quickness, with too much, 321.
- Quicksands, life hath, 640.
- Quid velit et possit, 409.
- Quiddities, where be his, 143.
- Quiddity and entity, 210.
- Quiet along the Potomac, all, 766.
 and peace, calm, 249.
 as a nun, the holy time is, 470.
 be, and go a-angling, 208.
 breast, truth hath a, 80.
 conscience, a still and, 99.
 dream, glide through a, 538.
 fond and few, sheep, 611.
 kiss me and be, 350.
 life, anything for a, 1044.
 Merryman and Dyet, Dr., 293.
 mood, jar on our own, 632.
 night, peace divine like, 761.
 rich, and infamous, 602.
 rural and retirement, 355.
 study to be, 1039.
 to quick bosoms is a hell, 543.
 us in a death so noble, 242.
- Quiets of the past, hallowed, 738.
- Quietness, ensouled by ancient, 855.
- Quietus make with a bare bodkin,
 135.
- Quill from an angel's wing, 484.
- Quills, stops of various, 248.
 upon the porcupine, 131.
 upon the porpentine, 131.
- Quillets of the law, nice sharp, 93.
 where be his, 143.
- Quintilian stare and gasp, made, 252.
- Quip modest, 72.
- Quips and cranks, 248.
 and sentences, 51.
- Quire of bad verses, 603.
- Quiring to young-eyed cherubims, 65.
- Quirks of blazoning pens, 151.
- Quit oh quit this mortal frame, 334.
 your books, up my friend and, 466.
 yourselves like men, 1006.
- Quite the other way, 829.
- Quitting, rest is not, 716.
- Quiver, after the soul is gone the limbs
 will, 375.
 as our souls flow in one, 714.
 fans, in the air, 610.
 full, man that hath his, 1016.
 the moonbeams, 778.
- Quiver's choice, devil in his, 560.
- Quixotic sense of the honorable, a,
 656.
- Quos deus vult perdere, 269.
 læserunt et oderunt, 275.
- Quotation, classical, 374.
- Quote, by delight we all, 620.
 grow immortal as they, 310.
- Quoter next to the originator, the, 621.
- Quoth echo plainly matter-o'-money,
 720.
- R, months without an, 1049.
- Rabelais, quart d'heure de, 348.
- Rabelais' easy chair, 330.
- Race, armageddon of the, 650.
 boast a generous, 354.
 but in the general, 664
 distinctions of, 773
 efforts of, due to love of praise, 747.
 forget the human, 547.
 friend to human, 346.
 heavenly, demands thy zeal, 359.
 is a life, 627.
 is not to the swift, 1033.
 is won, the, 765.
 life's, well run, 757.
 limits of its, utmost extremes, 756.
 man's imperial, 326.
 of brutes, O great and simple, 680.
 of man like leaves, 338.
 of other days, 564.
 of politicians, 290.
 rear my dusky, 669.
 runs twice his, 262.
 selfishness greatest curse of the
 human, 693.
 slinks out of the, 254.
 stars of human, 414.
 swiftness in the forward, 572.
 that binds its body in chains, a, 817.
 the slaughters of the, 816.
 there is but one, — humanity, 835.
 waste their music on the savage, 311.
 woes to thy imperial, 345.
- Racer and hack may be traced, 605.
- Rachel weeping, 1030.
- Rack behind, leave not a, 43.
 desire is a perpetual, 188.
 dislimns, 158.
 of a too easy chair, 332.
 of this tough world, 149.
 the valve, being lost we, 53.
- Radiance of eternity, 565.
 through the abyss of, 850.
- Radiant light, by her own, 244.
 marginal sand-beach, 817.
 one, my pure and, 857.
 pearl, no, 424.
 with ardour divine, 754.
 with surprise, eyes all, 788.
- Radish, like a forked, 90.
- Rafael made a century of sonnets, 706.
 of the dear Madonnas, 706.
- Rafter, we meet neath the sounding,
 756.
- Rafts of wreck, have done on, 685.
- Rag and a bone, to a, 852.
- Rags, clothe a man with, 1020.
 man forget not though in, 391.
 virtue though in, 274.
- Rage, deaf as the sea in, 80.
 for fame, 431.
 heaven has no, 294.
 nor know the, that yells, 578.
 not die here in a, 292.

- Rage of the vulture, 549.
 penury repressed their noble, 384.
 strong without, 257.
 swell the soul to, 272.
- Ragged hose, in darning, 758.
- Raggedness, windowed, 147.
- Raging fever burns, so when a, 303.
 o'er the upper ocean, 700.
- Rail on the Lord's anointed, 97.
 pleasant riding on the, 720.
- Railed on Lady Fortune, 68.
- Railer, Boreas blustering, 860.
- Raiment of the white winds spun, morn
 shall come in, 849.
 your feet and your, all red, 604.
- Raiments of the past, old fetish, 788.
- Rain a deluge showers, 453.
 as the mist resembles the, 641.
 back to their springs like the, 643.
 came in slanting lines, 775.
 cats and dogs, 293.
 comes a mist and weeping, 759.
 daggers, 192.
 dropped, the soft, 792.
 gentle, from heaven, 64.
 in the air, 30.
 in thunder lightning or in, 115.
 in winter when the dismal, 775.
 influence, bright eyes, 249.
 into each life some, must fall, 640.
 is over and gone, 1024.
 it raineth every day, 77.
 may enter the king cannot, 365.
 mist and cloud will turn to, 647.
 or shine, can not order, 719.
 pierces the hard marble, 32.
 poppies overcharged with, 338.
 some, must fall, 640.
 sunshine follows the, 728.
 sweetest, makes not fresh, 183.
 thirsty earth soaks up the, 260.
 to mist and cloud again, 647.
 upon the mown grass, 1013.
 useful trouble of the, 678.
 wants me to-night in the, 764.
- Rains fall after great battles, 911.
- Rainbow, another hue unto the, 79.
 colours of the, 244.
 comes and goes, 477.
 once in heaven, awful, 574.
 to the storms of life, 550.
- Rain-drop makes some floweret, each,
 718.
- Raineth every day, rain it, 77.
- Rain-storms, self-appointed inspector
 of, 722.
- Rainy day, in a very, 1021.
 morrow, windy night a, 162.
- Raise me up, God shall, 26.
 what is low in me, 223.
- Raised a mortal to the skies, 272.
- Rake among scholars, he was a, 601.
 woman is at heart a, 321.
- Rakes, and a scholar among, 601.
- Raleigh spoke, words brave, 330.
 thus immortal Sidney shone, thus,
 859.
- Ralph to Cynthia howls, 331.
- Ralpo thou dost prevaricate, 211.
- Ram, snow-white, 481.
- Rambling in thought, 941.
- Rampant Maenad of Massachusetts,
 808.
- Ramrod, swallowed a, 930.
- Ran a hundred years to a day, 691.
 grief with a glass that, 804.
 to help me when I fell, 535.
- Rancour of your tongue, 860.
- Random, many a shaft at, sent, 492.
 many a word at, spoken, 492.
 pearls at, strung, 437.
 words at, flung, 437.
- Range of sight, I see beyond the, 722.
 of sound, I hear beyond the, 722.
 with humble livers, 98.
- Rank is a great beautifier, 630.
 is but the guinea's stamp, 452.
 my offence is, 139.
 pride and haughtiness, 298.
- Ranks and squadrons, 112.
- Rankest compound of villanous smell,
 46.
- Rant and swear, 274.
 as well as thou, 145.
- Raphael paints wisdom, 620.
- Raphael Correggios and stuff, 400.
- Raphael's colors blent, enough that,
 763.
- Rapid exhaustless deep his numbers,
 597.
- Rapids are near, the, 518.
- Rapping, as of some one gently, 655.
- Rapt inspired, filled with fury, 390.
 one of the godlike forehead, 486.
 ship run on her side, 37.
- Rapture on the lonely shore, 547.
 the first fine careless, 708.
 to the dreary void, 549.
- Raptures, high, do infuse, 220.
 swell, for him no minstrel, 488.
- Rapture-smitten fame, 513.
- Rare are solitary woes, 308.
 as a day in June, what is so, 734.
 Ben Jonson, 177.
 her virtues were so, 35.
 neither rich nor, 327.
 new-laid eggs, roasted, 274.
 O night most beautiful and, 751.
 rich and, the gems she wore, 520.
- Rarely falls, who never climbs as, 650.
 lose, who never wins can, 650.
- Rareness, a strain of, 160.
- Rarest blessing, 772.
- Rarity of Christian charity, 595.
- Rascal, biggest, on two legs, 934.
 counters, 114.
 hath given me medicines, 84.
- Rascals in coach, worth on foot, 732.
 to lash the, naked, 155.
- Rascally yea-forsooth knave, 88.
- Rash, splenitive and, 144.
- Rashly importunate, 595.
- Rashness, beware of, but with energy,
 661.
- Rasselas, history of, 368.
- Rat, I smell a, 172, 973.

- Rat in a hole, like a poisoned, 292.
 Rats and such small deer, 147.
 leave a sinking ship, 905.
 Rated me in the Rialto, 61.
 Rathe primrose, bring the, 247.
 Rather be a dog and bay the moon, 114.
 than be less, 226.
 Rational hind Costard, 54.
 Rattle his bones over the stones, 599.
 pleased with a, 318.
 where mingles war's, 489.
 Rattling around, down dashed, 358.
 crags among, 544.
 good history, 816.
 Ravage all the clime, to, 428.
 with impunity a rose, 703.
 Rave recite and madden round, 326.
 Ravelled sleeve of care, 119.
 Raven down of darkness, 244.
 from the dim dominions, 613.
 nevermore, quoth the, 656.
 on yon left hand, 349, 887.
 ringlets, 781.
 Ravens feed, he that doth the, 67.
 Raves, though the tempest, 819.
 Ravin up thine own life's means, 120.
 Ravished ears, with, 271.
 eyes, turn my, 299.
 with the whistling of a name, 319.
 younger hearings are, 55.
 Ravishment, enchanting, 243.
 Raw in fields, 273.
 Ray, beauty's heavenly, 549.
 fancy's meteor, 447.
 hope emits a brighter, 399.
 love sends his early, 611.
 of light and joy canst throw, no, 731.
 on ray split the shroud, 713.
 serene, gem of purest, 385.
 whose unclouded, 321.
 with hospitable, 402.
 with prophetic, 550.
 Rays, hide your diminished, 322.
 ten thousand dewy, 486.
 young fancy's, 447.
 Rayless majesty, 306.
 Raze out the written troubles, 125.
 Razed from the book of honour, 161.
 Razor, satire like a polished, 350.
 Razors cried up and down, 432.
 Razure of oblivion, 49.
 Reach of art, beyond the, 323.
 of ordinary men, above the, 470.
 sky far out of, 743.
 the small, the great cannot, 29.
 Reaches of our souls, beyond the, 131.
 Reached at a single bound, heaven not,
 730.
 Reaching upward to the skies, 646.
 Reaction, attack is the, 372.
 Read and write comes by nature, 51.
 as inclination leads, 371.
 ought that ever I could, 57.
 blockhead ignorantly, 325.
 can rule, those who can not, 683.
 exceedingly well, 86.
 he that runs may, 422.
 Homer once, 280.
 Read in science, by preference the
 newest, 632.
 in story old, 489.
 like a book never, 181.
 mark and inwardly digest, 1042.
 my little fable, 672.
 my title clear, 303.
 never, book not a year old, 620.
 old authors to, 171.
 one unquestioned text we, 691.
 slow, learn to, 265.
 the perfect ways of honour, 101.
 to doubt or read to scorn, 494.
 what do you, 133.
 what is twice, 369.
 what to, say and eat, 603.
 while we, history we make history,
 758.
 you like a book, 815.
 Reads much, he, 111.
 Reader reads no more, when the last,
 689.
 wait a century for a, 858.
 Readers sleep, to give their, 331.
 Readeth, he may run that, 1028.
 Readiness is all, 145.
 Reading as was never read, 332.
 between the lines, 989.
 easy writing's curst hard, 443.
 he that I am, has most force, 962.
 maketh a full man, 168.
 stuff the head with, 332.
 what they never wrote, 419.
 Reading-machine always wound up,
 734.
 Ready bootied and spurred, 868.
 ere I called her name, 288.
 to try our fortunes, 90.
 with all your thunderbolts, 114.
 with every nod to tumble, 97.
 writer, pen of a, 1012.
 Real permanent grandeur of these
 states, 742.
 Simon Pure, 859.
 without the somber, 763.
 Realist rhymester play your part, 683.
 Realize our perfection, 836.
 Really and truly I've nothing to wear,
 763.
 Realm, fourth estate of the, 585, 603.
 riding o'er the azure, 383.
 that mysterious, 572.
 the sober, of leafless trees, 750.
 this earth this, 81.
 youth of the, 94.
 Realms above, constancy lives in, 500.
 obey, whom three, 326.
 of gold, I have travelled in, 576.
 of shade, the pale, 572.
 of space, pathless, 800.
 these are our, 550.
 to see, whatever, 394.
 Reap, as you sow ye are like to, 214.
 our sowing and so good-bye, 789.
 some shall, that never sow, 849.
 the whirlwind, 1027.
 Reaps from the hopes, 780.
 Reaped, his chin new, 83.

- Reaped, the thorns which I have, 544.
 Reaper in his hour of ease, tanned, 751.
 whose name is death, 639.
 Reapers, white-winged, 264.
 Reaper's work is done, 570.
 Reaping something new, ever, 669.
 grew the more by, 159.
 Rear my dusky race, she shall, 669.
 the tender thought, 355.
 to watch and then to lose, to, 749.
 Rearward of a conquered woe, 162.
 Reason, a woman's, 44.
 according to soundest, 939.
 act according to, 940.
 and the will of God, 755.
 approved my pleaded, 237.
 asked one another the, 71.
 but from what we know, 315.
 capability and godlike, 142.
 common law is nothing but, 24.
 confidence of, 475.
 discourse of, 128.
 feast of, and flow of soul, 328.
 firm the temperate will, 475.
 for my rhyme, 30.
 how noble in, 134.
 in the faith of, 504.
 indu'd with sanctity of, 236.
 is left free to combat it, 434.
 is staggered, 411.
 is the life of the law, 24.
 itself, kills, 254.
 law is the perfection of, 24.
 measured by principle, 929.
 men have lost their, 113.
 men that can render a, 1020.
 most absurd to, 127.
 most sovereign, 136.
 my pleaded, 237.
 neither rhyme nor, 30, 70.
 no sooner knew the, 71.
 nothing is law that is not, 278.
 of his fancies, 253.
 of strength, if by, 1014.
 of the case, consider the, 278.
 on compulsion, 85.
 panders will, 140.
 perfection of, 24.
 prisoner, takes the, 116.
 regulates all things, 929.
 ruling passion conquers, 322.
 smiles from, flow, 238.
 sons of valour liberty, and, 358.
 stands aghast, 861.
 strong and replication prompt, 163.
 than that the twain, no more, 684.
 the card passion the gale, 317.
 theirs not to, why, 671.
 under control, keep, 941.
 virtue naught can me bereave, 357.
 war with rhyme, 180.
 what is the, of this thushness, 787.
 why I cannot tell, 286.
 why so few marriages are happy, 291.
 with pleasure, mixed, 399.
 with reasonable men I will, 634.
 Reason, worse appear the better, 226, 945.
 would despair, where, 377.
 Reasons as two grains of wheat, 60.
 heroism feels and never, 621.
 plentiful as blackberries, 85.
 who wisely, 320.
 why men drink, 979.
 why we smile and sigh, 569.
 Reason's spite, in erring, 316.
 whole pleasure, 319.
 Reasonable men I will reason, with, 634.
 the wrong way seems the more, 835.
 Reasoned high of providence, 228.
 Reasonest well, Plato thou, 298.
 Reasoning beings, 937.
 is full of tricks, her, 849.
 pride in, 320.
 Reasonings, books full of stoical, 930.
 not wanted now, 930.
 Rebecs of ruby, berl-rimmed, 636.
 Rebel, use 'em kindly they, 313.
 Rebels from principle, 410.
 Rebellion, the spirit of, 995.
 to tyrants, 1051.
 Rebellious hell, 140.
 liquors in my blood, 67.
 Reboantic norns, dark vistas of the, 636.
 Rebuff, then welcome each, 710.
 Rebuke, open, is better, 1021.
 Recall that night in June, do you, 772.
 Recalled, anything that could be, 627.
 Recede, to sigh yet not, 444.
 Receive a fare, 796.
 more blessed to give than to, 1035.
 Receives, who much, 860.
 Rechabite poor Will must live, 289.
 Reck the rede, 448.
 Reckless libertine, 129.
 what I do to spite the world, 121.
 Reckon he never knowed how, 810.
 hours and minutes, we, 586.
 Reckoned, beggary in the love that can be, 157.
 Reckoners without their host, 12.
 Reckoneth without his hostess, 32.
 Reckoning made, no, 132.
 so comes the dreadful, 348.
 to the end of, 49.
 trim, 87.
 Recks not his own rede, 129.
 Recoil, impetuous, 229.
 Recoils on itself, revenge, 238.
 Recollection, when fond, 537.
 Recommendation, a silent, 895.
 Recommends itself, sweetly, 117.
 Recompense, heaven sent a, 386.
 toil without, 783.
 Reconciliation, temple of silence and, 602.
 Record of her high descent, no, 763.
 weep to, 513.
 Records that defy the tooth of time, 311.
 trivial fond, 132.
 Recorded time, last syllable of, 125.

- Recorders, flutes and soft, 225.
 Recording angel dropped a tear, the, 379.
 Recreant limbs, a calf's-skin on, 79.
 Recreation, angling innocent, 208.
 Rectitude, in doubt of, 934.
 Red as a rose is she, 498.
 black to, began to turn, 213.
 bokes clothed in black or, 1.
 celestial rosy, 238.
 falcon gathering rust, thy, 623.
 her lips were, 256.
 laugh of war, 854.
 making the green one, 120.
 men scalped each other, 603.
 mouth to whisper low, 803.
 on every field of strife made, 634.
 red rose, my love's like a, 451.
 right hand, 227.
 roses, and violets blew, 28.
 slayer thinks he slays, if the, 617.
 so dyed double, 38.
 spirits and gray, 173.
 their, it never dies, 815.
 was on your lip Mary, 637.
 waves of wretchedness, 591.
 with other wars, 784.
 with the blood of freemen, 't was, 748.
 your feet and your raiment all, 604.
 Redbreast, call for the robin, 181.
 Rede, better reckon the, 448.
 recks not his own, 129.
 ye tent it, 449.
 Redeem the human mind, given to, 645.
 thy name, though late, 331, 354.
 Redeemer came, miracle if a, 848.
 Redeemer's name be sung, 302.
 Redeeming love, triumph in, 862.
 Redemption, everlasting, 53.
 from slavery, 150.
 Redundant blueness abundant, summer, 713.
 Reed, broken, 1026.
 bruised, shall he not break, 1026.
 just to blow a shepherd's, 611.
 man is but a thinking, 984.
 Reeds, whimper of querulous, 840.
 Reedy stream, along the, 577.
 Reeled, night with sudden odour, 686.
 Reeling and writhing, 782.
 from the delirious riot of religion, 808.
 Reese, Captain, 799.
 Refined as ever Athens heard, 860.
 gold, to gild, 79.
 Refinement of piratical morality, 997.
 on the principles of resistance, 408.
 Refining, still went on, 399.
 Reflect on what they knew, 325.
 Reflected, beholds her image in her eyes, 756.
 Reflection came, cool, 494.
 remembrance and, 316.
 Reflections, in vain sedate, 320.
 Reform it altogether, 137.
 Reformation, age of, 435.
 Reformed that, we have, 137.
 Refrain to-night, 141.
 Refreshes in the breeze, 316.
 Refreshment, draught of cool, 579.
 from his thumb, 818.
 mid the dust of strife, 786.
 shall fill them full of, 643.
 Refuge and my fortress, 1014.
 and strength, God is our, 1012.
 from confession, suicide but, 533.
 of a scoundrel, last, 372.
 Refute a sneer, who can, 961.
 Regard, things without all remedy should be without, 121.
 Regarded his fault-finding critic, 723.
 Regardless of their doom, 381.
 Regent of love-rhymes, 55.
 of the night, fair, 426.
 of the sky, moon sweet, 426.
 Region of smooth or idle dreams, 255.
 of thick-ribbed ice, 48.
 Regions to change their site, force, 212.
 Regret can die, O last regret, 676.
 old age is a, 628.
 then judge of my, 589.
 wild with all, 673.
 Regrets, a harvest of barren, 780.
 series of congratulatory, 626.
 Regular as infants' breath, 502.
 battle, I had a, 887.
 icily, splendidly null, 677.
 Regulated families, accidents in best, 701.
 Rehearse, our being shall, 162.
 this truth within thy mind, 666.
 Reherse as neighe as he can, 2.
 Reign, here we may, secure, 224.
 in hell, better to, 224.
 is worth ambition, to, 224.
 of Chaos and old Night, 224.
 undisturbed their ancient, 699.
 when awful darkness and silence, 703.
 Reigns with the tyrant, fear that, 642.
 Reigneth, all is well, God, 691.
 evermore, peaceful stillness, 700.
 the Lord, 1014.
 Rejoice in thy youth, 1023.
 lest pleasureless ye die, 790.
 let the earth, 1014.
 the desert shall, 1026.
 we in ourselves, 502.
 Rejoicing with heaven and earth, 254.
 Relations, man is a bundle of, 618.
 Relentless power, 382.
 Relents, my vigour, 408.
 Relic of departed worth, 541.
 Relics, cold and unhonoured, 519.
 crucifixes beads, 215.
 hallowed, 251.
 Relief, for this, much thanks, 126.
 give, and heaven will bless, 433.
 of man's estate, 169.
 't is a poor, we gain, 303.
 to any laden life, 786.
 Relieve a brother, exquisite to, 447.
 the wretched, to, 396.
 Religion as healthy as life itself, 826.

- Religion, blunderbuss against, 370.
 blushing veils her fires, 332.
 breathing household laws, 472.
 delirious riot of, 808.
 distant rewards of, 369.
 freedom of, 435.
 grandeur of these states their, 742.
 he made it a part of his, 291.
 his, an anxious wish, 581.
 humanities of old, 504.
 in our northern colonies, 408.
 liberty and law, 863.
 mother of form and fear, 39.
 my pollertics like my, 787.
 one, is as true as another, 193.
 philosophy bringeth about to, 166.
 pledged to, 863.
 rum and true, 556.
 stands on tiptoe, 205.
 stronghold of ceremonial, 634.
 the efficacy of, 995.
 the world of one, 622.
 was intended to be mended, as if,
 211.
 without a prelate, 598.
 writers against, 407.
- Religion's sake, earth and stars for,
 741.
- Religious book or friend, with a, 174.
 light, dim, 250.
 trees, the old, 851.
- Relish him more in the soldier, 151.
 of salvation in 't, 139.
 of the saltness of time, 88.
- Reluctant amorous delay, 232.
 stalked off, 355.
- Remain, as things have been they, 726.
- Remains, all that, of thee, 548.
 an Englishman, 800.
 be kind to my, 270.
 the mystery, despite faith, 683.
- Remainder biscuit, dry as the, 68.
- Remained to pray, 397.
- Remark was shrewd, his, 416.
- Remedies for extreme diseases, 886.
 oft in ourselves do lie, 73.
- Remedy for all things, 975.
 for every trouble, 887, 895.
 force is no, 700.
 found out the, 47.
 sought the, 71.
 things without all, 121.
 worse than the disease, 165.
- Remember absent friends, 943.
 an apothecary, I do, 108.
 and be sad, 777.
 calmness, 777.
 can't, how they go, 778.
 days of joy, 955.
 forget that I, 805.
 I cannot but, such things were, 124.
 I remember I, 592, 608.
 it is as easy to marry, 698.
 it was in the bleak, I, 655.
 Lot's wife, 1034.
 me when I am gone away, 777.
 Milo's end, 278.
 now thy Creator, 1023.
- Remember sweet Alice, don't you, 747.
 that hard word, 684.
 that sore saying spoken, 684.
 the end, 1029.
 the poor creature, I do, 89.
 the power of beauty I, 272.
 the way we parted, 806.
 thee, far less sweet than to, 521.
 thee yea, 132.
 thy swashing blow, 104.
 whan it passed is, 5.
 what pulls the strings, 942.
 when times were not hard, 621.
- Remembers me of his gracious parts,
 79.
- Remembered, agony that cannot be,
 504.
 be all my sins, 136.
 in flowing cups, 92.
 joys are never past, 496.
 kisses after death, 673.
 never said anything that was, 627.
 scarce, Kilmeny's name, 868.
 sorrows, sweeten present joy, 597.
 tolling a departing friend, 88.
- Remembering happier things, 669.
- Remembrance and reflection, 316.
 dear, makes the, 74.
 fallen from heaven, 805.
 how painful the, 354.
 of the just shall flourish, 1043.
 of things past, 161.
 rosemary that 's for, 142.
 writ in, 81.
- Remnant of our Spartan dead, 557.
 of uneasy light, 474.
- Remorse, farewell, 231.
- Remorseful day, 94.
 winds, 775.
- Remote from cities lived a swain, 348.
 from common use, 556.
 from man with God, 305.
 unfriended melancholy slow, 394.
- Remove, drags at each, 394.
 not the ancient landmark, 1020.
- Removes the mask, he shows as he,
 697.
 three, as bad as a fire, 360.
- Removed forever from the land, stains,
 788.
- Render birth to dim enchantments,
 653.
 ill for ill, to, 794.
 therefore unto Cæsar, 1032.
 to all their dues, 1036.
 to my God, what shall I, 301.
- Rends thy constant heart, sigh that,
 402.
- Renewal of love, 888, 894.
- Renewing of love, 21.
- Renounce the devil, 1042.
- Renown, deathless my, 339.
 forfeit fair, 488.
 some for, 310.
 to set the cause above, 846.
 wight of high, 406.
- Renowned Spenser, 179.
 victories no less, 252.

- Rent is sorrow, her, 204.
 the envious Casca made, 113.
- Renunciation, progressive, 995.
- Repair, friendship in constant, 370.
- Reparation for our rights, 364.
- Repast and calm repose, 386.
 what neat, shall feast us, 252.
- Repay, to-morrow will, 276.
- Repeal of bad laws, 752.
- Repeat no grievances, 398.
- Repeats his words, 79.
- Repeateth a matter, he that, 1019.
- Repeating, oft, they believe 'em, 288.
- Repent at leisure, 295.
 to grieve yet not, 444.
 what's past, 141.
- Repents, will not believe a man, 678.
- Repentance amid the roses fierce, 355.
 for the ill we have done, 981.
 of a bad bargain, 905.
- Repenting, after no, 252.
- Replication, prompt, 163.
- Reply, churlish, 72.
 I pause for a, 113.
 theirs not to make, 671.
- Report, evil and good, 1038.
 gossip, 63.
 me and my cause aright, 145.
 they bore to heaven, 307.
 things of good, 1039.
 thy words, how he may, 242.
- Reporters, speaking through, to bun-
 combe, 584.
- Reporters' gallery fourth estate, 603.
- Repose, choice between truth and, 621.
 finds but short, 329.
 for the mind, 994.
 hushed in grim, 383.
 in trembling hope, 386.
 manners had not that, 666.
 statue-like, 694.
 sweet repast and calm, 386.
 wakes from short, 394.
- Reprehend anything, if I, 440.
- Repressing ill, crowning good, 438.
- Reproach of being, 163.
- Reprobation, fall to, 156.
- Reproof on her lips, 590.
 valiant, 72.
- Reproved each dull delay, 396.
- Republican form of government the
 highest, 773.
- Republics, envy the vice of, 642.
- Repudiate with indignation and ab-
 horrence, 625.
- Reputation dies at every word, 326.
 I have lost my, 152.
 men survive their own, 963.
 more than money, 894.
 reputation reputation, 152.
 seeking the bubble, 69.
 written out of, 284.
- Reputed wise, 60.
- Requested, conformity is in most, 618.
 of friends, 326.
- Requiem, chants the master's, 615.
- Researches deep, 443.
- Resentment glows, with one, 339.
- Reserve, Providence is with the last,
 1003.
 thy judgment, 130.
- Residence, a fortified, 49.
- Resign, few die and none, 435.
 nor when we will, 753.
- Resignation gently slopes the way,
 396.
 vacancies by, none, 435.
- Resigned when ills betide, 362.
- Resist fight if need be to die, 746
 the devil, 1041.
- Resistance, principles of, 408.
- Resisted, know not what's, 448.
- Resistless eloquence, 241.
- Resolute and great, be, 739.
- Resolution, armed with, 295.
 native hue of, 136.
 never tell your, beforehand, 196.
 pull in, 125.
 to fire it off himself, 370.
- Resolve, heart to, 430.
 itself into a dew, 127.
 silence is the best, 981.
 to be thyself and know, 757.
 wise to, 342.
- Resolves the moon into salt tears, 10m.
- Resolved, once to be, 153.
 to live a fool, 196.
 to ruin or to rule, 267.
- Resort of mirth, all, 250.
 various bustle of, 244.
- Resounding line, the full, 329.
- Respect, nature's above art in that,
 148.
 of persons, no, 1036.
 of place or persons, no, 75.
 thyself, most of all, 238.
 to the opinions of mankind, 434.
 upon the world, too much, 59.
- Respectability, ultimum moriens of,
 692.
- Respectable mythology, 832.
 professors of the dismal, 583.
 the more things a man is ashamed of
 the more, he is, 838.
 when was genius found, 659.
- Resplendent hair, most, 483.
 star of, front, 613.
- Responding to the cheers, 856.
- Rest and be thankful, 1051.
 and that is true, 716.
 are dead, and all the, 647.
 can never dwell where, 223.
 can never find, 783.
 dove found no, 1004.
 eternal sabbath of his, 277.
 fancies that keep her from her, 125.
 for the dead, 786.
 gets him to, 92.
 give my spirit, 794.
 her soul she is dead, 143.
 in the grave, 561.
 is not quitting, 716.
 is silence, the, 146.
 is the fitting of self, 716.
 life's victory won now cometh, 757
 like a warrior taking his, 563.

- Rest nowhere, the, 1047.
 palace of, 784.
 peace and, at length have come, 594.
 perturbed spirit, 133.
 sit round it and pluck, the, 659.
 so may he, 100.
 springs from strife, 786.
 strength of mind is not, 317.
 taste of, 775.
 there the weary be at, 1008.
 to their lasting, 80.
 too much, itself becomes a pain, 346.
 veneration but no, 166.
 who doth not crave for, 717.
 who sink to, 389.
 who would not be at, 718.
 with our limbs at, 728.
 work first and then, 747.
- Rested under the drums, 219.
 Rested quality, true-fixed and, 112.
 Resting-place so fair, no mortal, 546.
 Restless day, joy is like, 761.
 ecstasy, to lie in, 121.
 sea, more fickle than the, 791.
 soul, love orbit of the, 756.
 violence, blown with, 48.
- Restlessness, round our, His rest, 657.
 Restorer, nature's sweet, 306.
 Restraint, liberty is wholesome, 531.
 luxurious by, 238.
- Restreine thy tongue, 5.
 Restriction on the multiplication of the
 inferior, 773.
- Resty sloth, 160.
 Result happiness, nineteen six, 701.
 misery, twenty ought and six, 701.
 of chance and temperament, 791.
- Resumption, the way to, 652.
 Resurrection, hope of the, 1043.
 Retard, every doubt that can, 622.
 Reticence behind, 844.
 Retired into his political cave, 700.
 leisure, 249.
- Retirement, Plato's, 241.
 rural quiet, 355.
 short, urges sweet return, 239.
- Retiring ebb, ne'er feels, 155.
 Retort courteous, 72.
 Retreat a single inch, I will not, 633.
 friend in my, 416.
 loopholes of, 420.
 make an honourable, 70.
- Retreats, beauty dwells in deep, 485.
 of the ocean, sunless, 524.
- Retribution and undying pain, seed of,
 647.
- Retrograde, all that is human must,
 430.
- Retrospection to the future, 440.
- Return, bid time, 81.
 I thought she bade me, 380.
 no more to his house, 1008.
 not till the hours of light, 753.
 retirement urges sweet, 239.
 there swift, diurnal, 237.
 thou art gone and never must, 247.
 to Lochaber no more, 859.
 to our muttons, 957.
- Return to our wethers, 957.
 to the celestial sphere, I, 742.
 unto thy rest my soul, 497.
 vilest sinner may, 303.
- Returning as tedious as go o'er, 123.
 back to their springs, its waters, 643.
 port and hawser's tie no more, 745.
 who dreads to the dust, 756.
- Reveal no secrets, 398.
- Revel in a summer night, loves to,
 654.
 of the earth, the, 544.
 was done, 781.
- Revels, midnight, 225.
 now are ended, 43.
 the winds their, keep, 714.
- Revelation of the Divine Idea, crystal-
 line, 636.
- Revelator of the achromatic white
 light, 636.
- Revelry by night, sound of, 542.
 midnight shout and, 243.
- Revenge at first though sweet, 238.
 back on itself recoils, 238.
 capable and wide, 155.
 forgiveness better than, 944.
 hath stomach for them all, 156.
 if not victory, 226.
 is a kind of wild justice, 164.
 is profitable, 430.
 is virtue, with whom, 311.
 it will feed my, 63.
 malice couched with, 232.
 study of, 223.
 sweet is, to women, 556.
 will most horribly, 93.
- Reverges, time brings in his, 77.
 Revenons à nos moutons, 957.
- Revenue, streams of, 531.
- Reverberate hills, halloo your name to
 the, 75.
- Revered abroad, 447.
- Reverence is lent to well-established
 precedent, 840.
 knightly love is blent with, 729.
 none so poor to do him, 113.
 to God, a due, 170.
 to yon peeping moon, 173.
- Reverend head, the wise the, 303.
 signiors, grave and, 149.
 vice that grey iniquity, 85.
- Reveries so airy, 419.
- Reversion in the sky, 335.
- Reviewers people who have failed, 505.
- Revisit'st glimpses of the moon, 131.
- Revolts from true birth, 106.
- Revolution, age of, 435.
- Revolutions are not made they come,
 699.
 never go backward, 699.
- Revolves the sad vicissitudes, 393.
- Revolving moon, of one, 268.
- Reward of a thing well done, 619.
 of virtue is virtue, only, 619.
 though late a sure, 294.
 virtue is its own, 206.
 virtue to itself a, 207.
- Rewards, fortune's buffets and, 137.

- Rewards, not in, but in strength, 767.
 of religion, the distant, 369.
 the world its veterans, 321.
- Re-word, I the matter will, 141.
- Rhamses knows, she knows what, 658.
- Rhapsody of words, 140.
- Rhetoric, could not ope his mouth for, 210.
 dazzling fence of, 246.
 logic and, 168.
 ornate, 254.
 wit and gay, 246.
- Rhetorician inebriated with exuberance, 625.
- Rhetorician's rules teach nothing, 210.
- Rheum, how now foolish, 79.
- Rhine, the castled, 639.
 wash the river, 503.
 wide and winding, 543.
- Rhinoceros, armed, 122.
- Rhone, rushing of the arrowy, 543.
- Rhyme, beautiful old, 163.
 build the lofty, 246.
 dock the tail of, 688.
 epic's stately, 649.
 hitches in a, 328.
 making legs in, 387.
 nor reason, 30, 70.
 one for, one for sense, 213.
 outlive this powerful, 162.
 reason for my, 30.
 reason war with, 180.
 some careless, 810.
 the rudder is of verses, 211.
 those that write in, 213.
 time in a sort of runic, 655.
 unattempted in prose or, 223.
- Rhymes I had in store, 506.
 ring out my mournful, 676.
- Rhymed or unrhymed poem, 582.
- Rhymester play your part, realist, 683.
- Rhyming peer, 326.
 planet, born under a, 54.
- Rhythmical creation of beauty, poetry the, 657.
- Rialto, in the, 61.
 what news on the, 61.
 wished him five fathom under the, 554.
- Riband bound, but what this, 220.
 in the cap of youth, 142.
 to stick in his coat, 707.
- Ribbed sea-sand, 498.
- Ribs, knock at my, 116.
 labor pining hideth his sharp, 696.
 of death, under the, 245.
 over-weathered, 62.
- Rice, best not stir the, 977.
- Rich and rare were the gems, 520.
 and strange, into something, 42.
 are possessed by their money, the, 188.
 at once, no good man, 899.
 beyond the dreams of avarice, 374, 378.
 brilliant like chrysophrase, 635.
 disdain, 803.
 for his heart was, 684.
- Rich from want of wealth, 387.
 gifts wax poor, 136.
 he that maketh haste to be, 1021.
 he was, and she was poor, 720.
 in barren fame, 344.
 in deep hymn of gratitude, 595.
 in good works, 1040.
 in having such a jewel, 44.
 in saving common sense, 671.
 in virtue, 343.
 live like a wretch and die, 188.
 man, honest preferred to a, 919.
 man, how hard it is for the, 684.
 man to enter the kingdom, 1032.
 men remember, let all, 684.
 men rule the law, 395.
 nor rare, neither, 327.
 not gaudy, 130.
 plagues that haunt the, 424.
 poor and content is, 153.
 quiet and infamous, 602.
 soils often to be weeded, 168.
 the treasure, 271.
 they poor, I, 22.
 windows, 386.
 with forty pounds a year, 396.
 with little store, 22.
 with the spoils of nature, 217.
 with the spoils of time, 384.
 with Thee, we are, 421.
 without a fault, 337.
 woman, as easy to marry a, 698.
- Richard, awe the soul of, 296.
 conqueror, came in with, 72.
 is himself again, 296.
 Richard O my king, 989.
 struck terror to the soul of, 97.
- Richer for poorer, 1042.
 life, a, 768.
 than all his tribe, 157.
- Riches and honour in her left hand 1017.
 best, 396.
 flow from bounteous heaven, 346.
 from every scene of creation, 457.
 good name better than, 976, 1019.
 he heapeth up, 1012.
 infinite, in a little room, 41.
 make themselves wings, 1020.
 neither poverty nor, 1021.
 of heaven's pavement, 225.
 possessed not enjoyed, 342.
 that grow in hell, 225.
 virtue and, seldom settle on one man, 190.
- Richest was poor and the poorest, 642
- Richmonds in the field, six, 98.
- Rid on 't, mend it or be, 121.
- Riddle of the world, 317.
- Ride abroad, next doth, 417.
 king in a carriage may, 664.
 mankind, things, 615.
 the Haggards, no more, 867.
 to crouch to wait to, 30.
- Rides in the whirlwind, 299, 331.
 on the posting winds, 160.
 post, evil news, 242.
 upon the storm, 423.

- Rider, steed that knows its, 542.
 Ridicule, sacred to, 328.
 the test of truth, 581.
 truth the test of, 444.
 Ridiculous affairs, serious in, 921.
 down with, notions of Deity, 765.
 excess, wasteful and, 79.
 in serious matters, 921.
 no spectacle so, 601.
 sublime to the, 431.
 Riding o'er the azure realm, 383.
 on the rail, pleasant, 720.
 Rift within the lute, 679.
 Rigdom Funnidos, 285.
 Rigged with curses dark, 247.
 Right, always do what is, 762.
 and good, cleaving to the, 686.
 and wrong he taught, 860.
 as a trivet, 864.
 as God gives us to see the, 662.
 be sure you are, 1044.
 born to set it, 133.
 by chance, a fool now and then, 414.
 by force of beauty, seems, 659.
 cried served him, 720.
 divine of kings, 332.
 fierce for the, 803.
 firmness in the, 662.
 following him that sets thee, 940.
 form of war, 112.
 good will, who strike with, 846.
 hand and left, God's, 721.
 hand forget her cunning, 1016.
 hand, his red, 227.
 hands of fellowship, 1038.
 his conduct still, 399.
 his life I'm sure was in the, 260.
 honorable gentleman is the first, 700.
 I see the, and I approve it too, 295.
 in every cranny but the, 424.
 is right since God is God, 717.
 is right to follow, 666.
 laws of, 996.
 little tight little island, 863.
 makes might, faith that, 661.
 man in the right place, 724.
 mind, clothed in his, 1033.
 names, call things by their, 457.
 never reasons and is always, 621.
 of all, duty of some, 505.
 of an excessive wrong, 712.
 on, I only speak, 114.
 onward steer, 252.
 or wrong, our country, 863.
 over old Marm Hackett's garden,
 724.
 rather be, than president, 517.
 slender guarantee for being, 693.
 sorry for your heaviness, I am, 6.
 the day must win, 717.
 the love of the, 785.
 the passionate love of, 786.
 the victories of, 786.
 the wrong, others shall, 651.
 there is none to dispute my, 416.
 through present wrong the eternal,
 649.
 to begin doing well, earns the, 709.
- Right to disassemble your love, 445.
 to set, sun has a, 787.
 trust in God and do the, 702.
 until it is settled, 835.
 upon the earth, his or her, 742.
 was right, 444.
 way, one must do good in the, 812.
 well how meek, ye know, 679.
 whatever is is, 316.
 whose life is in the, 318.
 wise world is mainly, 678.
 words, how forcible are, 1008.
 wrong follow the king, 677.
 Rights, blacks had no, 863.
 dare maintain, their, 438.
 equal power to maintain their, 634.
 men who know their, 438.
 of a man, how he lies in his, 709.
 of man, called the, 409.
 property has its duties as well as,
 589, 627.
 reparation for our, 364.
 unalienable, 434.
 Righteous altogether, judgments of
 the Lord, 661.
 are bold as a lion, 1021.
 cause, armor of a, 843.
 die the death of the, 1005.
 forsaken, not seen the, 1011.
 hath hope in his death, 1018.
 judge art thou, the only, 741.
 man regardeth the life of his beast,
 1018.
 or unrighteous judgment, 807.
 overmuch, be not, 1022.
 perils doe unfold the, 27.
 shall flourish, 1014.
 to make them, 807.
 Righteousness and peace, 1013.
 exalteth a nation, 1018.
 sun of, 1028.
 word of, 1040.
 Rightful voice to say, 802.
 Rightly settle a question, 603.
 to be great, 142.
 Rigid plowmen bear in mind, 622.
 Rigorous law, 890.
 line, more on a, 753.
 Rigour of the game, 508.
 of the statutes, 47.
 Rill, by cool Siloam's shady, 535.
 nor yet beside the, 386.
 sunshine broken in the, 526.
 the sun-loved, 771.
 Rills, thousand, 382.
 Rim, the sun's, dips, 498.
 Ring happy bells, 676.
 in the Christ that is to be, 676.
 in the nobler modes, 676.
 in the thousand years of peace, 676
 in the valiant man, 676.
 my when he made Old Hundred, 736.
 of verse, thy rare gold, 712.
 on her wand she bore, 520.
 out my mournful rhymes, 676.
 out old shapes of foul disease, 676.
 out the darkness of the land, 676.
 out the narrowing lust of gold, 676.

- Ring out the old ring in the new, 676.
 out the thousand wars of old, 676.
 out their delight, how they, 655.
 out wild bells, 676.
 posy of a, 138.
 sweet, notes of the harpers, 587.
 the fuller minstrel in, 676.
 to evensong, 19.
 with this, I thee wed, 1043.
- Rings, and chains, wearers of, 511.
 of beauty, 766.
 of which all Europe, 252.
- Ringing clear, a good song, 847.
 grooves of change, 669.
 plains of windy Troy, 668.
- Ringlet, blowing the, 670.
- Ringlets, her raven, 781.
- Riot of religion, delirious, 808.
- Ripe age gives tone to violins, 768.
 and good one, a scholar and a, 101.
 and ripe, hour to hour we, 68.
 cherry, I cry, 201.
- Ripened in our northern sky, 433.
 into faith, persuasion, 481.
- Ripeness, love grown to, 667.
- Ripening breath, summer's, 106.
 his greatness is a, 99.
 swelling of fresh life, age is, 760.
- Ripest fruit first falls, 81.
 peach is highest, 833.
- Ripples break, round his breast, 580.
- Rise, build ladder by which we, 730.
 by sin, some, 47.
 from out the sea, thus Venus, 756.
 honest muse, 322.
 in glad surprise to higher levels, 646.
 let it, till it meet the sun, 529.
 like feathered Mercury, 86.
 seems to, 791.
 sweet happy children you will, 696.
 to the top of the tree, 801.
 up never, dead men, 806.
 up Xarifa, 865.
 with the lark, 454.
- Rises from dead ceremonies the Christ,
 788.
- Risen from hell, madness, 805.
 on mid-noon, 235, 476.
 to hear him crow, thought sun had,
 730.
- Rising all at once, their, 227.
 and reaching upward to the skies,
 646.
 day, when like the, 611.
 early, heaven's help better than, 976.
 from affluence, 796.
 in clouded majesty, 233.
 in his, seemed a pillar of state, 227.
 never assisted the sun in, 722.
 to a man's work, 939.
 worm punished for early, 720.
- Risk, ambition has no, 631.
 boundless for boundless gain, 790.
 everything is sweetened by, 776.
- Risks nothing gains nothing, 21.
- Risked a cause, patriots for a theory,
 659.
- Rival all but Shakespeare's name, 513.
- Rival in the light of day, 482.
- River, Alph the sacred, 500.
 at my garden's end, 289.
 Dee, lived on the, 427.
 fair and crystal, 180.
 flow in one down eternity's, 714.
 glideth at his own sweet will, 470.
 in Macedon, there is a, 92.
 in the broad, ebbled and flowed, 646.
 like the foam on the, 491.
 like the snow-fall in the, 451.
 moonbeams on a, 767.
 no sound save rush of, 766.
 not to swap horses crossing, 661.
 of death sailed, up the, 748.
 of his thoughts, 553, 640.
 of passing thoughts, 938.
 of unfailling source rapid, vast, 597.
 on a tree by a, 801.
 the weariest, 806.
- Rivers are highways, 985.
 by shallow, 41.
 cannot quench, 95.
 of Egypt, 1025.
 run to seas, 274.
 wide and shallow brooks, 248.
- River's brim, primrose by a, 468.
- Rivets up, hammers closing, 92, 296.
- Rivulet of text, a neat, 442.
- Rivulets dance, where, 469.
 myriads of, 673.
- Road, along a rough a weary, 448.
 fringing the dusty, 733.
 like one on a lonesome, 499.
 may lie, wherever my, 769.
 morn furthers a man on his, 880.
 no street, no, 595.
 of casualty, 62.
 only, the sure road unquestioned
 credit, 755.
 takes no private, 320.
 taxed horse on a taxed, 462.
 that life may be a pleasant, 760
 the, below me, 829.
 through life's dark, 564.
 to Mandalay, 852.
 to national downfall, surest, 693.
 to virtue, no ready, 218.
 whose dust is gold, 236.
- Roam, absent from Him I, 497.
 soar but never, 485.
 some love to, 718.
 they are fools who, 362.
 when far o'er sea we, 525.
 where'er I, whatever realms to see,
 394.
- Roamed o'er many lands, 589.
 with my soul, I, 656.
- Roaming in thought over the universe,
 743.
- Roar, a lion in the lobby, 352.
 billows wild contend with angry, 700.
 gently as any sucking dove, 57.
 give a grievous, 352.
 grumble and, telling the battle was
 on, 751.
 he did not only sigh but, 283.
 music in its, 547.

- Roar, nature says best and she says, 283.
of conflict, in the, 784.
set the table on a, 144.
the spray and the tempest's, 714.
there rose a sullen, 856.
wake and list to the, 715.
you an 't were any nightingale, 57.
- Roars, and lashes the granite, wild sea, 629.
- Roared at Marden Nantucket's sunk, 724.
- Roaring lion, as a, 1041.
lions, talks as familiarly of, 78.
- Roast an egg, the learned, 330.
beef of old England, 363.
- Roasted rare, new-laid eggs, 274.
- Rob a neighbour, that he might, 603.
me the exchequer, 86.
Peter and pay Paul, 186.
the Hybla bees, 115.
us of our joys, 406.
was lord below, 474.
- Robs me of that which not enriches him, 153.
the vast sea, the sun, 109.
- Robbed, he that is, 154.
the, that smiles, 151.
- Robbing Peter he paid Paul, 14.
- Robbry, change be no, 17.
- Robe, dew on his thin, 515.
of clouds, throne of rocks in a, 553.
of night, azure, 573.
the judge's, 47.
- Robes and furred gowns hide all, 148.
garland and singing, 253.
loosely flowing hair as free, 178.
of gold, evening trails her, 613.
riche or fidel, 1.
shining, 993.
- Robin Hood, a famous man is, 473.
jolly Robin, 404.
- Robins, ghosts of the, 799.
- Robings of glory, 766.
- Robin-redbreast, call for the, 181.
- Robinson Crusoe, poor, 391.
- Robustious periwig-pated fellow, 137.
- Rock, a man sat on a, 818.
aerial, brotherhood upon, 480.
dwell on a, or in a cell, 26.
founded upon a, 1031.
gem of the old, 219.
moulder piecemeal on the, 549.
of Ages cleft for me, 432.
of the national resources, 531.
pendent, a towered citadel, 158.
reclined, all on a, 347.
shall fly from its firm base, this, 491.
stood on, to bob for whale, 217.
tall, the mountain, 467.
the cradle of reposing age, 328.
us nearer to the tomb, cradles, 309.
weed flung from the, 542.
would crown the work, another, 704.
- Rocks and hills, 150.
caves lakes fens bogs, 228.
fleeting air and desert, 181.
music hath charms to soften, 294.
- Rocks pure gold, water nectar and, 44.
the cradle, the hand that, 731.
throne of, robe of clouds, 553.
whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked, 240.
- Rock-bound coast, stern and, 569.
- Rocked in the cradle of the deep, 864.
- Rocket, rose like a, 431.
- Rock-ribbed hills, 572.
- Rocky are her shores, 344.
- Rod and thy staff, thy, 1011.
beaten with his own, 9.
he that spareth his, 1018.
of empire might have swayed, 384.
of iron, rule with a, 1041.
reversed, his, 246.
spare the, 8, 213, 262.
the lightning's gleaming, 817.
to check the erring, 475.
wit's a feather a chief a, 319.
- Rode, full royally he, 23.
the six hundred, 671.
- Roderick, art thou a friend to, 491.
where was, then, 492.
- Rogue, inch that is not fool is, 269.
- Rogues in buckram, 84.
- Roguish thing, equity is a, 194.
- Roll and march, no discordance in the, 685.
darkling down, 366.
forward, the ages, 781.
of common men, 85.
of honor, pension list is the, 804.
on dark blue ocean, 547.
on thou ball, 800.
wherever waves can, 413.
- Rolls it under his tongue, 283.
of fame, in all the, 345.
of Noah's ark, 268.
- Rolled two into one, 454.
up the wrong way, hedgehog, 593.
- Rolling beach, 767.
deep, home on the, 714.
in fine frenzy, 59.
stone gathers no moss, 14, 897.
world, 775.
year is full of thee, the, 357.
- Roman fame, above all, 329.
fashion, after the high, 159.
hand, we do know the sweet, 76.
holiday, to make a, 546.
more an antique, than a Dane, 146.
name, above any Greek or, 267.
noblest, of them all, 115.
senate long debate, can a, 298.
streets, gibber in the, 126.
than such a, 114.
thought hath struck him, a, 157.
urns, fire in antique, 213.
- Romans call it stoicism, the, 298.
countrymen and lovers, 113.
last of all the, fare thee well, 115.
were like brothers, the, 604.
- Romance, by the shores of old, 472.
is always young, 650.
- Romances of Marivaux, 387.
- Romanism and rebellion, 866.
- Romantic, if folly grow, 321.

- Rome, aisles of Christian, 614.
 beauty which old Greece or, 650.
 big with the fate of, 297.
 but that I loved, more, 113.
 can Virgil claim, 271.
 do as they do at, 977.
 eternal devil to keep state in, 110.
 grandeur that was, 656.
 growing up to night, 699.
 hook-nosed fellow of, 90.
 I do fast on Saturday at, 953.
 in the height of her glory, 533.
 more than the Pope of, 212.
 move the stones of, 114.
 not built in one day, 15, 978.
 palmy state of, 126.
 queen of land and sea, 699.
 shall fall when falls the Coliseum,
 546.
 than second in, 913.
 thou hast lost the breed of noble
 bloods, 110.
 time will doubt of, 558.
 when at, do as they see done, 193.
- Romeo, wherefore art thou, 105.
- Roof, arched, 251.
 fretted with golden fire, 134.
 to shroud his head, 189, 194.
 under the shady, 250.
- Roofs of the world, yawp over, 742.
- Room and verge enough, ample, 383.
 as your company, 1051.
 blazed with lights, 109.
 civet in the, 415.
 for Shakespeare, 179.
 for wit, heads so little no, 222.
 infinite riches in a little, 41.
 no gilded dome swells the lowly, 571.
 no, to hold the memory of a wrong,
 621.
 no wit for so much, 222.
 still as I mused the raked, 725.
 to room I stray, from, 841.
 up of my absent child, grief fills the,
 79.
 who sweeps a, 204.
 worst inn's worst, 322.
- Rooshian, he might have been a, 800.
- Roost, as chickens come home to, 630.
- Roosts, perched, 242.
- Rooster, hungry, don't cackle, 828.
- Root, axe is laid unto the, 1033.
 humility that low sweet, 527.
 insane, 116.
 love that took an early, 623.
 nips his, and then he falls, 99.
 of age, worm at the, 423.
 of all evil, money is the, 1040.
 of the matter is in me, 1009.
 tree of deepest, 432.
- Roots, bound by strong, 797.
 itself in ease, 131.
- Root's, young buds sleep in the, 577.
- Rooted sorrow from the memory, 125.
- Rope enough, you shall never want,
 959.
- Rosalie Lee, was my beautiful, 635.
- Rosaries and pixes, 215.
- Rose, a, to the living, 843.
 any nose may ravage a, 703.
 at Christmas, desire a, 54.
 Aylmer, 511.
 blossom as the, 1026.
 budding, above the full blown, 476.
 by any other name, 105.
 dewdrop clinging to the, 637.
 flung odours flung, 238.
 friendship is the breathing, 691.
 go lovely, 220.
 growing on his cheek, 31.
 happy is the, distilled, 57.
 I am not the, 992.
 in aromatic pain, 316.
 in Spring, familiar as the, 938.
 is fairest when 't is budding, 491.
 is, her cheek like the, 586.
 is sweetest washed with dew, 491.
 it wavers to a, 815.
 je ne suis pas la, 992.
 just newly born, the, 637.
 last, of summer, 521.
 like a full-blown, 575.
 like a rocket, 431.
 like an exhalation, 225.
 love is like a, 776.
 lovely is the, 477.
 my life is like the summer, 865.
 my love's like a red red, 451.
 of love, gather, 202.
 of the fair state, 136.
 of youth, he wears the, 158.
 our queen our, our star, 608.
 plot, 777.
 red as a, is she, 498.
 should shut and be a bud, 575.
 so red, never blows the, 954.
 sweeter in the bud, 33.
 that all are praising, 588.
 that lives its little hour, the, 573.
 the year I met with, 785.
 thought like a full-blown, 575.
 under the, 219.
 up he, and donned his clothes, 142.
 vernal bloom or summer's, 155.
 when the, is taken, 807.
 with all its thorns, 776.
 with leaves yet folded, 560.
 with thorns, 877.
 without the thorn, 203, 232.
- Roses and lilies and violets, 588.
 and white lilies, 871.
 bower of, by Bendemeer's stream,
 526.
 bring, beautiful fresh roses, 751.
 fair as, 807.
 four red, on a stalk, 97.
 from your cheek, 378.
 full of sweet days and, 204.
 in December seek, 539.
 make thee beds of, 41.
 month of leaves and, 723.
 never expect to gather, 878.
 red and violets blew, 28.
 repentance amid the, 355.
 roses strew on her, 753.
 scent of the, 522.

- Roses, she wore a wreath of, 588.
 strew on her roses, 753.
 virgins soft as the, 549.
- Roses' breath, whispers as sweet as,
 821.
- Rosebud garden of girls, 677.
 set with thorns, 672.
- Rosebuds, crown ourselves with, 1028.
 filled with snow, 871.
 gather ye, while ye may, 202.
- Rose-hued sea-flowers, 807.
- Rose-leaves scattered, like, 558.
 stirred with the air, 558.
- Rose-lipp'd cherubin, 155.
- Rosemary for remembrance, 142.
- Rosewater on a toad, pour, 612.*
- Ross, the Man of, 322.
- Rost, rule the, 8, 194.
- Rosy light, sprinkled with, 338.
 maiden's cheek, 810.
 red, celestial, 238.
 sea, upon the, 524.
 steps, morn her, 234.
 trembling, 998.
- Rot and rot, from hour to hour we,
 68.
 proagate and, 317.
 to lie in cold obstruction and to, 48.
 work done the lie shall, 757.
- Rots itself in ease, 131.
- Rote, learned and conned by, 115.
 sarcastikul, this is, 787.
- Rotten apples, small choice in, 72.
 at the heart, a goodly apple, 61.
 in Denmark, something is, 131.
- Rottenness, firmament is, 245.
- Rough as nutmeg-graters, 313.
 quarries rocks and hills, 150.
 rude sea, all the water in the, 81.
 what in other mouths was, 732.
- Rough-hew them how we will, 145.
- Rough-island story, 671.
- Roughly, life has passed, 423
- Round about the spot, yet, 696.
 and round we run, 718.
 at the top, from the, 723.
 attains the utmost, 111.
 beauty's perfect, 824.
 by round, mount to its summit, 730.
 dance their wayward, 469.
 fat oily man of God, 357.
 glory guards with solemn, 866.
 hoop's bewitching, 378.
 I know the table, 679.
 keeps up a perpetual, 935.
 life's dull, 379.
 moon, ascending silvery, 743.
 my door, wave and flutter, 613.
 numbers are false, 375.
 of truth, the fuit, 682.
 shelved, us lie mummied authors,
 761.
 the age of gold, comes, 695.
 the misty islets the tempests blow,
 629.
 the slight waist, 548.
 the square, all, 593.
 the world serenely, undulate, 744.
- Round, trivial, the common task, 569.
 unvarnished tale, 150.
 walked, and regarded his critic, 723.
 while you perform your antic, 123.
- Roundabout, this great, 424.
- Rounded with a sleep, life is, 43.
- Roundelay, my merry merry, 25.
- Roundheads and wooden shoes, 300.
- Rouse a lion, the blood stirs to, 84.
 and stir as life were in 't, 125.
 the lion from his lair, 495.
- Rousseau, ask Jean Jacques, 417.
- Rout on rout, ruin upon ruin, 230.
 where meet a public, 176.
 wherefore doth your, send forth, 605.
 world with its motley, 424.
- Routed all his foes, thrice he, 271.
- Roved, as thro' the fields we, 597.
- Roving, go no more a, 553.
 lady moon when are you, 665.
- Row brothers row, 518.
 one way and look another, 186.
 ye so quick and so steady, 831.
- Rowers, like, who advance backward,
 963.
- Rowland for an Oliver, 1051.
 to the dark tower came, 147.
- Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, 862
- Royal office to execute laws, 411.
 path to geometry, 1003.
 train believe me, a, 100.
- Royally he rode, 23.
- Royalty of virtue, the, 795.
- Ruat cœlum fiat voluntas tua, 205, 213.
- Rub, let the world, 972.
 there's the, 135.
- Rubs which providence sends, 401.
- Rubente dextera, 227.
- Rubicon, I had passed the, 530.
- Rubies grew, where the, 201.
 price of wisdom is above, 1009.
 wisdom is better than, 1017.
- Ruby, beryl-rimmed rebecs of, 636.
- Ruby-rimmed beryline buckets, from
 the, 635.
- Rudder is of verses, rhyme the, 211.
 true, steer my, 963.
- Ruddy drop of manly blood, 618.
 drops, dear as the, 112, 383.
- Rude am I in my speech, 149.
 forefathers, 778.
 forefathers of the hamlet, 384.
 hand deface it, may no, 469.
 in speech, though I be, 1038.
 militia swarms, 273.
 multitude call the afternoon, 56.
 sea grew civil at her song, 57.
 storm how fierce soe'er, no, 700.
 stream, mercy of a, 99.
- Rudely, speke he never so, 2.
 stamped, I that am, 95.
- Rudyards cease from Kipling, when,
 867.
- Rue and euphrasy, 240.
 nought shall make us, 80.
 with a difference, wear your, 142.
- Rueful conflict, the heart riven the,
 473.

- Ruffian, that father, 85.
 Ruffles, sending them, 398.
 when wanting a shirt, 286.
 Rug, snug as a bug in a, 361.
 Rugged line, harsh cadence of a, 270.
 Russian bear, 122.
 Ruin and confusion hurled, in, 300.
 drunkenness identical with, 951.
 final, fiercely drives, 309.
 has designed, whom God to, 269.
 lovely in death the beauteous, 308.
 majestic though in, 227.
 man marks the earth with, 547.
 on the state, statesmen pulled, 659.
 one prodigious, swallow all, 337.
 or to rule the state, 267.
 prostrate the beauteous, 453.
 seize thee ruthless king, 383.
 systems into, hurled, 315.
 the fires of, glow, 513.
 threats of pain and, 385.
 upon ruin rout on rout, 230.
 Ruins, fame on lesser, built, 258.
 human mind in, 868.
 of himself, the, 347.
 of Iona, 369.
 of St. Paul's, 602.
 of the noblest man, 113.
 Ruin's ploughshare, stern, 448.
 Ruined by natural propensities, 411.
 Ruin-trace, can print no, 635.
 Rule alone, too fond to, 327.
 all be done by the, 157.
 Britannia, 358.
 exceptions prove the, 187.
 eye sublime declared absolute, 232.
 gran'ther's, was safer, 737.
 guided by this golden, 801.
 Homer's, the best, 328.
 little sway, a little, 358.
 long-levelled, 244.
 my sole, of life, 583.
 none shall, but the humble, 616.
 of men entirely great, 631.
 of Plato, 254.
 over others, how shall I, 957.
 scepter of, is the spade, 660.
 the good old, 473.
 the great, ill can he, 29.
 the law, rich men, 395.
 the rosi, 11, 194.
 the state, to ruin or to, 267.
 the varied year, to, 356.
 them with a rod of iron, 1041.
 those who can not read can, 683.
 Rules, a few plain, 479.
 and hammers, 159.
 never shows she, 321.
 o'er freemen, who, 375.
 the twelve good, 398.
 the waves, Britannia, 358.
 the world, is the hand that, 731.
 Ruler of the inverted year, 420.
 Ruler of the Queen's navee, 801.
 Ruleth all the roste, 8.
 his spirit, he that, 1019.
 Ruling passion, 321, 322.
 power within, 936.
 Rum and true religion, 556.
 cattle to deal with, 827.
 Romanism and rebellion, 866.
 Rumble grumble and roar, terrible,
 751.
 Ruminant, as thou dost, 153.
 Rumination wraps me, my often, 70.
 Rumour of oppression, 418.
 Rumours of wars, 1033.
 Run amuck, too discreet to, 328.
 away and fly, 212.
 away, he feared to, 847.
 away, they conquer love that, 200.
 back, time will, 251.
 before the wind, 393.
 but through its woof there, 715.
 down, and all the wheels, 728.
 he may, that readeth it, 1028.
 I can, or I can fly, 246.
 life's race well, 757.
 red with other wars, 784.
 to and fro, many shall, 1027.
 to wait to ride to, 30.
 with the hare, 33.
 with the hound, 12.
 yon happier one its course is, 751.
 Runs away, he that fights and, 216.
 away, he who fights and, 403.
 may read, he that, 422.
 the great circuit, 420.
 the world away, 138.
 Rung in the ears, vanitas vanitatum,
 750.
 Runic rhyme, time in a sort of, 655.
 Runneth not to the contrary, 392.
 over, my cup, 1011.
 Running brooks, books in the, 67.
 laughter, 841.
 on air, 857.
 sprightly, 276.
 streams, on craggy hills and, 653.
 Rupert of debate, 631.
 Rural quiet, retirement, 355.
 sights alone, not, 417.
 Rush against Othello's breast, 156.
 into the skies, 315.
 of the river, no sound save, 766.
 to glory or the grave, 515.
 Rushes between the one and the other,
 631.
 Rushed to meet the insulting foe, 443.
 Rushing of the arrow Rhone, 543.
 of the blast, the, 573.
 Russet mantle clad, morn in, 127.
 year inhaled the dreamy air, 751.
 Russia, last out a night in, 47.
 Russian bear, the rugged, 122.
 Russians shall not have Constanti-
 nople, 867.
 Rust, better to be eaten to death with,
 88.
 better wear out than, 1045.
 brightest blades grow dim with, 691.
 in rust, of earth in earth and, 762.
 thy red falchion gathering, 623.
 unburnished, to, 668.
 Rustic life and poverty, 514.
 moralist, teach the 385.

- Rustics, amazed the gazing, 397.
 Rustle of far-off waters, 851.
 Rustling in the dark, mournful, 641.
 in unpaid-for silk, 159.
 of each purple curtain, 656.
 Rusty for want of fighting, 211.
 Ruth when sick for home, 575.
 Ruthless king is he, and a, 652.
 king, ruin seize thee, 383.
 than mortals, are gods more, 728.
- Sabaoth and port, 170.
 Sabbath appeared, when a, 416.
 as now recognized and enforced, 634.
 bill to frame a, 595.
 day to me, Sunday shines no, 326.
 of his rest, the eternal, 277.
 of that deeper sea, disturbs the, 700.
 was made for man, 1033.
 Sabbathless Satan, 509.
 Sabeian odours, 232.
 Sable cloud with silver lining, 243.
 goddess, night, 306.
 hearse, underneath this, 179.
 night, son of the, 39.
 shore, who shrinks from the, 756.
 silvered, his beard a, 129.
 Sables, suit of, 138.
 Sabler tints of woe, 386.
 Sabrina fair, listen, 246.
 Sack, intolerable deal of, 85.
 purge and leave, 88.
 Sacred and inspired divinity, 170.
 burden is this life, 686.
 gate, and near the, 696.
 honour, pledge our, 434.
 life, Christ's in a, 665.
 pity, drops of, 69.
 portals, 798.
 religion mother of form, 39.
 to gods is misery, 343.
 to ridicule his whole life long, 328.
 Sacrifice, costly, on altar of freedom,
 660.
 is no vain, 301.
 mighty by, 853.
 to the graces, 353, 946.
 turn delight into a, 204.
 unpityed, an, 408.
 Sacrifices, such, my Cordelia, 148.
 Sacriligious murder, 120.
 Sad and bad and mad it was, 711.
 as a wasted passion, 729.
 as angels, 513.
 because it makes us smile, 560.
 by fits, 't was, 390.
 day, at the close of one, 831.
 experience to make me, 71.
 fancies do we affect, 483.
 funeral train, 786.
 heart, ruddy drops that visit my,
 112.
 hemlocks, 784.
 impious in a good man to be, 308.
 music of humanity, 467.
 near to make a man look, 59.
 remember and be, 777.
 so, so tender and so true, 380.
- Sad soul, 792.
 sounds are nature's funeral cries,
 729.
 stories of the death of kings, 82.
 sweet time, time, 587.
 thoughts and sunny weather, 741.
 to think the year is all but done, 728.
 uncertain rustling, the silken, 656.
 vicissitude of things, 379, 393.
 votarist in palmer's weed, 243.
 words of tongue or pen, 649.
 Sadding the summer air, 790.
 Saddens us, times when mirth, 632.
 Sadder and a wiser man, 499.
 even than I, they are, 787.
 Saddest of all tales, 560.
 of the year, days the, 573.
 thing that befalls a soul, 775.
 when I sing, I am, 787.
 when I sing, I'm, 589.
 Saddle, things are in the, 615.
 Saddled and bridled, 868.
 Sadness and longing, feeling of, 641.
 and of mirth, with songs of, 647.
 diverter of, 207.
 wraps me in a most humorous, 70.
 Safe and sound your trust is, 313.
 bind safe find, 21.
 from many honored by the few, 738.
 from temptation and pollution, 642.
 silent and, 820.
 through a thousand perils, 497.
 within its heart nestles the seed, 742.
 Safeguard, will be our, 579.
 Safer being meek than fierce, 711.
 gran'ther's rule was, 737.
 Safety, fear is the mother of, 411.
 in multitude of counsellors, 1017.
 is our speed, over thin ice, 621.
 little temporary, 359.
 pluck this flower, 84.
 pot of ale and, 91.
 to teach thee, 79.
 walks in its steps, 460.
 Sagacious blue-stocking, 603.
 of his quarry from so far, 239.
 Sage advices, lengthened, 451.
 by saint by savage and by, 334.
 frolic, make the, 345.
 he stood, 182, 227.
 he thought as a, 428.
 just less than, 518.
 long experience made him, 348.
 thinks like a, 632.
 truths electrify the, 514.
 truths half so, as he wrote, 726.
 Sages cast, saw seed which, 788.
 have seen in thy face, 416.
 in all times assert, 8.
 teach more than all the, can, 466.
 Sage's pride, vain the, 330.
 Sager, by losing rendered, 554.
 Said anything that was remembered,
 never, 627.
 before, nothing that has not been,
 888.
 for lack of listeners are not, 749.
 his say, when he's laughed and, 697.

- Said it, as well as if I had, 292.
 little, is soonest mended, 200.
 nothing but what has been, 185.
 on both sides, much may be, 300,
 363.
 only dreamer dream no more, 758.
 that ever were sung or, 647.
 the greatest of the great, 682.
 when this is, 792.
- Sail, bark attendant, 320.
 breath of heaven swell the, 416.
 is as a noiseless wing, this, 543.
 learn of the little Nautilus to, 318.
 like my pinnace, 45.
 on even keel, 354.
 on life's ocean diversely we, 317.
 on O ship of state, 641.
 on O Union strong and great, 641.
 set every threadbare, 688.
 swan spreads his snowy, 580.
 the sea, as now we, 767.
 two towers of, at dawn, 727.
 upon the sea, 't is good to, 845.
 what avail the plough or, 617.
 wherever billows roll, ships will,
 550.
 white and rustling, 537.
 white, upon the ocean verge, 802.
- Sails filled and streamers waving, 242.
 filled with a lusty wind, 37.
 it, Columbus, 620.
 over-weathered ribs and ragged, 62.
 purple the, 157.
 the moonlit, 822.
- Sailed away for a year and a, 703.
 by and ceased to be, years, 646.
 for sunny isles, 623.
 off in a wooden shoe, 831.
 the great admiral, 748.
 with me before, you never, 458.
- Sailing like a stately ship, 242.
 on obscene wings, 501.
 the Vesuvian Bay, far away, 751.
- Sailor, home is the, 830.
 messmates hear a brother, 860.
 on a mast, a drunken, 97.
 thy endless cruise old, 745.
- Sailors are but men, 61.
 of Bristol city, three, 800.
- Sail-yards tremble, the, 37.
- Saint Augustine well hast thou said,
 643.
 George and the dragon, 78.
 he were n't no, 811.
 John, awake my, 314.
 John mingle with my friendly bowl,
 328.
 in crape and lawn, 320.
 in wisdom's school, 181.
 it, sinner it or, 321.
 it would provoke a, 321.
 Mary's lake, swan on still, 474.
 my late espoused, 26.
 Nicholas would soon be there, 527.
 no true, allows, 215.
 Paul's, ruins of, 602.
 savage and by sage, by, 334.
 seem a, when I play the devil, 96.
- Saint sustain'd it but the woman died,
 335.
 to corrupt a, 83.
 upon his knees, 422.
- Saints above, men below and, 487.
 bards, heroes if we will, 754.
 death of his, 1015.
 elect, all hearts confess the, 651.
 his soul is with the, 502.
 immortal reign, where, 303.
 vices of the, virtues of society, 620.
 who taught, 313.
 will aid if men will call, 499.
- Sainted, a thing enskyed and, 47.
- Saintly chastity, so dear is, 245.
 shew, falsehood under, 232.
 white, 857.
- Saint-seducing gold, 104.
- Saintship of an anchorite, 540.
- Sairey little do we know, oh, 702.
- Sake, earth and stars for religion's, 741.
- Salad days, my, 157.
- Sally, there's none like pretty, 285.
- Salmons in both, there is, 92.
- Salmon's height, sunshine dreaming
 upon, 757.
- Salt have lost his savour, 1030.
 of our youth, we have some, 45.
 of the earth, ye are the, 1030.
 peck of, 971.
 pillar of, 1005.
 seasoned with, 1039.
 upon the tails of sparrows, 291.
 who ne'er knew, 344.
- Salt-fish on his hook, 158.
- Saltiness of time, 88.
 oil vinegar sugar and, 399.
- Saltpetre, this villanous, 83.
- Salutary influence of example, 369.
 neglect, wise and, 408.
- Salutation to the morn, 97.
- Salvation, no relish of, 139.
 none of us should see, 65.
 tools of working our, 215.
- Samarcand, all the gems of, 437.
- Samaritan, acts like a, 632.
 without the oil and twopence, 460.
- Same again, life is never the, 759.
 another and the, 331.
 another yet the, 331.
 as on the land, just the, 724.
 by day, will not look the, 658.
 heart beats in every breast, 754.
 its flash is still the, 610.
 to-day and for ever, the, 696.
- Samphire, one that gathers, 148.
- Sampler, ply the, 246.
- Sanat santificat et ditat, 360.
- Sancho Panza is my own self, 976.
 Panza said and so say I, 720.
- Sanctified the crime, numbers, 425.
- Sanction of the god, 337.
- Sanctities, flower of olden, 757.
- Sanctity of reason, indu'd with, 236.
- Sanctum supercilious, my, 595.
- Sand an' ginger when alive, 851.
 and the wild uproar, 614.
 leaves or driving, 337.

- Sand, little grains of, 760.
roll down their golden, 536.
were pearl, if all their, 44.
- Sands, and the, are bright, 580.
come unto these yellow, 42.
death has shaken out the, 578.
drenchèd, 775.
eternal moan, on its desolate, 717.
ignoble things, 196.
o' Dee, across the, 727.
of time, footprints on the, 639.
small, the mountain make, 311.
syllable men's names on, 243.
- Sandal shoon, by his, 405.
- Sand-dunes, like the, 940.
- Sanded floor, the nicely, 397.
- Sand-piper, one little, 792.
- Sane and simple race of brutes, O, 680.
't is fitter being, than mad, 711.
- Sang, it may turn out a, 448.
loud and high, the lark, 637.
of love and not of fame, 761.
sing as Martin Luther, 697.
so sweet as thrushes, 791.
willow, 801.
- Sange, ful wel she, 1.
- Sans intermission, 68.
taste sans everything, 69.
teeth sans eyes, 69.
- Sap stirred at the whisper, 811.
- Sapphire blaze the living throne, 382.
- Sapphires, glowed with living, 233.
- Sappho loved and sung, where, 557.
- Sapping a solemn creed, 544.
- Sarcastikul, this is rote, 787.
- Sardonic smile, 1052.
- Sat and combed their beautiful hair,
781.
by the waters of life we, 599.
in the low-backed car, 590.
like a cormorant, 232.
- Satan came also, 1008.
exalted sat, 226.
finds some mischief, 302.
get thee behind me, 1032.
play at cherry-pit with, 76.
sabbathless, 509.
so call him now, 235.
stood unterrified, 229.
trembles when he sees, 422.
was now at hand, 228.
- Satanic school, the, 508.
- Satchel, schoolboy with his, 69, 354.
- Satire be my song, 539.
for pointed, 279.
is my weapon, 328.
like a polished razor, 350.
or sense, 328.
- Satisfaction as the time requires, 168.
of the tongue, windy, 343.
- Satisfied that is well paid, he is, 65.
- Satisfy the soul, what will, 744.
- Saturday and Monday, betwixt a, 285.
- Satyr, Hyperion to a, 128.
- Sauce, sharpen with cloyless, 157.
- Saucy doubts and fears, 122.
- Saul among the prophets, 1006.
and Jonathan were lovely, 1007.
- Sauntered Europe round, 332.
- Savage anti-everythings, lean hungry,
690.
breast, soothe the, 294.
saint and sage, by, 334.
wild in woods the noble, ran, 275.
woman, take some, 669.
- Savageness in unreclaimed blood, 133.
- Save in his own country, 1031.
it be some far-off touch, 679.
me from the candid friend, 464.
that I think this gross, 682.
- Saving a little child, 811.
- Savior of 'is country, 852.
- Saviour's birth is celebrated, 127.
- Savour, salt have lost his, 1030.
- Saw and loved, 430.
and overcame, 90.
her eye was bright, then I, 586.
how by sorrow tried, 788.
how souls of men had grown, 788.
I doubted of this, 196.
no sound of hammer or of, 421.
old Autumn in the misty morn, 594.
the air too much, do not, 137.
the little that is good, 743.
the seeds which sages cast, 788.
treason crushed freedom crownèd,
788.
what the not-day exhibited, 745.
who, to wish her stay, 237.
ye the lass wi' the, 586.
- Saws, full of wise, 69.
- Sawe, an old-sayd, 29.
- Say, could never, one half my love,
605.
farewell, and looks around to, 697.
I, Sancho Panza said and so, 720.
I'm sick, I'm dead, 326.
it that should not, though I, 198.
no, mebbly to mean yes an', 736.
no this morning sir I, 658.
not the struggle naught avaielt,
726.
nothin' without you're compelled
tu, 737.
nothing but what has been said,
185.
spite of all their friends could, 702.
than do, more disagreeable to, 914.
that man is mighty, they, 731.
to yourself what you would be, 932.
what to a novice she could, 720.
what to, and eat and drink, 603.
when he's laughed and said his, 697.
why gals acts so or so, to, 736.
wills to do or, 238.
- Says a foolish thing, never, 279.
nor thinks, 793.
not he that merely, one, 583.
- Saying and doing are two things, 284.
short, contains much wisdom, 883.
spoken once by Him, sore, 684.
to the people do not weep, 742.
- Sayings of philosophers, 212.
such odd, 62.
- Scab of churches, 175.
- Scabbard, sword glued to my, 194.

- Scabbards, swords leaped from their, 409.
- Scaffold high, on the, 716.
truth forever on the, 732.
- Scale, free-livers on a small, 536.
geometric, 240.
Justice with lifted, 330.
weighing in equal, 127.
- Scales, Jove weighs in dubious, 343.
- Scaly horror of his folded tail, 251.
- Scan, or their faults to, 396.
presume not God to, 317.
your brother man, 448.
- Scandal about Queen Elizabeth, 441.
in disguise, praise undeserved is, 330.
waits on greatest state, 161.
- Scandals, immortal, 858.
- Scandalous and poor, 279.
- Scanter of your maiden presence, 130.
- 'Scapes, hair-breadth, 150.
- Scar, if two lives join there is oft a, 708.
- Scars, arms unstained and free from, 725.
gashed with honourable, 496.
jests at, that never felt a wound, 105.
remaining, they stood aloof the, 500.
- Scarce expect one of my age, 459.
long leagues apart desried, are, 727.
remembered Kilmeny's name, 868.
times were not hard and money, 621.
would move a horse, 416.
- Scarcely a tear to shed, 770.
- Scare, wail is heard yet its notes never, 750.
- Scarecrows, no eye hath seen such, 86.
of fools beacons of wise men, 762.
- Scared out of his seven senses, 493.
- Scarfed bark, 62.
- Scarfs garters gold, 318.
- Scarlet leaf, sorrow and, 741.
- Scath, cleanse me from soil and, 821.
- Scatter plenty, 385.
the clouds that hide the face of heaven, 823.
- Scattered to the wind, thou wert, 666.
- Scene be acted over, this lofty, 112.
I do not ask to see the distant, 607.
in every, by day by night, 596.
last of all, 69.
not one fair, 589.
o'er this changing, 535.
of man, o'er all this, 314.
on which they gazed, 468.
that memorable, 263.
tread again the, 407.
was more beautiful far, 528.
was o'er, the proud, 331.
- Scenes, gay and festive, 865.
gay gilded, 299.
like these, from, 447.
like this, to live and die in, 522.
of my childhood, 437.
- Scent of odorous perfume, 242.
- Scent of the roses, 522.
the fair annoys, whose, 415.
the morning air, methinks I, 132.
to every flower, gives, 414.
which pays the best, I, 735.
- Scents, pleasant, salute the noses, 723.
- Scented the grim feature, 239.
- Scentless sunflower, fame is the, 691.
- Sceptic could inquire for, 210.
- Sceptre, a barren, in my gripe, 121.
all who meet obey, 550.
he wields a mighty, 731.
leaden, stretches forth her, 306.
of rule is the spade, 660.
our flag the, 550.
shows the force of temporal power, 64.
- Sceptred hermit, a, 865.
isle, this, 81.
pall, tragedy in, 250.
sovereigns, dead but, 554.
sway, mercy is above this, 64.
- Scheld or wandering Po, 394.
- Scheme for her own breakfast, 311.
of things, grasp this sorry, 849.
- Schemes o' mice, best laid, 446.
- Schiller has the material sublime, 505.
- Scholar, a, among rakes, 601.
and a gentleman, 447.
in the soldier more than in the, 151.
rake Christian dupe, 388.
ripe and good one, 101.
- Scholars, base born, the greatest, 190.
great men, not great, 692.
he was a rake among, 601.
the land of, 395.
- Scholar's life assail, the, 365.
soldier's eye, 136.
- School, creeping unwillingly to, 69.
days, in my joyful, 509.
experience keeps a dear, 360.
microcosm of a public, 626.
of mankind, example the, 411.
of peace, 777.
of Stratford, 1.
saint in wisdom's, 181.
tell tales out of, 12.
the Satanic, 508.
- Schools, flogging in great, 372.
jargon of the, 287, 414.
old maxim in the, 290.
- Schoolboy, whining, 69.
whips his taxed top, 462.
with his satchel, 69, 354.
- Schoolboys, frisk away like, 447.
- Schoolboy's tale, a, 541.
- Schooldays, in my, 60.
- Schoolmaster is abroad, 527.
- Schoolrooms for the boy, better build, 724.
- Science, bright-eyed, 383.
eel of, by the tail, 331.
fair, frowned not, on his birth, 386.
falsely so-called, 1040.
glare of false, 428.
good sense though no, 322.
in, read by preference the newest, 632.

- Science, new, that men here, 6.
 of, and logic he chatters, 609.
 of our law, the lawless, 670.
 of purer, holier laws, 728.
 one, will one genius fit, 323.
 professors of the dismal, 583.
 proud, never taught to stray, 315.
 sort of hocus-pocus, 350.
 star-eyed, 513.
 will turn upon its error, 998.
 Sciences, all the abstruse, 556.
 books must follow, 168.
 Scilurus on his death-bed, 917.
 Scio's rocky isle, old man of, 550.
 Scion of chiefs and monarchs, 547.
 Scipio buried by the upbraiding shore,
 545.
 Scipio's ghost walks unavenged, 298.
 Scoff, fools who came to, 397.
 Scoffer's pen, product of a, 479.
 Scolding from Carlyle, 690.
 Scole of Stratford, 1.
 Scope of my opinion, 126.
 Scorch, bright suns may, 610.
 Score and tally, no books but the, 94.
 Scorn all burning hot, said I in, 843.
 delights, 247.
 for the time of, 155.
 in spite of, 225.
 laugh a siege to, 125.
 laugh thee to, 1029.
 laughed his word to, 415.
 not the sonnet, 485.
 of consequence, 666.
 of eyes reflecting gems, 96.
 of scorn the hate of hate, 665.
 read to doubt or read to, 494.
 to laugh to, 71.
 what a deal of, looks beautiful, 76.
 Scorns of time, whips and, 135.
 Scorned, no fury like a woman, 294.
 sighted, disappointed woman, 296.
 Scornful jest, most bitter is a, 366.
 Scorning the base degrees, 111.
 too fond for idle, 653.
 Scorpion died of the bite, 400.
 Scot and lot, 178.
 Scots, a few industrious, 37.
 wha hae wi' Wallace bled, 450.
 wham Bruce has aften led, 450.
 Scotch nation void of wit, 389.
 understanding, 459.
 Scotched the snake, 121.
 Scotchman, left to a beggarly, 370.
 much may be made of a, 371.
 Scotchman's noblest prospect, 370.
 Scotia's grandeur springs, 447.
 Scotland at the Orcaes, 318.
 stands, where it did, 124.
 Scotland's strand, fair, 452.
 Scoundrel and a coward, 370.
 last refuge of a, 372.
 maxim, 357.
 Scoundrels, a healthy hatred of, 583.
 Scoured with perpetual motion, 88.
 Scourge inexorable, 226.
 of God, him that was the, 571.
 of war, pray this mighty, 661.
 Scourge, whose iron, 382.
 Scourged to his dungeon, 572.
 Scours the plain, Camilla, 324.
 Scout, the blabbing Eastern, 243.
 Scowl and pout, in vain I, 720.
 of cloud, sky what a, 713.
 Scraps of learning dote, on, 310.
 stolen the, 56.
 Scratch, engraving is the art of, 747.
 my head with lightning, 796.
 Scratched, a little, 't will serve, 56.
 Screw your courage to the sticking
 place, 118.
 Scripture authentic, 310.
 elder, writ by God, 310.
 the devil can cite, 61.
 Scroll, charged with punishments the,
 829.
 of twice three thousand years, 785.
 Scruple of her excellence, 46.
 Seule, sad time twa bairns at, 587.
 Sculptured in stone on poet's pages,
 709.
 marble, although no, 531.
 Scurry, some right, 772.
 Scutcheon, honour a mere, 87.
 Scuttled ship, that ever, 557.
 Scylla and Charybdis, 1002.
 your father, 64.
 Scyllam, incidis in, 64.
 Scythes of truth had mown, where,
 788.
 S'death I'll print it, 326.
 Sea, alone on a wide wide, 498.
 and the rains and the sun, 818.
 as now we sail the, 767.
 as stars look on the, 632.
 bass eternal of the, 788.
 beheld and fled, the great, 261.
 best thing between England and
 France, 612.
 between the one and the other a, 631.
 boisterous captain of the, 392.
 by the deep, where none intrude,
 547.
 Christ was born across the, 748.
 cloud out of the, 1007.
 come o'er the moonlit, 636.
 compassed by the inviolate, 665.
 could navigate the, of life, 597.
 desert of the, 1025.
 disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper,
 700.
 down to a sunless, 500.
 dreary, now blows between, 500.
 far on the wild-raging, 590.
 far-heard whisper o'er the, 498.
 first gem of the, 522.
 footsteps in the, 423.
 fountain stream and, 496.
 give a thousand furlongs of, 42.
 glad waters of the dark blue, 550.
 go down to the, in ships, 1015.
 good to sail upon the, 845.
 grew civil at her song, 57.
 he governs land and, 731.
 his deeds inimitable like the, 36.
 hollows crowned with summer, 681.

- Sea, how the fishes live in the, 161.
 I walked beside the evening, 758.
 I'm on the, 538.
 in a beautiful pea-green, went to, 703.
 in a sieve, they went to, 703.
 in rage deaf as the, 80.
 in the bosom of the, 94, 182.
 in the flat, sunk, 244.
 in the rough rude, 81.
 into that silent, 498.
 is a thief, 109.
 is boiling hot, 782.
 is calm, when the, 896.
 isles that o'erlace the, 706.
 lane of beams athwart the, 668.
 light that never was on, 475.
 like to the Pontic, 155.
 longing for the secret of the, 640.
 lost at, 793.
 loved the great, more and more, 538.
 Marathon looks on the, 557.
 materia medica at bottom of, 693.
 money to a starving man at, 972.
 more fickle than the restless, 791.
 most dangerous, 63.
 music of the, 503.
 my bark is on the, 553.
 nearer the crystal, 758.
 never go to, 801.
 no breath came o'er the, 636.
 nor earth nor boundless, 162.
 now flows between a dreary, 500.
 of dew, 831.
 of glory, summers in a, 99.
 of pines, silent, 501.
 of troubles, arms against a, 135.
 of upturned faces, 493, 531.
 on life's rough, 37.
 one as the, 496.
 one foot in, and one on shore, 51, 405.
 one voice is of the, 478.
 or fire in earth or air, in, 126.
 or land, thing of, 242.
 our flag is known in every; 629.
 our heritage the, 537.
 Peri beneath the dark, 526.
 pouring oil on the, 926.
 precious stone set in the silver, 81.
 Proteus rising from the, 477.
 roars and lashes the granite, 629.
 robs the vast, 109.
 rolls its waves, while the, 863.
 roving over the, 665.
 scattered in the bottom of the, 96.
 ships that have gone down at, 527.
 ships upon the, 775.
 ships went to, and ships came, 646.
 sight of that immortal, 478.
 sing the dangers of the, 860.
 siren who sung under the, 521.
 stern god of, 253.
 swelling of the voiceful, 503.
 that drinking thirsteth still, 777.
 the breeze is on the, 494.
 the glad indomitable, 844.
- Sea the open, the blue the fresh, 538.
 the passenger pukes in, 559.
 the wind's feet shine along the, 805.
 they who plough the, 898.
 thus Venus rise from out the, 756.
 time's infinite, 781.
 tost on the stormy, 652.
 under the deep deep, 591.
 union with its native, 480.
 unmated creature tired, the, 717.
 upon the rosy, 524.
 uttermost parts of the, 1016.
 was roaring, 't was when the, 347.
 wave, ambition is like the, 685.
 wave o' the, I wish you a, 78
 we hear the, 824.
 wet sheet and flowing, 537.
 what thing of, or land, 242.
 when I put out to, 685.
 where'er I am by shore at, 596.
 whether in, or fire, 126.
- Seas, and the, give up their dead, 578.
 around, new skies and, 722.
 dangers of the, 176.
 enchantress of the stormy, 613.
 foam of perilous, 575.
 guard our native, 514.
 incarnadine, 120.
 of gore, shedding, 559.
 of thought, strange, 475.
 rivers run to, 274.
 roll to waft me, 316.
 Severn to the narrow, 483.
 such a jewel as twenty, 44.
 swept by great, 797.
 two boundless, 525.
 unsuspected isle in the far, 705.
- Sea's speech, 769.
 Sea-born treasures, my, 614.
 Sea-breakers, wandering by lone, 519.
 Sea-breeze, with the, hand in hand, 841.
 Sea-change, suffer a, 42.
 Sea-coal fire, by a 89.
 Sea-deeps, afar from the great, 820.
 Sea-flowers, rose-hued, 807.
 Sea-girt citadel, winged, 541.
 Seal, seem to set his, 140.
 Seals of love but sealed in vain, 49.
 that close the pestilence, 562.
 Sealed their letters with their thumbs, 460.
 Sea-line, where the, meets the sky, 854.
 Sealing-wax, of shoes and ships and, 782.
 Sea-maid's music, to hear the, 57.
 Sea-marshes of Glynn, 817.
 Seamen, the gentlemen were not, 603.
 Search men's principles, 938.
 not his bottom, 257.
 not worth the, 60.
 nothing so hard but, will find it, 203.
 of deep philosophy, 260.
 patient, and vigil long, 555.
 the coffers round, 251.
 vain my weary, 395.

- Searches to the bottom, 102.
 Sea-sand, brown as the ribbed, 498.
 Sea-shell, the hollow, 824.
 Sea-shells, pink, 807.
 Sea-shore, boy playing on the, 278.
 Season, each thing that grows in, 54.
 ever 'gainst that, 127.
 everything at its proper, 906.
 from that time unto this, 30.
 priketh every gentil herte, 2.
 shock of corn in his, 1008.
 the silent, thro', 611.
 things seasoned by, 66.
 through every dearest, 596.
 to everything there is a, 1022.
 when I have convenient, 1035.
 word spoken in, 637.
 word spoken in due, 1018.
 your admiration for a while, 128.
 Seasons and their change, 233.
 death thou hast all, 570.
 justice, when mercy, 65.
 return with the year, 230.
 roll as the swift, 690.
 vernal, of the year, 254.
 who knew the, 665.
 Seasoned life of man, 254.
 timber never gives, 204.
 with a gracious voice, 63.
 with salt, 1039.
 Seat, a prostrate city is thy, 610.
 his favourite, be woman's feeble
 breast, 482.
 in some poetic nook, 536.
 is the bosom of God, her, 31.
 misfortune made the throne her, 301.
 nature from her, 239.
 of Mars, this, 81.
 this castle hath a pleasant, 117.
 up to our native, 226.
 vaulted with ease into his, 86.
 while memory holds a, 132.
 Seats beneath the shade, 395.
 fill the, of justice, 579.
 Seated heart knock at my ribs, 116.
 one day at the organ, 761.
 Sech nights all white and still, 736.
 Second childishness and mere oblivion,
 69.
 Daniel, a, 65.
 each, stood heir to the first, 149.
 in Rome, 913.
 nature, custom is, 921.
 thought, the sober, 283.
 thoughts are best, 277.
 thoughts, to their own, 283.
 Secret and self-contained and solitary,
 701.
 as the grave, 978.
 black and midnight hags, 123.
 bread eaten in, 1017.
 dread and inward horror, 298.
 in silence and tears, in, 869.
 inwardly in, to be great, 738.
 lords of birth, 846.
 of a weed's plain heart, 731.
 of nature, death is a, 937.
 of success is constancy, 625.
 Secret of success, self-trust is the first,
 621.
 of the sea, longing for the, 640.
 soul to show, 551.
 sympathy, it is the, 488.
 the, of your power, 846.
 things are the Lord's, 1006.
 trusted to a woman, 911.
 wish, now obey thy cherished, 745.
 Secrets of my prison-house, 131.
 of the nether world, 935.
 reveal no, 398.
 Secretary of nature, 208.
 Sect, melt not in an acid, 651.
 slave to no, 320.
 Sects, vicissitudes of, and religions,
 168.
 Secure amidst a falling world, 300.
 the past at least is, 532.
 Security for the future, 364.
 public honour is, 875.
 Sedge, giving a kiss to every, 44.
 Seduces all mankind, woman, 348.
 Seductive, literature the most, of pro-
 fessions, 812.
 See a hand you cannot see, 314.
 a world to, 33.
 a world we do not, 700.
 all things, light to, 30.
 and be seen, 893.
 and eek for to be seie, 3.
 beyond the range of sight, I, 722.
 but all I, is mine, 765.
 her is to love her, to, 452.
 Hermes unsuspected dying, 742.
 I do not ask to, 607.
 I know a maiden fair to, 648.
 is this a dagger which I, 119.
 it, I don't, 297.
 may I be there to, 417.
 naught but vanity in beauty, 730.
 none so blind as those that will not,
 283, 293.
 not for all his faith can, 614.
 nothing higher than himself, 694.
 or seem, all that we, 654.
 oursels as others see us, 448.
 soft unfolding, and, 587.
 that I am to wait for what will be,
 745.
 the conquering hero comes, 281.
 the flowers sprang up to, 795.
 the right and approve it, 295.
 the shadow of thy pinions, 613.
 thee again, then I shall, 115.
 thee at Philippi, 115.
 thee damned first, I will, 464.
 thee still, I have thee not yet, 119.
 thou in thy lake dost, thyself, 756.
 through a glass darkly, 1037.
 thy face, ere I, 686.
 't is but a part we, 315.
 to, my bright ones disappear, 749.
 what I see, to have seen what I have
 seen, 136.
 what is not to be seen, 439.
 what you, yet can not see, 584.
 where the wild-blazing, 591.

- See with his half-shut eyes, 326.
 you see yet can not, over, 584.
- Sees God in clouds, 315.
 or dreams he sees, 225.
 takes off his shoes, he who, 659.
 what he foressaw, 476.
 with equal eye, who, 315.
- Seed begging bread, nor his, 1011.
 fruit from such a, 544.
 however broadcast will catch, 694.
 I cast to earth a, 771.
 in the morning sow thy, 1023.
 of hate, sowed therein, 684.
 of retribution and undying pain, 647.
 of the church, 942.
 perfection, nestles the, 742.
 the drifting, 797.
 the principal thing to the tree, 997.
 which the soul hath sown, 814.
- Seeds of godlike power are in us, 754.
 of poesy by heaven sown, 347.
 of time, look into the, 116.
 saw, which sages cast, 788.
- Seeing eye, the hearing ear, 1019.
 eyes were made for, if, 615.
 not satisfied with, 1022.
 only what is fair, 617.
 precious, to the eye, 56.
 the root of the matter, 1009.
- Seek and ye shall find, 1031.
 it ere it come to light, 424.
 peace is what I, and calm, 754.
 that ye will, hereafter, 579.
 the happy land, would not, 717.
 thee in vain by the meadow, 596.
 to make, paths to the house I, 745.
- Seeks one thing, the man who, 780.
 painted trifles, 391.
 through evil good, folly that, 649.
- Seeking light doth light of light beguile,
 54.
 the bubble reputation, 69.
 whom he may devour, 1041.
- Seem a saint when I play the devil, 96.
 here no painful inch to gain, 727.
 how meek soe'er he, 679.
 is but a dream, all we see or, 654.
 pavilions of the sun, clouds which,
 631.
 they grow to what they, 395.
 things are not what they, 638.
 things are seldom what they, 801.
- Seems asleep, tide as moving, 685.
 madam I know not seems, 127.
 right by force of beauty, 659.
 shrunken, earth, 790.
 that the dead are there, it, 756.
 wisest virtuousest best, 238.
- Seemed, life then, one pure delight.
 597.
 musical and low, in his, 732.
 shoutings of all the sons, 680.
 the harmonious echo, it, 761.
 the incarnate I told you so, 646.
 to see our flag unfurled, 650.
- Seeming estranged, providence, 595.
 evil still educating good, 357.
 of her gentle sex the, taragon, 608.
- Seeming otherwise, 151.
- Seemly, do it not if it is not, 942.
 way, in a, 827.
- Seen and known, much have I, 668.
 as the world the world hath, 759.
 better days, we have, 68.
 by candle-light, colors, 658.
 evidence of things not, 1040.
 from far, when, 664.
 his body, Charlotte having, 697.
 is never lost, beauty, 650.
 mine eyes have, the glory, 747.
 my fond affection thou hast, 589.
 needs only to be, 269.
 never was nor never shall be, 182.
 sweetest that ever was, 586.
 't the loveliest ever was, 605.
 that day, or ever I had, 128.
 too early, unknown, 105.
 what I have seen, 136.
- Seine, meridians and parallels for a.
 796.
- Seldom he smiles, 111.
 occurs, what we anticipate, 628.
 shall she hear a tale, 380.
 what they seem, things are, 801.
- Selection, natural, 663.
- Self, a, and not the mask of woe, 799.
 easiest to deceive one's own, 632.
 smote the chord of, 669.
 something dearer than, 541.
 to one's sphere, fitting of, 716.
 true to thine own, 130.
- Self-appointed inspector of snow-
 storms, 722.
- Self-approving hour, one, 319.
- Self-consuming die, 827.
- Self-contained and solitary as an oys-
 ter, 701.
- Self-disparagement, inward, 480.
- Self-dispraise, luxury in, 480.
- Self-esteem, nothing profits more
 than, 238.
- Self-evident truths, 434.
- Self-existence, concatenation of, 401.
- Selfish barbarians, 826.
- Selfishness is the greatest curse, 693.
- Self-knowledge self-control, 666.
- Self-love not so vile a sin, 91.
- Self-made men, 692.
- Self-mettle tires him, 98.
- Self-neglecting and self-love, 91.
- Self-preservation in animals, 950.
- Self-reliance, discontent is want of,
 618.
- Self-reproach, feel no, 468.
- Self-respect, never lose thy, 936.
- Self-reverence self-knowledge, 666.
- Self-sacrifice, spirit of, 475.
- Selfsame flight the selfsame way, 60.
 heaven that frowns on me, 98.
- Self-slaughter, canon 'gainst, 128.
- Self-taught, I sing, 347.
- Self-trust is the first secret of success,
 621.
- Sell, man a tool to buy and, 728.
 with you buy with you, 61.
- Selling of pig in a poke, 20.

- Selves, from our own, our joys must flow, 362.
 stepping-stones of their dead, 673.
 Semblance, wait for me a little, 932.
 Semi-Solomon, a kind of, 604.
 Sempronius, we'll do more, 297.
 Senate at his heels, Cæsar with a, 319.
 give his little, laws, 327, 336.
 long debate, can a Roman, 298.
 Senates, cashiering most kings and, 584.
 listening, 385.
 Senators, green-robed, those, 575.
 most grave, 151.
 Send back the song, whole world, 695.
 our ancient friend, never shall, 652.
 thee a shell, 793.
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me, 640.
 Sendeth sun he sendeth shower, he, 630.
 Senior-junior giant-dwarf, 55.
 Sensation, count minutes by, 627.
 Sensations felt in the blood, 467.
 Sense aches at thee, the, 155.
 all the joys of, 319.
 and nonsense, through, 269.
 and outward things, 478.
 custom who all, doth eat, 141.
 deviates into, 269.
 flows in fit words, 268.
 from thought divine, 316.
 good health and good, 899.
 good, the gift of heaven, 322.
 if all want, 205.
 joys of, lie in three words, 319.
 live within the, 567.
 men of, approve, 324.
 much fruit of, 323.
 obstinate questionings of, 478.
 of death is most in apprehension, 48.
 of future favours, gratitude, 304.
 of ills to come, no, 381.
 of shame, lost to all, 338.
 of the honorable, a quixotic, 656.
 of your great merit, 423.
 one for rhyme, one for, 213.
 palls upon the, 298.
 palter in a double, 126.
 persons of good, 982.
 satire or, 328.
 song charms the, 228.
 sound an echo to the, 324.
 stings and motions of the, 47.
 sublime of something, 467.
 take care of the, 782.
 the daintier, 143.
 want of decency is want of, 278.
 whose weighty, 268.
 with his uncommon, 352.
 Senses, impressions through the, 940.
 seven, out of his, 493.
 steep my, in forgetfulness, 89.
 unto our gentle, 117.
 Senseless and fit man, most, 51.
 Sensibility, wanting, 422.
 Sensible and well-bred man, 415.
 men are of the same religion, 629.
 Sensible men never tell 629.
 to feeling as to sight, 119.
 warm motion, 48.
 Sensuous, simple passionate and, 254.
 Sent his singers upon earth, God, 647.
 joys and tears alike are, 630.
 Sentence, he mouths a, 412.
 hungry judges sign the, 326.
 mortality my, 239.
 my, is for open war, 226.
 Sentences, quips and, 51.
 Sententious, Cato the, 559.
 nurse of inanly, 410.
 pluck the eyes of, 688.
 Sentient beings are doomed to, 663.
 Sentimentalist, barrenest of all mortals is the, 583.
 Sentimentally disposed to harmony, 509.
 stars set their watch, 515.
 Sentiments, hearts and, were free, 817.
 Sentinels, fixed, 91.
 Sentries of the shadowy night, 635.
 Separate dying ember wrought, each, 655.
 star, each in his, 854.
 Separateth very friends, 1019.
 September, thirty days hath, 870.
 Sepulchral urns, in old, 415.
 Sepulchre, quietly inurned in the, 130.
 soldier's, shall be a, 515.
 Sepulchres of thought, books are, 640.
 the, of mighty dead, 580.
 whited, 1033.
 Sepulchred in such pomp, 251.
 Sequent centuries, nor, 616.
 Sequestered vale, 385, 425.
 Seraph, as the rapt, that adores, 316.
 so spake the, Abdiel, 235.
 Seraphs might despair, where, 540.
 Serbonian bog, 228.
 Sere, leaves were crisped and, 656.
 the leaves that are, 715.
 the yellow leaf, 124.
 Serene amidst alarms, 428.
 and bright, old age, 475.
 gem of purest ray, 385.
 of heaven, breaks the, 507.
 Serenely arriving in the day, death, 744.
 full the epicure would say, 461.
 Serenity, a never fading, 299.
 of death, 784.
 Sergeant death, this fell, 145.
 Series of congratulatory regrets, 626.
 Serious ape whom none take seriously, 729.
 in ridiculous matters, 921.
 smile, make the, 345.
 thought, still and, 471.
 Seriously, ape whom none take, 729.
 Seriphus, if I had been of, 909.
 Sermon, perhaps turn out a, 448.
 who flies a, 204.
 Sermons and soda-water, 557.
 in stones, 67.
 Serpent, biteth like a, 1020.
 like Aaron's, 317.

- Serpent, more of the, than dove, 41.
 of old Nile, 157.
 sting thee twice, 64.
 trail of the, 526.
 under the innocent flower, 117.
- Serpents, be ye wise as, 1031.
 poison for, 904.
- Serpent's tooth, sharper than a, 146.
- Servant a dog, is thy, 1008.
 of God, 834.
 of God, well done, 236.
 to the lender, 1020.
 with this clause, 204.
- Servants, men in great place are
 thrice, 165.
 of fame and of business, 165.
 of the sovereign or state, 165.
- Serve for table-talk, 64.
 God and mammon, ye cannot, 1030.
 in heaven, than, 224.
 one of those that will not, 149.
 other people, to, 996.
 they, who stand and wait, 252.
 't is enough, 't will, 107.
- Serves me most who serves his coun-
 try best, 339.
 the immortal gods, must toil who,
 647.
- Served him right, cried, 720.
 my God, had I but, 100.
- Serveth not another's will, 174.
- Servi peregrini, 418.
- Service, a princely, 776.
 ability for good, 411.
 devine, she sange, 1.
 done the state some, 156.
 is no heritage, 73.
 is perfect freedom, whose, 1043.
 of the antique world, 67.
 small, is true service, 486.
 still, strong for, 419.
 sweat for duty not for meed, 67.
 't is the curse of, 149.
 to the flesh, 940.
 weary and old with, 99.
 yeoman's, it did me, 145.
- Servile opportunity to gold, 483.
 to skyey influences, 48.
- Serving thee, die for her is, 689.
 't is loving and, 716.
- Servitors, nimble and airy, 253.
- Servitude, base laws of, 275.
- Seson priketh every gentil herte, 2.
- Sessions of sweet silent thought, 161.
- Set about their mountain-piling, 704.
 down as a positive truth, 698.
 down aught in malice, 156.
 here is the whole, 442.
 mankind their little, 437.
 my life upon a cast, 98.
 my life upon any charm, 121.
 sail and away, 774.
 some value on his votive lay, 653.
 sun has a right to, 787.
 terms, in good, 68.
 the cause above renown, 846.
 the crooked straight, why strive to,
 789.
- Set thine house in order, 1026.
- Setter up of kings, 95.
- Setteth up another, 1013.
- Setting, I haste now to my, 99.
 in his western skies, 268.
 sun and music at the close, 81.
 sun, crimsoned by the, 802.
 sun, men shut doors against a, 109.
- Settle a question, men never so likely
 to, 603.
- Settles, ignorance never, a question,
 625.
- Settle's numbers, lived in, 331.
- Settled right, until it is, 835.
- Seven ages, his acts being, 69.
 all at six and, 15.
 cities warred for Homer, 194.
 halfpenny loaves, 94.
 hours to law, 438.
 hundred pounds and possibilities,
 45.
 long years had come and fled, 868.
 men that can render a reason, 1020.
 senses, scared out of his, 493, 973.
 that fondly folded, 811.
 the stars in her hair were, 769.
 wealthy towns, 194.
 women hold of one man, 1025.
 years' pith, these arms had, 149.
- Seventy years young, 692.
- Severe, grave to gay from lively to,
 320.
 in aught, if, 397.
 pleasant to, 273, 985.
 with eyes, 69.
- Severn, Avon to the, runs, 484.
 to the narrow seas, 483.
- Sewers annoy the air, 239.
- Sewing at once a double thread, 594.
- Sex, a woman of her gentle, 608.
 female of, it seems, 242.
 is ever kind to a soldier, the, 345.
 Marcia towers above her, 298.
 or complexion, whatever may be
 the, 634.
 spirits can assume either, 224.
 stronger than my, 112.
 to the last, 273.
 whose presence civilizes ours, 415.
- Sexes, the French say there are three,
 461.
- Sex's earliest latest care, 377.
- Sexless orgies of morality, 808.
- Sexton, and the, tolled the bell, 595.
 they went and told the, 595.
- Shackles fall in our country, 418.
 of an old love, the, 680.
- Shade, ah pleasing, 381.
 along the moonlight, 335.
 Amaryllis in the, 247.
 boundless contiguity of, 418.
 dancing in the chequered, 248.
 freedom's hallowed, 459.
 gentlemen of the, 82.
 Great Pompey's, 298.
 green thought in a green, 262
 half in sun half in, 523.
 hunter and the deer a, 443, 451.

- Shade, in sunshine and in, 653.
 of aristocracy, the cool, 537.
 of melancholy boughs, 68.
 of power, gray flits the, 541.
 of that which once was great, 471.
 let it sleep in the, 519.
 more welcome, 313.
 no shine no butterflies, no, 595.
 pale realms of, 572.
 pillared, high overarched, 239.
 seats beneath the, 395.
 shadow of a, 881.
 sitting in a pleasant, 175.
 so softening into shade, 357.
 that follows wealth, 402.
 thought in a green, 263.
 through sun and, 670.
 unperceived, 357.
 variable as the, 490.
- Shades below, way was easy to the, 947.
 happy walks and, 239.
 high over-arched, 224.
 of death, bogs dens and, 228.
 of evening close, ere the, 865.
 of night, fled the, 234.
 soon as the evening, prevail, 300.
 where the Etrurian, 224.
- Shadow both way falls, 240.
 cloaked from head to foot, 674.
 dims her way, nor, 524.
 dream itself is but a, 134.
 float double swan and, 474.
 hence horrible, 122.
 in the sun, to spy my, 96.
 lies floating on the floor, 656.
 life is but a walking, 125.
 like a, o'er the heart, 764.
 man's life is but a, 768.
 moveth o'er the dial-plate, 649.
 of a shade, 881.
 of a starless night, 564.
 of death, 805.
 of death, darkness and the, 1008.
 of some unseen power, 564.
 of the British oak, 410.
 of thy pinions float along, 613.
 of thy wings, under the, 1010.
 on the wall, a giant, 767.
 our time is a very, 1028.
 proves the substance true, 324.
 seemed, that, 228.
 single hair casts its, 895.
 soul from out that, 656.
 swift as a, 57.
 there truth is 't is her, 721.
 walks before, 823.
- Shadows, a thousand, go, 486.
 beckoning dire, 243.
 best in this kind are but, 59.
 come like, so depart, 123.
 coming events cast their, 514.
 go, face o'er which, 486.
 lengthening, 268.
 mirrors of gigantic, 568.
 not substantial things, 209.
 of actions, words the, 915.
 of coming events, 514.
- Shadows of the clouds, 784.
 our fatal, 183.
 that I feared so long, the, 748.
 that walk by us, 183.
 the, departed, 814.
 thy garments gray thy veiling, 764.
 to-night have struck more terror, 97.
 we are what shadows we pursue, 409.
 wishes lengthen like our, 309.
- Shadowed livery of the sun, 62.
 Shadowless like silence listening, 594.
 Shadowy groves, 821.
 lie, was thy dream a, 719.
 night, untroubled sentries of the, 635.
 past, summon from the, 641.
- Shadwell never deviates into sense, 269.
- Shady brows, 243.
 leaves of destiny, 258.
 place, sunshine in the, 27.
 roof, under the, 250.
 side of Pall-Mall, 432.
- Shaft at random sent, 492.
 flew thrice, thy, 306.
 lent his plume to fledge the, 518.
 of light across the land, 668.
 of Orient mould, light, 570.
 that made him die, 219.
 that quivered in his heart, 539.
 when I had lost one, 60.
 winged the, 539.
- Shafts, thy fatal, 392.
- Shake my fell purpose, 117.
 of his poor little head, 802.
 our disposition, 131.
 the saintship of an anchorite, 540.
 the spheres, seems to, 271.
 thy gory locks at me, never, 122.
 why dost thou shiver and, 861.
- Shakes his ambrosial curls, 337.
 pestilence and war, 229.
 the stars down, before he, 730.
- Shaken, so, as we are, 82.
 when taken, to be, 454.
 withered and, 592.
- Shaker of o'er-rank states, 199.
- Shakers of the world, 820.
- Shakespeare and musical glasses, 402.
 at his side, 483.
 drew, this is the Jew that, 347.
 fancy's child, sweetest, 249.
 is not our poet, 511.
 more original than his originals, 621.
 my, rise, 179.
 myriad-minded, 504.
 on whose forehead climb, 657.
 the wonder of our stage, 179.
 to make room for, 179.
 tongue that, spake, 472.
 unlocked his heart, 485, 713.
 what needs my, 251.
 writes it, wisdom, 620.
- Shakespeare's magic, 275.
 name, rival all but, 513.
 wit, orbit and sum of, 616.

- Shaking, fruit that falls without, 350.
 Shale, the rock he sat upon was, 818.
 Shall a light word part us, 653.
 I wasting in despair, 199.
 find how day by day, 608.
 live for evermore, life, 675.
 mark you his absolute, 103.
 not when he wolda, 405.
 set some value on his, 653.
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide, 248.
 draughts intoxicate the brain, 323.
 in himself, versed in books, 241.
 men believe in luck, 621.
 murmur, the deep are dumb, 25.
 rivers, 41.
 spirit of judgment, 93.
 streams run dimpling, 328.
 Shallows, bound in, 115.
 that line the beach, 820.
 Shame, ashamed with the noble, 729.
 avoid, 460.
 blush of maiden, 573.
 cometh after, 13.
 doff it for, 79.
 each deed of, 643.
 erring sister's, 548.
 fear not guilt yet start at, 413.
 hide her, from every eye, 403.
 honour and, 319.
 life is a, 829.
 London's lasting, 383.
 lost to all sense of, 338.
 love taught him, 273.
 of nature. paint the mortal, 683.
 one glory an' one, 735.
 our neighbour's, 858.
 say what it will, 143.
 the devil, tell truth and, 85.
 the fools, print it and, 326.
 them with thine eyes, and, 608.
 those who start at, 413.
 to men, 227.
 where is thy blush, 140.
 who hangs his head for, 366.
 whose glory is in their, 1039.
 will follow after, 38.
 with love at strife, 373.
 Shames, hold a candle to my, 62.
 thousand innocent, 52.
 Shamed, age thou art, 110.
 Shammin' when 'e's dead, 851.
 Shank, too wide for his shrunk, 69.
 Shape, air and harmony of, 287.
 assume a pleasing, 135.
 bears lick their young into, 905.
 cast a beam on the outward, 245.
 execrable, what art thou, 229.
 had none distinguishable, 228.
 if it might be called, 228.
 in any, in any mood, 552.
 it as he would, force to, 681.
 no bigger than an agate-stone, in,
 104.
 of a camel, cloud almost in, 139.
 of danger can dismay, 476.
 said the second, 798.
 such a questionable, 130.
 take any, but that, 122.
 Shape, virtue in her, 234.
 Shapes, calling, 243.
 of foul disease, 676.
 of ill may hover, 579.
 our ends, divinity that, 145.
 that come not, 482.
 the poet's pen turns them to, 59.
 two hurrying, 798.
 Shaped for sportive tricks, 95.
 Shards if we offend, broken into, 691.
 Share, every grief that mortals, 803.
 Shared each other's gladness, 637.
 Sharp as a pen, his nose was, 91.
 as arrows, taunts are not so, 645.
 is the world, 294.
 misery had worn him, 108.
 pinch, necessity's, 146.
 ribs, labor pining hideth his, 696.
 stern struggle, 771.
 the conquering, 6.
 Sharps displeasing, 108.
 Sharpen with clovless sauce, 157.
 Sharpeneth the countenance, 1021.
 Sharper than a serpent's tooth, 146.
 than the sword, whose edge is, 160.
 Sharp-looking wretch, 50.
 Sharp-sighted, fear is, 971.
 Shatter the vase if you will, 522.
 your leaves, fingers rude, 246.
 Shaving, and the barber kept on, 723.
 Shay, the wonderful one-hoss, 691.
 She can both false and friendly be,
 648.
 drew an angel down, 272.
 fair chaste and unexpressive, 70.
 for God in him, 232.
 gave me eyes, 469
 I love is far away, 988.
 in part to blame is, 193.
 is a woman, 104.
 is all my fancy painted her, 868.
 is fooling thee, trust her not, 648.
 is lovely she's divine, 868.
 is not fair to outward, 586.
 is pretty to walk with, 256.
 knew the life-long martyrdom, 648.
 knewed the Lord was nigher, 736.
 knows her man, 274
 lived unknown, 469.
 never told her love, 75.
 played on the banks of the Yuba,
 636.
 that not impossible, 258.
 that was ever fair, 151.
 thought no v'ice hed sech a swing,
 736.
 was his life, 553.
 was poor, he was rich and, 720.
 will, if she will, 313.
 with one breath attunes, 722.
 you are the cruell'st, alive, 74.
 Shear, never has known the barber's,
 697.
 swine all cry and no wool, 211.
 Shears, Fury with th' abhorred, 247.
 Sheathed their swords, 91.
 Sheathes the vengeful blade, 459.
 Shed no tear — O shed, 577.

- Sheddeth man's blood, whoso, 1004.
 Sheep, close shorn, 206.
 quiet fond and few, 611.
 Sheer necessity, 441.
 Sheet, for ever float that standard,
 574.
 Sheeted dead did squeak, 126.
 Shelf, dust and silence of the upper,
 600.
 from a, stole the diadem, 140.
 Shell, convolutions of a, 480.
 from the strewn beach, 769.
 hath speech, 793.
 I send thee a, 793.
 leaving thy outgrown, 690.
 music slumbers in the, 455.
 must break before the bird, 682.
 smooth-lipped, 480.
 take ye each a, 334, 986.
 Shells of pearly hue, sinuous, 511.
 Shelley, did you once see, 709.
 Sheltered about the mahogany tree,
 697.
 Shelved round us lie mummied au-
 thors, 761.
 Shepe, to his, he yaf, 2.
 Shepherd, gentle, tell me where, 860.
 hast any philosophy in thee, 70.
 star that bids the, fold, 243.
 tells his tale, 248.
 with the king, equals the, 978.
 Shepherd's awe-inspiring god, 480.
 care, feed me with a, 300.
 reed, just to blow a, 611.
 reed, love tunes the, 487.
 tongue, truth in every, 25.
 Sheridan, in moulding, 552.
 twenty miles away, and, 751.
 Sherry is dull, 371.
 Shew, falsehood under saintly, 232.
 Shews of things, 169.
 Shield, but left the, 443, 489.
 each heart is freedom's, 863.
 soul like an ample, 277.
 Shielding men from the effects of
 folly, 774.
 Shift, from side to side, 303.
 thus times do, 203.
 Shifts, holy, and pious frauds, 212.
 Shifted his trumpet, he, 400.
 Shifting fancies and celestial lights,
 659.
 Shikspur, I never read, 380.
 who wrote it, 380.
 Shilling, Philip and Mary on a, 215.
 put a penny in and took a, out, 598.
 Shillings, make ducks and drakes with,
 37.
 rather than forty, 45.
 Shine along the sea, the wind's feet,
 805.
 can not order rain or, 719.
 goodlier than your gain, 807.
 singing as they, 300.
 through peace to light, day, 761.
 with such a lustre, 424.
 Shines always there, the sun, 638.
 everywhere, the sun, 76.
 Shines, make hay while the sun, 10.
 on me still from out yon, 613.
 so, a good deea, 66.
 Shineth as the gold, 5.
 the everlasting light, 792.
 Shining blades, to Greece we give our,
 525.
 feet, speed down dark aisles on, 821.
 hour, improve each, 302.
 light, as the, 1017.
 light, burning and a, 1035.
 morning face, schoolboy with, 69.
 nights, profit of their, 54.
 nowhere but in the dark, 264.
 robes, 993.
 through them, 780.
 Shins, till I break my, 67.
 Ship, being in a, is being in a jail, 370.
 flies, away the good, 537.
 has weathered every wrack, 744.
 his rapt, 37.
 idle as a painted, 498.
 me somewhere east of Suez, 852.
 of state, sail on O, 641.
 of state to harbor sweep, 739.
 sailing like a stately, 242.
 stately, is seen no more, 810.
 that ever scuttled, 557.
 Ships are but boards, 61.
 becalmed at eve, as, 727.
 came home from sea, and, 646.
 dim-discovered, 356.
 go down to the sea in, 1015.
 hearts of oak are our, 388.
 launched a thousand, 41.
 like, they steer their courses, 211.
 number of the enemy's, 910.
 sail wherever billows roll, 550.
 tales of, 793.
 that divide, lives that part are as,
 631.
 that have gone down, like, 527.
 that pass in the night, 644.
 that sailed for sunny isles, 623.
 upon the sea, 775.
 went to sea and ships came, 646.
 were British oak, 388.
 we've got the, 867.
 Shipwrecked kindles false fires, 484.
 Shirt and a half in all my company,
 87.
 happy man's without a, 8.
 of fire, martyr in his, 775.
 of Nessus is upon me, 158.
 oftener changed their principles
 than, 311.
 on his back never a, 286.
 ruffles when wanting a, 286, 398.
 shroud as well as, 594.
 Shirts, as of poisonous Nessus, 580.
 I've got no, to wear, 800.
 Shive of a cut loaf, to steal, 104.
 Shiver and shak', why dost thou, 861.
 when thou art named, men, 354.
 Shoal of time, bank and, 118.
 Shoals of honour, depths and, 100.
 of visionary ghosts, 344.
 Shock of corr, like as a, 1008.

- Shock of men, midst the, 541.
 of pleasure, give a, 579.
 sink beneath the, 549.
- Shocks that flesh is heir to, 135.
- Shocking bad hats, 463.
- Shoe be Spanish or neat's leather, 213.
 for luck, oid, 12.
 great, for a little foot, 923.
 has power to round, 378.
 horse lost for want of a, 360.
 let not a shoemaker judge above
 his, 907.
 lost for want of a nail, 360.
 not the same, on every foot, 897.
 pinches, where the, 910, 973.
- Shoes and ships and sealing-wax, 782.
 Englishmen stand firmest in their,
 619.
 Hannah's at window binding, 765.
 he who sees takes off his, 659.
 him that makes, go barefoot, 186.
 of King James, 195.
 were on their feet, 510.
 your little, my big boots, 844.
- Shoemaker should give no opinion be-
 yond shoes, 907.
- Shoemaker's wife, who is worse shod
 than the, 15.
- Shoe-string, careless, 201.
- Shone, far off his coming, 236.
 iike a meteor, 224.
 she, 814.
- Shook a dreadful dart, 228.
 hands and went to 't, 351.
 his dart, death, 240.
 the arsenal, 241.
 the world from pagan slumber, 635.
 to air, like a dew-drop, 102.
- Shoon, clouted, 245.
 sandal, 405.
- Shoot folly as it flies, 315.
 young idea how to, 355.
- Shoots of everlastingness, 263.
 through air and light, 524.
- Shooting-stars attend thee, 202.
 shop, keep thy, 37.
- Shop-keepers, nation of, 1050.
- Shore, Afric's burning, 388.
 and ocean's wave-beat, 717.
 beat wild on this world's, 654.
 buried by the upbraiding, 545.
 control stops with the, 547.
 echoed along the, 388.
 fades o'er the waters blue, 540.
 fast by their native, 423.
 gathering pebbles on the, 241.
 I lingered alone on the, 613.
 landing on some silent, 295.
 left their beauty on the, 614.
 little boats should keep near, 360.
 my boat is on the, 553.
 my native, adieu, 540.
 never was on the dull tame, 538.
 odours from the spicy, 232.
 of memory, silent, 481.
 on a stern and distant, 856.
 on the night's Plutonian, 613.
 on this dull unchanging, 714.
- Shore, one foot in sea and one on, 51,
 405.
 ornament is but the guiled, 63.
 rapture on the lonely, 547.
 shall wander by the, 842.
 ships that never came to, 518.
 so dies a wave along the, 434.
 such is the aspect of this, 548.
 surges lash the sounding, 324.
 the despot's heel is on thy, 813.
 the fragile skiff attains the, 810.
 the lights around the, 769.
 unhappy folks on, 510.
 unknown and silent, 509.
 waves that plunged along the, 758.
 where'er I am by, at sea, 596.
 who shrinks from the sable, 756.
 wild and willowed, 487.
 wrecked on, 792.
- Shores of old romance, 472.
 on sands and, 243.
 rocky are her, 344.
 round earth's human, 578.
 to these golden, 45.
 to what strange, 39.
 undreamed, unpathe'd waters, 78.
 whisperings around desolate, 577.
- Short and far between, 355.
 and simple annals of the poor, 384.
 and the long of it, this is the, 45.
 as any dream, 57.
 be the day, or never so long, 19.
 cut, always take the, 939.
 horse soon curried, 12.
 how, our happy days appear, 749.
 retirement urges sweet return, 239.
 summers ago, some nineteen, 750.
- Shortened, who first, the labor, 584.
- Short-lived pain, 489.
- Shot, beginning of a fray and end of a,
 19.
 fool's bolt is soon, 16.
 forth peculiar graces, 235.
 heard round the world, 615.
 mine arrow o'er the house, 145.
 my being through earth, 500.
 perilous, out of an elder gun, 92.
 so trim, he that, 105.
- Should auld acquaintance, 449.
 do when we would, 142.
 have found in him, 679.
 keep who can, they, 473.
 not say it, say it that, 198.
 take who have, they, 473.
 why you, n't make a sky, 765.
- Shoulder and elbow, 'twixt, 351.
 head and, 964.
 to the wheel, 189.
- Shoulders, Atlantean, 227.
 broad, beneath his, 232.
 dwarf on a giant's, 185, 206.
 heads grow beneath their, 150.
- Shouldered his crutch, 396.
- Shoulder-high we bring you home, 842.
- Shout and revelry, midnight, 243.
 back our peals of laughter, 756.
 that tore hell's concave, 224.
 tide comes with a, 837.

- Shout, your rout send forth a joyous,
605.
Shouted for joy, 1009.
Shoutings of all the sons of God, 680.
Shovel and tongs, 590.
 invent a, and be a magistrate, 263.
Show and gaze o' the time, 126.
 books and money placed for, 215.
 cozy dimensions go clearly to, 750.
 driveller and a, 365.
 falsehood under saintly, 232.
 himself what he is, let him, 52.
 his eyes and grieve his heart, 123.
 I would, the night-flowers, 605.
 in some fifth act, may, 683.
 it, if you've not a chance to, 866.
 judges all ranged a terrible, 348.
 mercie unto others, 29, 334.
 midnight dances and public, 335.
 of evil, obscures the, 63.
 of truth, authority and, 52.
 spontaneity, life and universe, 765.
 that within which passeth, 127.
 the most of heaven, to, 721.
 us how divine a thing, 475.
 world is all a fleeting, 524.
 you're up to fightin' tu, 737.
Shows as he removes the mask, he,
697.
 comment on the, 483.
 what thinks he, 102.
Showed him the gentleman, 447.
 how fields were won, 396.
Shower, affliction's heaviest, 482.
 earth loveth the, 942.
 from the south, 822.
 he sendeth sun he sendeth, 630.
 sleet of arrowy, 384.
Showers, April with his, 1.
 fragrance after, soft, 233.
 like those maiden, 202.
 suck the honied, 247.
 Sydneian, of sweet discourse, 259.
 the sweetest, 405.
Shower-like, joys that came, 503.
Shreds and patches, king of, 141.
Shrewdly, the air bites, 130.
Shrewsbury clock, hour by, 88.
Shriek, a solitary, 557.
 with hollow, 251.
Shrieked, it was the owl that, 119.
Shrill, Christmas is here winds
 whistle, 697.
 trumpet sounds, 296.
 winds whistle free, 718.
Shrine, Apollo from his, 251.
 faith's pure, 569.
 melancholy has her sovran, 577.
 of the mighty, 548.
 within this peaceful, 367.
Shrines, such graves are pilgrim, 562.
 to no code, 562.
Shrined in our hearts with Cressy, 726.
Shrinks from the sable shore, who, 756.
 the soul, why, 298.
Shroud as well as shirt, 594.
 of thoughts, 544.
 ray on ray split the, 713.
Shroud, the mattock and the, 308.
Shrouded day retreats, 823.
Shrub, odours from the spicy, 238.
Shrunk into insignificancy, 351.
 shank, too wide for his, 69.
Shrunken, earth seems, 790.
Shuddering boughs, 822.
 in the gloaming light, 798.
Shuffle the cards, patience and, 975.
Shuffled off this mortal coil, 135.
Shuffling, there is no, there, 139.
Shut, go there with his eyes, 947.
 of evening flowers, 239.
 shut the door, 326.
 the gates of mercy, 385.
 the stable door, 13.
 the windows of the sky, 357.
 up in measureless content, 119.
Shuts up the story of our days, 26.
Shutter, borne before her on a, 697.
Shutters, close the, 420.
Shuttle, swifter than a weaver's, 1008.
Shy and lowly flower, 485.
 lights, 817.
Sibyl, contortions of the, 412.
Sick and tired and faint and worn,
783.
 as a horse, 379.
 at heart, I am, 126.
 maketh the heart, 1018.
 not so, as troubled, 125.
 say I'm, I'm dead, 326.
 that eats till he is, 768.
 that surfeit with too much, 60.
 this night is but the daylight, 66.
 whole head is, 1024.
Sicken and decay, love begins to, 114.
 the appetite may, 74.
Sickle in another's corn, 897.
 keen, death with his, 639.
Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
 thought, 136.
Sickly smile, he smiled a kind of, 813.
Sickness and in health, 1042.
 doth infect the life-blood, 86.
 unto death from, 497.
Sickness-broken body, 221.
Side, angel on the outward, 49.
 back and, go bare, 23.
 beggar may crawl at his, 664.
 by side, with canvas drooping, 727.
 down the glowing, 548.
 Europe rings from side to, 252.
 ever strong upon the stronger, 79.
 forgot when by thy, 563.
 God on our, 506.
 of death, on our dull, 680.
 on this, Jordan's wave, 726.
 south and southwest, 210.
 the sun's upon, 523.
 to side, shift from, 303.
 truth stood on one, 694.
Sides, could carry cannon by our, 145.
 laughter holding both his, 248.
 much may be said on both, 300, 363.
 of kings, ruined, 196.
 spur to prick the, of my intent, 118.
 unfed, 147.

- Sidelong looks of love, 396.
 maid, hasty from the, 356.
- Sidmouth, great storm at, 462.
- Sidney shone, thus immortal, 859.
 warbler of poetic prose, 421.
- Sidney's sister Pembroke's mother,
 179.
- Siege to scorn, laugh a, 125.
- Sieges fortunes, battles, 150.
- Sieve, they went to sea in a, 702.
- Sifted a whole nation, God, 266.
 three kingdoms, God had, 646.
- Sigh a sob a storm a, 783.
 beadle to a humorous, 55.
 but roar, he did not only, 283.
 from Indus to the Pole, 333.
 midnight wind doth, 587.
 no more ladies, 51, 405.
 passing tribute of a, 385.
 perhaps 't will cost a, 433.
 prayer is the burden of a, 497.
 that rends thy heart, 402.
 the lack of many a thing, 161.
 the same desire, 769.
 to think he still has found, 379.
 to those who love me, 553.
 too deep or a kiss too long, 759.
 which prompts the eternal, 318.
 yet feel no pain, to, 525.
 yet not recede, 444.
- Sighs and prayers, 782.
 avail, naught my, 869.
 before the dawn, 785.
 chartered by sorrow and freighted
 with, 623.
 I'm growing deeper in my, 719.
 in Venice on the bridge of, 544.
 more persuasive, 339.
 night of memories of, 511.
 painful noise of, 791.
 sovereign of, 55.
 to find them in the wood, 573.
 world of, for my pains, 150.
- Sighed and looked, 272, 356.
 at the sound of a knell, 416.
 for his country he, 515.
 from all her caves, hell, 229.
 no sooner, but asked the reason, 71.
 no sooner loved but they, 71.
 till woman smiled, man, 513.
 to many, loved but one, 540.
 to measure, often have I, 470.
 to think I read a book, 470.
 we wept we, 262.
- Sighing, a plague of, 85.
 farewell goes out, 102.
 like furnace, the lover, 69.
 nought but a lovely, of the wind,
 577.
 sound, the, 769.
 through all her works, nature, 239.
 under a sycamore tree, 406.
 why thus forever, 731.
- Sight, became a part of, 549.
 because it is not yet in, 441.
 charms or ear or, 502.
 charms strike the, 326.
 faints into dimness, 549.
- Sight full fayre, a, 404.
 gleamed upon my, 474.
 hideous, a naked human heart, 308.
 I see beyond the range of, 722.
 keen discriminating, 464.
 lose friends out of, 569.
 lost to, to memory dear, 596.
 loved not at first, 35, 40.
 my blindness is my, 748.
 of all men, honest in the, 1036.
 of human ties, at, 333.
 of means to do ill deeds, 80.
 of that immortal sea, 478.
 of vernal bloom, 230.
 out of blindness, 818.
 out of, out of mind, 7, 35.
 passed in music out of, 669.
 sensible to feeling as to, 119.
 spare my aching, 383.
 swim before my, 333.
 tho' thy smile be lost to, 597.
 thousand years in thy, 1014.
 't is a shameful, 302.
 to delight in, 506.
 to dream of not to tell, 499.
 to see, a goodly, 540.
 to see, a splendid, 540.
 truth will come to, 62.
 understood her by her, 177.
 walk by faith not by, 1038.
 we lose friends out of, 569.
 yet sometimes glimpses on my, 649.
- Sights as youthful poets dream, 249.
 of death, what ugly, 96.
 of ghastly dreams and ugly, 96.
 pleasant, salute the eyes, 723.
 rural, alone, 417.
- Sightless couriers of the air, 118.
 Milton with his hair, 483.
- Sign brings customers, 983.
 dies and makes no, 94.
 for him to retire, 628.
 for me to leave, 112.
 hearts that break and give no, 690.
 of gratulation, earth gave, 238.
 outward and visible, 1042.
 to know the gentle blood, 29.
 without a, 339.
- Signs, nature speaks in symbols and
 in, 650.
 of the times, 1032.
 of woe, gave, 239.
 which come before events, 891.
- Signal shown and a distant voice, 644.
- Signet sage, pressed its, 491.
- Significance of life, 996.
- Significant and budge, 415.
- Signifies love, 45.
- Signifying nothing, 125.
- Signiors, grave and reverend, 149.
- Silence accompanied, 233.
 all the airs and madrigals, 254.
 and desolation and dim night, 655.
 and slow time, 576.
 and tears, in secret in, 869.
 and tears, parted in, 539.
 and the wakeful stars, 775.
 deep as death, 515.

- Silence envious tongues, 100.
 expressive, 357.
 flashes of, 461.
 float upon the wings of, 244.
 foster-child of, 576.
 gives consent, 401.
 golden, bid our souls be still, 764.
 gray, gray waves, 837.
 hath more eloquence, well-timed,
 696.
 have trimmed in, 917.
 hour friendliest to sleep and, 235.
 implying sound, 710.
 in love bewrays more woe, 25.
 in the starry sky, 478.
 is an answer to a wise man, 916.
 is deep as eternity, 582.
 is golden speech is silvern, 582.
 is of eternity, 584.
 is the best resolve, 981.
 is the perfectest herald of joy, 51.
 is the speech of love, 763.
 let it be tenable in your, 129.
 like a poultice comes, 688.
 listening to silence, 594.
 majestic, 535.
 more musical than any song, 777.
 never betrays you, 820.
 never regretted, 900.
 nothing lives 'twixt it and, 864.
 of the upper shelf, 600.
 or of sound, joy of, 865.
 reign, when awful darkness and, 703.
 shadowless like, listening, 594.
 sorrow and, are strong, 643.
 speaks for love, 793.
 speech better than, 886.
 sweeter is than speech, 765.
 temple of, 602.
 that dreadful bell, 152.
 that is in the starry sky, 478.
 that spoke, 339.
 the cruelest lies are told in, 830.
 the rest is, 146.
 the splendor of, 837.
 the wizard, 814.
 then darkness again and a, 644.
 there is a, 591.
 thunders of white, 658.
 voice dissolves the spell of its, 646.
 was pleased, 233.
 where hath been no sound, 591.
 where no sound may be, 591.
 wheresoe'er I go, 538.
 ye wolves, 331.
- Silences, grand orchestral, 659.
- Silenced, you have not converted be-
 cause you have, 812.
- Silent above the flowers her children,
 763.
 acting, a, desperate part, 746.
 all, and all damned, 468.
 and safe, 820.
 as the moon, 241.
 cataracts, motionless torrents, 501.
 dew, fall on me like a, 202.
 earth, left, 790.
 finger, point with, 504.
- Silent finger points to heaven, 481.
 flooding in the main, comes, 727.
 grave, dark and, 26.
 halls of death, 572.
 land, into the, 991.
 land, the, 777.
 long to be patient and, 646.
 manliness of grief, 398.
 moon, immense and, 743.
 note which Cupid strikes, 218.
 organ loudest chants, 615.
 part is best, of noble work, 746.
 prayer, homes of, 674.
 sea into that, 598.
 sea of pines, 501.
 season thro', the, 611.
 shore, landing on some, 295.
 shore of memory, 481.
 shore, that unknown and, 509.
 stars go by, the, 791.
 stream, across the, 837.
 sun, give me the splendid, 743.
 that you may hear, 113.
 thought, sessions of sweet, 161.
 thought, stores of, 466.
 upon a peak in Darien, 576.
 when occasion requires, 915.
 when to be, 899.
- Silently as a dream, 421.
 steal away, 641.
 wrapping all, light, 742.
- Silenus, saying of, 922.
- Silhouette sublime, a, 767.
- Silk, rustling in unpaid-for, 159.
 soft as, remains, 313.
- Silks ye Lyons looms, weave no more,
 748.
- Silken primrose, soft, 251.
 sad uncertain rustling, 656.
 snare, 781.
 tie, the silver link the, 488.
- Siloa's brook, 223.
- Siloam's shady rill, 535.
- Silver and gold are not the only coin,
 885.
 bowers leave, 28.
 cord be loosed, 1023.
 fruit-tree tops, tips with, 106.
 golden locks to, turned, 24.
 just for a handful of, 707.
 light on tower and tree, 861.
 lining on the night, 243.
 link the silken tie, 488.
 mantle threw o'er the dark, 233.
 pictures of, 1020.
 sea, stone set in the, 81.
 the oars were, 157.
 waves chime ever peacefully, 700.
- Silvered by time completely, 419.
 his beard was sable, 129.
 o'er with age, 348.
 the walls of Cumnor Hall, 426.
 tips, with, 106.
- Silver-mantled plains, 695.
- Silvern, speech is, 584.
- Silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues, 106.
- Silver-white, hairs on his brows were,
 623.

- Silver-white lady-smocks, 56.
 Silvery round moon beautiful over,
 743.
 Smile that solitary shines, 329.
 Similes, I sit and play with, 473.
 Similitudes, used, 1027.
 Simon Pure, real, 859.
 the cellarer, 868.
 Simple child, a, 466.
 either, or gentle from vanity fair,
 750.
 faith in mysteries, nor lose thy, 647.
 faith, plain and, 114.
 in ears of gentle and, 750.
 life, oh for the, 848.
 men's men gentle or, 730.
 modest manly true, to be, 738.
 nakedness, white truth in, 678.
 race of brutes, O great and, 680.
 wiles, transient sorrows, 474.
 words enough, his words were, 732.
 Simple, compounded of many, 70.
 Simpleness and duty, 59.
 Simplicity a child, in, 335.
 a grace that makes, 178.
 elegant as, 414.
 he lived in noble, 571.
 in his, sublime, 671.
 Jeffersonian, 795
 of character, 812.
 of the three pence, 437.
 perfect, 772.
 resigns her charge to, 231
 simple truth miscalled, 162.
 Simplify, to, my way of life, 581.
 Simulated stature face and speech, 659.
 Simulation of the painted scene, 659.
 Sin, a duty not a, 359.
 and death abound, where, 497.
 and guilt, each thing of, 245.
 angels fell by that, 100.
 Christ-like is it for, to grieve, 979.
 could blight, ere, 500.
 cunning, can cover itself, 52.
 darkness is strong, and so is, 738.
 dulled their eyes with, 834.
 falter not for, 686.
 folly and, 779.
 folly can glide into, 492.
 fools make a mock at, 1018.
 for me to sit and grin, 688.
 forgiven by Christ in heaven, the,
 723.
 God-like to leave, 979.
 has many tools, 692.
 his darling, 501.
 his favourite, is pride, 507.
 in the blossoms of my, 132.
 man-like to fall into, 979.
 men, without intending it, 937.
 no, for a man to labour, 83.
 not, be ye angry and, 1039.
 nothing emboldens, as mercer, 109.
 of self-neglecting, 91.
 quantum o' the, I waive the, 448.
 sad as angels for the good man's,
 513.
 self-love is not so vile a, 91.
 Sin shall be no more, when, 717.
 slander the foulest whelp of, 598.
 some rise by, 47.
 they, who tell us love can die, 508.
 thinking their own kisses, 108.
 to covet honour, if it be a, 92.
 to falter would be, 717.
 wages of, is death, 1036.
 world's as ugly ay as, 751.
 Sins, compound for, 211.
 multitude of, 1041.
 of the fathers, 885.
 oldest, the newest kind of ways, 90.
 our compelled, 48.
 remembered in thy orisons, 136.
 Sinai's climb and know it not, 734.
 Sinament and ginger, 869.
 Since first beneath the chestnut, 653.
 the conquest, ever, 279.
 the creation of the world no tyrant,
 634.
 what unnumbered year, 749.
 when was genius found, 659.
 which I have loved long, 607.
 Sincerity, bashful, 52.
 of mirth, there's small, 585.
 wrought in a sad, 614.
 Sinews bought and sold, 418.
 of the new-born babe, 139.
 of the soul, 222.
 of virtue, 208.
 of war, 1002.
 stiffen the, 91.
 Sing again with your dear voice, 567.
 alas for those that never, 689.
 and die, let me, 558.
 and play, wouldst have me, 525.
 and that they love, 220.
 as Martin Luther sang, 697.
 because I must, I do but, 674.
 eagle suffers little birds to, 104.
 for joy, widow's heart to, 1009.
 he knew himself to, 246.
 heavenly goddess, 336.
 I am saddest when I, 787.
 I can't, as a singist, 787.
 I'm saddest when I, 589.
 in a hempen string, 184.
 it to rest, I cannot, 733.
 strange that death should, 80.
 sweetly, and brightly smile, 563.
 the hymn of the conquered, I, 745.
 the old songs, 778.
 the same tune, to, 915.
 the song, others shall, 651.
 though I shall never hear thee, 563
 which now the angels, 695.
 Sings, as the poet, 809.
 from the organ-pipe of frailty, 80.
 I held it truth with him who, 673.
 it, Handel, 620.
 like an angel, 65.
 the lark at heaven's gate, 159.
 you know what Virgil, 684.
 Singe yourself, so hot that it, 98.
 Singed the Spanish king's beard, 643.
 Singer, idle, of an empty day, 789.
 with the crown of snow, 738.

- Singers, first of earthly, 771.
 upon earth, God sent his, 647.
 with vocal voices, 285.
 Singeth a quiet tune, 499.
 all night long, 127.
 Singing as they shine, 300.
 bird, my heart is like a, 777.
 of anthems, 88.
 of birds is come, time of, 1024.
 of Mount Abora, 500.
 robes, garland and, 253.
 seamen, 854.
 singers with vocal voices, 285.
 Singist I am not a success, as a, 787.
 Single blessedness, dies in, 57.
 bound, heaven not reached at a, 730.
 cell becomes a man, 774.
 day, none truly write his, 685.
 gentlemen, like two, 454.
 hour of that Dundee, 474.
 life, careless of the, 675.
 men in barricks, 852.
 talent well employed, 366.
 word, 't is a, 778.
 Singularity, trick of, 76.
 Sink a navy, a load that would, 99.
 again into chaos, 685.
 beneath the shock, 549.
 let the world, 205.
 or soar, alike unfit to, 554.
 or swim live or die, 530.
 Sinks or swims or wades, 230.
 the day-star, so, 248.
 Sinking, a kind of alacrity in, 46.
 in thy last long sleep, 438.
 Sinned against, more, 147.
 all in Adam's fall, 872.
 Sinner it or saint it, 321.
 of his memory, made such a, 42.
 the hungry, 560.
 too weak to be a, 109.
 vilest, may return, 303.
 when the, is dismayed, 578.
 Sinners, if, entice thee, 1016.
 miserable, 1042.
 Sinning, more sinn'd against than, 147.
 Sin-spotted soul, most heretofore, 757.
 Sinuous shells of pearly hue, 511.
 Sion hill delight thee more, 223.
 Sipping only what is sweet, 617.
 Sir critic good day, 723.
 Oracle, I am, 60.
 Sire of fame, toil is the, 885.
 son degenerates from the, 337.
 to son, bequeathed by, 548.
 Sires, green graves of your, 561.
 holy faith that warmed our, 689.
 most disgrace their, 342.
 sons of great, 342.
 Siren, song of the, 38.
 waits thee, the, 511.
 Sirens sang, what song the, 219.
 Sisera, stars fought against, 1006.
 Sister, as a brother to his, 52.
 of the spring, thine azure, 565.
 shall be a ministering angel, 144.
 spirit come away, 334.
 when I was but your, 160.
 Sister woman, still gentler, 448.
 Sisters, all the, virtuous, 1044.
 dear, men with, 594.
 death and night, hands of the, 744.
 six, 799.
 three and such branches of learning,
 62.
 under their skins, 853.
 wayward, depart in peace, 864.
 weird, the, 123.
 Sister's, erring, shame, 548.
 Sisyphus rolling his stone, 644.
 Sit attentive to his own applause, 327.
 beside my lonely fire, 777.
 down now but the time will come,
 624.
 here we will, 65.
 in my bones, 461.
 in the clouds and mock us, 89.
 like flowers upon thy grave, 762.
 round it and pluck, the rest, 659.
 still, their strength is to, 1026.
 studious let me, 356.
 thee down sorrow, 54.
 upon the ground, let us, 82.
 where I will, let me, 976.
 Sits alone topmost in heaven, wisdom,
 723.
 in a foggy cloud, 123.
 on his horseback, 78.
 the wind in that-corner, 51.
 upon mine arm, 194.
 Site, whole regions to change their, 212.
 Sitting cheap as standing, 292.
 in a pleasant shade, 175.
 on the ground, 28.
 on the stile, I'm, 637.
 Situation, beautiful for, 1012.
 Six and seven, at, 15.
 hours in sleep, 24.
 hundred pounds a year, 289.
 Richmonds in the field, 98.
 sisters, 799.
 Six-cent fare, 796.
 Sixpence all too dear, 152, 406.
 I give thee, 464.
 Size of dreaming, past the, 159.
 of pots of ale, 210.
 Skating over thin ice our safety, in,
 621.
 Skeleton clothed with life, 531.
 Skie falth, have Larkes when, 11.
 Skies, all who dwell below the, 302.
 and seas around, now, 722.
 as I came through, out of the, 759.
 bird let loose in eastern, 523.
 bright assemblies of the, 345.
 child of the, 862.
 cloudless climes and starry, 551.
 commercing with the, 249.
 common people of the, 174.
 communion with the, 414.
 double-darken gloomy, 739.
 every place below the, 538.
 feelings kindred with the, 607.
 from lowly earth to vaulted, 730.
 illumed the eastern, 694.
 laughter shakes the, 337.

- Skies, let its altar reach the, 465.
 milky baldric of the, 573.
 my canopy the, 316.
 or early find the peaceful, 696.
 parents passed into the, 423.
 pointing at the, 322.
 raised a mortal to the, 272.
 reaching upward to the, 646.
 rush into the, 315.
 setting in his western, 268.
 some inmate of the, 346.
 stars are in the quiet, 631.
 summer, are darkly blue, 613.
 sun illumed the eastern, 758.
 sunny as her, 554.
 they were ashen and sober, 656.
 to mansions in the, 303.
 to raise mortals to the, 532.
 watcher of the, 576.
 were clear, the morn was fair, the,
 636.
 when, were purple, 599.
- Skiff, fragile, attains the shore, 810.
- Skill, are winners, mainly use and,
 680.
 by force or, 858.
 in amplifying, 136.
 in antiquity, 222.
 in arguing, 397.
 in surgery, honour hath no, 87.
 is but a barbarous, 261.
 simple truth, his utmost, 174.
 strengthens our nerves and sharpens
 our, 411.
- Skilled in gestic lore, 395.
- Skim milk masquerades as cream, 801.
- Skimble-skamble stuff, a deal of, 85.
- Skin and bone, two millers, 351.
 and bone, wasted to, 970.
 come off with a whole, 971.
 drum made of his, 186.
 Ethiopian change his, 1027.
 of an innocent lamb, 94.
 of my teeth, 1009.
- Skins are whole, your, 46.
- Skin-deep, colours that are, 282.
 't is but, 262.
- Skip at our feet, crowds of grasshoppers,
 749.
- Skipper stormed and tore his hair, 724.
- Skirmish of wit between them, 50.
- Skirt the eternal frost, 501.
- Skirts, no one ever lifted my, 926.
 of happy chance, 675.
- Skull of a lawyer, 143.
- Skulls, dead men's, 96.
- Sky, admitted to that equal, 315.
 and the ocean, nothing behind but
 the, 503.
 banner in the, 688.
 banners flout the, 115.
 bends over all, the blue, 499.
 blue, and living air, 467.
 blue ethereal, 300.
 bridal of the earth and, 204.
 bright reversion in the, 335.
 canopied by the blue, 553.
 changes when they are wives, the, 71.
- Sky, climb the upper, 531.
 close against the, 592.
 darkness of the, 23.
 fables of the, 342.
 far out of reach, the, 743.
 fit it for the, 860.
 flushing round a summer, 357.
 for thy faint blue, 790.
 forehead of the morning, 248.
 from earth to highest, 30.
 girdled with the, 507.
 go forth under the open, 572.
 howls along the, 392.
 I have need of the, 847.
 in our northern, 433.
 in the bounds of earth and, 750.
 is changed and such change, 544.
 is red, for the, 1032.
 keep one parent from the, 328.
 laughter shakes the, 344.
 milky way i' the, 256.
 not know a star in the, 618.
 O white and midnight, 821.
 only God is in the, 817.
 opens to the morning, 865.
 Ophiuchus huge in the arctic, 229.
 regent of the, 426.
 shines from out yon clouded, 613.
 silence in the starry, 478.
 so fair the, 790.
 soft blue, did never melt, 468.
 some brother of the, 343.
 soul of man is larger than the, 585.
 souls are ripened in our northern,
 433.
 splendour through the, 496.
 stars in the, for religion's sake, 741.
 stars set their watch in the, 515.
 steeples point to the, 504.
 stepped to the, 723.
 storm that howls along the, 392.
 sunshine aye shall light the, 718.
 tears of the, 353.
 the moving moon went up the, 498.
 they die in yon rich, 672.
 triumphal arch that fill'st the, 516.
 waft thy name beyond the, 539.
 Washington is in the upper, 531.
 were to fall, if the, 890.
 what a scowl of cloud, 713.
 whatever, is above me, 553.
 when stars illum the, 597.
 why you should n't make a, 765.
 windows of the, 357.
 witchery of the soft blue, 468.
 woods against a stormy, 569.
- Skey influences, servile to the, 48.
- Sky-robcs, these my, 243.
- Slab of marble cold, monument, 660.
- Slag, amid measureless grossness and,
 742.
- Slain by arrows of the early frost,
 763.
 he can never do that 's, 215.
 he who is in battle, 403.
 I could consent to be, 889.
 think he is slain, if the, 617.
 thrice he slew the, 271.

- Slain, thrice my peace was, 306.
with him is beauty, 161.
- Slander filled her mouth with lying, 598.
sharper than sword, 160.
the fondest whelp of sin, 598.
truth best vindication against, 660.
- Slanderous tongues, done to death by, 54.
- Slant sunbeams through fringes raining, 613.
- Slape, 't is dhrames and not, 590.
- Slaughter, as a lamb to the, 1026.
as an ox goeth to the, 1017.
to a throne, wade through, 385.
- Slaughters of the race, 816.
- Slav Teuton Kelt I count them, 682.
- Slave, base is the, that pays, 91.
born to be a, 413.
in his father's stead, 779.
no, is here, 580.
of circumstance and impulse, 554.
passion's, man that is not, 138.
states, no more, 652.
subject not a, 485.
territories, no, 652.
thou wretch thou coward, 79.
to no sect, 320.
to thousands, has been, 153.
to till my ground, 418.
tongue to curse the, 526.
trade, sum of all villainies, 359.
whatever day makes man a, 346.
- Slaves and store of millet-seeds, 843.
as they are, 525.
Britons never shall be, 358.
cannot breathe in England, 418.
corrupted freemen are the worst of, 387.
in mockery over, 518.
necessity is the creed of, 453.
of centuries are free, 771.
so cruelly treated, no, 634.
sons of Columbia be, 863.
what can ennoble sots or, 319.
who dare not be in the right, 732.
who fear to speak for the fallen, 732.
with greasy aprons, 159.
- Slavery a bitter draught, 379.
is but half abolished, 687.
or death, which to choose, 298.
price of chains and, 430.
- Slay, pity it is to, the nearest, 594.
- Slays, if the red slayer think he, 617.
- Slayer, if the red, think he slays, 617.
of the winter, 790.
- Sleeve of care, ravelled, 119.
- Sleek-headed men, 111.
- Sleep, a hush more dead than any, 770.
and a forgetting, 477.
at last, all life will, 685.
beneath the sod, 843.
between a sleep and a, 805.
bless man who first invented, 720.
blessings on him who invented, 978.
care-charmer, 39.
charm that lulls to, 402.
- Sleep, dark house and long, 600.
days with toil nights with, 92.
death and his brother, 567.
death is an eternal, 991.
deep and dreamless, 791.
end the heartache, by a, 135.
exposition of, I have an, 58.
falleth on men, when deep, 1008.
fan me while I, 418.
folding of the hands to, 1017.
full of rest from head to feet, 668.
happy soul all life, 685.
he giveth his beloved, 1016.
heavily on me like unwilling, 577.
holy spirit blessed soul, 667.
hour friendliest to, 235.
how, the brave, 389.
I lay me down in peace to, 864.
in Abraham's bosom, 97.
in dull cold marble, 99.
in thy last long, 438.
in your cloak there's no lodging, 750.
is a death, 218.
it is a gentle thing, 499.
life is rounded with a, 43.
Macbeth does murder, 119.
medicine thee to that sweet, 154.
mournful heart and let, 685.
murmur invites one to, 380.
nature's soft nurse, 89.
nature's sweet restorer balmy, 306.
neither night nor day, 116.
no more, I heard a voice cry, 119.
no more, to die to, 135.
now I lay me down to, 873.
now I lay me down to take my, 873.
O gentle sleep, 89.
of a labouring man, 1022.
of death, in that, 135.
of nights, such as, 111.
out of his, to sterte, 2.
peace not such as lulls to, 739.
perchance to dream, to, 135.
sinking in thy last long, 438.
six hours in, 24.
sleepless to give their readers, 331.
some must watch while some must, 138.
strong man after, 254.
sweetly tender heart, 667.
that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, 119.
that knows not breaking, 491.
the friend of woe, 508.
the innocent, 119.
they fade away, in, 685.
they, in the land they made free, 784.
till the end true soul, 668.
timely dew of, 233.
to mine eyes, I will not give, 1016.
to sleep, to, 685.
undisturbed, 367.
was airy-light, his, 234.
whether we wake or we, 664.
while sluggards, 360.
who can wrestle against, 696.
who, on glory's brightest, 580.

- Sleep will never lie where care lodges,
106.
winding up nights with, 92.
yet a little, 1017.
young buds, in the root's, 577.
- Sleeps at wisdom's gate, suspicion, 231.
creation, 306.
ill who knows not that he, 894.
in dust, flourish when he, 1043.
on her soft axle, 237.
on his own heart, 471.
the pride of former days, 519.
thy last sleep, 624.
till tired he, 318.
upon this bank, the moonlight, 65.
well, after life's fitful fever, he, 121.
- Sleeping but never dead, 731.
growing when ye're, 495.
innocence, 814.
when she died, we thought her, 591.
within my orchard, 132.
- Sleepless Eremita, nature's patient,
578.
nights, three, I passed, 465.
soul that perished, 470.
stars, my consorts are the, 725.
to give their readers sleep, 331.
- Sleepy uplands waning, lights are on
the, 613.
- Sleet of arrowy shower, 384.
Sleeve, heart upon my, 149.
Sleeves, herald's coat without, 87.
Slender nose tip-tilted, her, 678.
Slenderly and meanly, 1029.
fashioned, so, 595.
- Slepen alle night with open eye, 1.
Slept and dreamed, 719.
dying when she, 591.
in peace, 100.
one wink, 160.
- Sleveless errand, 12.
Slew the slain, thrice he, 271.
- Slide, let the world, 9, 72, 198.
not stand, loves to, 267.
- Slides into verse, 323.
- Slight, nor fame I, 333.
not strength, 172.
not what is near, 884.
toss over ambient ether, 765.
- Slime on water-plants, 774.
- Slings and arrows of fortune, 135.
- Slinks out of the race, 254.
- Slip, a blue trip, 796.
Judas had given them the, 284.
the dogs of war, let, 113.
- Slips, greyhounds in the, 91.
- Slipped from my hold, 785.
- Slipper, good to the heels the well-
worn, 690.
head stroked with a, 889.
- Slipped pantaloons, lean and, 69.
- Slippery place, stands upon a, 79.
- Slithy toves, 782.
- Slits the thin-spun life, 247.
- Slogardie a-night, may wol have no, 2.
- Slop over, prevailin' weakness to, 787.
- Slope through darkness, 675.
- Sloping into brooks, 536.
- Sloping to the southern side, 739.
- Sloth, resty, 160.
- Slough was Despond, 265.
- Slovenly unhandsome coise, 83.
- Slow decay, 794.
falling to the prompter's, 697.
form ponderous and step was, 646.
learn to read, 265.
of study, 57.
rises worth, 366.
steps, come with thy soft, 764.
to anger, he that is, 1019.
to speak, 1041.
too swift arrives as tardy as too, 107.
unfriended melancholy, 394.
unmoving finger, 155.
years sailed by and ceased, 646.
- Slowly and sadly we laid him, 563.
day by day, age lingers, 686.
silence all, ever widening, 679.
- Sluggard, go to the ant thou, 1017.
't is the voice of the, 302.
- Sluggards sleep, while, 360.
- Slumber, a little, 1017.
again, too soon I must, 302.
deep and calm, poppy-seeds of, 764.
honey-heavy dew of, 111.
I wake from my, 715.
lie still and, 302.
seven hours to soothing, 438.
to mine eyelids, 1016.
- Slumbers in the shell, 455.
light, dreams and, 490.
of the virtuous man, 299.
- Slumber's chain has bound me, 523.
- Slumberest at a foeman's gates, thou,
623.
- Slumbering ages, wakens the, 606.
world, o'er a, 306.
- Slumbrous music, breathe, 844.
- Sly normal lurch, wink and a, 723.
Stephen, 72.
tough and devilish, 702.
- Smack of age, 88.
of observation, 78.
sweet, my life does, 713.
- Smacked of noyance, 357.
- Small, all the peoples great and, 682.
an exceedingly, pickaninny, 750.
beer, poor creature, 89.
beer that questionable superfluity,
612.
but how dear to us, 856.
cannot reach the, 29.
choice in rotten apples, 72.
compare great things with, 230.
deer, rats and such, 147.
forgets herself, great and, 685.
gain is gain however, 704.
great vulgar and the, 262.
habits well pursued, 437.
have continual plodders won, 54.
his deserts are, 257.
I am, I know but wherever, 750.
Latin and less Greek, 179.
moon lightens more, 823.
nations, day of, 799.
no low no great no, 316.

- Small of all that human hearts endure, 367.
 one a strong nation, 1026.
 rare volume, 456.
 sands the mountain, 311.
 seems a figure mean and, 767.
 service is true service, 486.
 sincerity of mirth, there's, 585.
 there is no great no, 617.
 things, day of, 1028.
 to greater matters, 157.
 vices do appear, 148.
 voice in autumn's, the still, 650.
 voice spake unto me, still, 666.
 would not think any duty, 760.
- Small-endians and big-endians, 290.
 Smaller man, had loved a, 679.
 Smallest effort is not lost, 718.
 worm will turn, 95.
- Small-knowing soul, 54.
- Smart for it, 54, 1017.
 of all the girls that are so, 285.
- Smarts so little as a fool, 327.
 this dog, 363.
- Smell a rat, 172, 211.
 ancient and fish-like, 43.
 as sweet, a rose by any other name
 would, 105.
 flower of sweetest, 488.
 of bread and butter, 554.
 rankest compound of villainous, 46.
 sweet and blossom in the dust, 209.
 the blood of a British man, 147.
- Smells sweete al around, 28.
 to heaven, 139, 362.
 woingly, heaven's breath, 117.
- Smelleth the battle afar off, 1010.
- Smelt of the lamp, 914.
- Smile again, affliction may, 54.
 and be a villain, 132.
 and sigh, reasons why we, 569.
 and tear, betwixt a, 546.
 at anything, could be moved to, 111.
 be lost to sight, tho' thy, 597.
 because it makes us, 560.
 brightly, and sweetly sing, 563.
 calm thou mayst, 438.
 followed perhaps with a, 416.
 forget and, 777.
 from partial beauty won, 513.
 grinned horrible a ghastly, 229.
 he smiled a kind of sickly, 813.
 hear with a disdainful, 384.
 if we do meet again, we shall, 115.
 in her eye, 590.
 in pain, frown at pleasure, 309.
 is sweetened by gravity, his, 729.
 is the sweetest, her, 586.
 look backwards with a, 307.
 make languor, 328.
 make the learned, 324.
 make the serious, 345.
 no more, men, 348.
 on her lips, 489.
 one vast substantial, 702.
 sad because it makes us, 560.
 sardonic, 1052.
 sympathetic tear, the social, 387.
- Smile, tear followed perhaps by a, 416.
 that glowed celestial rosy, 238.
 that was childlike, 813.
 those angel faces, 607.
 though I shall not be near thee, 563.
 to share the good man's, 397.
 to those who hate, 553.
 vain tribute of a, 487.
 we would aspire to, 99.
 wept with delight at your, 747.
 with an intent to do mischief, 186.
 yet tho' thy, be lost, 597.
- Smiles, as Jupiter on Juno, 233.
 at the drawn dagger, 299.
 becks and wreathed, 248.
 daggers in men's, 120.
 from reason flow, 238.
 his emptiness betray, 328.
 in such a sort, 111.
 in yer face while it picks yer pocket,
 350.
 kisses tears and, 474.
 of joy the tears of woe, 524.
 of other maidens, 586.
 seldom he, 111.
 sweet strains or pensive, 614.
 the clouds away, 550.
 the robbed that, steals something
 from the thief, 151.
 the tears of boyhood, the, 523.
 to-day to-morrow will be dying, 202.
 welcome ever, 102.
- Smiled a kind of sickly smile, 813.
 all around thee, 438.
 hermit sighed till woman, 513.
 on me, until she, 586.
 she, and the shadows departed, 814.
 when a sabbath appeared, 416.
- Smiling at grief, patience on a monu-
 ment, 76.
 damned villain, 132.
 destructive man, 281.
 gone, to the fagot, 798.
 in her tears, pensive beauty, 513.
 with a never-fading serenity, 299.
- Smite like war-clubs, big words do not,
 645.
 once, stands ready to, 241.
 strength without hands to, 805.
- Smith, his name was, 818.
 stand with his hammer, 80.
- Smiths never had any arms, the, 460.
- Smoke a good cigar is a, 853.
 and flame, awful guide in, 493.
 and stir of this dim spot, 243.
 no fire without some, 17, 33.
 that so gracefully curled, 518.
 w'at you gwine do wid de, 828.
- Smokes, the man who, 632.
- Smoking flax, 1026.
- Smooth as monumental alabaster, 156.
 at a distance rough at hand, 181.
 course of true love never did run, 57.
 runs the water, 93.
 stream in smoother numbers, 324.
 the bed of death, 328.
 the ice, 79.
 Waller was, 329.

- Smoother than butter, 1013.
 Smoothing the raven-down, 244.
 Smooth-lipped shell, 480.
 Smoothly done, my task is, 246.
 Smoothness, temperance that may
 give, 137.
 torrent's, ere it dash below, 516.
 Smooth-shaven green, 250.
 Smote him thus, 157.
 him under the fifth rib, 1007.
 'is blooming lyre, 853.
 the chord of self, 669.
 them hip and thigh, 1006.
 Snail, creeping like, 69.
 Snails, feet like, 202.
 Snake, like a wounded, 324.
 scotched the, not killed it, 121.
 Snakes in Iceland, no, 373.
 Snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, 77.
 Snaps itself, vow binds too strictly,
 680.
 Snare, mockery and a, 527.
 the destined, 769.
 the silken, 781.
 Snares, life hath, 640.
 Snatch a fearful joy, 381.
 a grace, 323.
 half our knowledge we must, 320.
 Snatches arguments to make indul-
 gence, 729.
 Snatched my crown, 793.
 Sneaking off, my valour is, 441.
 Sneer, laughing devil in his, 551.
 teach the rest to, 327.
 who can refute a, 861.
 with solemn, 544.
 yesterday's frown and, 728.
 Snore upon the flint, 160.
 Snout, jewel in a swine's, 1018.
 Snow, beard was white as, 142.
 chaste as ice as pure as, 136.
 chaste as unsmuned, 159.
 diadem of, 553.
 fairest meadow white with, 691.
 from purest, 103.
 hide those hills of, 49, 184.
 in a dazzling drift, 709.
 in May's new-fangled mirth, 54.
 late though lingered the, 811.
 mockery king of, 82.
 not hail or rain or any, 681.
 peaks wrapt in clouds and, 543.
 rosebuds filled with, 871.
 shall be their winding sheet, 515.
 singer with the crown of, 738.
 wallow naked in December, 81.
 whirls through the empty, 714.
 whiter than the driven, 380.
 Snows, lands of sun to lands of, 751.
 through the drifting, 568.
 were rain, 814.
 Snow-broth, whose blood is, 47.
 Snow-fall in the river, 451.
 Snowflake brave and meek, 810.
 leaves the sky, whenever a, 810.
 Snow-flakes, as still as, 538.
 Snowing, it will soon be, 823.
 Snow-jeweled hills, 837.
 Snow-storms, self-appointed inspector
 of, 722.
 Snow-white ram, 481.
 voices, 786.
 Snowy beard, tradition wears a, 650.
 Snuff, only took, 400.
 rather than live in, 26.
 Snuff-box, amber, 326.
 Snuffed out by an article, 560.
 Snug as a bug in a rug, 361.
 little island, 863.
 So and so and ever so, 816.
 and so and my opinion is, 947.
 can I, 719.
 dies a wave along the shore, 434.
 have I, 719.
 if it please you, if not why so, 44.
 is good very good, 71.
 it is but so, 71.
 it might not be, and, 720.
 much to do, 675.
 on the ocean of life we pass, 644.
 or so, to say why gals acts, 736.
 soon that I am done for, 875.
 sweet so soft so hushed, 725.
 sweetly she bade me adieu, 380.
 unto the man is woman, 645.
 wise so young never live long, 97.
 Soaks up the rain, the thirsty earth,
 260.
 Soap, invisible, 593.
 Soar, alike unfit to sink or, 554.
 but never roam, 485.
 through rolling clouds to, 539.
 Sob a storm a strife, 783.
 Sobbing through the deeps she goes,
 775.
 Sober as a judge, 363.
 be vigilant, be, 1041.
 certainty of waking bliss, 244.
 goes to bed, 184.
 in your diet, be, 350.
 livery twilight gray in her, 233.
 realm of leafless trees, the, 751.
 second thoughts are best, 277.
 skies they were ashen and, 656.
 will to bed go, 184.
 Sobers us again, drinking largely, 323.
 Soberness, truth and, 1035.
 Social friend I love thee well, 564.
 offenders, 801.
 smile the sympathetic tear, 387.
 Society among unequals, 237.
 as is quiet wise and good, 567.
 in shipwreck, 894.
 is one polished horde, 560.
 mudsills of, 636.
 my glittering bride, 480.
 no lack of good, 644.
 one, alone on earth, 476.
 ornament to, 510.
 question before, with glib assurance,
 625.
 solder of, 354.
 solitude sometimes is best, 239.
 the vanilla of, 460.
 virtues of, are the vices, 620.
 waits unformed, 745.

- Society where none intrudes, 547.
 wholesome for the character, 739.
- Society's chief joys, 415.
- Sock, Jonson's learned, 249.
- Socket, burn to the, 479.
- Socrates wisest of men, 241.
- Sod and the dew, under the, 766.
 as snow-flakes fall upon the, 538.
 lying beneath the churchyard, 728.
- Soda-water, sermons and, 557.
- Sofa, wheel round the, 420.
- Soft answer turneth away wrath, 1018.
 as her clime, 554.
 as silk remains, 313.
 as young and gay as soft, 308.
- bastard Latin, 554.
 brown hair, 778.
 eyes looked love, 542.
 falls the dew, 766.
 her voice was ever, 149.
 impeachment, own the, 441.
 is the music that would charm, 485.
 is the strain when zephyr blows, 324.
 moves the dipping oar, 862.
 muse, nature's, 89.
 rain dropped, 792.
 silken primrose, 251.
 slow steps, come with thy, 764.
 so hushed an air, so, 725.
 so, the air, 790.
 stillness and the night, 65.
 sweet accent of an angel's whisper,
 814.
 the music of those village bells, 422.
 the zephyr blows, 383.
 touch of healing unaware, 764.
 unfolding, and see, 587.
 warm and, the day, 810.
 were those lips that bled, 38.
- Softening into shade, 357.
- Softheartedness in times like these,
 737.
- Softly bodied forth, 546.
 sweet in Lydian measures, 272.
- Softness in the upper story, 737.
 like the atmosphere of dreams, 653.
 madrigals that whisper, 254.
 she and sweet attractive grace, for,
 232.
- Soil and scath, cleanse me from, 821.
 good to be born on, a, 741.
 grows on mortal, 247.
 in cycles past, in world's, 788.
 it flourisheth in every, 695.
 nor yet within the common, 569.
 thus leave thee native, 239.
 to paint the laughing, 535.
 where first they trod, 570.
- Soils, rich, to be weeded, 168.
- Soiled by any outward touch, 253.
 with all ignoble use, 676.
 world, incessantly wash this, 744.
- Solace, whence comes, 815.
- Solar system, hub of the, 692.
 walk or milky way, 315.
- Sold him a bargain, 55.
- Solder of society, 354.
- Soldier among sovereigns, 495.
- Soldier, an elder not a better, 114.
 and afeard, 124.
 armed with resolution, 295.
 be abroad, let the, 527.
 blasphemy in the, 48.
 bold, Ben Battle was a, 594.
 first who was king a fortunate, 987.
 flat blasphemy in the, 48.
 full of strange oaths, 69.
 I ask the brave, 520.
 mourned her, slain, 427.
 of the Legion lay dying, 653.
 relish him more in the, 151.
 successful, 494.
 the sex is ever kind to a, 345.
 thou more than, 518.
 wake thy war-horse waits, 623.
 would himself have been a, 83.
- Soldiers bore dead bodies by, 83.
 Ireland gives England, 772.
 old, sweetheart are surest, 181.
 sovereign among, 495.
 substance of ten thousand, 97.
- Soldier's neck, driveth o'er a, 105.
 pole is fallen, 159.
 scholar's eye, 136.
 sepulchre, shall be a, 515.
 virtue, ambition the, 158.
- Sole almost my, rule of life, 583.
 daughter of his voice, 239.
 daughter of my house, 542.
 delight, my solitary, 596.
 judge of truth, 317.
 mistake, nature's, 802.
 of her foot, no rest for the, 1004.
 of his foot, 51, 173, 198.
 sitting by the shores, 472.
- Solemn black, suits of, 127.
 creed, sapping, a 544.
 fop, the, 415.
 is joy, 841.
 marches fill the nights, 748.
 midnight, in the, 699.
 pines, 784.
 sanctimonious face, no, 595.
 sneer, with, 544.
 temples, 43.
 way, in such a, 688.
- Solid flesh would melt, too, 127.
 happiness we prize, 362.
 men of Boston, 432.
 pudding against empty praise, 330.
- Solitary as an oyster, secret and, 701.
 in lonely places, crying, 837.
 life of man is, 200.
 monk who shook the world, 635.
 my, sole delight, 596.
 place, in many a, 468.
 shriek, a, 557.
 woes, rare are, 308.
- Solitude, bird in the, 552.
 he makes a, and calls it peace, 550.
 how passing sweet is, 416.
 I love tranquil, 567.
 Islington will grow a, 261.
 least alone in, 544.
 midst of a vast, 601.
 needful to the imagination, 739.

- Solitude of his own originality, 865.
 shrinks from the dismaying, 602.
 so companionable as, 722.
 sometimes is best society, 239.
 sweet retired, 244.
 that inward eye which is the bliss of,
 475.
 where are the charms, 416.
 which they call peace, 933.
 Solitudinem faciunt, 550.
 Solution of some theme he could not
 solve, 839.
 on impossible, 802.
 Somber real, without the, 763.
 Some are born great, 76.
 are fine fellows, 772.
 asked how pearls did grow, 201.
 asked where rubies grew, 201.
 blessed threads of gold, 715.
 books are drenchèd sands, 775.
 books to be tasted, 168.
 chaste, many generous and, 679.
 Cupid kills with arrows, 51.
 days must be dark, 640.
 do it with a bitter look, 836.
 far-off touch of greatness, 679.
 fifth act what this, in, 683.
 floweret blow, rain-drop makes, 718.
 love to roam, 718.
 must be great, 421.
 must watch some must sleep, 138.
 natural tears they dropped, 240.
 nineteen or twenty summers ago,
 750.
 noble work of love to do, 696.
 of us will smart for it, 54.
 one gently rapping, as of, 655.
 one to come who nevermore, 648.
 rain must fall, 640.
 rise by sin, 47.
 said John print it, 265.
 shall reap that never sow, 849.
 sprite begotten of summer, 865.
 sudden thought, some careless
 rhyme, 810.
 sweet plaintive melody, like, 587.
 to church repair, 324.
 undone widow, 194.
 vast river of unfailling source, 597.
 we've left behind us, 522.
 what if, unshamed iconoclast, 788.
 write their wrongs in marble, 314.
 Somebody to hew and hack, 211.
 Something after death, dread of, 136.
 ails it now, 472.
 better than his dog, 669.
 between a hindrance and help, 472.
 dangerous, in me, 144.
 dear dearer than self, 541.
 good, the worst speak, 205.
 greater, yes but there's, 716.
 I'll lend you, 77.
 in a flying horse, there's, 468.
 in a huge balloon, there's, 468.
 is rotten in Denmark, 131.
 lost, longings after, 819.
 more than melody, and, 608.
 nothing, 't is, 153.
 Something of nothing, created, 222.
 rich and strange, 42.
 the heart must have, 645.
 to love he lends us, 667.
 too much of this, 138.
 wicked this way comes, 123.
 would turn up, faith that, 628.
 Sometimes counsel take, 326.
 for years and years together, 609.
 glimpses on my sight, 649.
 Somewhere in desolate wind-swept
 space, 798.
 in this favored land, 856.
 Son, a wise, maketh a glad father,
 1017.
 and foe, grim death my, 229.
 at home, keep his only, 392.
 booby father craves a booby, 310.
 degenerates from the sire, 337.
 England's greatest, 671.
 every mother's, 57.
 every wise man's, 75.
 God the Father God the, 303.
 happy was it for that, 95.
 hateth his, 1018.
 meant my, be good, 444.
 of Adam and Eve, 288.
 of his own works, 971.
 of memory, dear, 251.
 of mine succeeding, no, 121.
 of parents passed into the skies, 123.
 of the morning, 1025.
 swore, Diogenes struck the father
 when the, 192.
 two-legged thing a, 267.
 Sons, affliction's, are brothers in dis-
 tress, 447.
 Arcturus with his, 1010.
 God's, are things, 314.
 had I a dozen, 102.
 of Belial, flown with insolence, 224.
 of clay, ye hopeless, 653.
 of Columbia, 863.
 of Edward sleep in Abraham's bo-
 som, 97.
 of France awake to glory, 990.
 of God shouted for joy, 1009.
 of God, shoutings of all the, 680.
 of heaven, things are the, 368.
 of night, bloom for, 520.
 of reason valour liberty, 358.
 of the morning, 535.
 of their great sires, 342.
 strong are her, 344.
 the goodliest man since born his,
 232.
 two of earth's degenerate, 341.
 Song, burden of his, 427.
 burden of some merry, 328.
 careless, with a little nonsense, 389.
 charms the sense, 228.
 dear to gods and men, sacred, 347.
 divine, soft as some, 345.
 for our banner, 609.
 for song, the Siren singing, 511.
 in thy praise, I'll sing, 449.
 inaccessible vine of, 808.
 it may turn out a, 448.

- Song jets forth so clear, 998.
 labour itself is but a sorrowful, 717.
 let satire be my, 539.
 loves not wine woman and, 697.
 low lone, 715.
 many once lauded in, 940.
 metre of an antique, 161.
 mighty orb of, 479.
 moralize my, 27.
 moralized his, 328.
 my soul is full of whispered, 748.
 needless Alexandrine ends the, 374.
 never a, 791.
 never yet heard in tale or, 243.
 no sorrow in thy, 438.
 of old, that glorious, 695.
 of Percival and Douglas, 34.
 of the lark, the morning, 681.
 of the siren, 38.
 one immortal, 267.
 others shall sing the, 651.
 passes not away, 841.
 sea grew civil at her, 57.
 silence more musical than any, 778.
 still govern thou my, 236.
 sung a, that took my heart, 770.
 swallow flights of, 675.
 swear to the truth of a, 287.
 that nerves a nation's, 682.
 the grateful, 538.
 the sirens sang, 219.
 the stars of morning sung, 651.
 theme of future, 344.
 to the oak, 652.
 unlike my subject shall be my, 353.
 veiling lightnings of his, 565.
 wanted many an idle, 326.
 what they teach in, 566.
 whole world send back the, 695.
 your, is passing sweet, 791.
- Songs and sonnets, book of, 45.
 are swelling, angelic, 717.
 be turned to holy psalms, 25.
 of sadness and of mirth, 647.
 she heard in her dreams, 636.
 sweetest, are of saddest thought,
 565.
 that found no tongue, my, 651.
 we sung, 792.
- Songes make and wel endite, 1.
 Songster, worm by early, caught, 720.
 Sonne, up rose the, 2.
 Sonne's wife Elizabeth, than my, 749.
 Sonnet, scorn not the, 485.
 Sonnets, book of songs, and 45.
 Rafael made a century of, 706.
- Sonorous metal blowing martial
 sounds, 224.
- Soon, never came a minute too, 592.
 or late shall navigate, 767.
 that I am done for, so, 875.
 to strike too, is oft to miss, 684.
 upon the stage of life, 696.
 will it ever late or, 683.
- Sooner lost and worn, 75.
 or later delicate death, to each, 744.
 to make an end, the, 171.
- Soonest mended, little said is, 200.
- Sooth 't were a pleasant life, 611.
 Soothe a heart that's broken, 492.
 the hurts of fate, 798.
 the savage breast, 294.
 Soothed his soul to pleasures, 272.
 with the sound, 271.
 Soothing death, come lovely and, 744.
 slumber, 438.
 Sophisters, age of, 410.
 Sophisticated rhetorician inebriated
 with, 625.
 Sophistry, destroy his fib or, 327.
 Sophocles, not mad if I am, 883.
 Sophonisba, O, 358.
 Soprano basso, the Contra-alto, 554.
 Sordid hopes and vain desires, 534.
 perils of actual existence, 836.
 Sore labour's bath, 120.
 saying spoken once by Him, 684.
 store is no, 11, 977.
- Sorrow, a little fun to match the, 789.
 and scarlet leaf sad thoughts, 741.
 and silence are strong, 643.
 ate his bread in, 645.
 but more closely tied, 526.
 calls no time that's gone, 183.
 chartered by, and freighted, 623.
 down thou climbing, 146.
 drown all, 184.
 earth has no, 524.
 fade, ere sin could blight or, 500.
 fail not for, 686.
 give, words, 124.
 hang, care will kill a cat, 177, 199.
 hath scaped this, 162.
 her rent is, 204.
 I bade good morrow to, 574.
 in thy song, thou hast no, 438.
 increaseth, 1022.
 is held intrusive, 606.
 is in vain, thy, 405.
 is unknown, where, 417.
 labour and, is their strength, 1014.
 learn, the heart must, 645.
 literature consoles, 600.
 long has washed thy roses, 378.
 melt into, 549.
 more in, than in anger, 128.
 nae, there John, 458.
 never comes too late, 381.
 never dies, 824.
 night of, from a fore-spent, 258.
 no, that heaven cannot heal, 524.
 now melt into, 549.
 of the meanest thing, 472.
 parting is such sweet, 106.
 path of, and that alone, 417.
 patience a remedy for, 887, 895.
 patience and, strove, 148.
 pine with feare and, 29.
 resembles, only as the mist resembles
 the rain, 641.
 returned with the morn, 515.
 rooted from the memory, 125.
 saw how by, tried, 788.
 sing away, 972.
 sit thee down, 54.
 some natural loss or pain, 473.

- Sorrow, sphere of our, from the, 567.
 steep, my couch in, 450.
 tales of, 396.
 that keen archer, 776.
 there is no. like a love denied, 847.
 time assuages, 890.
 to heal, by weeping, 883.
 to lay me down in, 770.
 to the grave, 341, 1005.
 under the load of, wring, 53.
 we parted in, to meet nevermore,
 613.
 wear a golden, 98.
 what'er there be of, 845.
 where there is, is holy ground, 836.
 with, where all was delight, 764.
- Sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb, 535.
 at my bier, waste their, 571.
 come not single spies, 142.
 flow, as thy, 518.
 here I and, sit, 79.
 I will instruct my, 79.
 of a poor old man, 433.
 of death compassed me, 1010.
 remembered, 597.
 simple wiles transient, 474.
 to be proud, I will instruct my, 79.
- Sorrow's children, fold, 798.
 crown of sorrow, 669.
 dark array, 988.
 keenest wind, 482.
 purse is free, but, 763.
 spy, knowledge is but, 217.
- Sorrowful, how long the, 749.
 song, labour is but a, 717.
- Sorrowing goes a borrowing, 21, 360.
 goeth a, 21.
- Sorry, I am right, 6.
- Sort, hurt of a deadlier, 212.
 of runic rhyme, time, 655.
 smiles in such a, 111.
- Sorts of people, all, 118.
 of prosperity, I wish you all, 986.
- Soshubble ez a basket er kittens, 828.
- Sots, what can ennoble, 319.
- Sought, lack of many things I, 161.
 love, is good, 76.
 prize we, is won, 744.
 the world, I never have, 374.
 with positivists, truth be, 765.
- Soul above buttons, 454.
 all life, sleep happy, 685.
 and body to lasting rest, 80.
 and God stand sure, 710.
 angelic, hark hark my, 717.
 arise O, and hark thee, 829.
 aspiring pants, the, 635.
 awake my, 359.
 befalls a, 775.
 biting for anger, eager, 221.
 blind his, with clay, 673.
 body form doth take of the, 29.
 bruised with adversity, 50.
 calm, of all things make mine, 753.
 can this be death, 335.
 catch my flying, 333.
 cement of the, 354.
- Soul, cold waters to a thirsty, 1020.
 competent to gain heights, 480.
 cordial to the, 222.
 crowd not on my, 383.
 darkness o'er the parting, 513.
 deep imaged in his, 345.
 delight in every sorrowing, 346.
 dinner-bell the tocsin of the, 559.
 discontented with capacity, 512.
 eloquence charms the, 228.
 every hair a, doth bind, 191.
 everywhere the human, 583.
 eye and prospect of his, 53.
 feast of reason and flow of, 328.
 fiery, working out its way, 267.
 for my unconquerable, 828.
 forward draw my, 781.
 freed his, the nearest way, 367.
 fret thy, with crosses, 30.
 from out that shadow, 656.
 genial current of the, 384.
 grapple them to thy, 129.
 happy, that all the way, 259.
 harrow up thy, 131.
 has gone aloft, his, 436.
 bath elbow-room, 80.
 bath sown, seed which the, 814.
 haughtiness of, 298.
 he had a little, 519.
 her lips suck forth my, 41.
 hides a dark, 244.
 his father's, to cross, 326.
 human, take wing, 552.
 I am the master of my, 829.
 I like a prophet of the, 614.
 I loafe and invite my, 742.
 I roamed with my, 656.
 I think nobly of the, 77.
 immortality of the human, 663.
 in the, arise diviner feelings, 607.
 indulging every instinct of the, 711.
 into the eye and prospect of his, 53.
 iron entered into his, 1043.
 is competent to gain, the, 480.
 is dead that slumbers, 638.
 is form and doth the bodie make, 29.
 is full of longing, my, 640.
 is full of whispered song, my, 748.
 is gone, limbs will quiver after the,
 375.
 is his own, the subject's, 92.
 is in arms and eager for the fray, 296.
 is wanting there, 548.
 is with the saints, 502.
 it offends me to the, 137.
 Jove alone endues the, 340.
 Justice is a virtue of the, 948.
 lends the tongue vows, 130.
 liberal, shall be made fat, 1018.
 like an ample shield, 277.
 like seasoned timber, 204.
 limed, struggling to be free, 139.
 listened intensely, his very, 480.
 living voice sways the, 934.
 look down from heaven, 277.
 lose his own, 1032.
 love orbit of the restless, 756.
 may pierce, such as the, 249.

- Soul, measured by my, 303.
 medicine for the, 1001.
 merit wins the, 326.
 most heretofore sin-spotted, 757.
 most offending, alive, 92.
 mouse of any, 336.
 my chastened, 993.
 my, had panted, 814.
 mysterious cement of the, 354.
 never dying, to save, 860.
 O my prophetic, 132.
 of business, despatch is the, 353.
 of cypress with Psyche my, 656.
 of goodness in things evil, 92, 773.
 of harmony, the hidden, 249.
 of man, diseases crucify the, 188.
 of man is larger than, 585.
 of man is like the rolling world, 775.
 of man, portions of the, 731.
 of man, such affinity with the, 694.
 of music shed, 519.
 of music slumbers in the shell, 455.
 of Orpheus sing, 250.
 of our grandam, 77.
 of Richard, 97, 296.
 of the age, 179.
 of the whole past time, 584.
 of this world, time is the, 928.
 of truth, 773.
 of wit, brevity is the, 133.
 one, in two bodies, 948.
 palace of the, 221, 541.
 perdition catch my, 153.
 possess, once my, 794.
 profits by what the body suffers, 772.
 rapt, sitting in thine eyes, 249.
 return unto thy rest my, 497.
 sad, 792.
 saw a glimpse of happiness, 221.
 secret, to show, 551.
 secured in her existence, 299.
 she's dead, rest her, 143.
 shining through them, 780.
 sighing under a sycamore tree, 406.
 sincere, 391.
 sinews of the, 222.
 sleep holy spirit blessed, 667.
 small-knowing, 54.
 so dead, man with, 488.
 soothed his, to pleasures, 272.
 speech is a mirror of the, 900.
 stirring in his, 480.
 stream which overflowed the, 481.
 sweet and virtuous, 204.
 swell the; to rage, 272.
 take the prisoned, 244.
 tell me my, can this be death, 335.
 that can be honest, 183.
 that eye was in itself a, 550.
 that from man's, 791.
 that perished in his pride, 470.
 that rises with us, 477.
 the body's guest, go, 25.
 the desire of the, heaven, 837.
 the whiteness of his, 776.
 the whole, of a man, 583.
 thou hast much goods laid up, 1034.
- Soul, three books on the, 706.
 through my lips, 666.
 tilts with a straw, 484.
 to dare the will to do, the, 491.
 to give the, fit nourishment, 630.
 to keep, pray the Lord my, 873.
 to soul, intercourse from, 333.
 to stray, never taught his, 315.
 to-day is far away, my, 751.
 transmigration of the, 951.
 tumult of the, 481.
 two bodies with one, 340.
 unborn ages crowd not on my, 383.
 unction to your, 141.
 under the ribs of death, 245.
 uneasy and confined from home, 315.
 unlettered small-knowing, 54.
 unto his captain Christ, gave his, 82.
 unto the lines accords, 205.
 vigour is in our immortal, 303.
 was immortal, that the, 946.
 was like a star, thy, 472.
 what will satisfy the, 744.
 white as heaven, 197.
 whiteness of his, 543.
 why shrinks the, 298.
 will is free strong is the, 754.
 winged chalice of the, 770.
 with crosses and cares to fret thy, 30.
 within her eyes, 554.
 yearning of the, sting no more, 756.
- Souls, above the flight of common, 393.
 are ripened in our northern sky, 433.
 assembled, 217.
 at home with God, and our, 728.
 beyond the reaches of our, 131.
 corporations have no, 24.
 flow in one down eternity's, 714.
 golden silence bid our, be still, 764.
 great, are portions of eternity, 731.
 have ye, in heaven too, 577.
 his memory green in our, 519.
 immediate jewel of their, 153.
 in prayer, steeped their, 665.
 made of fire, 311.
 mounting up to God, 769.
 my friends and brother, 682.
 noble and well-beloved, 804.
 of all that men held wise, 217.
 of Christian, 793.
 of fearful adversaries, 95.
 of thought, thoughts that are the, 655.
 saw how, of men had grown, 788.
 sit close and silently, our, 274.
 such harmony is in immortal, 65.
 sympathy with sounds in, 421.
 that cringe and plot, 734.
 that were forfeit once, 47.
 thought of thinking, 582.
 thoughts as boundless our, as free, 550.
 times that try men's, 431.
 to souls can never teach, 715.
 two, with a single thought, 992.
 unbodied dwell, 347.
 we loved, to see the, 677.
 who have loved, no love for, 728.

- Souls whose sudden visitations daze
the world, 606.
ye have left your, on earth, 577.
- Soul's calm sunshine, 319.
dark cottage, 221.
far better part, the, 338.
sincere desire, prayer is the, 497.
strength, stuff to try the, 709.
wealth, 775.
- Soul-animating strains, 485.
- Soul-sides, the meanest boasts two,
706.
- Sound an echo to the sense, 324.
and foam, too full for, 685.
and fury, full of, 125.
born of murmuring, 469.
charm the air to give a, 123.
deeper than all plummets, 807.
dirge-like, 408.
divine, may kill a, 416.
hark from the tombs a doleful, 303.
harmonious, 236.
harsh in, 103.
however rude the, 393.
I hear beyond the range of, 722.
impetuous recoil and jarring, 229.
is breathed so potent, no, 682.
jocund strains, 786.
joy of silence or of, 865.
like the sweet, 74.
loves to revel in a summer, 654.
most melodious, they heard a, 28.
music with her silver, 404.
my barbaric yawp, I, 742.
Niagara stuns with thundering, 395.
no, can awake him, 623.
no, save rush of the river, 766.
no war or battle's, 251.
of a knell, sighed at the, 416.
of a voice that is still, 670.
of clashing wars, no, 699.
of friends' departing feet, 738.
of hammer or of saw, 421.
of my name, hearest the, 611.
of one's praises, 927.
of revelry by night, 542.
of the church-going bell, 416.
of thunder heard remote, 227.
of woman's praise, 604.
out-vociferize even, itself, 285.
persuasive, 294.
pipes and whistles in his, 69.
same, is in my ears, 471.
silence implying, 710.
silence where hath been no, 591.
silver-sweet; 106.
so fine, 864.
soothed with the, 271.
strikes like a rising knell, deep, 542.
sweet is every, 673.
the clarion fill the fife, 493.
the loud timbrel, 524.
the trumpet beat the drums, 281.
to heal the blows of, 688.
trumpet give an uncertain, 1037.
what stop she please, 138.
which makes us linger, 548.
whistles in his, 69.
- Sound, winter loves a dirge-like, 486.
words of thundering, 397.
- Sounds as a sullen bell, 88.
blowing martial, 224.
concord of sweet, 66.
melodious, on every side, 253.
not rural sights alone but rural, 417.
of music creep in our ears, 65.
of small and multitudinous lives,
851.
possessed with inward light, 503.
sad, are nature's funeral cries, 729.
sympathy with, 421.
will take care of themselves, 782.
- Sounded all the depths of honour, 100.
- Souder piece of British manhood, 582.
- Sounding brass, 1037.
cataract haunted me, 467.
on through words, 465, 480.
rafter, we meet neath the, 756.
- Sour, every sweet has its, 619.
every sweet its, 404.
grapes, have eaten, 1027.
lofty and, 101.
misfortune's book, 108.
- Source of all my bliss, 398.
of human offspring, 234.
of sympathetic tears, 382.
springs rise not above their, 767.
that keeps it filled, 772.
tumbler and fantail are from the
same, 605.
vast river of unfailing, 597.
- Sour-complexioned man, 206.
- South and southwest side, 210.
and the, and north shall, 578.
beaker full of the warm, 575.
clasp hands, north and, 698.
east and west, 798.
no north no east no west no, 517.
- Southern stars a music pealed, 686.
- Southward dreams the sea, 841.
- Southwind sweet and low, 811.
- Sovereign among soldiers, 495.
heaven's, 308.
here lies our, 279.
law sits empress, 438.
lord the king, here lies our, 279.
Magna Charta will have no, 24.
might, of our, 29.
o'er transmuted ill, 366.
of sighs and groans, 55.
parts, a man of, 55.
reason, noble and most, 136.
sway and masterdom, 117.
when I forget my, 426.
- Sovereigns, dead but sceptred, 554.
name ourselves its, 554.
soldier among, 495.
- Sovereignest thing on earth, 83.
- Sovereignty, in yourselves the means
of, 579.
- Sovran seats, 823.
veil'd melancholy has her, shrine,
577.
- Sow for him build for him, 470.
he that observeth the wind shall not,
1023.

- Sow thy seed in the morning, 1023.
 wrong, by the ear, 19, 971.
 ye are like to reap, as you, 214.
- Sowe eats all the draffle, still, 13.
- Sowed therein the seed of hate, 684.
- Soweth here with toil and care, 508.
 whatsoever a man, 1039.
- Sowing and so good-bye, reap our, 789.
- Sown the wind, 1027.
- Space and time, annihilate but, 330.
 clear, for liberty's white throne, 788.
 desolate wind-swept, 798.
 double life's fading, 262.
 every cubic inch of, a miracle, 744.
 pathless realms of, 800.
 whose circle grazes confines of, 756.
- Spacious firmament on high, 300.
- Spade a spade, call a, 917.
 I hold, scepter of rule is the, 660.
 if you don't call me a, 293.
- Spades emblems of untimely graves,
 420.
- Spain, singed the beard of the king of,
 643.
- Spain's chivalry, 560.
- Spake as a child when I was a child,
 1037.
 ful fayre, Frenche she, 1.
 the grisly terror, so, 229.
 the seraph Abdiel, 235.
 unto me, still small voice, 666.
 upon this hint I, 151.
- Span, dwindled to the shortest, 433.
 grasp the ocean with my, 303.
 in length a, 201.
 less than a, 170.
 new, spick and, 172, 212, 978.
 our life is but a, 873.
 ye spread and, 818.
- Spangled heavens, 300.
- Spangles a deathless creed, its, 748.
- Spargling the wave, 492.
 with lights, 492.
- Spaniards seem wiser than they are,
 166.
- Spaniel, hound or, 148.
- Spanish blades, ambuscadoes, 105.
 dominions, the sun never sets on,
 495.
 fleet thou canst not see, 441.
 or neat's leather, 213.
- Spanking Jack was so comely, 436.
- Spare Fast, 249.
 my aching sight, 383.
 not nor look behind, 622.
 that trec, woodman, 609.
 the beechen tree, 516.
 the rod, 8, 213, 262.
- Spare the thorns, 807.
- Spared a better man, better, 87.
- Spareth his rod, he that, 1018.
- Spark, illustrious, 416.
 instinct with music, 485.
 nor human, is left, 332.
 of beauty's heavenly ray, 549.
 of celestial fire, 425.
 of heavenly flame, vital, 334.
 of that immortal fire, 549.
- Spark, proud conceited talking, 390.
- Sparks fly upward, as the, 1008.
 from the central fire, 785.
 of fire, eyes like, 202.
 of fury, why flash those, 860.
- Sparkled was exhaled, 308.
- Sparkling and bright, 633.
 cross she wore, a, 325.
 with a brook, 536.
- Sparrow, caters for the, 67.
 fall or hero perish, 315.
 providence in the fall of a, 145.
- Sparrows, salt upon the tails of, 291.
 team of, 31.
- Spartan dead, remnant of our, 557.
- Speak after the manner of poetry, 1036.
 as one who fed on poetry, you, 631.
 and purpose not, 146.
 be slow to, 1041.
 by the card, 143.
 comfort to that grief, 53.
 daggers to her, 139.
 each other in passing, 644.
 every man truth, 1039.
 from your folded papers, 689.
 gently 't is a little thing, 869.
 grief that does not, 124.
 he never so rudely, 2.
 if any, for him have I offended, 113.
 in a monstrous little voice, 57.
 in public on the stage, 459.
 it profanely, not to, 137.
 it was my hint to, 150.
 labour what to, 168.
 let him now, 1042.
 lips are now forbid to, 588.
 long enough he will get believers,
 830.
 losers must have leave to, 297.
 low if you speak love, 51.
 me fair in death, 65.
 more in a minute, 107.
 name which no one can, 508.
 of me as I am, 156.
 of urgent tasks, in vain I, 720.
 one another, we pass and, 644.
 or die, 90.
 patience, all men's office to, 53.
 plain and to the purpose, 51.
 right on, I only, 114.
 something good, the worst, 205.
 tears that, 262.
 to me as to thy thinkings, 153.
 to the earth, 1009.
 to thee in friendship's name, 523.
 too coldly, thou think'st I, 523.
 true right wrong, live pure, 677.
 truly, if a man should, 83.
 well of no man living, he can, 923.
 well of you, 1003.
 with most miraculous organ, 135.
 with the tongues of men, 1037.
- Speaks an infinite deal of nothing, 60.
 angels listen when she, 279.
 in symbols, nature, 650.
 the truth stabs falsehood, who, 731.
 to my spirit of thee, 552.
 to the heart alone, that, 716.

- Speaker, but I am truest, 160.
 no other, of my living actions, 101.
 Speaketh not and yet there lies, he, 647.
 Speaking, eloquent man not, the truth, 585.
 heard for their much, 1030.
 things they ought not, 1040.
 thought him still, 237.
 tongue, the, 619.
 Spear, freedom leaning on her, 690.
 Ithuriel with his, 234.
 snatched the, 443, 489.
 to equal the tallest pine, 224.
 Spears into pruning-hooks, 1024.
 Special, loved gold in, 2.
 providence, 145.
 wonder, without our, 122.
 Spectacle of human happiness, 462.
 so ridiculous, no, 601.
 Spectacles of books, 277.
 on nose and pouch on side, 69.
 Spectators, pleasure to the, 604.
 Spectre-bark, off shot the, 498.
 Spectre-doubts, dispel, ye, 513.
 Speculation in those eyes, 122.
 Speech abroad, there is a, 166.
 be always with grace, let your, 1039.
 better than silence, 886.
 day unto day uttereth, 1011.
 discretion of, 167.
 dishonourable, for a general, 919.
 gentle of, 343.
 his, is a burning fire, 805.
 is a mirror of the soul, 900.
 is of time, 584.
 is shallow as time, 582.
 is silvern silence is golden, 584.
 is truth, 489.
 made to open man to man, 310.
 men polished by act and, 767.
 mend your, a little, 146.
 my shell hath, 793.
 of love, silence is the, 763.
 often regretted my, 900.
 persuasive sighs and, 339.
 plainness of, 1038.
 poetry of, 545.
 propriety of, 169.
 rude am I in my, 149.
 rude in, though I be, 1038.
 said to be the, of angels, 582.
 silence more eloquence than, 696.
 silence sweeter is than, 765.
 the image of actions, 943.
 the whole sea's, 769.
 thought deeper than, 715.
 thought wed itself with, 674.
 to conceal thoughts, 986.
 true use of, 403.
 was given to disguise thoughts, 310.
 was like to tapestry, 909.
 when thought is, 489.
 Speeches compared to cypress trees, 920.
 men's charitable, 170.
 which have produced an electrical effect, 827.
 Speechless, wait like a ghost that is, 646.
 Speed, add wings to thy, 229.
 be wise with, 311.
 down dark aisles on shining feet, 821.
 he started with, he had lost the, 851.
 in doing a thing, 910.
 on lonely paths, away they, 775.
 over thin ice our safety is our, 621.
 the going guest, 328.
 the parting guest, 346.
 the soft intercourse, 333.
 thousands at his bidding, 252.
 to-day put back to-morrow, 29.
 Speeds, still the fitting word He, 650.
 Spell better than they pronounce, 796.
 it Vinci, 796.
 kindled by the master's, 455.
 of its silence, voice dissolves the, 646.
 on one foot fust, he stood a, 736.
 trance or breathed, 251.
 Spells, aggressive fancy working, 816.
 lime-twigs of his, 245.
 magic of tongue most dangerous of, 632.
 talismans and, 422.
 Spence, Sir Patrick, ballad of, 502.
 Spend another such a night, 96.
 or to lend or to give in, 279.
 to give to want to, 30.
 Spending, getting and, 476.
 Spenser, lie a little nearer, 179.
 lodge thee by Chaucer, or, 179.
 Spent and maimed among, the, 729.
 dayes that might be better, 29.
 them not in toys, 260.
 under the devil's belly, 959.
 what we, we have, 988.
 Spirit, never drink no, 735.
 Sphere all quit their, 315.
 fitting of self to one's, 716.
 I return to the celestial, 742.
 of our sorrow, from the, 567.
 or pain in every peopled, 683.
 she just began to move in, 409.
 two stars in one, 87.
 Spheres above, silence music of the, 763.
 music of the, 218.
 pleasures of the, 526.
 seems to shake the, 271.
 stars shot madly from their, 57.
 start from their, 131.
 with one breath attunes the, 722.
 Sphere-descended maid, 390.
 Spice of life, variety is the, 419.
 Spices grow, hills where, 302.
 Spick and span new, 172, 212, 978.
 Spicy nut-brown ale, 249.
 shore of Arabie the blest, 232.
 Spider, much like a subtle, 175.
 to the fly, said a, 629.
 Spiders, half-starved, 413.
 lately had two, 296.
 Spider's touch how exquisitely fine, 316.

- Spider-like we feel the tenderest touch, 274.
- Spies, sorrows come not single, 142.
thee waving here, she who, 755.
- Spigot wield, wilt thou the, 45.
- Spills itself in fearing to be spilt, 142.
- Spin, loiter in pleasure or toilfully, 660.
toil not neither do they, 1030.
- Spins, Lord Fanny, 328.
- Spinner, blind, 779.
- Spinning sleeps on her soft axle, 237.
- Spinsters and knitters in the sun, 75.
- Spires whose silent finger, 481.
ye antique towers ye distant, 381.
- Spirit, and it saith to my, 715.
- Brutus, will start a, 110.
calms, nought so much the, 556.
chased, are with more, 62.
clear, doth raise, 247.
Creator drew his, 270.
ditties of no tone, 576.
doubtful public, 411.
dull as night, 66.
ere my fainting, fell, 553.
exhilarate the, 417.
extravagant and erring, 126.
fair, rest thee now, 570.
fairer, or more welcome shade, 313.
for my minister one fair, 547.
full of, as the month of May, 86.
giveth life the letter killeth, 1038.
God the Son God the, 303.
haughty, before a fall, 1018.
he that ruleth his, 1019.
hies to his confine, 126.
his great Creator drew his, 270.
holiday-rejoicing, 509.
humble tranquil, 182.
I am thy father's, 131.
ill, have so fair a house, 43.
indeed is willing, 1033.
independence, thy, 392.
lies, with dreamful eyes my, 751.
meek and quiet, 1041.
mellows, the, 768.
motions of his, are dull as night, 66.
no, dares stir abroad, 127.
not of the letter but the, 1038.
of a youth, morning like the, 158.
of counsel and might, 1025.
of health or goblin damned, 130.
of heaviness, 1026.
of judgment, some shallow, 93.
of knowledge, 1025.
of liberty. pardon something to the, 408.
of life, 857.
of man is divine, all save the, 549.
of mankind, free, 572.
of mortal be proud, 561.
of my dream, change o'er the, 553.
of rebellion, 995.
of self-sacrifice, 475.
of the Lord, 1025.
of the summer-time, 770.
of wine, O thor invisible, 152.
of wisdom, 1025.
of youth in everything, 163.
- Spirit, one of the flesh and one of the, 731.
or more welcome shade, 313.
pard-like, 565.
present in, 1037.
rest, give my, 794.
rest perturbed, 133.
shall return unto God, 1024.
sister, come away, 334.
sits in a foggy cloud, 123.
so profound, he felt with, 471.
speaks to my, of thee, 552.
strongest and fiercest, 226.
that could be moved to smile, 111.
that dost render birth, 653.
that loved thee, wounded the, 869.
the accusing, 379.
the least erected, 225.
to bathe in fiery floods, 48.
unwearied, best conditioned and, 64.
vanity and vexation of, 1022.
walks of every day deceased, 307.
which is able to raise mortals, 532.
which would drag angels down, 532.
winged, is feathered oftentimes, 36.
with one fair, 547.
wounded, who can bear, 1019.
- Spirits, any man may be in good, 702.
are not finely touched, 46.
black and white, 173.
can either sex assume, 224.
choice and master, 112.
clad in veils, 715.
deified by our own, 470.
from the vasty deep, 85.
from their urns, 554.
light, wins from toil, 387.
love in heavenly, 28.
of great events, 504.
of just men made perfect, 1040.
of the wise sit in the clouds, 89.
our actors were all, 43.
stories from the land of, 502.
twain have crossed with me, 992.
vital in every part, 236.
- Spirit's yearning cry, 819.
- Spiriting gently, do my, 42.
- Spiritless, so faint so, 88.
- Spirit-small hand, 708.
- Spirit-stirring drum, 154.
- Spiritual, a life that shall be, 745.
creatures, millions of, 234.
grace, inward and, 1042.
- Spit in my face, 84.
orators when out will, 71.
upon my Jewish gaberdine, 61.
- Spite, bow thy head in gentleness, 755.
death aims with fouler, 203.
in erring reason's, 316.
in learned doctors', 564.
O cursed, 133.
of all my grief revealing, 875.
of all their friends could say, 702.
of criticising elves, 412.
of his teeth, 8.
of nature and their stars, 211.
of scorn, thrice in, 225.

- Spite the world, reckless what I do to,**
 121.
Spleen about thee, mirth and, 300.
 meditative, 480.
Splendid a star, 713.
 flower, the, 797.
 I was thinking the day most, 745.
 in ashes, 219.
 sight to see, a, 540.
 silent sun, give me the, 743.
 summer of its noiseless might, 846.
Splendidly null, 677.
Splendour dazzles in vain, 568.
 in the grass, 478.
 not in lone, hung aloft, 577.
 of silence, the, 837.
 streaming through the sky, 496.
Splendours fling, its ancient, 695.
Splentive and rash, 144.
Split the ears of groundlings, 137.
 the shroud, ray on ray, 713.
Spoil of me, villanous company the,
 86.
 the child, spare the rod, 8, 213, 262.
Spoils, is fit for stratagems and, 66.
 of nature, rich vith the, 217.
 of office cannot buy, whom, 730.
 of time, rich with the, 384.
 of war the wealth of seas, 569.
 the pleasure of the time, 122.
 to the victors belong the, 864.
Spoiled, the summer day was, 792.
Spoke less, knew more and, 924.
Spoken a noble thought, where'er is,
 646.
 once by Him who was the truth, 684.
Sponge, drink no more than a, 957.
Spontaneity, life and universe show,
 765.
Spoon, must be a, 593.
 must have a long, 18.
Spoons, count our, 370.
 from whom we guard our, 605.
Sport an hour with beauty's chain,
 525.
 is stale lad, and all the, 728.
 not worth the candle, 206.
 of bear-baiting gave offence, 604.
 of every wind, 314.
 that wrinkled care derides, 248.
 to have the enginer, 141.
 with Amaryllis in the shade, 247.
 would be as tedious as to work, 83.
Sports, my joy of youthful, 547.
 of children, 394.
Sporus feel, can, 328.
Spot is cursed, the, 472.
 leave this barren, 516.
 of earth, 481.
 out damned, 124.
 plant on his peculiar, 317.
 stir of this dim, 243.
 this punctual, 237.
 tho' now each, looks drear, 597.
 which men call earth, 243.
 yet round about the, 696.
Spots in the sun, 189.
 leopard change his, 1027.
Spots of sunny openings, 536.
 quadrangular, 420.
Sprang out so noiseless around me,
 745.
 up to see, the flowers, 795.
Spray and the tempest's roar, the, 714.
Spread and span like the catholic man,
 818.
 and wink, 807.
 his sweet leaves, 104.
 the thin oar, 318.
 the truth from pole to pole, 300.
 with colours idly, 80.
 yourselves, masters, 57.
Spreads his light wings, 333.
 his orient beams, 233.
Spreading himself, 1011.
Sprightly running, 276.
Spring and root of honesty, 915.
 canker galls the infants of the, 129.
 come gentle, 355.
 comes slowly up this way, 499.
 companions of the, 438.
 different kinds of weather in, 796.
 from haunted, 251.
 full of sweet days, 204.
 in blossom last, 799.
 in the, a livelier iris, 668.
 in the world, 846.
 is old, 821.
 of light, a, 586.
 of love, 44, 498.
 of the world, in the, 847.
 of virtues, 35.
 of woes unnumbered, 336.
 Pierian, taste not the, 323.
 pilgrim steps of, 822.
 shall mourn with ever-returning,
 744.
 slow stream or pebbly, 504.
 supplies another race, the, 338.
 the joyous book of, 770.
 the winter of the, 650.
 thine azure sister of the, 565.
 unlocks the flowers, 535.
 up and blossom at last, 788.
 visit the mouldering urn, 428.
Springs, back to their, like the rain,
 643.
 Helicon's harmonious, 382.
 joy's delicious, 540.
 of Dove, beside the, 469.
 rise not above their source, 767.
 steeds to water at those, 159.
Springs to catch woodcocks, 310.
Springing fresh and green, corn was,
 637.
Spring-time, never yet was a, 811.
Spring-time's harbinger, 199.
Sprinkled with rosy light, 338.
Sprite begotten of summer, some, 865.
Sprouting, ever seen any cabbages,
 660.
Spur, fame is the, 241.
 to prick the sides of my intent, 118.
Spurs the lated traveller, 121.
Spurn to-day, falsehoods which we,
 651.

- Spurned but spurned in vain, 24.
by the young, 593.
- Spurs that patient merit takes, 135.
- Spy, knowledge is sorrow's, 217.
- Squadron in the field, 149.
- Squadrons, in ranks and, 112.
- Squander time, do not, 360.
- Square, all round the, 593.
deal, 840.
grows a glimmering, 673.
hole, has got into the, 461
I have not kept my, 157.
- Squat in his hole, 808.
like a toad, 234.
- Squeak and gibber, 126.
as naturally as pigs, 210.
- Squeaking of the wry-necked fife, 62.
- Squeezing of a lemon, in the, 401.
- Squirrel joiner or old grub, 104.
- St. James's, ladies of, 815.
- Stabbed with a white wench's black
eye, 106.
- Stable door, shut the, 13.
good horse in the, 401.
- Stabs falsehood to the heart, 731.
- Staff, cockle hat and, 405.
I'm growing fonder of my, 719.
of life, 283, 291.
of my age my very prop, 62.
of my life, 972.
of this broken reed, 1026.
stay and the, 1025.
thy rod and thy, 1011.
- Stage, after a well-graced actor leaves
the, 82.
all the world's a, 69.
amused his ripper, 318.
found only on the, 558.
frets his hour upon the, 125.
if this were played upon a, 76.
natural on the, 399.
of life, ay soon upon the, 696.
poor degraded, 564.
speak in public on the, 459.
the earth is a, 194.
the wonder of our, 179.
the world but as a, 970.
then to the well-trod, 249.
veteran on the, 365.
where every man must play a part,
60.
where they do agree on the, 441.
- Stages, in our latter, 432.
where'er his, may have been, 379.
- Stagers, old cunning, 213.
- Staggered, reason is, 411.
the boldest, 408.
- Stagrite, that stout, 509.
- Stain, incapable of, 226.
like a wound, felt a, 410.
my man's cheeks, 146.
purity out of a, 818.
- Stains had been removed forever, 788.
- Stainless, the flag they rendered, 784.
- Stairs, I came up, into the world, 294.
why did you kick me down, 445.
- Stake, I am tied to the, 148.
when honour's at the, 142.
- Stakes were thrones, 555.
- Stale flat and unprofitable, 128.
lad, and all the sport is, 728.
nor custom, 157.
poor I am, 160.
- Stalk a silhouette sublime, 767.
four red roses on a, 97.
withering on the, 477.
- Stalked off reluctant, 355.
- Stalled ox and hatred, 1018.
- Stamford fair, bullocks at, 89.
- Stamp and esteem of ages, 266.
not the king's, 282.
of fate, 337.
of nature, use can almost change the,
141.
rank is but the guinea's, 452.
- Stamped, I that am rudely, 95.
out poets' hope, critics who, 659.
- Stand, a tiptoe, 92.
and wait, they serve who, 252.
bade each other, 798.
before a damagogue, men who can,
730.
before kings, 1020.
before mean men, shall not, 1020.
by uniting we, 426.
how if a' will not, 52.
in pause, 139.
in your own light, 17.
level with the highest, 798.
like greyhounds in the slips, 91.
more for number, 48.
not upon the order of your going,
122.
on your head, 781.
our gates, wide open, 798.
shadowless like silence, 594.
shouted some one from the, 856.
still my steed, 641.
the hazard of the die, 98.
to doubt, never, 203.
to your glasses steady, 756.
united we, 609.
upon his bottom, 265.
ye in the ways, 1027.
- Stands as never it stood, wind, 20.
as the case, 172.
not within the prospect of belief,
116.
on tiptoe, religion, 205.
pale in her bowers summer, 763.
Scotland where it did, 124.
so, the statue, 356.
tiptoe, jocund day, 108.
upon a slippery place, 79.
- Standard of the man, 303.
sheet, forever float that, 574.
unfurled her, to the air, 573.
- Standeth, thinketh he, 1037.
- Standing, as cheap sitting as, 292.
fast full of comfort, houses, 743.
jokes, wooden shoes are, 300.
on this pleasant lea, 476.
pond, mantle like a, 60.
pool, green mantle of the, 147.
upon the vantage ground of truth,
164.

- Standing with reluctant feet, 640.
 Stanhope's pencil writ, lines with,
 311.
 Stanley, approbation from Sir Hubert,
 457.
 charge Chester charge on, 490.
 Stanza, who pens a, 326.
 Staple of all wisdom, 409.
 of his argument, 56.
 Star, a bright particular, 73.
 a quenchless, forever bright, 596.
 and also there's a little, 831.
 bright, would I were, 577.
 constant as the northern, 112.
 desire of the moth for the, 567.
 dropped like a falling, 225.
 early drooped in the western sky,
 744.
 fair as a, 469.
 for every state, 687.
 give a name to every fixed, 54.
 glittering like the morning, 409.
 has waded through the shadows,
 833.
 heart that lurks behind a, 328.
 hitch your wagon to a, 620.
 in bigness as a, 230.
 in its embrace, had caught a, 867.
 in the sky, does not know a, 618.
 light of the Mæonian, 325.
 lovers love the western, 487.
 man is his own, 183.
 never, was lost here, 706.
 of dawn, a later, 485.
 of empire, westward the, 312.
 of Eternity the only star, 597.
 of its worship, still to the, 524.
 of life's tremulous ocean, 528.
 of peace return, 515.
 of resplendent front thy glorious,
 613.
 of smallest magnitude, 230.
 of the unconquered will, 639.
 on the breast of the river, 857.
 or two beside, a, 498.
 our life's, 477.
 our queen our rose our, 608.
 pinned with a single, 591.
 pins it with a, 591.
 round and perfect as a, 775.
 splendid a, 713.
 state for every, 687.
 strives to touch a, 29.
 sunset and evening, 685.
 that bids the shepherd, 243.
 that lights a desert pathway, 683.
 that ushers in the even, 163.
 thy soul was like a, 472.
 to guide the humble, a, 702.
 to stay the morning, 501.
 twinkling of a, 214.
 whose beam so oft has lighted me,
 524.
 Stars a music pealed, southern, 686.
 and kindly, have given, 608.
 are in the quiet skies, 631.
 are old, till the, 761.
 are singing golden hair to gray, 851.
 Stars, battlements bore, 479.
 beauty of a thousand, 41.
 before he shakes, down, 730.
 blesses his, 297.
 blossomed the lovely, 642.
 branch-charmed by the earnest,
 575.
 bright as the, that glow, 580.
 burns with glory of the, 835.
 cleanse me ye, 821.
 cut him out in little, 107.
 doubt thou the, are fire, 133.
 ever as a lake looks at the, 809.
 fairest of, 235.
 fault is not in our, 110.
 fought against Sisera, 1006.
 glows in the, 316.
 have lit the welkin dome, 574.
 have their time to set, 570.
 heaven of, 809.
 heaven's vault studded with, 568.
 her eyes as, 474.
 hide their diminished heads, 231.
 hide your diminished rays, 322.
 illuminate the sky, when, 597.
 in earth's firmament, 639.
 in empty night, sink those, 496.
 in her hair were seven, 769.
 in spite of nature and their, 211.
 in the sky for religion's sake, 741.
 in their courses, 1006.
 innumerable as the, 235.
 kings are like, 565.
 look on the sea, as, 632.
 look out upon the, 608.
 morning, sang together, 1009.
 my consorts are the sleepless, 725.
 of glory there, set the, 573.
 of human race, 414.
 of love, wholesome, 678.
 of midnight shall be dear, 469.
 of morning, 235.
 of morning sung, song the, 651.
 powdered with, 236.
 repairing, other, 236.
 rush out, the, 498.
 seen in the galaxy, 236.
 sentinel, set their watch, 515.
 shall fade away, 299.
 shall walk beneath the, 842.
 shine aloft like, 481.
 shooting, attend thee, 202.
 shot madly from their spheres, 57.
 sky studded with eternal, 743.
 so eloquently bright, quenchless,
 635.
 start from their spheres, 131.
 steal to their sovran seats, 823.
 that come once in a century, 732.
 that fight in their courses, 748.
 that round her burn, 300.
 the life-inclining, 38.
 the silent, go by, 791.
 the wakeful, 775.
 they fell like, 496.
 two, keep not their motion, 87.
 unutterably bright, 568.
 were more in fault than they, 287.

- Stars, when, illumine the sky, 597.
 which night's blue arch adorn, 424.
 who build beneath the, 309.
 whose dust is gold and pavement,
 236.
- Star-chamber matter of it, 44.
- Stare, stony British, 677.
- Starers, stupid, 319.
- Star-eyed science, 513.
- Star-gemmed, ruby-rimmed beryline
 buckets, 635.
- Starlight, by cloudless, 522.
 glittering, 234.
 of heaven above us, 714.
- Star-like eyes, 200.
- Star-proof branching elm, 250.
- Starriest souls disclose, lives obscure
 the, 38.
- Starry bath, 821.
 cope of heaven, 234.
 dome, in this world with, 841.
 dreaming, work grows fair through,
 761.
 Galileo with his woes, 545.
 girdle of the year, 513.
 host, that led the, 233.
 skies and cloudless climes, 551.
 sky, silence in the, 478.
 sky, under the wide and, 830.
 train, heaven's, 233.
 train, motion of his, 485.
 tree eternity, 816.
- Star-spangled banner, 517.
- Start a hare, to, 84.
 of the majestic world, 110.
 straining upon the, 91.
- Starts everything by, and nothing
 long, 268.
 't was wild by, 390.
- Started like a guilty thing, 126.
- Startles at destruction, 298.
- Startling genius, he had a, 839.
 possibilities, a world of, 826.
- Starve, catch cold and, 159.
 he'd, before he stole, 853.
 in ice, 228.
 with nothing, 60.
- Starved for heaven, 811.
- Star-y-pointing pyramid, 251.
- State, broken with the storms of, 100.
 certain guests of, 775.
 expectancy and rose of the, 136.
 falling with a falling, 336.
 for every star, 687.
 great interests of the, 579.
 great plot of, 263.
 hides from himself his, 365.
 high and palmy, of Rome, 126.
 high on a throne of royal, 226.
 House, Boston, 692.
 I am the, 1000.
 in Rome, devil to keep his, 110.
 in sober, 425.
 in whatsoever, I am, 847.
 man at his best, 1012.
 matters, touch no, 398.
 mock the air with idle, 383.
 naught in world or church or, 738.
- State, my business in this, 49.
 of life, duty in that, 1042.
 of man like a little kingdom, 111.
 of man, this is the, 99.
 of nature, war was the, 407.
 of war by nature, 290.
 pillar of, seemed a, 227.
 ruin or rule the, 267.
 sail on O ship of, 641.
 scandal waits on greatest, 161.
 ship of, to harbor sweep, 739.
 some service, I have done the, 156.
 some strange eruption to our, 126.
 star for every, 687.
 statesmen who pulled ruin on the,
 659.
 the rose of the fair, 136.
 thousand years to form a, 541.
 what constitutes a, 438.
 when the sun in all its, 758.
 where Venice sate in, 544.
 without king or nobles, 598.
- States dissevered discordant, 533.
 free and independent, 429.
 grandeur of these, their religion, 742.
 indestructible, 652.
 move slowly, 170.
 no more slave, 652.
 saved without the sword, 631.
 shaker of o'er-rank, 199.
 unborn, acted over in, 112.
 walls do not make, 438.
- State's collected will, 438.
 decrees, mould a mighty, 675.
- Stateliest and most regal argument,
 254.
- Stately and tall he moves, 868.
 battles, the flag of our, 748.
 homes of England, 569.
 kindly lordly friend, 806.
 mansions, build thee more, 690.
 pleasure-dome, 500.
 ship is seen no more, 810.
- Statesman and buffoon, 268.
 to give an account of themselves,
 927.
 too nice for a, 399.
 yet friend to truth, 323.
- Statesmanship to strike too soon, in,
 684.
- Statesmen at her council met, 665.
 minds of some of our, 518.
 talked, where village, 397.
 who pulled ruin on the state, 659.
- Station like the herald Mercury, 140.
 post of honour is a private, 298.
- Stations, abide and work in our, 727.
- Statists hold it baseness to write fair,
 145.
- Statuaries loved to copy, 590.
- Statue by his touch grew into youth,
 531.
 grows, more the, 955.
 of Cato, 927.
 of Newton stood, where the, 475.
 that enchants the world, 356.
- Statues, the world blooms with, 792.
- Statue-like repose, 694.

- Stature, each man makes his own, 309.
 tall, her, 556.
 toys of simulated, 659.
 undepressed in size, 479.
- Statute, the rigour of the, 47.
- Stay and the staff, 1025.
 I ask not to, 587.
 not to, 794.
 nothing that is can pause or, 647.
 of bread, the whole, 1025.
 of water, 1025.
 staff and the, 1025.
 those who to thy portals come, 798.
 who saw to wish her, 237.
 why should I, 824.
- Stayed, too late I, 464.
- Steadfast as the scene, 468.
- Steadied, my prudent course is, 735.
- Steadies with upright keel, she, 498.
- Steadily hastening towards immortality, good, 743.
- Steady gain of man, I see the, 650.
 temper, thy, 297.
- Steal a few hours from the night, 521.
 a shive of a cut loaf, 104.
 away give little warning, 433.
 away their brains, 152.
 away your hearts, 114.
 convey the wise it call, 45.
 foh a fico for the phrase, 45.
 from the world, 334.
 immortal blessing from her lips, 108.
 most authors, 325.
 my thunder, 282.
 to their sovran seats, 823.
 us from ourselves away, years, 330.
 young children, witches, 187.
- Steals from the thief, 151.
 my purse steals trash, who, 153.
- Stealing and giving odour, 74.
 forth in the midst of roses, 814.
 hands from picking and, 1042.
 still so gently o'er me, 875.
 will continue stealing, 739.
- Stealth, do good by, 329.
- Steam, unconquered, 424.
- Steam-engine in trousers, 461.
- Stedfast, would I were, as thou art, 577.
- Steed, farewell the neighing, 154.
 mounts the warrior's, 487.
 no more on thy, 624.
 stand still my, 641.
 that knows his rider, 542.
 threatens steed, 92.
- Steeds, mounting barbed, 95.
 to water at those springs, 159.
- Steel, as with triple, 228.
 but with hand of, 798.
 couch of war, flinty and, 151.
 foemen worthy of their, 491.
 grapple with hoops of, 129.
 heart is true as, 58.
 heart with strings of, 139.
 in complete, 131, 244.
 is one and strong and pure, 827.
 more than complete, 40.
- Steel, my man is as true as, 107.
 no workman, 535.
 nor poison can touch him further, 121.
 though locked up in, 94.
- Steep and thorny way, 129.
 my senses in forgetfulness, 89.
 no towers along the, 514.
 o'er bog or, 230.
 of Delphos, 251.
 on Sunium's marbled, 558.
 on the Indian, 243.
 where fame's proud temple shines, 428.
- Steeped in the sun, 857.
 me in poverty, 155.
 their souls in prayer, 665.
 to the lips in misery, 640.
- Steeple, looking at the, 556.
 weathercock on a, 44.
- Steeple point to the sky, 504.
- Steepy mountains, 40.
- Steer clear of permanent alliances, 425.
 from grave to gay, 320.
 from grave to light, 273.
 my bark and sail, thus I, 354.
 right onward, 252.
 the plough, who, 614.
- Stein on the table, with a, 847.
- Stem, moulded on one, 58.
- Stenches, two-and-seventy, 503.
- Step above the sublime, 431.
 aside is human, to, 448.
 first, which costs, 987.
 I see not a, before me, 808.
 more true, foot more light, 491.
 one, enough for me, 607.
 to the music of the Union, 599.
 was slow, and his, 646.
- Steps, beware of desperate, 423.
 brushing the dews with hasty, 386.
 come with thy soft slow, 764.
 echo of the sad, 481.
 grace was in all her, 237.
 hear not my, 119.
 Lord directeth his, 1018.
 morn her rosy, advancing, 234.
 of glory, who track the, 552.
 pilgrim, in amice gray, 241.
 safety walks in its, 460.
 thy, I follow with bosom bare, 392.
 to support uneasy, 224.
 tread with cautious, 362.
 were higher that they took, 269.
 what ghost invites my, 335.
 with fainting, they go, 398.
 with wandering, and slow, 240.
- Stephen Sly, 72.
 was a worthy peer, 406.
- Stepmother, merciless, 903.
- Stepped so far in blood, 123.
 to the sky, 723.
- Stepping o'er the bounds, 108.
- Stepping-stones, men may rise on, 673.
- Stept, a princelier-looking man never, 682.
- Sterile promontory, earth seems a, 134.

- Stern and distant shore, 856.
 and rock-bound coast, 569.
 god of sea, 253.
 ruin's ploughshare, 448.
 struggle, 771.
- Sterner stuff, made of, 113.
- Stern'st good-night, gives the, 119.
- Sterte out of his slepe to, 2.
- Sterten to, but on hole for to, 4.
- Stick, beat with fist instead of a, 209.
 close to your desks, 801.
 fell like the, 431.
 on conversation's burrs, 689.
- Sticking-place, screw your courage to
 the, 118.
- Stiff in opinions, 268.
 thwack, with many a, 211.
 upper lip, keep a, 758.
- Stiffen the sinews, 91.
- Stile, I'm sitting on the, 637.
- Still achieving still pursuing, 639.
 an angel appear, 305.
 and bright, the days are, 613.
 and quiet conscience, 99.
 and serious thought, 471.
 as I mused the naked room, 725.
 as night, attention, 227.
 beginning never ending, 272.
 beneath the waves, 819.
 celestial beam, 832.
 destroying fighting still, 272.
 from out yon clouded sky, 613.
 God is living working, 717.
 golden silence bid our souls be, 764.
 govern thou my song, 236.
 harping on my daughter, 133.
 looking back for it, 686.
 prayer of devotion, 524.
 sad music of humanity, 467.
 sech nights all white and, 736.
 seeds of godlike power are in us, 754.
 should I love thee, 791.
 small voice, 383, 1007.
 small voice in autumn's, 650.
 small voice spake unto me, 666.
 so gently o'er me stealing, 875.
 soliciting eye, 146.
 sow eats up all the draffe, 13.
 the fields grow greener, 750.
 the fitting word He speeds, 650.
 the same, its flash is, 610.
 the wonder grew, 397.
 their strength is to sit, 1026.
 to be neat still to be drest, 178.
 water is calm and, below, 580.
 waters, beside the, 1011.
 we see thee lie, how, 791.
- Stilled at even, 769.
- Stillness and the night, 65.
 everywhere, there is, 831.
 modest, and humility, 91.
 reigneth evermore, peaceful, 700.
 there is in, oft a magic, 607.
- Still-vexed Bermoothes, 42.
- Stilly night, oft in the, 523.
 sounds, the hum of either army, 91
- Sting, death where is thy, 335, 1038.
 no more, yearning of soul, 756.
- Sting, poison and, of things too sweet,
 760.
 that bids not sit nor stand, 710.
 thee twice, have a serpent, 64.
- Stings, a cruel bee that, 809.
 and motions of the sense, 47.
 disturb it, it, 780.
 never feels the wanton, 47.
 you for your pains, 313.
- Stinger, 't is a, 173.
- Stingeth like an adder, 1020.
- Stinks, well defined, 503.
- Stir, all hell for this shall, 93.
 as life were in 't, 125.
 fretful, unprofitable, 467.
 it, the more thou, 972.
 of the great Babel, 420.
 of this dim spot, smoke and, 243.
 the fire with a sword, 951.
 things that make the greatest, 839.
 without great argument, 142.
- Stirs the blood, for it, 6.
- Stirred at the whisper, the sap, 811.
 my heart is idly, 471.
 our hearts in youth, 819.
- Stirring, man fond of, 593.
- Stirrup and the ground, 870.
- Stitch stitch stitch, 594.
- Stithy, as foul as Vulcan's, 138.
- Stock of harmless pleasure, 369.
 of history, 486.
- Stocks and stones, worshipped, 252.
- Stocking all the day, 401.
- Stockings hung by the chimney, 527.
- Stoic fur, doctors of the, 246.
 of the woods, 516.
- Stoics boast, let, 317.
- Stoicism, the Romans call it, 298.
- Stole, and he'd starve before he, 853.
- Stolen, not wanting what is, 154.
 out of holy writ, 96.
 sweets are best, 297.
 waters are sweet, 1017.
 when the steed is, 13.
- Stomach for them all, 156.
 goes against my, 70.
 mutined against the, 910.
 my, is not good, 22.
 of unbounded, 100.
- Stomach's sake, wine for thy, 1040.
- Stone, a gift is as a precious, 1019.
 at his heels, 405.
 beneath the churchyard, 608.
 cold as any, 91.
 continual dropping wears away a,
 892.
 fling but a, the giant dies, 354.
 I only want a hut of, 689.
 in one hand bread in the other, 887.
 leave no, unturned, 1001.
 many a rich, laid up, 182.
 mark with a white, 975.
 of the corner, head, 1015.
 on stone, dig and heap lay, 753.
 rolling, gathers no moss, 14, 897.
 rolling his, up the mountain, 644.
 set in the silver sea, 81.
 tell where I lie, not a, 334.

- Stone, this precious, 81.
 to beauty grew, the, 614.
 two things stand like, 783.
 underneath this, doth lie, 178.
 unhewn and cold, 955.
 violet by a mossy, 469.
 virtue is like a rich, 167.
 waiting for the blow, 995.
 walls do not a prison make, 260.
 we raised not a, 563.
 which the builders refused, 1015.
- Stones, inestimable, 96.
 labour of an age, in piled, 251.
 music with the enamelled, 44.
 nor would make a state, 438.
 of Rome to rise, 114.
 of worth, like, 162.
 prate of my whereabouts, 119.
 rattle his bones over the, 599.
 sermons in, 67.
 stocks and, worshipped, 252.
- Stone's throw, within a, 973.
- Stone-wall Jackson, 1052.
- Stony limits cannot hold love out, 105.
- Stood a spell on one foot fust, 736.
 against my fire, 148.
 against the world, 113.
 aloof, they, 500.
 among them but not of them, 544.
 and gazed, 501.
 beside a cottage lone, 622.
 fixed to hear, 237.
 in Venice on the bridge of sighs,
 544.
 sufficient to have, 230.
 there wondering fearing, 656.
 upon Achilles' tomb, 558.
- Stooks, she stood amid the, 592.
- Stool, fettered to an office, 801.
- Stools, between two, 10.
 push us from our, 122.
 trying to sit on two, 10.
- Stoop, grief makes his owner, 79.
 wisdom is nearer when we, 479.
- Stoops not, the grass, 161.
 to folly, lovely woman, 403.
- Stooped to truth, 328.
- Stop a hole, might, 144.
 to sound what, she please, 138.
- Stops a moment yet the actor, 697.
 of various quills, 248.
- Stopped, all the tumult, 792.
- Stopping a bung-hole, 144.
- Store, basket and, 1006.
 heaven will bless your, 433.
 how grows in Paradise our, 569.
 is no sore, 11, 977.
 my heart and lute are all the, 525.
 of millet-seeds, 843.
 rich with little, 22.
 to increase his, 392.
 unguarded, the, 321.
- Stores as silent thought can bring,
 466.
- Stored up in books, 254.
 where grapes of wrath are, 747.
- Storied urn, can, 384.
 windows richly dight, 250.
- Stories from the land of spirits, 502.
 great lords', 454.
 long dull and old, 459.
 nature built many, 222.
 of the death of kings, 82.
 tall men are like houses of four, 170.
- Storm a strife, 783.
 after a, comes a calm, 284.
 after storm, 587.
 and darkness, night and, 544.
 cable that ne'er broke in, 217.
 directs the, 299, 331.
 how fierce soe'er, no rude, 700.
 like gathering, 451.
 midway leaves the, 397.
 of war was gone, when the, 465.
 pelting of this pitiless, 147.
 pilot that weathered the, 464.
 rides upon the, 423.
 spoiled with fitful, 792.
 sublime and terrible, 462.
 that howls along the sky, 392.
 that stood the, 526.
 whose might can reach, 820.
- Storms annoy, no loud, 367.
 give her to the god of, 688.
 he sought the, 267.
 may enter, the king cannot, 365.
 of fate, struggling in the, 336.
 of life, rainbow to the, 550.
 of state, broken with the, 130.
- Stormed and tore his hair, skipper, 724.
- Storm-waves on a stern and distant
 shore, 856.
- Stormy cape, round the, 356.
 March has come, 573.
 North, hills of the, 571.
 parent, 824.
 sea, to be tost on the, 652.
 seas, enchantress of the, 613.
 winds do blow, 176, 515.
- Story being done, my, 150.
 but that's another, 853.
 flows, divine thy, 345.
 God bless you, 464.
 honour is the subject of my, 110.
 I have none to tell, 464.
 is extant, the, 138.
 locks in the golden, 104.
 ne'er had been read in, 489.
 of Cambuscan bold, 250.
 of her birth, repeats the, 300.
 of my life, questioned me the, 150.
 of our days, shuts up the, 26.
 rough-island, 671.
 softness in the upper, 737.
 some pretty, tell, 535.
 teach him how to tell my, 151.
 will not go down, this, 363.
- Stout Cortez with eagle eyes, 576.
 courage will be put out, 26.
 miles, twelve, 472.
 not alive so, a gentleman, 87.
 once a month, 273.
- Straight down the crooked lane, 593.
 from absolution of faithful fight, 757.
 out of the ark, 460.
 plow deep and, with all, 622.

- Straight, strive to set the crooked, 789.
 Strain, along the reedy stream a half-
 heard, 577.
 at a gnat, 1032.
 of music, governed by a, 485.
 of rareness, a, 160.
 soft is the, 324.
 something like prophetic, 250.
 strive and hold cheap the, 710.
 that, again it had a dying fall, 74.
 the simplest can touch it, 525.
 Strains are telling, those blessed, 717.
 fall like sweet, or pensive, 614.
 heaven's melodious, 695.
 soul-animating, 485.
 sound, jocund, 786.
 that might create a soul, 245.
 Strained from that fair use, 106.
 quality of mercy is not, 64.
 Straining harsh discords, 108.
 his throat, 399.
 upon the start, 91.
 Strait is the gate, 1031.
 the gate, it matters not how, 829.
 Straitened him, an old love, 680.
 Strand, American, 205.
 fair Scotland's, 452.
 I walked along the, 375.
 India's coral, 536.
 maypole in the, 352.
 on the Chian, 503.
 the guardian Naiad of the, 490.
 wandering on a foreign, 488.
 Strange all this difference, 351.
 as truth, nothing so, 534.
 bedfellows, 43.
 but true, 't is, 560.
 coincidence, a, 559.
 cozenage, 276.
 disease of modern life, this, 754.
 eruptions, breaks forth in, 85.
 eventful history, that ends this, 69.
 fellows, nature hath framed, 59.
 land, stranger in a, 1005.
 matters, men may read, 117.
 oaths, soldier full of, 69.
 penance, 775.
 something rich and, 42.
 stuff ambition feeds, on what, 724.
 sweet lonely delight, 837.
 that death should sing, 80.
 that men should fear, 112.
 thing is man, 559.
 this is wondrous, 133.
 to think by the way, 769.
 truth is always, 560.
 't was passing strange, 150.
 what a man may do, 698.
 wild way, a, 837.
 stranger hither, a, 837.
 in a strange land, 1005.
 surety for a, 1017.
 tho' fiction, truth is, 560.
 yet to pain, 381.
 Strangers honoured, by, 335.
 I desire I may be better, 70.
 mourned, by, 335.
 to entertain, 1040.
 Strangest liberties, he takes the, 720.
 Stratagem, nor take tea without a,
 311.
 Stratagems and spoils, is fit for, 66.
 which errors seem, oft are, 323.
 Stratford atte bowe, scole of, 1.
 Straw, did not care one, 889.
 quarrel in a, 142.
 stumbles at a, 29.
 the soul tilts with a, 484.
 tickled with a, 318.
 to see which way the wind is, 195.
 Straws, errors like, 275.
 forms of hairs or, 327.
 Strawberries, doubtless God could
 have made a better berry, 208.
 what Dr. Boteler said of, 208.
 Strawberry wives, like the, 171.
 Stray from room to room, I, 841.
 Streakings of the morning light, 574.
 Stream, along the reedy, 577.
 as the leaf upon the, 491.
 at eve, by living, 357.
 in smoother numbers flows, 324.
 left to the mercy of a rude, 99.
 let us glide a-down thy, 538.
 of time, 455.
 runneth smoothest, where the, 33.
 runs fast, the, 518.
 summer eves by haunted, 249.
 thy, my great example, 257.
 which overflowed the soul, 481.
 Streams, by what eternal, 655.
 fresh from the hyaline, 636.
 from little fountains, large, 459.
 liquid lapse of murmuring, 237.
 meander, as, 635.
 more pellucid, 482.
 no resemblance with those, 257.
 of dotage flow, 365.
 of revenue gushed forth, 531.
 on craggy hills and running, 653.
 our congratulations flow in, 285.
 passions are likened to floods and,
 25.
 run dimpling all the way, 328.
 snow-hid in Jenooary, 737.
 their gravel gold, 257.
 Streamed like a meteor, 383.
 Streamers afloat and with canvas,
 623.
 waving, 242.
 Streaming eyes and breaking hearts,
 668.
 splendour, 496.
 to the wind, like a meteor, 224.
 Street, man in the, does not know,
 618.
 uttereth her voice in the, 1016.
 Streets, a lion is in the, 102.
 dogs fighting in the, 363.
 gibber in the Roman, 126.
 in thy dark, 792.
 mourners go about the, 1023.
 of Askelon, 1006.
 rattling o'er the stony, 542.
 truth never fell dead in the, 694.
 when night darkens the, 224.

- Streets, whirls through the empty, 714.
Strength, all below is, 270.
 be, as thy days so shall thy, 1006.
 excellent to have a giant's, 48.
 giant's unchained, 572.
 if by reason of, 1014.
 in every drop, there's life and, 610.
 is felt from hope, 340.
 is in your union, your, 645.
 is to sit still, their, 1026.
 king's name a tower of, 97.
 knowledge increaseth, 1020.
 labour and sorrow is their, 1014.
 lovely in your, 544.
 not, but art, 341.
 of heart and might of limb, 680.
 of mind is exercise, 317.
 of nerve or sinew, 482.
 of twenty men, 108.
 our castle's, will laugh a siege, 125.
 our refuge and, 1012.
 perfect in weakness, 1038.
 Phœbus in his, 77.
 profaned the God-given, 489.
 slight not, 172.
 to strength, they go from, 1013.
 to strive, 767.
 to the thought, adds, 312.
 tower of, 671.
 wears away, as my, 858.
 wisdom overmatch for, 901.
 without hands to smite, 805.
Strengthens our nerves, 411.
 with his strength, 317.
Strenuous life, doctrine of the, 840.
Stress of lies, the throng and, 791.
Stretch and spread and wink, 807.
 every nerve, 359.
 forth your open hands, 790.
 out to the crack of doom, 123.
Stretched metre of an antique song,
 161.
 on the rack, 332.
 upon the plain, 539.
Stretched-forth necks, 1025.
Strew gladness on the paths of men,
 839.
Strewed thy grave, 144.
Strewn beach, 769.
Stricken deer go weep, let the, 138.
 in age, well, 1005.
 in life's brave heat, 785.
Strictly snaps itself, vow that binds
 too, 680.
Stride, comes the dark at one, 498.
 on democracy, thunder on, 743.
Striding the blast, 118.
Strife, a sob a storm, a, 782.
 and longing at, 857.
 bitter dregs of, 790.
 brook's motion clear without, 716.
 clubs typical of, 420.
 dare the elements to, 550.
 death and life in ceaseless, 654.
 dust of, 786.
 full of pleasure, void of, 209.
 in, with many a valiant foe, 803.
 let there be no, 1004.
Strife, madding crowd's ignoble, 385.
 man of, 1027.
 none was worth my, 512.
 of tongues, 1011.
 of truth with falsehood, 732.
 on every field of, made red, 634.
 rest springs from, 786.
 to heal, no, 482.
 to mingle in its care and, 696.
 wage an undying, 607.
 who died overwhelmed in the, 745.
Strike, afraid to, 327.
 but hear, 909.
 for your altars, 561.
 home in the ambush, 47.
 mine eyes but not my heart, 178.
 shook but delayed to, 240.
 the blow, themselves must, 541.
 then no planets, 127.
 too soon is oft to miss, to, 684.
 when the iron is hot, 10.
 whilst the iron is hot, 10.
 with right good will, 846.
 with vengeful stroke, 743.
 you on such a morning, 701.
Strikes the Titans down, Jove, 704.
Strikest as a knight, because thou, 678.
Striking the electric chain, 545.
String attuned to mirth, 592.
 few can touch the magic, 689.
 hempen, under a gallows-tree, 184.
 moderation is the silken, 182.
 warbled to the, 250.
Strings, harp of thousand, 303.
 many, to your bow, 15.
 of steel, heart with, 139.
 remember what pulls the, 942.
 two, to his bow, 15.
Stringent, no laws however, 720.
Stripes, forty, save one, 1038.
 were a holy lesson, its, 748.
Strive here for mastery, 229.
 in strength to, 767.
 mightily, 72.
 to finish the work we are in, 661.
 to set the crooked straight, 789.
Strives to touch a star, 29.
Striving to better oft we mar, 146.
Strivings after better hopes, 819.
Stroke a nettle, 313.
 feel the friendly, 295.
 kept, to the tune of flutes, 157.
 no second, intend, 229.
 some distressful, 150.
 strike with vengeful, 743.
Strokes, calumnious, 129.
 fell great oaks, little, 360.
 many, though with a little axe, 94.
 overthrow tallest oaks, many, 32.
Stroll upon the beach, my life like a,
 722.
Strong, art subdues the, 344.
 as death, love is, 1024.
 as flesh and blood, 477.
 as proofs of holy writ, 154.
 battle is not to the, 1023.
 darkness is, and so is sin, 738.
 devouring of the weak by the, 773.

- Strong drink is raging, 1019.
 for service still, 419.
 in death, ruling passion, 321.
 in honesty, I am armed so, 114.
 men, not two, 337.
 minds great hearts, time demands,
 730.
 nor wester's blowing, 510.
 numbers pure and sweetly, 389.
 only to destroy, 421.
 roots, bound by, 797.
 sorrow and silence are, 643.
 suffer and be, 639.
 tempests blow, round misty islets,
 629.
 things bad begun make, themselves
 by ill, 121.
 to run the race, 531.
 upon the stronger side, 79.
 weak against the, 717.
 weak overcome the, 882.
 white sun, 844.
 will is free, is the soul, 754.
 wise man is, 1020.
 without rage, 257.
 ye are wondrous, 544.
 Stronger by weakness, 221.
 than my sex, 112.
 thought's a weapon, 718.
 Strongest, opinion of the, 983.
 works in weakest bodies, 141.
 Stronghold of merely ceremonial re-
 ligious, 634.
 Strongly it bears us along, 503.
 loves, suspects yet, 153.
 Strove and who failed, who, 746.
 Struck eagle, so the, 539.
 Strucken blind, he that's, 104.
 Struggle and flight, alarms of, 753.
 for existence, 663.
 for room and food, 663.
 hath deeper peace, 851.
 in a contemptible, 408.
 lessens human woe, each, 718.
 manhood is a, 628.
 naught availeth, say not the, 726.
 of discordant powers, 409.
 one sharp stern, 771.
 Struggles of wrath and greed, not, 748.
 Struggling for life, man, 370.
 in the storms of fate, 336.
 when, passions lower, 607.
 Strumpet wind, beggared by the, 62.
 wind, embraced by the, 62.
 Strung, harp at nature's advent, 651.
 pearls at random, 437.
 with his hair, Apollo's lute, 56.
 Strut before a wanton nymph, 95.
 Struts and frets his hour, 125.
 Stubble, built on, 245.
 land at harvest home, 83.
 Stubborn gift, 486.
 knees, bow, 139.
 patience, 228.
 things, facts are, 392, 986.
 unlaid ghost, 244.
 Studded with stars, 568.
 with the eternal stars, sky, 743.
 Student pale, turns no, 331.
 Studie was but litel on the bible, 2.
 Studied in his death, 117.
 men close, 772.
 never to be fairer, 35.
 Studies, children to be won to, 915.
 still air of delightful, 253.
 Studious let me sit, 356.
 of change, desultory man, 417.
 of ease, 859.
 to please, 366.
 Study brings man to religion, 222.
 in law's grave, 24.
 is a weariness of flesh, 1024.
 labour and intent, 253.
 of a prince, war the only, 407.
 of imagination, creep into his, 53.
 of learning, enflamed with the, 254.
 of mankind is man, 317.
 of revenge immortal hate, 223.
 slow of, 57.
 some brown, 32.
 to be quiet, 1039.
 what you most affect, 72.
 Stuff as dreams are made on, 43.
 disposer of other men's, 175.
 everything made of one hidden, 618.
 life is made of, 360.
 made of penetrable, 140.
 on what strange, ambition feeds,
 724.
 perilous, which weighs upon the
 heart, 125.
 should be made of sterner, 113.
 skimble-skamble, 85.
 the head with reading, 332.
 to try the soul's strength, 709.
 Stuffs out his vacant garments, 79.
 Stuffed, his critic who thought he was,
 723.
 Stumble, courage brother do not, 702.
 Stumbles at a straw, 29.
 Stumbling lingers slowly, age, 686.
 on abuse, 106.
 Stummucks, lazy fokes's, 828.
 Stuns, Niagara, 395.
 Stupendous manner, awfully, 861.
 whole, one, 316.
 Stupid eyes, stood with, 273.
 starers, 319.
 Stupidity, an access of, 371.
 be not guilty of, 965.
 the gods contend against, 990.
 Sturdy and stanch he stands, 831.
 Sty, fattest hog in Epicurus', 393.
 Style bewrays us, our, 186.
 is the dress of thoughts, 353.
 is the man himself, 1003.
 of man, highest, 308.
 refines, how the, 324.
 to attain an English, 369.
 Subdue, disease that must, 317.
 what will not time, 859.
 Subdues mankind, surpasses or, 543.
 Subdued, by time, 859.
 to what it works in, 163.
 Subduing tongue, tip of his, 163.
 Subject not a slave, 485.

- Subject of all verse, 179.
 of my story, honour is the, 110.
 such duty as the, owes, 73.
 to every doubt that can retard, 622.
 unlike my, shall be my song, 353.
 we know a, 372.
- Subjects, mankind are my, 660.
 wise, were their, 421.
- Subject's duty is the king's, 92.
 soul is his own, 92.
- Subjection, implied, 232.
- Sublime a thing to suffer, 639.
 and the ridiculous, 431.
 dashed to pieces, the, 505.
 fair large front and eye, 232.
 in his simplicity, 671.
 make our lives, 639.
 object all, 802.
- Schiller has the material, 505.
 tobacco, 555.
- Sublimely bad, fustian is, 327.
- Submission, yielded with coy, 232.
- Subsequent proceedings, 813.
- Subserved whatever occurs, liberty be,
 744.
- Substance might be called, 228.
 of his greatness, 198.
 of ten thousand soldiers, 97.
 of things hoped for, 1040.
 true, proves the, 324.
- Substantial honours, in more, 406.
 smile, one vast, 702.
 world, books are a, 477.
- Subtle master under heaven, no more,
 681.
 ways I keep and pass, 617.
- Subtlety of intellect, 812.
- Suburb of the life elysian, 642.
- Succeeding, no son of mine, 121.
- Success, as a singist I am not a, 787.
 heaven is to give, 338.
 in practice, 816.
 in smallest matter, 942.
 is man's god, 881.
 men judged by their, 981.
 not in mortals to command, 297.
 nothing succeeds like, 1050.
 of any great moral enterprise, 634.
 secret of, is constancy, 625.
 seemed born for, 616.
 self-trust first secret of, 621.
 things ill got had ever bad, 95.
 which includes all others, 627.
 wisdom from failure more than, 721.
 with his surcease, 118.
- Successful experiment, full tide of,
 435.
 soldier, 494.
- Successive rise and fall, 338.
 title long and dark, 268.
- Successors gone before him, 44.
- Succour dawns from heaven, 492.
 us that succour want, 28.
- Such a logical way, built in, 691.
 a questionable shape, 130.
 a tide as moving, but, 685.
 and so various, 391.
 apt and gracious words, 55.
- Such as sleep o' nights, 111.
 as words could never utter, 697.
 fine mould that if, of, 684.
 has, longing to be mated, 750.
 knowing thee for, 791.
 master such man, 20.
 mistress such Nan, 21.
 songs as she heard in dreams, 636.
 things to be, 675.
- Suck forth my soul, 41.
 my last breath, 333.
- Sucks, where the bee, 43.
- Suckets, many mellow cydonian, 635.
- Sucking dove, gently as any, 57.
- Suckle fools and chronicle small beer,
 151.
- Suckled in a creed outworn, 476.
- Sucklings, babes and, 1010.
- Sudden a thought came, 575.
 and quick in quarrel, 69.
 commendations, good at, 101.
 frown, 793.
 odour reeled, night with, 686.
 thought, some, 810.
 thought strikes me, 462.
- Suddenly there came a tapping, 655.
- Suffer a sea change, 42.
 and be strong, 639.
 for a high cause to, 746.
 hell I, seems a heaven, 231.
 hope of all who, 649.
 lot of man to, 342.
 nobler in the mind to, 135.
 one bright hour to waste, nor, 696.
 the sea and the rains, 818.
 those who inflict must, 566.
 wet damnation, 34.
 who breathes must, 289.
- Suffers the soul profits by what the
 body, 772.
- Sufferance, corporal, 48.
 is the badge of all our tribe, 61.
- Suffered much, he who has, 346.
- Sufferer, best of men was a, 182.
- Suffering ended with the day, her, 694.
 sad humanity, 640.
 tears to human, dull, 482.
 they learn in, 566.
 to be weak is miserable doing or,
 223.
- Sufferings, knowledge by, entereth,
 657.
 poets grow by their, 216.
 to each his, 381.
- Suffice, could not one, 306.
- Sufficiency, an elegant, 358.
 to be so moral, no man's, 53.
- Sufficient to have stood, 230.
 understand me that he is, 61.
 unto the day, 1030.
- Suffusion from that light, 502.
- Sugar o'er the devil himself, 135.
 oil vinegar saltness and, 399.
- Suggestions, butterfly, 849.
- Suicide is confession, 533.
 no refuge from confession but, 533.
- Suing long to bide, hell it is in, 29.
- Suit lightly won, 489.

- Suit of sables, 138.
 the action to the word, 137.
- Suits of solemn black, 127.
 of woe, trappings and the, 121.
 out of, with fortune, 66.
 rogues in buckram, 84.
- Sullein mind, musing in his, 28.
- Sullen dame, our sulky, 451.
 roar, 856.
- Sullenness against nature, 254.
- Sulphur, land of oat-cakes and, 459.
- Sultans, poets are, 258.
- Sum, no inconsiderable, 778.
 of all villanies, 359.
 of earthly bliss, 238.
 of human things, 437.
 of living, makes up the, 763.
 of more, giving thy, 67.
 of Shakespeare's wit, 616.
- Summer air, saddening the, 790.
 beautiful early, weather, 599.
 bird-cage, 180.
 comes with flower and bee, 571.
 day was spoiled, 792.
 dream, sprite begotten of, 865.
 dust, dry as, 479.
 eternal, gilds them yet, 557.
 eyes by haunted stream, 249.
 friends, like 204.
 in, quite the other way, 829.
 in, whole flocks come, 799.
 last rose of, 521.
 life's a short, 366.
 made glorious, 95.
 night, sound loves to revel in a, 654.
 nights, dews of, 426.
 of her age, in the, 276.
 of your youth, 378.
 one swallow maketh not, 17.
 pale in her bowers, stands, 763.
 redundant blueness abundant, 713.
 skies are darkly blue, 613.
 splendid, of its noiseless might, 846.
 surely 't is better when, 588.
 sweet as, 101.
 thou that bring'st the, 790.
 thy eternal, shall not fade, 161.
 't is, 810.
 with flowers that fell, 805.
- Summers dead, wind wails in winter
 for, 729.
 in a sea of glory, 99.
 raw inclement, 291.
 some nineteen short, ago, 750.
- Summer's cloud, like a, 122.
 day, as one shall see in a, 51.
 day, hath a, 259.
 day, the end of a, 770.
 eve, one, 622.
 golden languor, 829.
 heat, fantastic, 81.
 morn, like a, 502.
 noontide air, 227.
 queen, would grace a, 492.
 ripening breath, 106.
 rose or vernal bloom, 230.
 wonder-land, 854.
- Summer-time, thou spirit of the, 770.
- Summit, from the eastern, 861.
 linger and play on its, 529.
 of art, 995.
 round by round, mount to its, 730.
- Summon from the shadowy past, 641.
 up remembrance, 161.
 up the blood, 91.
- Summons, thee to heaven or to hell,
 119.
 upon a fearful, 126.
 when thy, comes, 572.
- Summum nec metuas diem, 240.
- Sumptuous variety, 796.
 wreaths to the dead, 843.
- Sun, a blind spinner in the, 779.
 a duty to worship, 812.
 all except their, is set, 557.
 and shade, through, 670.
 as comes to me or cloud or, 630.
 as the, drew the morning dew, 270.
 aweary of the, 'gin to be, 126.
 bales unopened to the, 307.
 before the worshipped, 104.
 behold for the last time the, 533.
 benighted under the midday, 244.
 between the sundawn and the, 805.
 but brings the constant, 715.
 cannot be looked at with a steady
 eye, 980.
 can not feel the, 717.
 candle to the, 191, 263, 311.
 children of the, 311.
 clouds around the setting, 478.
 clouds which seem pavilions of the,
 631.
 common, the air the skies, 386.
 courses even with the, 178.
 crimsoned by the setting, 802.
 declines, our wishes lengthen as
 our, 309.
 dedicate his beauty to the, 104.
 dewdrop from the, 486.
 doth pale his light, the, 722.
 doubt the, doth move, 133.
 dropp'd from the zenith, 225.
 dry, dry wind, 21.
 early rising, 202.
 fruit I bore was the, 926.
 give me the splendid silent, 743.
 go down upon your wrath, 347.
 goes round, take all the rest the,
 220.
 gorgeous as the midsummer, 86.
 grow dim with age, 299.
 grows cold, till the, 761.
 had risen to hear him crow, thought,
 730.
 half in, half in shade, 523.
 has a right to set, 787.
 has left the lea, the, 494.
 he sendeth, he sendeth shower, 630.
 hills ancient as the, 572.
 himself will pass, and the, 683.
 hooting at the glorious, 501.
 impearls on every leaf, 235.
 in all his state, 694.
 in his coming, meet the, 529.
 in my dominions never sets, 990.

- Sun in the firmament, knowledge is the, 530.
 in the lap of Thetis, 213.
 into the warm, 17, 971.
 is a thief, 109.
 Juliet is the, 105.
 lands of, to lands of snows, 751.
 let others hail the rising, 387.
 little window where the, 592.
 livery of the burnished, 62.
 loss of the, 353.
 love is nature's second, 35.
 low descending, 874.
 magic potent over, 482.
 more worshipped the rising, 912.
 myself in Huncamunca's eyes, 363.
 nebulous star we call the, 672.
 never assisted the, in rising, 722.
 never sets in Spanish dominions, 495.
 never sets on the empire of Charles V., 990.
 no new thing under the, 1022.
 no, no moon no morn, 595.
 not polluted, 950.
 of heaven shall shine, 101.
 of righteousness, 1028.
 of York, 95.
 on the upland lawn, 386.
 passes through dirty places, 169.
 pay no worship to the garish, 107.
 pleasant the, 233.
 pleasant to behold the, 1023.
 reflecting upon the mud, 169.
 sets to rise again, my, 713.
 setting, and music at the close, 81.
 setting and rising, 933.
 shall not smite thee by day, 1016.
 shine sweetly on my grave, 428.
 shines always there, and the, 638.
 shines everywhere, the, 76.
 shines, make hay when the, 10, 973.
 shineth upon the dunghill, 169.
 shut doors against a setting, 109.
 snatches from the, 109.
 spinsters and knitters in the, 75.
 spots and clouds in the, 189.
 steeped in the, 857.
 sweetheart of the, 592.
 tapers to the, 443.
 that side the, is upon, 523.
 the glory of the, 828.
 the, is a-wait, 817.
 the strong white, 844.
 tinged by the rising, 578.
 to me is dark, 241.
 to spy my shadow in the, 96.
 to-morrow's, may never rise, 295.
 true as the dial to the, 215, 306.
 unpolluted, 169.
 up rose Emilie and up rose the, 2.
 upon an Easter-day, 256.
 upon the upland lawn, 386.
 walk about the orb like the, 76.
 walks under the midday, 244.
 warms in the, 316.
 web that whitens in the, 526.
 when the, in all its state, 758.
- Sun which passeth through pollutions, 169.
 will pierce the thickest cloud, 711.
 with his planets in chime, 664.
 with the setting, 225.
 world without a, 513.
 Suns bright, may scorch, 610.
 earth could not bear two, 918.
 light of setting, 467.
 process of the, 669.
 systemed, 816.
 that gild the vernal morn, 424.
 to light me rise, 316.
 Sun's bravado, the, 855.
 last rays are fading, 869.
 rim dips, the, 498.
 Sunbeam in a winter's day, 358.
 soiled by outward touch, 253.
 Sunbeams, notes that people the, 249.
 out of cucumbers, 291.
 through the fringes raining, 613.
 Sunburnt mirth, song and, 575.
 Sun-crowned, tall men, 730.
 Sundawn and the sun, between the, 805.
 Sunday from the week divide, 126.
 gay, 993.
 killing a mouse on, 1048.
 shines no Sabbath day, 326.
 Sundays, begin a journey on, 293.
 observe, 205.
 Sundry contemplation of my travels, 70.
 Sunflower fame is the scentless, 691.
 turns on her god, 520.
 Sung a song that you have, 791.
 ballads from a cart, 274.
 from morn till night, 427.
 or said, that ever were, 647.
 painted wrought his close, 650.
 song the stars of morning, 651.
 songs we, 792.
 sweeter than any, my songs, 651.
 under the sea, 521.
 Sunium's hight, wrote on, 511.
 marbled steep, 558.
 Sunk and here we are, Nantucket's, 724.
 Sunless land, sunshine to the, 486.
 retreats of the ocean, 524.
 sea, down to a, 500.
 Sunlight drinketh dew, as, 666.
 yet the moonlight is the, 683.
 Sun-loved rill, 771.
 Sunneshine, flies of estate and, 204.
 Sunniest weather, bless you with the, 609.
 Sunny as her skies, 554.
 floating hair, 832.
 fountains, Afric's, 536.
 openings, spots of, 536.
 weather, sad thoughts and, 741.
 years, life formed of, 662.
 Sunrise never failed, 792.
 Sunset and evening star, 685.
 of life, 't is the, 514.
 tree, come to the, 570.

- Sunset's turquoise marge, 850.
 Sunshine and in shade, in, 653.
 aye shall light the sky, 718.
 broken in the rill, 526.
 dreaming upon Salmon's height, 757.
 follows the rain, 728.
 in one eternal, 571.
 in the shady place, 27.
 is a glorious birth, the, 477.
 makes 'em all sweet-scented, 737.
 of the breast, 381.
 of thine eyes, 832.
 settles on its head, eternal, 397.
 the soul's calm, 319.
 time asleep in afternoon, 776.
 to the sunless land, 486.
 Sunshine's divine caress, 848.
 Supercilious, my sanctum, 595.
 Superfluities, happiness lies in, 924.
 Superfluity comes sooner by white
 hairs, 60.
 that questionable, smallbeer, 612.
 Superfluous lags the veteran, 365.
 the, very necessary thing, 987.
 Superior, soul walk free and own no,
 744.
 Superiority of educated men, 948.
 Superstition, main pillars of priest-
 craft and, 634.
 Superstitions, new truths end as, 762.
 Supinely stay, fools, 444.
 Supped full with horrors, 125.
 Supper, man made after, 90.
 nourishment called, 54.
 proper time for, 949.
 what say you to such a, 561.
 Suppliance of a minute, 129.
 Supply, last and best, 322.
 on promise of, 88.
 Support of the state governments,
 435.
 what is low, raise and, 223.
 Supposes that, if the law, 702.
 Sups and goes to bed, 263.
 Surcease, success with his, 118.
 Sure and certain hope, 1043.
 and firm-set earth, 119.
 as a gun, 277, 972.
 card he's a, 277.
 he's a talented man, 609.
 make assurance double, 123.
 of, what a man has he is, 977.
 Sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
 death, 744.
 Surely God endures forever, 738.
 't is better when summer, 588.
 you'll grow double, 466.
 Surer to prosper, 226.
 Surest road to national downfall, 693.
 Surety for a stranger, 1017.
 Surface flow, straws upon the, 275.
 look beneath the, 939.
 Surfeit out of action, 102.
 reigns, no crude, 245.
 with too much, 60.
 Surfeiting the appetite may sicken, 74.
 Surge may sweep, where'er the, 542.
 port beyond the, 802.
 Surge, whose liquid, resolves, 109.
 Surges lash the sounding shore, 324.
 Surgeons keep their instruments, as,
 936.
 Surgery, honour no skill in, 87.
 hurt past all, 152.
 Surging sea outweighs, the, 618.
 Surpass, nothing earthly could, 550.
 Surpasses or subdues, 543.
 Surpassed, man shall be, 997.
 Surpassing beauty, 888.
 Surprise, eyes radiant with glad, 788.
 our hearts in glad, 646.
 that testified, 273.
 Surprises, millions of, 205.
 Surprising, it's not at all, 720.
 Surrender it voluntarily, not to, 586.
 unconditional, 752.
 Surrenders, dies but never, 1002.
 Survey, monarch of all I, 416.
 our empire, 550.
 Survival of the fittest, 663, 773.
 Survive or perish, live or die, 530.
 Suspect, ornament of beauty is, 162.
 teaches them, 62.
 Suspects yet strongly loves, 153.
 Suspended oar, drip of the, 543.
 Suspicion, Cæsar's wife above, 913.
 haunts the guilty mind, 95.
 sleeps at wisdom's gate, 231.
 Sustain, earth joys for ever to, 788.
 Swain, dull, treads on it daily, 245.
 frugal, 392.
 remote from cities lived a, 348.
 Swaller we might our principles, 735.
 Swallow a camel, 1032.
 and blow at the same moment, 701.
 by flying, as the, 1020.
 one, maketh not summer, 17.
 that come before the, 77.
 swallow's wings, flies with, 97.
 Swallowed a ramrod, 930.
 Swallow-flights of song, 675.
 Swam before my sight, 333.
 in a gondola, 71.
 Swamps, Oswego spreads her, 395.
 Swan and shadow, float double, 474.
 cygnet to the pale faint, 80.
 double beauty whenever a, 592.
 Jupiter in the form of a, 32.
 Mantuan, ages ere the, 414.
 of Avon, sweet, 179.
 on still St. Mary's lake, 474.
 spreads his snowy sail, the, 580.
 to act the part of a, 929.
 Swans are geese, all our, 188.
 geese are, and swans are geese, 754.
 seem whiter when by crows, 967.
 Swan-like end fading in music, 63.
 let me sing and die, 558.
 Swap horses, not best to, 661.
 Swarm, not good for the bee not for
 the, 940.
 Swashing and martial outside, 66.
 blow, remember thy, 104.
 Swap, above this sceptred, 64.
 give solely sovereign, 117.
 gold hath, we all obey, 652.

- Sway, impious men bear, 298.
 little rule a little, 358.
 no limit to their, 550.
 of magic potent, 482.
 peace and pride of, 339.
 prevailed with double, 397.
 required with gentle, 232.
 sweeping whirlwind's, 383.
 thousand chances that may, 579.
 with absolute, 858.
- Swear an eternal friendship, 462, 984.
 by yonder blessed moon, I, 106.
 enough to make a deacon, 737.
 I eat and eat, I, 93.
 I think there is nothing but immor-
 tality, 745.
 not by the moon, 106.
 to me that ye, 579.
 to that in France, they'll, 609.
 to the truth of a song, 287.
 when you rant and, 274.
- Swears a prayer or two, 105.
 with so much grace, 281.
- Sweareth to his own hurt, 1010.
- Sweat but for promotion, 67.
 for duty not for meed, 67.
 muck of, 402.
 of my brows, 971.
 of thy face, in the, 1004.
 under a weary life, 136.
- Sweats to death, Falstaff, 84.
- Sweaty haste, 126.
- Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens,
 67.
 ship of state to harbor, 739.
 through her marble halls, 645.
- Sweeps a room, who, 204.
 clean, new broom, 16.
 from the forest the leaves, 715.
- Sweeping round from place to place,
 797.
 whirlwind's sway, 383.
- Sweet Afton, flow gently, 449.
 Alice whose hair was so brown, 747.
 all that's, was made to be lost, 522.
 and bitter fancy, food of, 71.
 and cunning hand, nature's own, 74.
 and fair she seems to be, 220.
 and fair, so wondrous, 220.
 and for love, love, 744.
 and musical as Apollo's lute, 56.
 and twenty, kiss me, 75.
 and virtuous soul, 204.
 and voluble is his discourse, 55.
 and white, sunshine not so, 757.
 apples anthosmial divine, 635.
 approach of even, 230.
 are the uses of adversity, 67.
 are the words of love, 793.
 as English air could make her, 672.
 as summer, 101.
 as the primrose, 398.
 as year by year we lose, 569.
 attractive grace, 232.
 attractive kinde of grace, 23.
 Auburn loveliest village, 395.
 beautiful as, 308.
 bells chime, last we heard the, 597.
- Sweet bells jangled out of tune, 136.
 bitter past more welcome is the, 74.
 but then how it was, 711.
 by distance made more, 477.
 childish days, 470.
 civilities of life, 273.
 closing of an eye, yet the, 700.
 content passing all wisdom, 622.
 converse of an innocent mind, 577.
 counsel together, we took, 1012.
 cruelly, are the echoes, 724.
 day so cool so calm, 204.
 days and roses, 204.
 discourse, Sydneian showers of, 259.
 disorder in the dress, 201.
 every, its sour, 404.
 flowers are springing, 524.
 food of knowledge, 34.
 full of, desolation-balmy pain, 577.
 girl graduates, 672.
 golden goblet found growing, 635.
 good-will, 794.
 happy children you will rise, 696.
 has its sour, every, 619.
 head, turn not away that, 605.
 hear melodies are, 576.
 I fear to love you, 841.
 imperious mouth whose haughty,
 613.
 in cadence, upon the ear, 422.
 in communion, 235.
 in discourse more, 228.
 in every whispered word, 551.
 in faith to muse, 569.
 in his mouth, wickedness, 1009.
 indifference, 816.
 influences of Pleiades, 1010.
 is death who puts, and, 680.
 is every sound, 673.
 is half so, 791.
 is pleasure after pain, 271.
 is revenge to women, 556.
 is solitude, how passing, 416.
 is the breath of morn, 233.
 is true love tho' given, 680.
 keen smell, 769.
 land of liberty, 654.
 little cherub sits up aloft, 436.
 little fool, 823.
 love is dead, 770.
 lovely fair and smellest so, 155.
 May, 779.
 mellifluous milking of the cow, 839.
 mother-land which, for that, 682.
 milk of concord, 124.
 mood, in that, 466.
 morsel under his tongue, 283.
 not lasting, 129.
 notes of the harpers ring, 587.
 nothing half so, in life, 521.
 peril, 780.
 Phosphor bring the day, 203.
 plaintive melody, like some, 587.
 poison for the age's tooth, 78.
 poison of misused wine, 243.
 psalmist of Israel, 1007.
 reluctant amorous delay, 232.
 repast and calm repose, 386.

- Sweet, revenge at first though, 238.
 rose would smell as, 105.
 shady side of Pall Mall, 432.
 silent thought, sessions of, 161.
 simplicity of the three per cents, 629.
 sipping only what is, 617.
 sleep of a labouring man is, 1022.
 smels al around, 28.
 so coldly, so deadly fair, 548.
 so soft so hushed, so, 725.
 so, was ne'er so fatal, 156.
 softly, in Lydian measures, 272.
 solitude is, 416.
 sorrow, parting is such, 106.
 soul shining through them, 780.
 sound, o'er my ear like the, 74.
 south, o'er my ear like the, 74.
 spring full of sweet days, 204.
 sting of things too, 160.
 stolen waters are, 1017.
 strains or pensive smiles, 614.
 swan of Avon, 179.
 sweets to the, 144.
 tears, fountain of, 469.
 thanking the Lord for a life so, 749.
 the dream of home, 525.
 the lily grows, how, 533.
 the moonlight sleeps, how, 65.
 the truth those blessed, how, 717.
 their memory still, 422.
 things should be fleet, that such,
 807.
 time of grace, and that, 686.
 time sad time, 587.
 to hear the watch-dog's bark, 556.
 to live with them is far less, 521.
 to make the end most, 80.
 to wear a crown, 94.
 tooth in his head, 33.
 truly the light is, 1023.
 understanding, for thy more, 54.
 upon the ear in cadence, 422.
 voices, your most, 103.
 will, at his own, 470.
 with musk-roses and eglantine, 58.
 your song is passing, 791.
 Sweets, and all its, are gone, 577.
 compactd lie, where, 204.
 diffuse their balmy, 398.
 feast of nectared, 245.
 fly lost in the, 348.
 in every fold, rose with, 691.
 last taste of, is sweetest last, 81.
 of Burn-mill meadow, 474.
 of forgetfulness, 428.
 stolen, are best, 297.
 to the sweet, 144.
 wilderness of, 235.
 Sweeten my imagination, 148.
 present joy, 597.
 this little hand, 124.
 Sweetened by gravity, his smile is, 729.
 by risk, 776.
 every musk-rose, 245.
 Sweetener of life, 354.
 Sweeter for thee despairing, 452.
 his thoughts, 793.
 manners purer laws, with, 676.
 Sweeter, pains of love be, 276.
 rose in the bud is, 33.
 silence, is than speech, 765.
 than any sung my songs, 651.
 than honey, 1011.
 than the lids of Juno's eyes, 77.
 thy voice, 673.
 woman ne'er drew breath, a, 749.
 Sweetest flowers in all the world, 807.
 flowres in the forrest, 28.
 garland to the sweetest maid, 314.
 her smile is the, 586.
 melodies are those, 477.
 of all, 793.
 place, out of the, 857.
 Shakespeare fancy's child, 249.
 thing on earth, 826.
 thing that ever grew, 472.
 well-a-day the, melody, 605.
 Sweetheart light of the land and the
 sea, 821.
 of the sun, 592.
 Tray Blanch and, 147.
 Sweetly, ful, in hire nose, 1.
 moved so, to the West, 579.
 played in tune, 451.
 she bade me adieu, 380.
 sing, brightly smile, 563.
 uttered knowledge, 34.
 were forsworn, 49.
 Sweetness and light, 291.
 and light, perfect pursuit of, 755.
 in the desert air, 385.
 instil a wanton, 357.
 linked, long drawn out, 249.
 loathe the taste of, 86.
 of proportion, preserving the, 178.
 on the desert air, 385.
 yieldeth proof, 484.
 Swell, and with its mighty, 577.
 bosom with thy fraught, 155.
 music with its voluptuous, 542.
 the soul to rage, 272.
 Swells from the vale, cliff that, 397.
 the gale, note that, 386.
 the note of praise, 384.
 Swelling, act, prologues to the, 116.
 and limitless billows, 503.
 angelic songs are, 717.
 of fresh life within, age, 760.
 of the voiceful sea, 503.
 Swept by great seas, 797.
 with confused alarms, 753.
 Swift as a shadow, 57.
 expires a driveller and a show, 365.
 feet walks, youth with, 686.
 is less than to be wise, 341.
 race is not to the, 1023.
 sword, lightning of His terrible, 747.
 time too, 24.
 to hear, be, 1041.
 too, arrives as tardy as too slow, 107.
 true hope is, 97.
 Swifter than a weaver's shuttle, 1008.
 Swiftly glides the bonnie boat, 862.
 Swiftness, curb his, 572.
 never ceasing, O, 24.
 Swift-winged arrows of light, 416.

- Swim before my sight, temples, 333.
 how we apples, 291.
 in, naughty night to, 147.
 on the beaker's brim, bubbles that,
 633.
 sink or, live or die, 530.
 to yonder point, 110.
- Swims bearing high above, 704.
 or sinks or wades, 230.
 whenever a swan, 593.
- Swimmer in his agony, 557.
- Swimmingly, matters will go, 977.
- Swine, pearls before, 1030.
 shear, all cry and no wool, 211.
 too rich a pearl for carnal, 213.
- Swine's snout, jewel in a, 1018.
- Swing, thought no v'ice hed sech a, 736.
- Swinged the dragon, 78.
- Swinges the scaly horror, 251.
- Swinging round the circle, 866.
- Swinish gluttony, 246.
 multitude, 410.
- Swirls of musk, 833.
- Swoop, at one bold, 799.
 at one fell, 124.
- Sword against nation, 1024.
 blood drawn with the, 662.
 chase brave employment with a
 naked, 205.
 edge sharper than the, 160.
 famous by my, 257.
 flesh his virgin, 346.
 fleshed thy maiden, 87.
 glorious by my, 257.
 glued to my scabbard, 194.
 good, rust, 502.
 has laid him low, another's, 514.
 I with, will open, 45.
 lightning of his terrible swift, 747.
 on high and brow with purpose, 739.
 pen mightier than the, 631.
 stir the fire with a, 951.
 take away the, 631.
 that ever buckled, 726.
 the avenging, unsheathe, 990.
 the brave man draws, 339.
 the brave man with a, 836.
 the deputed, 47.
 to the fagot and the, 798.
 worse than the, 189.
- Swords into ploughshares, 1024.
 leaped from their scabbards, 409.
 sheathed their, for lack of argument,
 91.
 twenty of their, 105.
- Sworn twelve, 47.
- Sycamore-tree, under a, 406.
- Sydneian showers, 259.
- Syene Meroe Nilotic isle, 240.
- Syllabes jar with time, 180.
- Syllable, chase a panting, 416.
 men's names, 243.
 No, could not pronounce that, 916.
 of recorded time, to the last, 125.
- Syllables govern the world, 196.
- Sylvia in the night, except I be by, 44.
- Symbols and in signs, nature speaks
 in, 650.
- Symbols know, 'gainst tyrants its, 748.
- Sympathetic tear, the, 387.
 tears, sacred source of, 382.
- Sympathy cold to distant misery, 430.
 the silver link the secret, 488.
 with sounds, in souls, 421.
- Symphony, playmates glad, 848.
- Synonym for the devil, 600.
- Syrops, lucent, 575.
- Syrups, drowsy, of the world, 154.
- System, hub of the solar, 692.
 the energies of our, 828.
- Systems into ruin hurled, 315.
- Systemed suns, 816.
- T, fitted him to a, 375.
 performed to a, 958.
- Tabernacles of Israel, 1005.
- Tabitha, disciple named, 1035.
- Table, crumbs which fall from the,
 1032.
 earth, whose, 555.
 general joy of the whole, 122.
 head of the, 976.
 of my memory, 132.
 on a roar, set the, 144.
 round, I know the, 679.
 write it before them in a, 1026.
- Tables, make it plain upon, 1028.
 my, meet it is, 132.
 near a thousand, pined, 465.
 the marriage, 128.
- Table-talk, serve for, 64, 961.
- Tackle trim, sails filled, 242.
- Tadpole poet, 808.
- Tail, baited with a dragon's, 217.
 eel of science by the, 331.
 fox when he lost his, 186.
 go to the ground, 10.
 he had a, 818.
 horror of his folded, 251.
 monstrous, our cat has got, 285.
 of rhyme, dock the, 688.
- Tails of both hung down behind, 510.
 of sparrows, salt upon the, 291.
- Tailless fox, 808.
 man, a, 818.
- Tailor lown, he called the, 152.
- Tailor's news, swallowing a, 80.
- Taint, let not one, remain in spirit,
 821.
 with fear, I cannot, 124.
- Tainted, in law what plea so, 63.
 wether of the flock, 64.
- Take all the gifts, 790.
 all the rest, 220.
 any shape but that, 122.
 away the sword, 631.
 better to give than to, 11.
 care, a maiden fair to see, 648.
 care of the pence, 352.
 care of the sense, 782.
 comfort, 792.
 doctors give what they would, 691.
 each man's censure, 130.
 heed lest he fall, 1037.
 her up tenderly, 595.
 him for all in all, 128.

- Take I give it willingly, 992.
 I wish you'd, me, 590.
 it as it comes, 802.
 just, a trifling handful, 765.
 knowledge we must snatch not, 320.
 mine ease in mine inn, 86.
 no note of him, 52.
 no note of time, 306.
 note take note O world, 154.
 O boatman thrice thy fee, 992.
 O take those lips away, 49.
 physic pump, 147.
 seriously, ape whom none, 729.
 some savage woman, 669.
 some to pleasure, 321.
 the current when it serves, 115.
 the good the gods provide thee, 272.
 the prison'd soul, 244.
 the whole range of imagination, 699.
 their grace, from which they, 664.
 thine ease eat drink, 1016.
 time enough, 351.
 to following where He leads, 788.
 what they would give, lawyers, 691.
 what Thou wilt away, 421.
 who have the power, they should,
 473.
 ye each a shell, 334, 986.
 you a button-hole lower, 56.
 your place there, creep home and,
 729.
 Takes his leave, but never, 720.
 off his shoes, he who sees, 659.
 the strangest liberties, he, 720.
 Taken at the flood, 115.
 that which he hath shall be, 1033.
 to be well shaken when, 454.
 Takin' notes, a chiel's amang ye, 449.
 Taking and in giving, just in, 763.
 capacity of, trouble, 584.
 what a, was he in, 46.
 Taking-off, deep damnation of his, 118.
 Tale, a plain, shall put you down, 85.
 an honest, speeds best, 97.
 as 't was said to me, 487.
 every, condemns me, 97.
 every shepherd tells his, 248.
 every tongue brings in a several, 97.
 hope tells a flattering, 869.
 hope told a flattering, 869.
 hope whispered, when every, 662.
 in everything, find a, 466.
 makes up life's, 502.
 moon takes up the wondrous, 300.
 must be told by moonlight, 605.
 of a tub, some, 958.
 of folly, a, 790.
 of Troy divine, 250.
 of woe, to tell, 790.
 old, and often told, 489.
 or history, ever hear by, 57.
 or song, never yet heard in, 243.
 point a moral or adorn a, 365.
 round unvarnished, 150.
 schoolboy's, a, 541.
 so sad so tender and so true, 380.
 tellen his, untrew, 2.
 that I relate, 417.
 Tale, that is told as a, 1014.
 their music tells, many a, 523.
 thereby hangs a, 68, 73, 959.
 't is an old, 489.
 told by an idiot, 125.
 told by moonlight alone, 605.
 told his soft, 295.
 twice-told, tedious as a, 79, 345.
 unfold, I could a, 131.
 untrue, lest men suspect your, 349.
 was undoubtedly true, 822.
 which holdeth children, 34.
 whoso shall telle a, 2.
 Tales, aged ears play truant at his, 55.
 fear in children increased with, 164.
 if ancient, say true, 540.
 of ships, 793.
 of sorrow done, 396.
 out of school, 12.
 saddest of all, 560.
 that to me were so dear, 588.
 Talent does what it can, 781.
 doing easily what others find diffi-
 cult, 995.
 his single, well employed, 366.
 one, is too much for a cynic, 918.
 Talents, Dryden possessed of splendid,
 600.
 in a man's power, 740.
 Talented man, sure he's a, 609.
 Talismans and spells, 422.
 Talk and never think, 180.
 calm familiar, 341.
 how he will, 281.
 is of bullocks, 1029.
 loves to hear himself, 107.
 night is crept upon our, 115.
 not of wasted affection, 643.
 of dreams, true I, 105.
 of graves of worms, 81.
 of many things, to, 782.
 of nothing but business, 1002.
 of nothing but high life, 402.
 of nothing but his horse, 61.
 of the lips, 1018.
 one thing think another, 896.
 only to conceal the mind, 310.
 spent an hour's, withal, 55.
 to conceal the mind, 310.
 too much, think too little and, 268.
 who never think, they always, 287.
 with our past hours, 307.
 with, witty to, 256.
 with you walk with you, 61.
 Talks mighty loud, 828.
 of roaring lions, 78.
 Talked like poor Poll, 388.
 Lord how it, 197.
 of me, I believe they, 305.
 Talker, he is a, 884.
 Talkers, good, only found in Paris, 955.
 Talking age, for, 395.
 Frenchman always, 374.
 good old man, he will be, 52.
 spark, a conceited, 390.
 Tall ancestral trees, 569.
 daughter of the gods divinely, 667.
 fellow, many a good, 83.

- Tall men sun-crowned, 730.
 men had empty heads, 170.
 oaks from little acorns grow, 459.
 to reach the pole, so, 303.
 Tally, score and, no books but, 94.
 Tam was glorious, 451.
 Tame, no charm can, 858.
 the heyday in the blood is, 140.
 the tongue no man can, 1041.
 villatic fowl, 242.
 which earth can never, 610.
 Tamer of the human breast, 382.
 Tamie glowred amazed, 451.
 Taming hand, time hath a, 607.
 Tangled web we weave, 490.
 Tangles of Neara's hair, 247.
 Tanned reaper in his hour of ease, 751.
 Tantarrara the joyous book of spring,
 770.
 Tap on the pane, a, 764.
 Taper cheers the vale, yon, 402.
 glows, while yet the, 991.
 Tapers, answer ye evening, 689.
 swim before my sight, 333.
 to the sun, glimmering, 443.
 Taper's light, hope like the, 399.
 Tapestry, speech like to, 909.
 Tapping, suddenly there came a, 655.
 Tar water is of a nature so mild, 312.
 Tar's labour, cheers the, 555.
 Tara's halls, harp through, 519.
 Tardy as too slow, too swift as, 107.
 Tarnished gold, black with, 456.
 Tarry at Jericho, 1007.
 Tarsus, ship of, 242.
 Task, and though hard be the, 758.
 common, trivial round, 569.
 delightful, 355.
 each day will bring its, 779.
 is smoothly done, now my, 246.
 it is an irksome word and, 697.
 moving waters at their priestlike,
 578.
 whose sore, 126.
 Tasks are done, 824.
 in vain I speak of urgent, 720.
 most difficult of, 480.
 Task-master's eye, in my great, 252.
 Tassels, the larch has hung his, 571.
 Taste, choice of Attic, 252.
 its sole arbiter is, 657.
 last, of sweets is sweetest last, 81.
 man's hand is not able to, 58.
 never, who always drink, 287.
 not handle not, 1039.
 of death but once, the valiant, 112.
 of fame, man who never knew, 632.
 of rest, 775.
 of sweetness, loathe the, 86.
 of your quality, give us a, 134.
 sans, sans everything, 69.
 the whole of it, let me, 711.
 whose mortal, brought death, 223.
 with a little more, 986.
 Tastes of men, various are the, 391.
 Tasted, some books to be, 168.
 Tasting God, 994.
 Tattered clothes, through, 148.
 Tattered ensign down, tear her, 688.
 Tatters, tear a passion to, 137.
 Taught, afterward he, 2.
 being, return to plague, 118.
 but first he folwed it, 2.
 by that power, 402.
 by time, 346.
 following what we are, 930.
 happy is he born or, 174.
 her dazzling fence, 246.
 highly fed and lowly, 73.
 him shame, love, 273.
 it, me how to die, 610.
 me at last to forget thee, 869.
 me, folly's all they, 522.
 men must be, 325.
 mind what I am, 535.
 saints who, 313.
 the wheedling arts, 348.
 to stray, science never, 315.
 too much quickness ever to be, 321.
 truth at His requiring, 650.
 us how to die, 313.
 us how to live, 313.
 Taunts are not so sharp as arrows, 645.
 Tavern, one flash of it within the, 954.
 or inn, a good, 372.
 Tawny lion, half appeared the, 236.
 Tax for being eminent, 291.
 not you you elements, 146.
 Taxes, death and, 361.
 Taxation, pressure of, 462.
 Taxed horse and bridle, 462.
 top, whips his, 462.
 Tea, glad I was not born before, 461.
 some sipping, 468.
 sometimes take, 326.
 thank God for, 461.
 what would the world do without,
 461.
 without a stratagem, take her, 311.
 Teach bloody instructions, 118.
 gladly would he learn and, 2.
 high thought, but to, 681.
 him how to live, 425.
 him how to tell my story, 151.
 in song, what they, 566.
 me this, my life should, 675.
 me to feel another's woe, 334.
 men to die, 960.
 men to live, 960.
 mortal how to die, immortality, 765.
 souls to souls can never, 715.
 the rest to sneer, 327.
 the young idea how to shoot, 355.
 thee all things, time shall, 696.
 thee safety, ladyship is by to, 79.
 us to number our days, 1014.
 your flattered kings that, 683.
 Teacher, let nature be your, 466.
 Teachers, more understanding than
 my, 1015.
 Teacher's doctrine sanctified, 483.
 Teaching by examples, philosophy,
 304.
 in, me the way to live, 610.
 Teachings, list to nature's, 572.
 Team of little atomies, 104.

- Team of sparrows, 31.
 Teapot, tempest in a, 953.
 Tear a passion to tatters, 137.
 be duly shed for thee, 390.
 betwixt a smile and, 546.
 cost a sigh a, 433.
 drop a, 259.
 drop a, and bid adieu, 859.
 drying up a single, 559.
 each others' eyes, 302.
 every woe can claim a, 548.
 falling of a, 497.
 followed perhaps by a smile, 416.
 for pity, he hath a, 90.
 forgot as soon as shed, 381.
 gave to misery all he had a, 386.
 her tattered ensign down, 688.
 homage of a, 541.
 in her eye, 489.
 law which moulds a, 456.
 man without a, 516.
 meed of some melodious, 247.
 one particular, 163.
 passage of an angel's, 576.
 perhaps 't will cost a sigh a, 433.
 recording angel dropped a, 379.
 scarcely a, to shed, 770.
 shed no, 577.
 stain it with hypocritic, 571.
 stands trembling in her eye, 343.
 sympathetic, the, 387.
 that flows for others' woes, 424.
 that we shed, 519.
 the groan the knell, 562.
 vapour melting in a, 346.
 wiped with a little address, 416.
 Tears, accept these grateful, 340.
 alike are sent, joys and, 630.
 all her sorrow all her, 508.
 all in vain, 783.
 and ashes, 851.
 and laughter, 657.
 and smiles, kisses, 474.
 are shed, 824.
 beauty smiling in her, 513.
 beguile her of her, 150.
 behold their, hear their cries, 990.
 big round, in piteous chase, 67.
 child of misery baptized in, 427.
 crocodile, 38, 191.
 dim with childish, 471.
 dip their wings in, 675.
 down Pluto's cheek, 250.
 drop fast as the Arabian trees, 157.
 due to human suffering, 482.
 flattered to, 575.
 fountain of sweet, 469.
 from some divine despair, 672.
 hence these, 888.
 her humblest mirth and, 468.
 her income, 204.
 idle tears, 672.
 if you have, prepare to shed them
 now, 113.
 in secret in silence and, 869.
 leaves millions in, 723.
 like Niobe all, 128.
 love embalmed in, 491.
 Tears must stop for every drop, 594.
 nor all your, wash out a word, 954.
 nothing is here for, 242.
 of bearded men, 489.
 of boyhood's years, 523.
 of the sky for loss of the sun, 353.
 of woe, smiles of joy, 524.
 parted in silence and, 539.
 resolves the moon into salt, 109.
 shall drown the wind, 118.
 she stood in, 575.
 so weary of toil and of, 783.
 some natural, they dropped, 240.
 source of sympathetic, 382.
 such as angels weep, 225.
 that speak, 262.
 there was dearth of woman's, 653.
 thoughts too deep for, 478.
 time with a gift of, 804.
 to raise the dead with, 883.
 vale of, beyond this, 497.
 wept away in transient, 662.
 wept each other's, 637.
 wet with unseen, 497.
 wronged orphans', 194.
 Tearful willows, 784.
 Teche, and gladly, 2.
 Techstone, war's red, 737.
 Tedious as a king, 52.
 as a twice-told tale, 79, 345.
 as go o'er, returning as, 123.
 as to work, to sport as, 83.
 thinking his prattle to be, 82.
 Teeth are set on edge, the children's,
 1027.
 drunkard clasp his, 34.
 of time, give lettered pomp to, 649.
 sans eyes sans taste sans, 69.
 skin of my, escaped with the, 1009.
 spite of his, 8.
 Tell a hundred, might 129.
 a tale of woe, 790.
 all my bones, I may, 1011.
 him I lingered alone on the shore,
 613.
 how the truth may be, I cannot, 487.
 it not in Gath, 1006.
 it to forget, 772.
 me not in mournful numbers, 638.
 me the tales, 588.
 me where, gentle shepherd, 860.
 the mischief the virtuous do, 698.
 them old experience is a fool, 683.
 them they are men, 381.
 when or how I can not, 769.
 who can, save he, 550.
 Tells no truths, music, 722.
 Tellen his tale untrew, 2.
 Telling the battle was on once more,
 751.
 those blessed strains are, 717.
 Tell-tale women, hear these, 97.
 Temper, blest with, 321.
 certain winds make men's, bad, 729.
 justice with mercy, 239.
 man of such a feeble, 110.
 of her own, 825.
 thy steady, 297.

- Temper, touch of celestial, 234.
 when he 's well dressed, in good, 702.
 which bears the better, 93.
 whose unclouded ray, 321.
 Tempers the wind, God, 379.
 Temperament, chance and, 791.
 Temperance more difficult than abstinence, 375.
 that may give it smoothness, 137.
 Temperate and furious in a moment, 120.
 will, the reason firm the, 475.
 Tempered every blow, 803.
 Tempest, description of a, 953.
 in a teapot, 953.
 itself lags behind, 416.
 such calms after every, 151.
 the, raves, 819.
 tracts of calm from, 677.
 Tempests blow, round misty islets, 629.
 blow, with steady hand when, 835.
 dieth, the noise of, 700.
 glasses itself in, 547.
 roar, billows never break nor, 295.
 Tempest's breath prevail, the, 542.
 roar, the spray and the, 714.
 Tempestuous petticoat, 201.
 Temple, better than in the, lost, 954.
 built to God, 206.
 Fame's proud, 428.
 hangs on Dian's, 103.
 in the very, of delight, 577.
 Lord's anointed, 120.
 nothing ill can dwell in such a, 43.
 of Diana, burnt the, 219.
 of silence and reconciliation, 602.
 where God hath a, 192.
 Temples bare, my, 501.
 dedicated to God, 529.
 groves were God's first, 573.
 like gold nails in, 734.
 of his gods, 604.
 solemn, the great globe itself, 43.
 swim before my sight, 333.
 Temple-door, his torch is at thy, 813.
 Temple-walls to shut thee in, 834.
 Temporal power, shows the force of, 64.
 Temporary safety, little, 359.
 Tempt the pilgrim steps of spring, 822.
 Tempts us within, demon that, 746.
 Temptation, safe from, 642.
 that endureth, 1040.
 to yield is the way to get rid of, 836.
 why comes, 712.
 Temptations, in spite of all, 800.
 Tempted her with word too large, 52.
 Tempter, so glozed the, 239.
 Ten commandments, complained of the, 700.
 commandments, my, 93.
 female cousins, 799.
 hours to the world allot, 438.
 low words in one dull line, 324.
 soft buds, 807.
 upper, thousand, 580, 723.
 winters more, ran he on, 276.
 Ten years' war, cause of a long, 280.
 Tenable in your silence, 129.
 Tenantless, graves stood, 126.
 save to the wind, 543.
 Tend, to thee we, 367.
 Tends to disappear, evil, 773.
 Tendance spend, in so long, 30.
 touched by her fair, 237.
 Tender and so true, 380.
 and true, Douglas, 38.
 for another's pain, 381.
 spot, a, 825.
 Tenderest, the bravest are the, 761.
 touch, we feel the, 274.
 Tender-hearted stroke a nettle, 313.
 Tenderly, take her up, 595.
 Tenderness, found pity in his, 803.
 Tendrils strong, with, 477.
 Tenement of clay, 267.
 Teneriff or Atlas unremoved, 234.
 Tenets, his faith in some nice, 260.
 turn with books, 321.
 Tenor of his way, 425.
 of their way, noiseless, 385.
 Tent, nightly pitch my moving, 497.
 that searches to the bottom, 102.
 Tents and starry skies, for, 848.
 fold their, like the Arabs, 641.
 how goodly are thy, 1005.
 in all climes pitch our, 846.
 of wickedness, 1013.
 their silent, are spread, 866.
 Tented field, action in the, 150.
 Tenth transmitter of a foolish face, 354.
 Tenth-rate poeticule, 808.
 Tenui musam meditatur avena, 460.
 Termagant, o'er-doing, 137.
 Terms, good set, 68.
 in plain, 62.
 litigious, 253.
 Terrace walk, a, 289.
 Terrible as an army with banners, 1024.
 as hell, fierce as ten furies, 228.
 he rode alone, 1003.
 lightning of His, swift sword, 747.
 man with a terrible name, 508.
 rumble grumble and roar, 751.
 Territories, no slave, 652.
 Terror, creeds of, 729.
 death armed with a new, 528.
 fills the world with, 645.
 in your threats, there is no, 114.
 shadows have struck more, 97.
 so spake the grisly, 229.
 Terrors, king of, 1009.
 never felt before, fantastic, 656.
 Test, bring me to the, 141.
 of ridicule, truth the, 444.
 of truth, ridicule the, 581.
 we need no fuller, 715.
 Testament as worldlings, a, 67.
 blessing of the old, 164.
 of bleeding war, open the purple, 82.*
 Tester I'll have in pouch, 45.
 Testimonies, thy, are my meditations, 1015.
 Testimony, law and the, 1025.
 Testy pleasant fellow, 300.

- Testyment, no furdur than my, 734.
 Tetchy and wayward, 97.
 Tether time or tide, 451.
 Teuton Kelt I count them, Slav, 682.
 Text, God takes a, 205.
 many a holy, she strews, 385.
 neat rivulet of, 442.
 we read, one unquestioned, 691.
 Thais sits beside thee, lovely, 272.
 Thames, with no allaying, 259.
 Than to love and be loved by me, 655.
 Thane, your face my, 117.
 Thank God you are rid of a knave, 52.
 heaven fasting, 70.
 me no thanks, 108.
 the Eternal Power, 380.
 thee Jew for teaching word, 65.
 with brief thanksgiving, 806.
 you for nothing, 972.
 you for your voices, 103.
 you I owe you one, 454.
 Thanks and use, both, 46.
 even poor in, 134.
 evermore, 81.
 for this relief much, 126.
 of millions yet to be, 562.
 taken with equal, 137.
 the exchequer of the poor, 81.
 words are but empty, 296.
 Thanked, when I'm not, at all, 362.
 Thankful, rest and be, 1051.
 Thanking the Lord for a life, 749.
 Thankless arrant, 25.
 child, to have a, 146.
 inconsistent man, 307.
 muse, meditate the, 247.
 Thanksgiving, our, accept, 809.
 to the vine, 610.
 we thank with brief, 806.
 Thar and then, 811.
 That and a' that, 447.
 ever buckled sword, 726.
 ever I was born, 133.
 fierce thing they call, 595.
 has been and may be, 473.
 I may call my own, 689.
 in a boundless universe, 666.
 is flat, 55.
 it should come to this, 128.
 life shall live for ever, 675.
 questionable superfluity small beer,
 612.
 that is is, 77.
 the world had never been, 759.
 time so fondly loved, 597.
 we two were Maying, oh, 728.
 without or this or, 332.
 Thatched cottage, my lowly, 568.
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew, 127.
 Theatre, as in a, 82.
 universe as a, 963.
 world's a, the earth a stage, 194.
 Theban, this same learned, 147.
 Thebes or Pelops' line, 250.
 Thebes's streets, walked about in, 517.
 Thee, I think of, 596.
 never say one half my love for, 605.
 there's no living with, 303.
 Thee, to die for her is serving, 689.
 Theirs but to do and die, 671.
 not to make reply, 671.
 not to reason why, 671.
 Theme, example as it is my, 257.
 fools are my, 539.
 glad diviner's, 268.
 if on my, I rightly think, 979.
 imperial, of the, 116.
 Themes, our wanted, 264.
 Then be it yours while you, 696.
 fill to-night with hearts as light, 633.
 Theology, men are better than their,
 618.
 Theoric, bookish, 149.
 Theories of a generalizing age, frigid,
 628.
 repudiate these new fangled, 625.
 Theory, condition not a, 804.
 risked a cause, patriots for a, 659.
 There are times when the mirth, 632.
 is in stillness oft a magic, 607.
 is no death, 642.
 is not a fiercer hell, 577.
 lies a lonely grave, 726.
 neither here nor, 156.
 Thereby hangs a tale, 68, 73.
 Therefore be at peace henceforward,
 645.
 Thereon, with her double, 593.
 Thermopylae, crisis of history a pass
 of, 759.
 to make a new, 557.
 These are thy glorious works, 235.
 are weighty secrets, 824.
 things can never die, 819.
 Thespis professor of our art, 274.
 Thetis, sun in the lap of, 213.
 They conquer love that run away, 200.
 only the victory win, 746.
 say there's bread and work, 638.
 went and told the sexton, 595.
 were they are they yet shall be, 496.
 who have steeped their souls, 665.
 Thick and thin, through, 28, 269, 970,
 976.
 as autumnal leaves, 224.
 curtain fall, let the, 651.
 muddy ill-seeming, 73.
 Thick-coming fancies, 125.
 Thickest, pleasures lie, 865.
 Thick-ribbed ice, region of, 48.
 Thick-warbled notes, 241.
 Thief, apparel fits your, 49.
 doth fear each bush an officer, 95.
 each thing's a, 109.
 earth's a, 109.
 in the sworn twelve, 47.
 moon's an arrant, 109.
 of time, procrastination is the, 307.
 steals something from the, 151.
 sun's a, the sea's a, 109.
 to catch a thief, 916.
 to the gallows, more followers than
 a, 213.
 which the justice which the, 148.
 yond justice rails upon yond, 148.
 Thievery, I'll example you with, 109.

- Thieves, beauty provoketh, 66.**
 rified by the gusty, 593.
Thigh, smote them hip and, 1006.
 sword on, brow with purpose knit,
 739.
Thighs, cuisses on his, 86.
Thin air, melted into, 43.
 are they too, too weak, 844.
 flames, 769.
 ice, in skating over, 621.
 partitions, 267.
 red line, 1052.
 spun life, slits the, 247.
 through thick and, 28, 269.
 too, and bare, 101.
Thine enemy hunger, if, 1036.
 for a day, 774.
 sweet May, 779.
 the exaltation the divine, 647.
 was the prophet's vision, 647.
Thing, acting of a dreadful, 111.
 any good, out of Nazareth, 1034.
 as steadfast as the scene, 468.
 became a trumpet, the, 485.
 before the, we may, 760.
 but one, is needful, 1034.
 dearest, he owed, 117.
 devised by the enemy, 98.
 each, his turn doth hold, 203.
 each, is a thief, 109.
 earth's noblest, 731.
 enskyed and sainted, 47.
 excellent, in woman, 149.
 explain a, till all men doubt, 332.
 fearful, to see, 552.
 finds good in every, 67.
 finished, the one, 738.
 free and fetterless, 867.
 highest, is truth, 4.
 holiest, alive, 502.
 how bitter a, it is, 71.
 how sublime a, it is, 639.
 how sweet a, to wear a crown, 94.
 I am, I do beguile the, 151.
 if they have a good, 88.
 ill-favoured, but mine own, 72.
 in awe of such a, 110.
 laugh at any mortal, 558.
 lion among ladies is a dreadful, 58.
 little, a cup of water, 579.
 little learning is a dangerous, 323.
 look to the essence of a, 941.
 lovely and a fearful, 557.
 meanest, that feels, 472.
 never says a foolish, 279.
 no evil, that walks by night, 244.
 no great, created suddenly, 929.
 no new, under the sun, 1022.
 nothing like being used to a, 441.
 of beauty is a joy forever, 574.
 of custom, 122.
 of fortune, most dejected, 148.
 of life, like a, 550.
 of sea or land, 242.
 of sin and guilt, 245.
 order gave each, view, 98.
 palsy-stricken churchyard, 575.
 pity it is to slay the meanest, 594.
Thing, play's the, 135.
 poet's mistress is a hallowed, 665.
 show us how divine a, 475.
 so frail a, is man, 873.
 sovereign'st, on earth, 83.
 started like a guilty, 126.
 sweetest, that ever grew, 472.
 that fierce, they call, 595.
 that I was born to do, 39.
 that's quite another, 351.
 the, as he sees it, 854.
 the genteel, 401.
 there's no such, in nature, 279.
 to have a, is nothing, 866.
 to one, constant never, 51, 405.
 too much of a good, 71, 971.
 tremble like a guilty, 478.
 truth is the highest, 4.
 two-legged, a son, 267.
 undisputed, thou say'st an, 688.
 was not done in a corner, this, 1036.
 we like, we figure the, 594, 606.
 we long for that we are, 733.
 we love must die, that the, 713.
 we must do the, we must, 760.
 well done, reward of a, 619.
 when two do the same, 896.
 which that shineth, 5.
 which we cast to the ground, 771.
 who dares think one, 338.
 winsome wee, 450.
 you've gut tu du, want peace, 737.
Things above, affections on, 1039.
 all, are now as they were, 941.
 all, are the same, 941.
 all day long, on all, 679.
 all other, give place, 349.
 all, that are, 62.
 all thinking, 467.
 all thoughts and, look older, 608.
 all, to all men, 1037.
 all, work together for good, 1036.
 and as, have been they remain, 726.
 are great to little man, 394.
 are honest, whatsoever, 1039.
 are in the saddle, 615.
 are just, whatsoever, 1039.
 are lovely, whatsoever, 1039.
 are not what they seem, 638, 902.
 are of good report, whatsoever, 1039.
 are pure, whatsoever, 1039.
 are seldom what they seem, 801.
 are the sons of heaven, 368.
 are true, whatsoever, 1039.
 at home are crossways, 825.
 bad begun make strong themselves
 by ill, 121.
 because they are common, 906.
 between, ended and begun, 745.
 beyond all use, 112.
 by contemplation of diviner, 754.
 by season seasoned are, 66.
 by their right names, call, 457.
 can such, be, 122.
 cannot but remember such, 124.
 cloy, the best of, 339.
 compare great, with small, 230.
 day of small, 1028.

- Things, deeds are better, than words**
 are, 645.
 differ though all agree, 333.
 done at the Mermaid, 196.
 done decently and in order, 1038.
 else about her drawn, 474.
 equal to all, for all things unfit, 399.
 erroneous, 773.
 evil, 773.
 evil, there is some goodness in, 92.
 facts are stubborn, 392, 986.
 feast of fat, 1026.
 fond of humble, 859.
 former, grow old, 203.
 frequently happen which you do not
 hope, 887.
 friendship is constant in all other, 51.
 from out the bitterness of, 484.
 God's sons are, 368.
 good, will strive to dwell with it, 43.
 great contests from trivial, 325.
 great head of, 903.
 great lord of all, 317.
 greatest vicissitudes of, 168.
 hid, wherefore are these, 74.
 hoped for, substance of, 1040.
 how easily, go wrong, 759.
 I do not need, many, 945.
 I ought, to do the, 535.
 ill got had ever bad success, 95.
 into the light of, 466.
 leave all meaner, 314.
 left undone those, 1042.
 little, affect little minds, 627.
 long past, more than, 81.
 looked unutterable, 356.
 loose type of, 473.
 loveliest of lovely, 573.
 man's best, are nearest him, 664.
 men ought not to investigate, 945.
 mighty above all, 1028.
 more, in heaven and earth, 133.
 nature of the universe is the nature
 of, 941.
 not made for words, 945.
 not seen, evidence of, 1040.
 of good or ill we choose, 767.
 past, remembrance of, 161.
 possessing all, 1038.
 present seem worst, 89.
 proper to man, to do the, 941.
 prove all, 1039.
 remembering happier, 669.
 rolls through all, 467.
 sad vicissitude of, 379.
 sad vicissitudes of, 393.
 sanctioned by custom, 890.
 secret, belong unto the Lord, 1006.
 sense and outward, 478.
 shews of, 169.
 soul of all, make it mine, 753.
 sting of, too sweet, 760.
 sum of human, 437.
 that are and have been, 926.
 that are have kinship, 941.
 that are made for our general uses,
 183.
 that are made to fade, 653.
- Things that belong to adversity, 164.**
 that have a common quality, 941.
 that nature wills, 941.
 that ne'er were nor are, 257.
 that no gross ear can hear, 245.
 that were, dream of, 541.
 they ought not, speaking, 1040.
 think on these, 1039.
 those who want fewest, 945.
 though all, differ all agree, 333.
 through the dream of, 541.
 through words and, 465.
 time ordains for other, 252.
 time shall teach thee all, 696.
 to come, giant mass of, 102.
 to do two, at once, 894.
 to have nought is to have all, 757.
 to write well in laudable, 253.
 total depravity of inanimate, 809.
 translunary, 40.
 true and evident, 932.
 unattempted, 223.
 unfit for all, 399.
 unhappy far-off, 473.
 unknown, forms of, 59.
 unknown proposed, 325.
 we ought to have done, 1042.
 we will answer all, 66.
 when all fair, are fading, 588.
 when virtuous, proceed, 73.
 which are Cæsar's, 1032.
 which belong to prosperity, 164.
 which men confess with ease, 932.
 which must be, 780.
 without all remedy, 121.
 words are, 558.
 work and move, all, 717.
 you will enjoy, world filled with,
 746.
Think and act, free to, 797.
 always, what is true, 762.
 comedy to those that, 389.
 him an angel, a woman yet, 698.
 him so because I think him so, 44.
 himself an act of God, man, 721.
 how Bacon shined, 319.
 how divine he himself is, 742.
 how many never, 534.
 I, of thee, 596.
 I, upon that happy time, 597.
 if the red slayer, he slays, 617.
 makes millions, 558.
 may sigh to, 379.
 naught a trifle, 311.
 nobody never made me, don't, 700.
 not disdainfully of death, 941.
 of that Master Brook, 46.
 of your ancestors, 933.
 of your forefathers, 458.
 of your posterity, 458, 933.
 on, pleasant to, 256.
 on these things, 1039.
 one thing, who dares, 338.
 only what concerns thee, 237.
 talk and never, 180.
 that day lost, 874.
 the great unhappy, none, 310.
 the year is ^{all} but done, to, 728.

- Think there is nothing but immortal-
ity, 1, 745.
they talk who never, 287.
this gross hard-seeming, 682.
those that, must govern, 395.
those who greatly, 335.
to, more happy thou, 589.
to-morrow will repay, 276.
too little and talk too much, 268.
what you and other men, 110.
would not, any duty small, 760.
- Thinks like a sage, 632.
most acts the best, who, 65.
says nor, 793.
shows what he, 102.
too much, he, 111.
what ne'er was, 323.
who, must mourn, 289.
- Thinker, many a man fails to become,
because his memory is too good,
997.
- Thinketh in his heart, as he, 1020.
let him that, he standeth, 1037.
- Thinking, above the fog in private,
730.
being, man a, 534.
few, how few think justly of the, 534.
is an idle waste of thought, 517.
makes it so, 134.
of the days that are no more, 673.
on fantastic summer's heat, 81.
on the frosty Caucasus, 81.
plain living and high, 472.
reed, man is but a, 984.
souls, thought of, 582.
the day most splendid, I was, 745.
their own kisses sin, 108.
things, impels all, 467.
this globe enough, I was, 745.
with too much, 321.
- Thinkings, speak to me as to thy, 153.
- Thin-spun life, slits the, 247.
- Thirst amidst a sea of waves, 345.
bereavement pain, 783.
if he, give him drink, 1036.
more you drink more you, 685.
of praise, 414.
where a man can raise a, 852.
- Thirsteth still, drinking, 777.
- Thirsty earth soaks up the rain, 260.
fly, busy curious, 859.
soul, cold waters to a, 1020.
- Thirteen, maids of, 78.
- Thirty days hath September, 870.
man a fool at, 307.
on the wrong side of, 292.
- This above all, 130.
all this was in the olden, 655.
be the verse, 830.
is a cock, 974.
is my world, 776.
is not my true country, 742.
is petrified truth, 795.
or that, without or, 322.
that it should come to, 128.
the most gifted poet, 726.
was a man, say to all the world, 115.
was the truest warrior, 726.
- Tho' now each spot looks drear, 597.
yet, thy smile be lost, 597.
- Thomb of gold parde, he had a, 2.
- Thorn, beneath the milk-white, 447.
crowned with, 771.
in the flesh, 1038.
of experience, 739.
primrose peeps beneath the, 398.
rose without the, 203, 232.
that guards the roses, 774.
this crown of, 844.
why choose the rankling, 991.
withering on the virgin, 57.
- Thorns for flowers, 771.
forever be a crown of, 583.
he that plants, 878.
little wilful, 672.
pricked by the, 877.
rosebud with wilful, 672.
that in her bosom lodge, 132.
the, he spares, 807.
the rose with all its, 776.
touched by the, 520.
under a pot, crackling of, 1022.
which I have reaped, the, 544.
- Thornless growth, 776.
- Thorny way, steep and, 129.
- Those angel faces smile, 607.
immortal dead who live again, 730.
that have wealth must, 588.
that think must govern, 395.
who can not read can rule, 683.
who inflict must suffer, 566.
who know thee not, 437.
- Thou alone art there, and, 610.
animated torrid-zone, 617.
art all beauty, 295.
art dear, to memory, 597.
art gone from my gaze, 596.
art gone to the grave, 535.
art so full of misery, 666.
art the man, 1007.
art the whole wide world to me, 821.
art to me a delicious torment, 619.
art, wert less mighty than, 717.
canst not say I did it, 122.
dost mock at fate and care, 617.
keep, my feet I do not ask, 607.
lead, me on, 607.
more happy, hadst been, 589.
my fond affection, hast seen, 589.
present to my mind appearest, 596.
wert by, and wish that, 597.
wert O Lord too great, 717.
wert scattered to the wind, 666.
- Though I am no judge of such
matters, 609.
I say it that should not, 198.
lions to their enemies, 627.
lost to sight, 596.
thy path be dark as night, 702.
- Thought, adds strength to the, 312.
all objects of all, 467.
all things without care or, 757.
almost say her body, 177.
alone is eternal, 780.
an intolerable, that he, 663.
and amiable words, high, 681.

- Thought and joy, love and, 469.
 and passion, chaos of, 317.
 as a sage, 428.
 be not rambling in, 941.
 books are sepulchres of, 640.
 but ne'er so well expressed, 323.
 came like a full-blown rose, 575.
 could wed itself, ere, 674.
 dared what he greatly, 342.
 destroyed by, 413.
 divide, sense from, 316.
 dome of, the, 541.
 eies and eares and ev'ry, 23.
 even with a, 158.
 evil is wrought by want of, 592.
 exhausting, 544.
 experience is the child of, 626.
 explore the, 328.
 feeling deeper than all, 715.
 for the morrow, take no, 1030.
 for your life, take no, 1030.
 God blesses still the generous, 650.
 hath struck him, a Roman, 157.
 her dying when she slept, 591.
 him still speaking, 237.
 his mind a, his life, 721.
 human, is the process, 530.
 hushed be every, 484.
 I, that morning cloud, 579.
 in a green shade, green, 263.
 is deeper than all speech, 715.
 is often original, a, 691.
 is speech, when, 489.
 is the child of action, 626.
 is the property of him who can en-
 tertain it, 619.
 is tired of wandering, 606.
 kings of modern, 753.
 lean upon the, that chance, 754.
 leaped out, 674.
 like a passing, 447.
 like a pleasant, 473.
 like dew upon a, 558.
 loftiness of, 270.
 maiden lived with no other, 655.
 midnight is the noon of, 433.
 might you have, 790.
 mighty, in a mighty mind, 820.
 more nigh, lie a, 179.
 no v'ice hed sech a swing, 736.
 northern, is slow, 709.
 not one immoral, 377.
 not to destroy valuable houses, 743.
 of convincing, 399.
 of dining, 399.
 of our past years, 478.
 of tender happiness, 476.
 of the people shall be law, 283.
 of thee, one, 333.
 of thinking souls, 582.
 over-refinement deck out our, 936.
 pain of, 786.
 pale cast of, 136.
 pearls of, 738.
 penny for your, 16, 292.
 perish that, 296.
 pined in, 76.
 pleasing dreadful, 299.
- Thought, power of, 551.
 pure in, as angels are, 455.
 roaming in, over the universe, 743.
 's a weapon stronger, 718.
 sessions of sweet silent, 161.
 so, go near to be, 53.
 so once but now I know it, I, 350.
 sober second, 283.
 some sudden, 810.
 still and serious, 471.
 strange seas of, 475.
 such stores as silent, 466.
 sudden, strikes me, 462.
 tease us out of, 576.
 that he was gentle, I, 679.
 the erring, 809.
 the sun had risen to hear him crow,
 730.
 thinking an idle waste of, 517.
 those that tell of saddest, 565.
 thou couldst have died, if I had,
 563.
 thou wert a beautiful, 546.
 thy wish was father to that, 90.
 tides that followed, 677.
 to have common, 321.
 to rear the tender, 355.
 two souls with a single, 992.
 vacuity of, 420.
 vain or shallow, 614.
 vein of tender, 525.
 very energy of, which keeps, 607.
 wanderings of thy, 497.
 what oft was, 323.
 where'er is spoken a noble, 646.
 whistled for want of, 273.
 who would have, 124.
 whose armour is his honest, 174.
 would destroy their paradise, 382.
- Thoughts, all, all passions, 501.
 all, and things look older, 608.
 all man's, will perish, 828.
 and looks were downward, 225.
 as boundless, our, 550.
 as harbingers, mot t pious, 221.
 be great, and good deeds, 721.
 beyond the reaches of our souls, 131.
 calmer of unquiet, 207.
 dark soul and foul, 244.
 employ speech to conceal, 986.
 even so my bloody, 155.
 give thy worst of, 153.
 great, come from the heart, 989.
 great feelings great, 664.
 high erected, 34.
 images and precious, 481.
 in a shroud of, 544.
 kind, contentment peace of mind,
 630.
 life is what our, make it, 937.
 like rose leaves scattered, 558.
 love light and calm, 502.
 mantle that covers human, 978.
 men's, according to inclination, 167.
 more elevate, 228.
 never alone with noble, 34.
 no tongue, give thy, 129.
 nurture your mind with, 628.

- Thoughts of a child, 781.
 of an angel, 857.
 of love, turns to, 668.
 of men are widened, 669.
 of mortality, 222.
 of youth are long long, 646.
 on hospitable, intent, 235.
 pansies for, there is, 142.
 pleasant, bring sad thoughts, 466.
 pretty to force together, 500.
 ran a wool-gathering, 978.
 regular as infants' breath, 502.
 remain below, my, 140.
 river of his, 553, 640.
 rule the world, 622.
 sad, and sunny weather, 741.
 second, are the best, 277.
 second, are the wisest, 885.
 serve your best, as gypsies do children, 441.
 shut up want air, 307.
 so all unlike each other, 500.
 style is the dress of, 353.
 sweeter his, 793.
 that are the souls of thought, 655.
 that breathe, 382.
 that mould the age, 732.
 that shall glad high souls, 732.
 that shall not die, 481.
 that voluntary move, 230.
 that wander through eternity, 227.
 to their own second, 283.
 too deep for tears, 478.
 transcend our wonted themes, 264.
 unrighteous man his, 1026.
 unspoken, homage of, 643.
 which he had known, best, 749.
 whose very sweetness, 484.
 with noble, 34.
 words without, 140.
- Thoughtless man, warning for, 481.
 thankless man, 307.
- Thousand blushing apparitions, 52.
 chances that may, 579.
 chief of a, for grace, 868.
 crimes, one virtue and a, 551.
 deaths in fearing one, 308.
 decencies, those, 238.
 fearful wrecks, 96.
 friends suffice thee not, 953.
 hearts beat happily, 542.
 hills, beasts upon a, 967.
 hills, cattle upon a, 1012.
 homes, near a, 465.
 innocent shames, 52.
 little one shall become a, 1026.
 liveried angels, 245.
 melodies unheard before, 455.
 one man among a, 1022.
 perils, safe through a, 497.
 picked out of ten, 133.
 soldiers, substance of ten, 97.
 stars, beauty of a, 41.
 strings, harp of a, 303.
 tongues, conscience hath a, 97.
 tongues to allure him, 407.
 upper ten, 723.
 voices, earth without her, 501.
- Thousand wars of old, 676.
 years in thy sight, 1014.
 years of peace, 676.
 years scarce serve to form a state, 541.
- Thousands at His bidding speed, 252.
 countless, mourn, 446.
 die without or this, 322.
 has been slave to, 153.
 of undone widows, 172.
 of years, in ears of simple for, 750.
 peace slays its ten, 425.
 to murder, 311.
 war slays its, 425.
- Thrasyllus and Antigonus, 918.
- Thread, feels at each, 316.
 hinders needle and, 594.
 of his verbosity, the, 56.
 of life, fate has wove the, 343.
 plying her needle and, 594.
 sewing at once a double, 594.
 that ties them, 965.
 weave their, with bones, 75.
- Threads of gold, some blessed, 715.
 will run appointed ways, 779.
- Threadbare sail, set every, 688.
 saint in wisdom's school, 181.
- Threaten and command, an eye to, 140.
- Threatening eye, looks with a, 79.
- Threats, no terror in your, 114.
 of a halter, 436.
 of pain and ruin, 385.
- Three, chief among the blessed, 637.
 corners of the world, 80.
 firm friends, more sure than day, 502.
 gentlemen at once, 440.
 good friends, 70.
 good men unchanged in England, 84.
 hundred, grant but three of the, 557.
 hundred pounds a year, 46.
 insides, carrying, 464.
 kingdoms, had sifted, 266.
 lilies in her hand, 769.
 may keep counsel, 6, 17.
 merry boys are we, 184.
 misbegotten knaves, 84.
 per cents, simplicity of the, 437, 629.
 poets in three distant ages, 270.
 removes bad as a fire, 360.
 score years and ten, of my, 842.
 stories high long dull and old, 454.
 treasures love light and thoughts 502.
 when shall we, meet again, 115.
 words, joys of sense lie in, 319.
 years' child, listens like a, 498.
- Three-cent fare, 796.
- Three-cornered hat, the old, 688.
- Threefold cord, 1022.
 fourfold tomb, 179.
- Three-hooped pot, 94.
- Three-man beetle, 88.
- Threescore, bachelor of, 50.
 burden of, 395.
 years and ten, 1014.

- Three-tailed Bashaw, 454.
 Threshold of the new world, 221.
 Thrice flew thy shaft, 306.
 he assayed, 225.
 he routed all his foes, 271.
 he slew the slain, 271.
 is he armed, 94.
 my peace was slain, 306.
 their weight in gold, 456.
 Thrice-driven bed of down, 151.
 Thrift may follow fawning, 137.
 thrift Horatio, 128.
 Thriftless ambition, 120.
 provident or the drunken sober, 720.
 Thrill, glory's, is o'er, 519.
 of a happy voice, 723.
 the deepest notes of woe, 452.
 Thrilled me filled me with fantastic,
 656.
 Thrilling pulse through me, sends a,
 640.
 Thrives for long upon, none, 757.
 Thro', as, the fields we roved, 597.
 Throat, amen stuck in my, 119.
 of war, brazen, 240.
 put a knife to thy, 1020.
 scuttled ship or cut a, 557.
 straining his, 399.
 to feel the fog in my, 711.
 Throats, cutting foreign, 105.
 engines whose rude, 154.
 Throbs of fiery pain, 367.
 Throe, never grudge the, 710.
 Throne, and I make my, 660.
 footsteps of a, 26.
 here is my, bid kings come bow to
 it, 79.
 light which beats upon a, 677.
 like a burnished, 157.
 loafing around the, 811.
 my bosom's lord sits lightly in his,
 108.
 nearer the great white, 758.
 night from her ebon, 306.
 no brother near the, 327.
 of kings, this royal, 81.
 of rocks in a robe of clouds, 553.
 of royal state, high on a, 226.
 sapphire blaze the living, 382.
 shake hands with a king upon his,
 563.
 shape the whisper of the, 675.
 something behind the, 364.
 space for liberty's white, 788.
 through slaughter to a, 385.
 two kings of Brentford on one, 417.
 wrong forever on the, 732.
 Thrones and globes elate, 438.
 dominations princedoms, 235.
 whose stakes were, 555.
 Throned monarch, 64.
 on her hundred isles, 544.
 Throng into my memory, 243.
 lowest of your, 234.
 of lies, from out the, 791.
 Through an alley titanic of cypress,
 656.
 creeks and inlets making, 727.
 Through every season dearest, 596.
 love to light, 821.
 out of the skies as I came, 759.
 the balmy air of night, 655.
 the dim halls of night, 613.
 no ray of light and joy canst, 731.
 Throw physic to the gods, 125.
 within a stone's, 973.
 Throws, wise player ought to accept
 his, 883.
 Thrummed, I was ne'er so, 182.
 Thrush sings each song twice over,
 708.
 your song is sweet, 791.
 Thrushes sang, so sweet as, 791.
 Thumb at the world, bite my, 778.
 miller's golden, 2.
 sought refreshment from his, 818.
 Tb'umbs, pricking of my, 123.
 sealed their letters with their, 460.
 Thumping on your back, 423.
 Thumps upon the back, 312.
 Thunder, doors grate harsh, 229.
 heard remote, 227.
 in a fair frosty day, 266.
 in his lifted hand, 267.
 Jove's power to, 103.
 leaps the live, 544.
 lightning or in rain, 115.
 loud roared the dreadful, 453.
 on stride on democracy, 743.
 purr to sleep with, 796.
 shall not hurt you, 854.
 steal my, 282.
 such as seemed shoutings, 680.
 Thunders in the index, 140.
 leashed, gathering for their leap,
 739.
 of white silence, 658.
 rattle, and the loud, 623.
 Thunderbolts, with all your, 114.
 Thunder-harp of pines, 775.
 Thundering sound, 395, 397.
 to the moon, 358.
 Thunder-storm against the wind, 546.
 Thus let me live unseen unknown, 334.
 why is this, 787.
 Thusness, the reason for this, 787.
 Thy will not mine be done, father, 630.
 Thwack, with many a stiff, 211.
 Thyme, pun-provoking, 380.
 where the wild, blows, 58.
 Tiber, not a drop of allaying, 103.
 Tickle the earth with a hoe, 612.
 your catastrophe, 89.
 Tickled with a straw, 318.
 Tide and wind stay no man, 10.
 as moving seems asleep, 685.
 in the affairs of men, 115.
 no man can tether time or, 451.
 of love, pity swells the, 308.
 of successful experiment, 435.
 of the years, 783.
 of times, lived in the, 113.
 river ebbed and flowed the, 646.
 tarrieth for no man, 10.
 the, comes with a shout, 837.
 turning of the, 91.

- Tide, without a breeze without a, 498.
 Tides of grass, 805.
 that followed thought, 677.
 Tideless and inert, 828.
 Tidings as they roll, confirm the, 300.
 dismal, when he frowned, 397.
 Tie, in whose, a wild civility, 201
 love endures no, 272.
 silver link the silken, 488.
 up the knocker, 326.
 Ties, sight of human, 333.
 Tied to the stake, I am, 148.
 up together, twain been, 684.
 Tiger, Hyrcan, 122.
 in war imitate the action of the, 91.
 Tight little island, 863.
 Tiles and chimney-pots, 511.
 Till some questioning voice dissolves,
 646.
 Tillage, other arts follow, 531.
 Tilt at all I meet, 328.
 Tilts with a straw, 484.
 Timber, knowledge and, 692.
 like seasoned, 204.
 wedged in that, 278.
 Timbrel, sound the loud, 524.
 Time, above the wrecks of, 810.
 age and body of the, 137.
 all in good, 977.
 already of old, 1022.
 ambles withal, 70.
 an endless song, 849.
 and age, his youth 'gainst, 24.
 and God give judgment, 807.
 and space, through, 416.
 and the hour runs, 116.
 and the place, never the, 714.
 annihilate but space and, 330.
 assuages sorrow, 890.
 back upon an earlier, 622.
 backward and abysm of, 42.
 bank and shoal of, 118.
 bastard to the, 78.
 be good, whilst thou hast, 937.
 be ruled by, 910.
 beholds no name so blest, 345.
 between this, and that sweet, 686.
 between two eternities, gleam of,
 585.
 born out of my due, 789.
 bounds of place and, 382.
 break the legs of, 688.
 breathing, of day with me, 145.
 brief chronicles of the, 134.
 brings increase to her truth, 378.
 by, subdued, 859.
 by the forelock, take, 30.
 cannot benumb, some feelings, 545.
 cannot hush me, 857.
 chinks that, has made, 221, 456.
 choose thine own, 433.
 coming, there's a good, 493, 718.
 common arbitrator, 102.
 compliments are loss of, 387.
 count, by heart-throbs, 721.
 creeping hours of, 68.
 curious, requires, 198.
 demands strong minds, the, 730.
 Time, do not squander, 360.
 elaborately thrown away, 311.
 enough, take, 351.
 enough to find a world, 732.
 even such is, 26.
 every man be master of his, 121.
 flies death urges, 307.
 fool all people some of the, 662.
 fool some people all of the, 662.
 footprints on the sands of, 639.
 for all things, 977.
 for courtesy, always, 620.
 for supper, the proper, 949.
 forefinger of all, 672.
 foremost files of, 669.
 friends of, 851.
 frozen round periods of, 228.
 gallops withal, 70.
 gives to her mind, 378.
 golden, of long ago, 803.
 had been, as if the moving, 468.
 hair's-breadth of, 936.
 has come, the, 782.
 has come when the darkies, 764.
 has fallen asleep, 776.
 has laid his hand gently, 644.
 has not cropt the roses, 378.
 has taught us a lesson, 909.
 hath a taming hand, 607.
 hath to silver turned, his silver
 locks, 24.
 he that lacks, 606.
 his, is forever, 260.
 history hath triumphed over, 26.
 how a man should kill, 958.
 how small a part of, they share, 220
 I am next of kin to, 855.
 I think upon that happy, 597.
 in misery, happy, 648.
 is a river of passing events, 938.
 is a very shadow, 1028.
 is fleeting, art is long and, 638.
 is money, 361.
 is out of joint, 133.
 is quiet as a nun, the holy, 470.
 is still a-flying, 202.
 is the great physician, 628.
 is the image of eternity, 946.
 is the soul of this world, 928.
 kill the bloom before its, 483.
 last syllable of recorded, 125.
 laughs through the abyss, 850.
 leaves have their, to fall, 570.
 lettered pomp to teeth of, 649.
 look into the seeds of, 116.
 look like the, 117.
 long ago, was in the olden, 655.
 makes these decay, 200.
 many a, and oft, 61.
 marketh the going of, 664.
 men have died from time to, 71.
 merry dancing drinking, 272.
 most valuable thing to spend, 948.
 moveth o'er the dial-plate of, 649.
 nae man can tether, 451.
 new hatched to the woful, 120.
 nick of, 257.
 no delight to pass away the, 96.

- Time, noiseless falls the foot of, 464.
 noiseless foot of, 74.
 nor place adhere, 118.
 not all people all of the, 662.
 not of an age but for all, 179.
 nothing so precious as, 959.
 now is the accepted, 1038.
 O, whose verdicts mock, 741.
 of day, no proper, 595.
 of grace, that sweet, 686.
 of night, witching, 139.
 of peace, this weak piping, 96.
 of scorn, figure for the, 155.
 of the singing of birds, 1024.
 offends at some unlucky, 328.
 old bald cheater, 178.
 ordains, mild Heaven a, 252.
 our oars keep, 518.
 out of mind, 104.
 panting, toiled after him, 366.
 peace only as a breathing, 407.
 play the fools with the, 89.
 point of, life of man but a, 915.
 procrastination the thief of, 307.
 promised on a, 30.
 quaffing and unthinking, 272.
 relish of the saltness of, 88.
 return, bid, 81.
 rich with the spoils of, 384.
 ripens all things, 976.
 robs us of our joys, 406.
 rolls his ceaseless course, 491.
 seemed the vassal of my will, 774.
 sees and hears all things, 697.
 sent before my, 95.
 shall come when man to man, 771.
 shall teach thee all things, 696.
 shall throw a dart at thee, 179.
 shall unfold, 146.
 show and gaze of the, 126.
 silence and slow, 576.
 silvered o'er by, 419.
 so dark but through, no, 715.
 so gracious is the, 127.
 so hallowed is the, 127.
 soul of the whole past, 584.
 speech is of, 584.
 speech is shallow as, 582.
 spoils the pleasure of the, 122.
 stand still withal, 70.
 still as he flies, 378.
 stream of, 455.
 subdue, what will not, 859.
 sweet, sad time, 587.
 syllables jar with, 180.
 take no note of, 306.
 taught by, 346.
 teaches many lessons, 881.
 tears and laughter for all, 657.
 tell her that wastes her, 220.
 that, so fondly loved, 597.
 that takes in trust, 26.
 the blossom, 816.
 the incalculable up-and-down of,
 818.
 the moving, 468.
 the wisest counsellor, 910.
 time time, keeping, 655.
- Time to arrive at maturity, credit re-
 quires, 625.
 to be learning, is it a, 947.
 to beguile the, 117.
 to come, sweet discourses in our,
 108.
 to every purpose under heaven,
 1022.
 to grow old, we may always find,
 312.
 to marry, choose a proper, 417.
 to mourn, lacks, 606.
 to weep, night is the, 497.
 too swift, O, 24.
 tooth of, 49, 311.
 touch us gently, 538.
 transported, with envy, 406.
 travels in divers paces, 70.
 tries the troth in everything, 18.
 trieth troth in every doubt, 18.
 trots withal, 70.
 turn backward O, 783.
 whereto the world beats, 685.
 which was before us, 1022.
 whips and scorns of, 135.
 whirligig of, brings in his revenges,
 77.
 who steals our years away, 518.
 will come when you will hear me,
 624.
 will develop everything, 627.
 will doubt of Rome, 558.
 will explain it all, 884.
 will run back, 251.
 will teach thee, 640.
 wise through, 337.
 witching, of night, 139.
 with a gift of tears, 804.
 with falling oars they kept the, 262.
 with reckless hand, not till, 648.
 with thee conversing I forget all,
 233.
 within a little, 790.
 working in these walls of, 647.
 worn out with eating, 233.
 wrestle so valiantly with, 665.
 writes no wrinkle, 547.
- Times, brisk and giddy-paced, 75.
 corrector of enormous, 199.
 cowards die many, 112.
 cunning, 63.
 do shift, thus, 203.
 fashion of these, 67.
 glory of the, they were the, 1029.
 good or evil, 166.
 in the morning of the, 670.
 later, more aged, 169.
 light for after, 507.
 lived in the tide of, 113.
 make former, shake hands, 212.
 of need, ever but in, 273.
 of old, jolly place in, 472.
 principles turn with, 321.
 shake hands with latter, 212.
 signs of the, 1032.
 that try men's souls, 431.
 that were, illusion that, 698.
 those golden, 421.

- Times were not hard and money scarce, 621.
 when the mirth of others saddens, 632.
 when the world is ancient, 169.
 wherein we now live, 169.
 wise men say nothing in dangerous, 196.
- Time's corrosive dewdrop eats, 762.
 devouring hand, 352.
 furrows on another's brow, 309.
 horses gallop down the lessening hill, 850.
 infinite sea, 781.
 iron feet can print, 635.
 monitions, 815.
 noblest offspring is the last, 312.
- Time-honoured Lancaster, 80.
 Timelessly, primrose fading, 251.
 Timely dew of sleep, 233.
 inn, to gain the, 121.
- Timoleon's arms, 391.
 Timothy learnt sin to fly, 873.
 Tinct with cinnamon, 575.
 Tinged by the rising sun, 578.
 Tinkling cymbal, 1037.
 Tintinnabulation that so musically wells, 655.
- Tints of woe, sabler, 386.
 Tip of his subduing tongue, 163.
 Tips his tongue, persuasion, 297.
 with silver, 106.
- Tipple in the deep, fishes that, 259.
 Tipsy always blind and often, 609.
 dance and jolity, 243.
- Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower, 678.
- Tiptoe, jocund day stands, 108.
 religion stands on, 205.
 when this day is named stand, 92.
- Tire of all creation, 692.
 Tires in a mile-a, 77.
- Tired and faint and worn, 783.
 and lone, unmated creature, 717.
 he sleeps, till, 318.
 nature's sweet restorer, 306.
 waves vainly breaking, while the, 727.
- 'T is but a little faded flower, 766.
- Titanic, through an alley, of cypress, 656.
- Titans down, Jove strikes the, 704.
- Tithe of mint and anise, 1032.
 or toll, no Italian priest shall, 79.
- Title and profit I resign, 349.
 gained no, lost no friend, 323.
 knave that wears a, 310.
 long and dark successive, 268.
 please thine ear, whatever, 330.
 weigh the man not his, 282.
 when I can read my, clear, 303.
- Titles are marks of honest men, 310.
 decider of dusty and old, 199.
 high though his, 488.
 power and pelf, 488.
- Titus with uncommon sense, 352.
- Titwillow titwillow, 801.
- To all to each a fair good night, 490.
- To be or not to be, 135.
 horse away, 296.
- Toad, I had rather be a, 154.
 rose-water on a, 612.
 squat like a, 234.
 ugly and venomous, 67.
- Toad-eater, Pulteney's, 389.
- Toast pass, let the, 442.
- Tobacco, anything for thy sake, 509.
 sublime, 555.
- Tocsin of the soul, 559.
- To-day and for ever, the same, 696.
 be, and joy again, 845.
 falsehoods which we spurn, 651.
 his own, who can call, 273.
 I have lived, 273.
 in, already walks to-morrow, 504.
 my soul, is far away, 751.
 nor care beyond, 381.
 our youth we can have but, 312.
 pleasure to be drunk, 362.
 speed, to be put back to-morrow, 29.
 that's eight times, 590.
 the road all runners come, 842.
 to-morrow be, 647.
 to-morrow cheerful as, 321.
 whatever may annoy, 845.
- Toe, from top to, 632.
 light fantastic, 248.
 of frog, eye of newt, 123.
 of the peasant, 143.
- Together, and as brothers live, 645.
 and the loved one all, 714.
 by the waters of Life we sat, 599.
 we have been friends, 653.
 we shall be again, 804.
- Toil and care, fond of, 991.
 and fare, 822.
 and not attain, some shall, 489.
 and of tears, weary of, 783.
 and trouble, 123.
 and trouble, war is, 272.
 and trouble, why all this, 466.
 be done, ere the, 717.
 day's long, is past, 594.
 does not come to help the idle, 893.
 envy want the jail, 365.
 govern those that, 395.
 he wins his spirits light from, 387.
 he won, what with his, 267.
 honor lies in honest, 804.
 horny hands of, 732.
 is lost, or all the, 416.
 is the law of life, 786.
 is the sire of fame, 885.
 is the true knight's pastime, 728.
 morn of, nor night of waking, 491.
 not neither do they spin, 1030.
 o'er books, 348.
 of dropping buckets into wells, 419.
 on poor heart unceasingly, 719.
 patient of, 428.
 shall have its wage, 798.
 the blessing of earth is, 834.
 those that think govern those that, 395.
 true leisure one with true, 716.
 verse sweetens, 393.

- Toil, waste their, for a smile, 487.
 who serves the immortal gods, 647.
 winding up days with, 92.
 with servile, 571.
 without recompense, 783.
 years of unrequited, 661.
- Toils despair to reach, what others', 288.
- Toiled after him in vain, 366.
 forgot for which he, 161.
- Toilfully spin, loiter in pleasure or, 660.
- Toiling upward in the night, 643.
- Tokay, imperial, 380.
- Told her love, she never, 75.
 old tale and often, 489.
 that the privileged and the people, 627.
 they went and, the sexton, 595.
 ye nuther, he could n't ha', 736.
 you so, the incarnate I, 646.
- Toledo trusty, blade, 211.
- Tolerable and not to be endured, 52.
- Tolerance, Laodicean cant, 832.
- Tolerant plains, 818.
- Toll for the brave, 423.
 never asked for the, 590.
 or tithe, no Italian priest shall, 79.
- Tolled, and the sexton, the bell, 595.
- Tolling a departing friend, 88.
- Tom, Heaven be thy aid Poor, 578.
 loves me best that calls me, 194.
 or Jack, hails you, 423.
 's a-cold, poor, 147.
- Tom's food seven long year, 147.
- Tomb, awakes from the, 428.
 cannot bind thee, the, 624.
 cradles rock us nearer to the, 309.
 darkness encompass the, 535.
 kings for such a, 251.
 more than royal, 168.
 nature cries from the, 385.
 no inscription on my, 863.
 of him who would have made glad the world, 622.
 of the Capulets, 412.
 stood upon Achilles', 558.
 threefold fourfold, 179.
- Tombs, hark from the, 303.
- Tommy this an' Tommy that, 852.
- Tomnoddy, my Lord, 768.
- To-morrow and to-morrow, 125.
 be to-day, 647.
 boast not thyself of, 1021.
 cheerful as to-day, 321.
 death is but one more, 774.
 defer not till, 295.
 do thy worst, 273.
 I'll put off till, 845.
 in to-day already walks, 504.
 is falser than the former day, 276.
 never leave that till, 360.
 speed to-day to be put back, 29.
 the darkest day live till, 423.
 tints with prophetic ray, 550.
 to fresh woods, 248.
 we shall die, 1025.
 will be dying, 202.
- To-morrow will be the happiest time, 667.
 will repay, think, 276.
- To-morrows, confident, 481.
- To-morrow's sun may never rise, 295.
- Tomtit, a little, 801.
- Tone, dwells in that mighty, 716.
 is music's own, her every, 608.
 of languid nature, 417.
 ripe age gives, 768.
 spirit ditties of no, 576.
 with a peremptory, 415.
- Tones, harp in divers, 673.
 in its hollow, 562.
- Tongs, shovel and, 590.
- Tongue an unruly member, 1041.
 bear welcome in your, 117.
 braggart with my, 124.
 brings in a several tale, every, 97.
 came mended from that, 333.
 can no man tame, 1041.
 confuted by his conscience, 222.
 dropped manna, 226.
 fair words never hurt the, 38.
 fool cannot hold his, 923.
 from evil, keep thy, 1011.
 give it understanding but no, 129.
 give thy thoughts no, 129.
 hide it under his, 1009.
 his mother, 419.
 in every wound of Cæsar, 114.
 is an unruly evil, 1041.
 is known in every clime, our, 629.
 is the pen of a ready writer, 1012.
 law of kindness in her, 1021.
 let a fool hold his, 899.
 let the candied, 137.
 man that hath a, 44.
 moderate the rancour of your, 860.
 most dangerous spell, magic of, 632.
 murder though it have no, 135.
 music's golden, 575.
 my songs that found no, 651.
 never eare did hear that, 23.
 never repented that he held his, 921.
 nor heart cannot conceive, 120.
 nor speak with double, 616.
 not she denied him with unholy, 864.
 of dog, wool of bat and, 123.
 of him that makes a jest, 56.
 of midnight hath told twelve, 59.
 of the mind, pen is the, 975.
 outvenoms all the worms of Nile, 160.
 persuasion tips his, 297.
 ran on, still his, 215.
 restreine and kepen wel thy, 5.
 sad words of, 649.
 slanderous, 344.
 so varied in discourse, 511.
 soul lends the, vows, 130.
 sounds as a sullen bell, 88.
 stopped his tuneful, 335.
 such a, glad I have not, 146.
 sweet morsel under his, 283.
 that Shakespeare spake, 472.
 the speaking, 619.

- l'ongue, through every land by every,
 302.
 tip of his subduing, 163.
 to curse the slave. O for a, 526.
 to persuade, 255.
 to wound us, no, 522.
 treasure of our, 39.
 truth in every shepherd's, 25.
 use of my oracular, 440.
 want of persuasion on his, 746.
 win a woman with his, 44.
 windy satisfaction of the, 343.
- Tongues**, airy, 243.
 as walls, woods have, 678.
 aspic's, for 't is of, 155.
 called fools in all, 71.
 conscience hath a thousand several,
 97.
 evil days and evil, 236.
 hearts in love use their own, 51.
 in trees books in the running brooks,
 67.
 interest speaks all sorts of, 980.
 lovers', by night, 106.
 nations kindreds and, 1041.
 of dying men, 81.
 of men, speak with the, 1037.
 shall rehearse, 162.
 silence envious, 100.
 slandrous, done to death by, 54.
 strife of, 1011.
 that syllable men's names, 243.
 to allure him, thousand, 407.
 whispering, 500.
- Tongue-tied** by authority, 162.
- To-night**, are met in thee, 792.
 curfew must not ring, 832.
 then fill, with hearts as light, 633.
 wants me, in the rain, 764.
- Too civil** by half, 440.
 fond for idle scorning, 653.
 full for sound and foam, 685.
 great for our belief, 717.
 innocent for coquetry, too fond, 653.
 late I stayed, 464.
 little for our heart, 717.
 low they build, 309.
 much thinking, 321.
 pure in aught to disguise, 780.
 thin, 101.
- Took my heart away**, 770.
- Tool of iron**, nor any, 1007.
 to buy and sell, man a, 728.
- Tools**, always work and, 732.
 no jesting with edge, 198.
 nothing but to name his, 210.
 of working our salvation, 215.
 sin has many, 692.
 to him that can handle them, 582.
- Too-late**, I am called, 769.
- Tooth and nail**, 967.
 for tooth, eye for eye, 1005.
 of time, 49, 311.
 poison for the age's, 78.
 sharper than a serpent's, 146
- Tooth-ache**, endure the, 53.
- Toothpicks**, supply of, 612.
- Top**, die at the, 294.
- Top of judgment**, 47.
 of my bent, fool me to the, 139.
 of the tree, 801.
 to toe, dressed from, 632.
 whips his taxed, 462.
- Tops of the eastern pines**, 81.
- Topics**, fashionable, 402.
- Topless towers of Ilium**, 41.
- Topmost in heaven**, wisdom sits alone,
 723.
- Topples round the west**, 674.
- Topsy-turvy**, from my, 772.
- Torch**, his, is at thy temple-door, 813
- Torches**, as we do with, 46.
 light my candle from their, 192.
- Tore his hair**, skipper stormed and,
 724.
- Torment**, thou art to me a delicious,
 619.
- Torments our elements**, 227.
- Torn from their destined page**, 456.
 me and I bleed, they have, 544.
- Torpedo**, pen becomes a, 369.
- Torrent and whirlwind's roar**, 394.
 is heard, naught but the, 428.
 of a downward age, 356.
 of a woman's will, 313.
 of his fate, 366.
 roar, should like the, 324.
 so the loud, 394.
- Torrents**, motionless, 501.
- Torrent's smoothness**, 516.
- Torrid tracts**, through, 398.
- Torrid-zone**, thou animated, 617.
- Torture**, boil in endless, 545.
 hum of human cities is, 543.
 of the mind, 121.
 one poor word, 270.
- Torturing hour**, the, 226.
- Toss him to my breast**, 205.
 slight, over ambient ether, 765.
- Tost**, nothing, 790.
 on the stormy sea, to be, 652.
- Total depravity of inanimate things**,
 809.
- Touch**, beautiful beneath his, 514.
 dares not put it to the, 257.
 harmonious whose, 367.
 no state matters, 398.
 not taste not, 1039.
 of a vanished hand, 670.
 of celestial temper, 234.
 of earth, must have a, 679.
 of greatness, some far-off, 679.
 of joy or woe, 389.
 of Liberty's war, first, 525.
 of nature, one, makes the whole
 world kin, 102.
 one, and what a world, 848.
 soiled by any outward, 253.
 sprang up forever at a, 676.
 that's scarcely felt, 350.
 the best, fear not to, 25.
 them but rightly, 455.
 thy soft, of healing unaware, 764.
 us gently Time, 538.
 we feel the tenderest, 274.
 with chiselled, 955.

- Touch, wound with a, 350.¹
 Touches him who made it, and, 685.
 of sweet harmony, 65.
 Touched by her fair tendance, 237.
 by its influence in the soul arise, 607.
 his harp and nations heard, 597.
 nothing that he did not adorn, 367.
 spirits are not finely, 46.
 the highest point, I have, 99.
 Toucheth pitch, he that, 1029.
 Touchstone, man's true, 197.
 Touchy testy pleasant fellow, 300.
 Tough is J. B., 702.
 wedge for a tough log, 898.
 world, rack of this, 149.
 Toves, the slithy, 782.
 Tower, age shakes Athena's, 541.
 and tree, light on, 861.
 guardian on the, 725.
 intending to build a, 1034.
 of strength, king's name is a, 97.
 of strength, that, 671.
 Towers above her sex, Marcia, 298.
 along the steep, 514.
 and battlements, 248.
 disparting, trembling, 358.
 distant spires ye antique, 381.
 elephants endorsed with, 240.
 of Ilium, burnt the topless, 41.
 of Julius, ye, 383.
 of sail at dawn, two, 727.
 old palaces and, 565.
 the cloud-capped, 43.
 trembling all precipitate, 358.
 ye antique, 381.
 Towered citadel, 158.
 cities please us then, 249.
 Towering falcons, hopes like, 287.
 in his pride of place, 120.
 in the confidence of twenty-one, 376.
 passion, put me into a, 145.
 Town, axis of the earth in every, 692.
 callen daisies in our, 6.
 gaze with all the, 865.
 in the town, from a proud, 654.
 man made the, 417.
 of Bethlehem, O little, 791.
 proud tower in the, 654.
 that boasts inhabitants, a, 644.
 this poor little one-horse, 795.
 worth a month in, 777.
 Towns, elephants for want of, 289.
 Townsman of a stiller town, 842.
 Toy-dog, the little, is covered with
 dust, 831.
 Toy-soldier, the little, is red with rust,
 831.
 Toys, fantastic, 391.
 of age, beads and prayer-books, 318.
 of simulated stature, 659.
 to the great children, 357.
 we spent them not in, 260.
 Traced, racer and hack, to one horse,
 605.
 with his golden pen, 726.
 Track, drive on your own, 915.
 pursue, each other's, 275.
 Tract behind, leaving no, 109.
 Tract, one untrodden, 797.
 Tracts, leaves no, 36.
 of calm from tempest made, 677.
 through torrid, 398.
 Trade, doing good is not our, 417.
 of lying, 960.
 thou learned, love the little, 938.
 two of a, can never agree, 349.
 Trades, ugliest of, 612.
 Trade's proud empire, 367.
 Tradition, marrow of, 510.
 wears a snowy beard, 650.
 Traffic blows, deep bark goes where
 751.
 Tragedie, go my little, 6.
 Tragedies, Attic, 254.
 Tragedy, gorgeous, 250.
 of Hamlet with the prince left out,
 494.
 to those who feel, 389.
 Tragic years, the, 839.
 Trail of the serpent, 526.
 Trails her robes of gold, evening, 613.
 Trailing clouds of glory, 477.
 garments of the night, heard the,
 645.
 in the dust, thy plume is, 623.
 Train, a melancholy, 395.
 a royal, believe me, 100.
 every motion of his starry, 485.
 fear and bloodshed miserabile, 476.
 loveliness descending from the, 759.
 of night, last in the, 235.
 of thy amber-dropping hair, 246.
 starry, heaven her, 233.
 up a child, 1019.
 when I am dead no pageant, 571.
 woes love a, 308.
 Traitor, arrant as any, 93.
 love treason but hate the, 182.
 or true, 850.
 to humanity is traitor most accurst,
 733.
 Traitors, fears do make us, 123.
 our doubts are, 47.
 Traitorous kiss, 676.
 Trammel up the consequence, 117.
 Tramping over the heather, 844.
 Trample a kingdom down, 820.
 on my days, 263.
 Trampling out the vintage, He is, 747.
 Trampings of three conquests, 219.
 Trance, no nightly, 251.
 or breathed spell, no, 251.
 unimaginable, stood in, 504.
 Trances, all my days are, 655.
 Tranquil hour of night, in the, 597.
 life, to lead a, 1044.
 mind, farewell the, 154.
 Tranquillity, heaven was all, 527.
 of mind, 952.
 thou better name, 501.
 Transatlantic commentator, 602.
 Transcend our wonted themes, 264.
 Transcendent, genius means the, ca-
 pacity, 584.
 moment, one, 733.
 Transcribed, what is, 369.

- Transfigures its golden hair, 733.
 you and me, that, 748.
 Transforms old print, 419.
 Transgressors, way of, 1018.
 Transient chaste, early bright, 308.
 hour, catch the, 366.
 sorrows simple wiles, 474.
 Transition, what seems so is, 642.
 Transitory, action is, 465.
 Translated, thou art, 58.
 Translation, lightly and joyfully meet
 its, 745.
 Translucent wave, glassy cool, 246.
 Translunary things, 40.
 Transmigration of the soul, 951.
 Transmission of the highest feelings,
 996.
 Transmitter of a foolish face, 354.
 Transmuted ill, sovereign o'er, 366.
 Transmutes, subdues, 476.
 Transport know, can ne'er a, 377.
 Trap no, for pleasure, 776.
 Traps, Cupid kills some with, 51.
 Trappings and suits of woe, 127.
 of a monarchy, 369.
 Trash, who steals my purse steals,
 153.
 Travail, labour for my, 101.
 Travel is a part of education, 166.
 on life's common way, 472.
 thought the, long, 23.
 twelve stout miles, 472.
 Travels, contemplation of my, 70.
 in divers paces, time, 70.
 Travels' history, in my, 150.
 Travelled in realms of gold, 576.
 life's dull round, 379.
 Traveller from Lima, 602.
 from New Zealand, 601.
 from the Zuyder Zee, 602.
 lamp that lighted the, 522.
 now spurs the lated, 121.
 returns, bourne whence no, 136.
 Travellers must be content, 67.
 Travelleth, as one that, 1017.
 Travelling all the same pace, are,
 664.
 is to regulate imagination, 375.
 Tray Blanch and Sweetheart, 147.
 Tray's ever faithful, old dog, 764.
 Treacherous flatteries without wink-
 ing, dam, 730.
 phantom men call liberty, 747.
 Treacle, fly that sips, 348.
 Tread a measure with you, 56.
 again the scene, who would, 497.
 each other's heel, 308.
 grapes of the wine-press which ye,
 605.
 in air, seem to, 339.
 my days, 779.
 on another year, 808.
 on classic ground, 299.
 the globe, all that, 572.
 the land whereon we, 580.
 upon another's heel, one woe, 143.
 where angels fear to, 325.
 where'er we, 541.
 Treads alone some banquet-hall, 523.
 so light the grass stoops not, 161.
 Treason can but peep, 142.
 corporations cannot commit, 24.
 doth never prosper, 39.
 flourished over us, bloody, 114.
 has done his worst, 121.
 if this be, make the most of it, 429.
 like a deadly blight, 526.
 none dare call it, 39.
 saw, crushed freedom crowned, 788.
 Treasons, is fit for, 66.
 Treasure, a witty woman is a, 772.
 is, where your, 1030.
 of his eyesight, 104.
 of our tongue, 39.
 rich the, 271.
 unsunned heaps of miser's, 244.
 what a, hadst thou, 134.
 what men call, gods call dross, 738.
 Treasures, Apollo's Pythian, 339.
 hath he not always, 502.
 heaven's best, 387.
 in heaven, 1030.
 love light and calm thoughts, 502.
 sea-born, fetched my, 614.
 up a wrong, him who, 555.
 Treatise, rouse at a dismal, 125.
 Treble, of brook bud and tree, 788.
 turning again toward childish, 69.
 Tree, aye sticking in a, 495.
 come to the sunset, 570.
 die at the top like that, 294.
 falleth, where the, 1023.
 friendship is a sheltering, 503.
 fruit of that forbidden, 223.
 garden of Liberty's, 516.
 give me again my hollow, 328.
 green leaves on a thick, 338.
 hale green, 652.
 he that planteth a, 834.
 I planted, thorns of the, 544.
 in the wide waste, a, 552.
 is inclined, as twig is bent the, 320
 is known by his fruit, 1031
 leaf is on the, 637.
 light on tower and, 861.
 like a green bay, 1011.
 near his fav'rite, 386.
 'neath yon crimson, 573.
 of deepest root is found, 432.
 of liberty, 990.
 of life, the middle tree, 232.
 on a tree, 801.
 or flower, never loved a, 778.
 sheltered about the mahogany, 697.
 spare the beechen, 516.
 the starry, 816.
 things done in a green, 1034.
 to the top of the, 801.
 too happy happy, 576.
 treble of brook bud and, 788.
 under a sycamore, 406.
 under the greenwood, 67.
 woodman spare that, 609.
 Zaccheus he did climb the, 873.
 Trees are brown, and all the, 728.
 birch most ladylike of, 733.

- Trees, blossoms in the, 316.
 bosomed high in tufted, 243.
 brotherhood of venerable, 474.
 drop tears as Arabian, 157.
 just hid with, 536.
 like leaves on, 338.
 promontory with, 158.
 sober realm of leafless, 751.
 tall ancestral, 569.
 tongues in, 67.
 unto the root of the, 1033.
- Trelawney die, and shall, 873.
- Tremble for my country, I, 436.
 like a guilty thing, 478.
 my firm nerves shall never, 12.
 see my lips, 333.
 thou wretch, 147.
 when I wake, 418.
 while they gaze, angels, 382.
- Trembles, Satan, 422.
 to a lily, 815.
 too, turning, 389.
- Tremblers, boding, 397.
- Trembling, a rosy, 998.
 from its birth, 776.
- Trenchant blade, 211.
- Trencherman, a very valiant, 50.
- Tresses fair, insnare, 326.
 like the morn, 246.
 one by one, 781.
 whitening lip and fading, 690.
- Trial by juries, 435.
 on, in the world, 826.
- Triangular holes and persons, 461.
- Tribe increase, may his, 536.
 is the badge of all our, 61.
 richer than all his, 157.
 were God Almighty's gentlemen,
 268.
- Tribes, formed of two mighty, 560.
 that slumber in its bosom, 572.
- Tribute, laid all nature under, 457.
 not one cent for, 861.
 of a sigh, the passing, 385.
 of a smile, vain, 487.
- Trick of our English nation, 88.
 of singularity, 76.
 when in doubt win the, 1053.
 worth two of that, I know a, 84.
- Tricks, his tenures and, 143.
 in plain and simple faith, 114.
 plays such fantastic, 48.
 shaped for sportive, 95.
 such, hath strong imagination, 59.
 that are vain, 813.
- Trident, flatter Neptune for his, 103.
- Tried and proved, by sorrow, 788.
 each art, 396.
 little knowest that hast not, 29.
 patient though sorely, 640.
 save he whose heart hath, 550.
 thou that hast not, 29.
 to blame that has been, 350.
 to live without him, 175.
 without consent bin only, 193.
- Tries, knows not till he, 899.
- Trifle, as 't were a careless, 117.
 think naught a, 311.
- Trifles, life a series of, 768.
 light as air, 154.
 make life, 311.
 make the sum of human things,
 437.
 seeks painted, 391.
 snapper-up of unconsidered, 77.
 win us with honest, 116.
- Trifling handful, just take a, 765.
- Trim, dressed in all his, 163.
 gardens, in, 249.
 gilded vessel in gallant, 383.
 he that shot so, 105.
 meadows, 248.
 reckoning, 87.
 that shoots so, 405.
- Trimmed off when once plucked, 774.
- Trip, a blue, slip, 796.
 is done, my captain our fearful, 744.
 it as you go, 248.
- Trips on the green, lassie that, 586.
- Trissotin, half, 603.
- Triton blow his wreathed horn, 477.
 of the minnows, hear you this, 103.
- Triumph advances, chief in, 491.
 in redeeming love, 862.
 of the soul over the flesh, 994.
 pedestaled in, 712.
 pursue the, 320.
 wherefore come ye forth in, 604.
- Triumphal arch, 516.
- Triumphant death, 240.
 faith, o'er our fears, 641.
- Triumphed, Jehovah has, 524.
 over time, 26.
- Trivet, right as a, 864.
- Trivial contribution, beg a, 845.
 fond records, 132.
 round the common task, 569.
 things, contests rise from, 325.
- Trod down my lofty name, 793.
 proper men as ever, 110.
- Trodden out, little fire is quickly, 95.
 the wine-press alone, 1026.
- Trojans, the distant, 337.
- Troop, farewell the plumed, 154.
- Troops of error, charged the, 217.
 of friends, love obedience, 124.
- Trope, out there flew a, 210.
- Trophies, need not raise, 258.
 pass away, 810.
 unto the enemies of truth, 217.
- Tropic, under the, 220.
- Troth, in warm spring night, 847.
 not break my, 54.
 time tries the, in everything, 18.
- Troubadour, gayly the, 588.
- Trouble, all, stopped, 792.
 capacity of taking, 584.
 double toil and, 123.
 enough of its own, 835.
 kindness in another's, 783.
 man is born unto, 1008.
 of few days and full of, 1009.
 of the rain, useful, 678.
 our days begin with, 873.
 present help in, 1012.
 remedy for every, 887.

- Trouble, war is toil and, 272.
 why all this toil and, 466.
- Troubles, against a sea of, 135.
 of the brain, the written, 125.
 peck of, 977.
 we've a whole lot of, 843.
- Troubled air, meteor to the, 383.
 let not your heart be, 1035.
 like a fountain, 73.
 waters, fish in, 283.
 with thick-coming fancies, 125.
- Troublesome disguises, 234.
- Troublest me, thou, 97.
- Troubling, wicked cease from, 1008.
- Trousers, one's best, to fight for freedom in, 996.
 steam-engine in, 461.
- Trowel, laid on with a, 66.
- Troy, Astyanax the hope of, 338.
 divine, tale of, 250.
 fired another, 272.
 half his, was burnt, 88.
 heard, doubted, 558.
 laid in ashes, 280.
 ringing plains of windy, 668.
 where is, 352.
- Troy's proud glories, 337.
- Truant, aged ears play, at his tales, 55.
 husband should return, 556.
- Truckle-bed, honour's, 212.
- Trudged along unknowing, 273.
- Trudgin' my weary way, 825.
- True, always think what is, 762.
 Amphitryon, 277.
 and honourable wife, 112.
 apostles of equality, 755.
 are you good men and, 51.
 as fate, 182.
 as steel, 58, 107.
 as the dial to the sun, 215.
 as the needle to the pole, 306.
 battled for the, 675.
 beginning of our end, 59.
 blue, Presbyterian, 210.
 dare to be, 205.
 easy to be, 859.
 enabled me to remain, 581.
 eyes too pure and too honest, 780.
 faith and willing hands, 730.
 friend is forever a friend, 760.
 good to be honest and, 450.
 hearts lie withered, 521.
 hope is swift, 97.
 humility is surely ours, 809.
 humility the highest virtue, 680.
 I have married her, 149.
 if England to itself rest, 80.
 if your heart be only, 809.
 it's, I've got no shirts to wear, 800.
 knight's pastime, toil is the, 728.
 leisure one with true toil, 716.
 like the needle, 389.
 love, course of, never did run smooth, 57.
 love is, if I know what, 680.
 love is like ghosts, 981.
 love tho' given in vain, 680.
- True man's apparel, every, 49.
 my Mary kind and, 638.
 nature the first cause of the, 941.
 nothing, but heaven, 524.
 patriots all, 445.
 perfection, praise and, 66.
 pleasure of life is to, 698.
 pride were not also, as if, 713.
 rest, and that is, 716.
 right wrong, live pure speak, 677.
 so tender and so, 380.
 strange but, 560.
 tender and, Douglas, 38.
 this is not my, country, 742.
 't is pity and pity 't is 't is true, 133.
 to all ways open always, 754.
 to be simple modest manly, 738.
 to God who's true to man, he's, 733.
 to one party, 735.
 to the kindred points of heaven, 485.
 to thine own self be, 130.
 toil, true leisure one with, 716.
 too good to be, 284.
 use of speech, 403.
 views, as fast as they appear, 661.
 way to be deceived, 981.
 whatsoever things are, 1039.
 while we're Britons, 867.
 wit, the well of, 772.
- Truer name is Onward, death's, 685.
 truth obtainable, is no, 714.
- Truest language, flowers are love's, 660.
 the, hearts that ever, 580.
 warrior, this was the, 726.
- True-fixed and resting quality, 112.
- Truepenny, art thou there, 132.
- Truly civilized man, the, 826.
 longed for death, has ever, 666.
 loved never forgets, 520.
 write his single day, none, 685.
- Trump, shrill, 154.
- Trumps, if dirt was, 510.
- Trumpery, with all their, 231.
- Trumpet give an uncertain sound, 1037.
 moved more than with a, 34.
 shifted his, 400.
 sound the, beat the drums, 281.
 sounds to horse, 296.
 the thing became a, 485.
- Trumpets, never heard the sound of, 920.
 silver snarling, 575.
- Trumpet-tongued, angels, 118.
- Truncheon, the marshal's, 47.
- Trundle-tail, tike or, 148.
- Trust a little, that when we die, 789.
 all and be deceived, better, 686.
 all power is a, 626,
 but put your money in, 692.
 government is a, 517.
 her not she is fooling thee, 648.
 in all things high, 673.
 in God, 843.
 in God and do the right, 702.
 in God is our, 517.
 in God, put your, 598.

- Trust in money, put not your, 692.
 in princes, put not your, 1016.
 in Providence, put your, 313.
 let us to Providence, 727.
 magistracy is a great, 411.
 no agent, 51.
 no future howe'er pleasant, 639.
 no man on his oath, 109.
 no man without a conscience, 379.
 old friends to, 171.
 somehow good will be, 675.
 soothed by an unflinching, 572.
 takes in, our youth, 26.
 that all is best, to, 715.
 we are unfit for any, 760.
 woman's faith and woman's, 494.
- Trusts, offices are public, 529.
 public, 1051.
- Trusted, let no such man be, 66.
- Trustees of posterity, youth of a nation, 628.
 officers of government are, 517.
- Trustful birds have built their nests, 822.
- Trusty drouthy crony, 451.
- Truth, acknowledgment of, 996.
 and beauty grow, 823.
 and daylight meet, 255.
 and noonday light to thee, 719.
 and pure delight, heirs of, 477.
 and repose, choice between, 621.
 and shame the devil, 85, 958.
 and soberness, words of, 1035.
 at His requiring taught, 650.
 authority and show of, 52.
 basis of every, 409.
 be in the field, so, 255.
 be one, though, 846.
 beauty and, are worthy to be sought, 816.
 born to inquire after, 964.
 bright countenance of, 253.
 but O the, 772.
 by Him who was the, 684.
 cannon-balls may aid the, 718.
 champion of the, 814.
 change lays not her hand upon, 806.
 crushed to earth, 573.
 denies all eloquence to woe, 551.
 desire of fame and love of, 681.
 divorcing themselves from, 584.
 doubt, to be a liar, 133.
 eloquent man not speaking the, 585.
 enemies of, 217.
 fancy deemed was only, 662.
 fiction lags after, 408.
 forever on the scaffold, 732.
 from his lips prevailed, 397.
 from pole to pole, spread the, 300.
 great is, and mighty, 1028.
 great ocean of, 278.
 has never been contained in one creed, 832.
 has such a face, 269.
 hath a quiet breast, 80.
 he ought to die for, 617.
 he who has, at his heart, 746.
 her glorious precepts draw, 863.
- Truth, His, is marching on, 747.
 his utmost skill, 174.
 I will be harsh as, 633.
 impossible to be soiled, 253.
 in action, justice is, 624.
 in every shepherd's tongue, 25.
 in masquerade, 560.
 in simple nakedness, white, 678.
 in the light of, 475.
 in the strife of, 732.
 in wine there is, 905.
 increase to her, 378.
 is always strange, 560.
 is beauty beauty is truth, 576.
 is communicated to men, 996.
 is generally best vindication, 660.
 is great and shall prevail, 757.
 is its handmaid, 460.
 is precious and divine, 213.
 is the handmaid of justice, 460.
 is the highest thing, 4.
 is the secret of eloquence, 995.
 is truth, 49.
 is within ourselves, 704.
 lay in a holy book, Mohammed's, 665.
 lend her noblest fires, 540.
 lie which is half a, 671.
 lies deep down, 952.
 lies like, 125.
 makes free, whom the, 421.
 man never harmed by, 940.
 may be, tell how the, 487.
 may bear all lights, 581.
 mercy and, are met together, 1013.
 miscalled simplicity, 162.
 mountains of, 997.
 mournful, 366.
 must be sought with positivists, 765.
 nature is styled, 941.
 never yet fell dead, 694.
 not to be spoken at all times, 966.
 nothing so powerful as, 534.
 nothing so strange as, 534.
 obtainable, is no truer, 714.
 ocean of, all undiscovered, 278.
 of a song, swear to the, 287.
 of history, 910.
 of truths is love, 722.
 on the scaffold, 732.
 one, is clear, 316.
 one way possible of speaking, 712.
 or the satisfaction of intellect, 657.
 pardon error but love, 987.
 patriot, 863.
 purity and, eternal joy, 280.
 put to the worse, 255.
 quenched the open, 491.
 ridicule the test of, 581.
 sanctified by, 483.
 scythes of, had mown, 788.
 seeming, 63.
 severe by fairy fiction drest, 383.
 shall be thy warrant, 25.
 shall ever come uppermost, 718.
 shall make you free, 1035.
 simple, his utmost skill, 174.
 so pure of old, kept thy, 252.

- Truth, sole judge of, 317.**
 soul of, 773.
 speak as much as I dare, 963.
 speak every man, 1039.
 speech is, 489.
 statesman yet friend to, 323.
 stood on one side, 694.
 stooped to, 328.
 stranger than fiction, 560.
 strife of, with falsehood, 732.
 the brilliant Frenchman never knew,
 414.
 the poet sings, this is, 669.
 the test of ridicule, 444.
 the well of true wit is, 772.
 there is no, in him, 1035.
 this I set down as positive, 698.
 this is petrified, 795.
 those blessed, how sweet the, 717.
 throughout the world, 483.
 time brings increase to her, 378.
 time trieth truth, 18.
 time will teach thee soon the, 640.
 to side with, is noble, 733.
 to the full round of, 682.
 urge him with, 342.
 vantage ground of, 164.
 we know, by the heart, 985.
 well known to most, 424.
 where doubt there, is, 721.
 whispering tongues can poison, 500.
 who having unto, 42.
 who speaks, stabs falsehood, 731.
 will come to sight, 62.
 will sometimes lend her noblest
 fires, 540.
 with gold she weighs, 330.
 with him who sings, 673.
 with the emblem of, 537.
 within thy mind, this, 666.
 would you teach, 319.
Truths as refined as Athens heard,
 860.
 discovery of divine, 304.
 divine came mended from that
 tongue, 333.
 electrify the sage, whose, 514.
 fictions like to, 878.
 great, are portions of the soul, 731.
 half so sage as he wrote, 726.
 I tell, believe the, 389.
 instruments of darkness tell us, 116.
 irrationally held, more harmful, 762.
 music tells no, 722.
 new, begin as heresies, 762.
 of long ago, were the, 651.
 that wake to perish never, 478.
 to be self-evident, 434.
 two, are told, 116.
 which are not for all men, 987.
 who feel great, 722.
Truth's, thy country's thy God's and,
 100.
Try by great thoughts and deeds, 721.
 first then call in God, 885.
 men's souls, times that, 431.
 our fortunes, ready to, 90.
 the man, let the end, 89.
Tub, tale of a, 958.
 to the whale, fling a, 291.
 upon its own bottom, every, 350.
Tubes are twisted and died, 853.
Tufted crow-toe, 247.
 trees, bosomed high in, 248.
Tug of war, then was the, 281.
Tugged with fortune, 121.
Tully's curule chair, 391.
Tumble, another, 593.
 ready with every nod to, 97.
Tumbler, pouter, and fantail are from,
 605.
Tumours of a troubled mind, 881.
Tumult, all the, stopped, 792.
 and the shouting dies, 852.
 of the soul, 481.
Tune, bells jangled out of, 136.
 incapable of a, 509.
 memory plays an old, 724.
 nature's heart in, 587.
 of flutes, 157.
 our voices keep, 518.
 out of, above the pitch, 957.
 should keep so long in, 303.
 singeth a quiet, 499.
 to sing the same, 915.
 through a dream, 821.
Tunes, devil have all the good, 861.
Turbans, white silken, 240.
Turbulence eludes the eye, 473.
Turf, at his head a green grass, 405.
 beneath their feet, 515.
 green be the, above thee, 562.
 green grassy, 428.
 of fresh earth, smell to a, 222.
 oft on the dappled, 473.
 that wraps their clay, 390.
Turk, base Phrygian, 45.
 bear like the, 327.
 or Proosian, 800.
 out-paramoured the, 147.
 the unspeakable, 585.
Turkman's rest, cheers the, 555.
Turn again, I keep and pass and,
 617.
 and fight another day, 216.
 at need, good, 968.
 backward O Time, 783.
 each thing his, does hold, 203.
 nay, not away that sweet, 605.
 of the tide, 91.
 one good, asketh another, 15.
 over a new leaf, 174, 182.
 the smallest worm will, 95.
 to rain, mist and cloud will, 647.
 up, faith that something would, 628.
 when every one goes in his, 742.
 your hand to anything, 973.
Turns again home, 685.
 and turns to say, 810.
 at the touch of joy, 389.
 with ceaseless pain, 394.
Turner of the wheel, 816.
Turning trembles too, 389.
Turnips, man who, cries, 375.
Turn-pike, man at the, bar, 590.
Turph, Peter, 72.

- Turquoise marge, into the sunset's,
850.
- Turrets of the land, 689.
- Turtle, love of the, 549.
voice of the, is heard, 1024.
- Tut tut child, 781.
- Twain bairns and but ae heart, 587.
bairns at scule, 587.
did part, 't was then we, 587.
- Twain have been tied up together, 684.
have met like the ships, we, 775.
henceforward, betwixt us, 679.
if, be away, 6, 17.
in faith in love agree, 651.
never the, shall meet, 852.
- Twal, short hours ayont the, 446.
- Tweed, at York 't is on the, 318.
- Tweedledum and Tweedledee, 351.
- Twelve, Cristes lore and his apostles,
2!
good men into a box, 528.
good rules, the, 398.
honest men have decided, 859.
in the sworn, 47.
miles from a lemon, 460.
stout miles, might travel, 472.
tongue of midnight hath told, 59.
- Twenty bokes clothed in black, 1.
days are now, long as, 470.
kiss me sweet and, 75.
miles away, and Sheridan, 751.
more such names, 72.
mortal murders, 122.
pounds, annual income, 701.
short summers ago, nineteen or, 750.
will not come again, 842.
worlds, should conquer, 181.
- Twenty-one, in the confidence of, 376.
the minor pants for, 329.
- Twice read, what is, 369.
three thousand years, the scroll of,
785.
- Twice-told tale, life is tedious as a, 79,
345.
- Twickenham Town, but a penny to,
831.
- Twig is bent, just as the, 320.
- Twilight a timid fawn, 855.
dews are falling fast, 524.
dews, no, 493.
disastrous, 225.
fair, as stars of, 474.
gray in sober livery, 233.
lets her curtain down, 591.
of the heart, an evening, 562.
repairing, when at, 515.
soft and dim, 869.
spirit that dost render, 653.
- Twilights, her dusky hair like, 474.
- Twilight's curtain, 591.
- Twilight-land, in, 798.
- Twin brethren, great, 604.
happiness was born a, 557.
of heathen hate, looked the, 682.
- Twins even from the birth, 343.
- Twin-born of devotion, despair the,
805.
- Twinkling of a star, but the, 214.
- Twinkling of an eye, in the, 62, 103.
- Twisted and dried, 853.
- Twitch quick as lightning, 214.
- Twitters, chirps and, 799.
- 'Twixt pain and nothing tost, 790.
two boundless seas, 525.
- Two are walking apart forever, 749.
clouds at morning, I saw, 578.
ears but only one mouth, given, 628.
eternities, past and future, 525.
good honest hands, 842.
handles, everything hath, 932.
hands upon the breast, 765.
heads better than one, 12.
hearts in one, 968.
hearts that beat as one, 992.
hundred feet of hell, gun-deck, 748.
hurrying shapes, 795.
irons in the fire, 196.
lives that once part are as ships, 631.
lovely berries on one stem, 58.
narrow words *hic jacet*, 27.
nations, privileged and people, 627.
of a trade can never agree, 349.
of that, trick worth, 84.
oh that we, were Maying, 728.
old chairs and half a candle, 703.
owls and a hen, 703.
pale feet crossed in rest, 765.
sides to every question, 951.
single gentlemen rolled in one, 454.
souls with a single thought, 992.
strings to his bow, 15.
things stand like stone, 783.
towers of sail at dawn, 727.
truths are told, 116.
voices are there, 478.
we have, lives about us, 763.
were lying, would that we, 728.
worlds in which we dwell, 763.
- Two-and-seventy stanches, 503.
- Twofold image, we saw a, 481.
- Two-handed engine, 247.
- Two-headed Janus, 59.
- Two-legged animal, man 'is a, 949.
thing a son, 267.
- Tying her bonnet under her chin, 781.
- Type, careful of the, 675.
of human nature, the highest, 773.
of the wise who soar, 485.
of thee, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto
was but a, 294.
- Types, device of movable, 584.
of things, loose, 473.
- Typical of strife, clubs, 420.
- Tyrannous to use it like a giant, 48.
- Tyranny begins, where law ends, 364.
- Tyrant, beautiful, 107.
custom, the, 151.
fear that reigns with the, 642.
like intemperance, world has no, 634.
of his fields, 385.
- Tyrants, be wasted for, 525.
ever sworn the foe to, 459.
from policy, kings will be, 410.
'gainst, its symbols know, 748.
necessity the argument of, 453.
rebellion to, 1051.

- Tyrants, to, I will give no quarter, 634.
watered by the blood of, 990.
- Tyrant's plea, necessity the, 232.
- Ugliest of trades, 612.
- Uglification and derision, 782.
- Ugly and venomous, the toad, 67.
ay as sin, the world's as, 751.
fact, 776.
sights, so full of, 96.
- Ultimate angels' law, 711.
- Ultimum moriens of respectability, 692.
- Umbered face, see the other's, 92.
- Una with her milk-white lamb, 477.
- Unadorned, adorned the most, when, 356.
- Unalienable rights, 434.
- Unalloyed, bliss, 993.
- Unalterable days, the, 616.
- Unalterably and pesteringly fond, 684.
- Unaneled, disappointed, 132.
- Unanimity is wonderful, their, 441.
- Unapprehended inspiration, 568.
- Unashamed, delivers brawling judgments, 679.
- Unassuming commonplace, 473.
- Unattained, how vast the, 651.
the far-off, 731.
- Unattempted yet in prose, 178.
- Unavenged, insults, 480.
Scipio's ghost walks, 298.
- Unaware, I blessed them, 498.
thy soft touch of healing, 764.
- Unawares, like instincts, 664.
- Unawed by influence, 863.
- Unbelief, alas the fearful, 584.
is, in yourself, 584.
- Unbelieving, believing hath a core of, 816.
- Unblemished let me live, 333.
- Unblessed, every inordinate cup is, 152.
- Unborn ages, ye, 383.
things we choose while yet, 767.
- Unborrowed from the eye, 467.
- Unbought grace of life, 410.
health, hunt in fields for, 270.
- Unbounded courage, 299.
stomach, man of an, 100.
- Unbribed by gain, 863.
- Unburied men, bodies of, 181.
- Uncertain, comes and goes, the world, 618.
coy and hard to please, 490.
glory of an April day, 44.
paper, certain portion of, 556.
rustling of each purple, 656.
the visible for the, 952.
voyage, life's, 109.
- Uncertainty, certainty for an, 369.
cloaca of, 985.
of the law, glorious, 350.
- Unchained, our, feet walk freely, 580.
strength, the giant's, 572.
- Unchallenged fate, lord of my, 774.
- Unchanging law of God, 694.
shore, on this dull, 714.
- Uncharitableness, all, 1042.
- Uncheered by hope, 537.
- Uncle me no uncle, 1054.
- Unclean lips, man of, 1025.
- Unclouded day, passed to bright, 725.
ray, whose, 321.
- Unclubable man, a very, 371.
- Unconfined and unknown, 547.
- Uncompromising as justice, 633.
- Unconditional surrender, 752.
- Unconfined, let joy be, 542.
- Unconning, thou art so, 6.
- Unconquerable cry, 814.
mind, 382, 471.
soul, my, 828.
will and study of revenge, 223.
- Unconquered steam, 474.
will, star of the, 639.
- Unconscious of decays, age, 341.
- Unconsciously audacious, 772.
- Unconsidered trifles, snapper-up of, 77.
- Uncreated night, 227.
- Uncreating word, before thy, 332.
- Unction, flattering, 141.
- Undazzled eyes, 255.
- Undefyled, well of English, 28.
- Undepressed in size, 479.
- Under the apple-boughs, home again, 724.
the rose, 219.
- Underlings, we are, 110.
- Underneath his feet he cast, 23.
this sable hearse, 179.
this stone doth lie, 178.
- Understand, believe what they least, 965.
- Understanding and wisdom, 1025.
candle of, 1028.
dupe of the heart, 981.
for thy more sweet, 54.
give it an, but no tongue, 129.
God gives, 421.
joke into a Scotch, 459.
more, than my teachers, 1015.
not obliged to find you an, 375.
passeth all, 1039.
to direct, 874.
with all thy getting get, 1017.
- Understood, harmony not, 316.
her by her sight, 177.
the interpreter hardest to be, 441.
- Undervalue me, if she, 26.
- Undescribable, describe the, 545.
- Undeserved praise, 330.
- Undevout astronomer is mad, 310.
- Undiscovered country, 136.
universe, the, 839.
- Undisputed thing, 688.
- Undivulged crimes, 147.
- Undone, another victory we are, 171.
day's work and night's work are 805.
his country, they've, 298.
if we are known we are, 947.
if we had not been undone, 724.
in another fight I were, 919.
to want to be, 30.

- Undone widow, some, 194.
 widows, thousands of, 172.
 wrongdoer that has left something,
 941.
 Undreamed shores, 78.
 Undress, fair, best dress, 357.
 her gentle limbs did she, 499.
 Undulate round the world serenely,
 744.
 Undying pain, seed of retribution and,
 647.
 strife, wage an, 607.
 Uneasy lies the head, 89.
 light, remnant of, 474.
 Uneffectual fire, 'gins to pale his, 132.
 Unexercised, virtue, 254.
 Unexpected always happens, the, 887.
 death the best, 921.
 Unexpressed, uttered or, 497.
 Unexpressive she, fair chaste and, 70.
 Unextinguished laughter, 337, 344.
 Unfailing source rapid exhaustless,
 river of, 597.
 Unfaltering trust, 572.
 Unfashionable, lamely and, 95.
 Unfathomed caves of ocean, 385.
 center, of the, 585.
 Unfeathered two-legged thing, 267.
 Unfeatured air, my highway is, 725.
 Unfed sides, 147.
 Unfeeling for his own, 381.
 Unfinished, deformed, 95.
 Unfirm, more giddy and, 75.
 Unfit, for all things, 399.
 for ladies' love, 272.
 to sink or soar, 554.
 we are, for any trust, 760.
 Unfold, I could a tale, 131.
 Unfolds both heaven and earth, 57.
 Unfolding, soft, those portals, 587.
 Unforgettable day, that, 804.
 Unforgiving eye, 442.
 Unformed accident, 39.
 society waits, 745.
 Unfortunate by a calamity, 952.
 Miss Bailey, 454.
 one more, 595.
 Unfriendly melancholy slow, 394.
 Unfriendly to society, 415.
 Unfruitful, invention is, 408.
 Unfurled, seemed to see our flag, 650.
 Unfurnished, head to be let, 210.
 Ungalled play, the hart, 138.
 Ungenial climate [Pilgrims], fell upon
 an, 752.
 Ungracious pastors, 129.
 Ungrateful, man who is, 981.
 Unguarded stand our gates, 798.
 to leave the gates, 798.
 Unhabitable downs, 289.
 Unhand me gentlemen, 131.
 Unhandsome corpse, a slovenly, 83.
 Unchanged, not three good men, 84.
 Unhappy family is unhappy in its
 own way, 996.
 far-off things, 473.
 folks on shore, 510.
 hates, endless extinction of, 754.
 Unhappy, never so, as we suppose, 980.
 none but the great, 301.
 none think the great, 310.
 what the happy owe to the, 343.
 Unheard by the world, 524.
 Unheeded flew the hours, 464.
 Unholy blue, eyes of, 521.
 Unhonoured and unsung, 488.
 his relics are laid, 519.
 years, laden with, 449.
 Unhouselled, disappointed, 132.
 Un-idea'd girls, 369.
 Unimaginable trance, 504.
 Unintelligible world, this, 467.
 Uninterred, he lies, 341.
 Union, all your strength is in your,
 645.
 devotes the national domain to, 606.
 flag of our, 609.
 fragments of a once glorious, 533.
 here of hearts, there is no, 496.
 in partition, 58.
 indestructible, 652.
 is perfect. our, 426.
 liberty and, now and forever, 533.
 music of the, keep step to the, 599.
 must be preserved, our Federal, 458.
 of hearts union of hands, 609.
 of lakes union of lands, 609.
 of states none can sever, 609.
 our Federal, 458.
 sail on O, strong and great, 641.
 sure, but makes the, 827.
 with his native sea, 480.
 Unison, some chord in, 422.
 United we stand, 609.
 yet divided, 417.
 Uniting we stand, 426.
 Unity, God is, 950.
 on earth, confound all, 124.
 to dwell together in, 1016.
 Universal blank, 230.
 cure, cheap and, 261.
 darkness buries all, 332.
 good, partial evil, 316.
 grin, nature wears one, 362.
 hallucination, 838.
 peace, uproar the, 124.
 world, in the, 93.
 Universe, better ordering of the, 954.
 born for the, 399.
 forsakes thee, 989.
 glory and shame of the, 985.
 God is the creator of the, 951.
 harmony of the, 409.
 is change, 937.
 life and, show spontaneity, 765.
 loves to create, 942.
 made up of all that is, one, 940.
 nature of the, 941.
 praised be the fathomless, 744.
 roaming in thought over the, 743.
 that in a boundless, 666.
 the undiscovered, 839.
 vast, scenes for a theatre, 963.
 wuz safe, the, 839.
 University of these days, 585.
 should be a place of light, 625.

- Unjust peace before a just war, 361.
 to nature and himself, 307.
 Unkind as man's ingratitude, 70.
 when givers prove, 136.
 Unkindest cut of all, the most, 113.
 Unkindness, I tax not you with, 146.
 Unknelted uncoffined, 547.
 Unknowing what he sought, 273.
 Unknown and like esteemed, 245.
 and silent shore, 509.
 argues yourselves, 234.
 forms of things, 59.
 it is good to love the, 509.
 lands, to carry me to, 811.
 power's employ, in some, 753.
 she lived, 469.
 thus let me live, unseen, 334.
 to fortune and to fame, 386.
 too early seen, 105.
 Unlamented let me die, 334.
 Unlearn not what you have learned,
 949.
 Unlearned, amaze the, 324.
 men of books, 310.
 their wants may view, 325.
 Unless above himself he can erect him-
 self, 39.
 it conquer us, pain no evil, 728.
 Unlessoned girl unschooled, 64.
 Unlettered small-knowing soul, 54.
 Unlineal hand, with an, 121.
 Unlooked for, she comes, 333.
 Unmannerly untaught knaves, 57.
 Unmarried members of the crew, 799.
 primroses die, 77.
 Unmask her beauty to the moon, 129.
 Unmated creature tired, the sea, 717.
 Unmeasured by flight of years, 497.
 height, 790.
 Unmerciful disaster, 656.
 Unmingling, where each flows on, 761.
 Unmoving finger, his slow, 155.
 Unmusical to the Volscians' ears, 103.
 Unnatural, nothing is, 441.
 Unnumbered woes, 336.
 year, since what, 749.
 years, that shall live for, 726.
 Unpack my heart with words, 135.
 Unpaid-for silk, rustling in, 159.
 Unparticular man, 816.
 Unpathed waters undreamed shores,
 78.
 Unperceived decay, melts in, 365.
 shade softening in shade, 357.
 the stars steal, 823.
 Unpitied sacrifice, 408.
 unrespited, unreprieved, 227.
 Unpleasant body, moist, 701.
 people, leaving, 556.
 Unpleasantest words, 64.
 Unpleasing sharps, 108.
 Unpolluted flesh, fair and, 144.
 Unpractised unschooled, 64.
 Unpremeditated verse, 238.
 Unpresumptuous eye, 421.
 Unprofitable, fretful stir, 467.
 stale flat and, 128.
 Unprofitably burns, our oil, 415.
 Unpronounceable awful names, 813.
 Unpurchased hand, with, 689.
 Unquestioned text we read, one, 691.
 Unread, walks among his peers, 749.
 Unreal mockery hence, 122.
 Unreclaimed blood, 133.
 Unredressed, wrongs, 480.
 Unreflected light, 606.
 Unrelenting foe to love, 358.
 hate, Juno's, 274.
 Unremembered acts, 467.
 Unreplying dead, 784.
 Unrespited unpitied unreprieved, 227.
 Unrest or noyance, 357.
 Unresting sea, life's, 690.
 Unreturning brave, 543.
 Unrighteous judgment, our works
 find, 807.
 man his thoughts, 1026.
 Unripened beauties, 298.
 Unruly evil, tongue is an, 1041.
 member, 1041.
 Unschooled unpractised, 64.
 Unseasonable, the insupportable is,
 928.
 Unseduced by the prize that the world,
 746.
 Unseen, born to blush, 385.
 walk the earth, 234.
 Unselfish love, look on with, 809.
 Unsettle you, don't let that, 800.
 Unshamed iconoclast, what if some,
 788.
 Unshighed for past, 482.
 Unskilful laugh, make the, 137.
 Unsought be won, 237.
 is better, love given, 76.
 Unsoundness, without a certain, of
 mind, 600.
 Unspeakable and dread, O majesty,
 717.
 the, Turk, 585.
 Unspoken, what to leave, 168.
 Unspotted life is old age, 1028.
 lily, a most, 101.
 Unstable as water, 1005.
 fortune is, 952.
 Unstained and free from scars, arms,
 725.
 Unsuccessful or successful war, 418.
 Unsung, unwept unhonoured, 488.
 Unsunned heaps of treasure, 244.
 snow, chaste as, 159.
 Unsuspected, dying well-beloved,
 Hermes, 742.
 isle in the far seas, 705.
 Unswerving, 't is onwards, 716.
 Untainted, heart, 94.
 Untaught knaves, he called them, 83.
 Unthinking idle wild, 864.
 time, quaffing and, 272.
 Unthought-like thoughts that are
 souls, 655.
 Until she smiled on me, 586.
 Untimely death, 335.
 frost, death's, 450.
 grave, 200, 1043.
 graves, emblems of, 420.

- Unto dying eyes, 673.
 the pure all things are pure, 1040.
 Untold millions of years, 774.
 with love and power, 715.
 Untravelled, my heart, 394.
 Untrewe, tellen his tale, 2.
 Untrodden tract for intellect or will,
 797.
 ways, among the, 469.
 Untroubled sentries of the shadowy
 night, 635.
 Untune that string, 102.
 Untutored mind, 315.
 Untwined me from the mass of deeds,
 705.
 Untwisting all the chains, 249.
 Unused, fust in us, 142.
 to the melting mood, 157.
 Unutterable things, looked, 356.
 Unutterably bright stars, 568.
 Unvalued jewels, 96.
 Unvarnished tale, a round, 150.
 Unveiled her peerless light, 233.
 Unvexed with cares of gain, 348.
 Unwashed artificer, another lean, 80.
 Unwearied spirit, 64.
 Unwelcome guest, like an, 815.
 news, bringer of, 88.
 Unwept unhonoured and unsung, 488.
 Unwhipped of justice, 147.
 Unwilling, heavily on me like, sleep,
 577.
 ploughshare, 486.
 Unwillingly to school, creeping, 69.
 Unwitting of the day, 785.
 Unwomanly rags, woman in, 594.
 spurns of the, 135.
 Unwritten and written law, 946.
 Unwrung, our withers are, 138.
 Up anchor, 774.
 and doing, let us be, 639.
 faith that something would turn,
 628.
 game is, 160.
 in my bed now, 592.
 is faith, what's, 684.
 my friend and quit your books, 466.
 rose Emilie, 2.
 rose the sonne, 2.
 stairs into the world, 294.
 the river of death, 748.
 with you, it is, 888.
 Up-and-down of time, 818.
 Upbear, and men my giant arms, 725.
 Upbraiding shore, buried by the, 545.
 Uprrowth of virtue, germ of first, 729.
 Upland lawn, sun upon the, 386.
 Uplands, lights on the sleepy, waning,
 613.
 Upmost round, attains the, 111.
 Upon the platform, 129.
 the thousand chances that, 579.
 this hint I spake, 151.
 Upper air, listen to voices in the, 647.
 lip, keep a stiff, 758.
 ocean, raging o'er the, 700.
 shelf, silence of the, 600.
 ten thousand, 723.
 Upper-crust, they are all, 586.
 Upright, God hath made man, 1023.
 keel, she steadies with, 498.
 man, behold the, 1011.
 Uproar, sand and wild, 614.
 the universal peace, 124.
 Upstairs and downstairs, 695.
 Upturned faces, sea of, 493, 531.
 Upward forever, 857.
 from the beast, 846.
 to the skies, rising and reaching, 646.
 Urania govern thou my song, 236.
 Urge him with truth, 342.
 no healths, 398.
 Urges sweet return, retirement, 239.
 Urgent tasks, in vain I speak of, 720.
 Urn, bubbling and loud-hissing, 420.
 can storied, 384.
 day fills his blue, 616.
 fancy's pictured, 382.
 life from its mysterious, 579.
 mouldering, 428.
 of poverty, penny in the, 598.
 some nymph, lake-lily is an, 704.
 Urns, fire in antique Roman, 213.
 in their golden, draw light, 236.
 lamps in old sepulchral, 415.
 rule our spirits from their, 554.
 Urs, those dreadful, 689.
 Use almost can change the stamp of
 nature, 141.
 and skill are winners, mainly, 680.
 both thanks and, 46.
 doth breed a habit in a man, 44.
 him as though you loved him, 208.
 of nature, against the, 116.
 of speech, the true, 403.
 or beauty or form, relates to, 699.
 remote from common, 556.
 soiled with all ignoble, 676.
 strained from that fair, 106.
 them kindly they rebel, 313.
 there's no, at all in my, 590.
 things beyond all, 112.
 to brood this life of, what, 683.
 Uses of adversity, sweet are the, 67.
 of this world, 128.
 to what base, we may return, 144.
 Used them so, and yet he, 732.
 to a thing, 441.
 to war's alarms, 594.
 Useful, the beautiful to the, 997.
 trouble of the rain, 678.
 Useless each without the other, 645.
 if it goes as if it stands, 415.
 nothing is so, as a general maxim,
 600.
 to excel where none admire, 377.
 Ushers in the even, full star that, 163.
 Usufruct, enjoy the all else as a, 994.
 Utica, no pent-up, 439.
 Utility, laws of beauty and, 705.
 Utmost extremes, limits of its race,
 756.
 need, deserted at his, 271.
 Utopia, better than a principality in,
 604.
 Utter, such as words could never, 697.

- Utterance, give them voice and, 420.
of the early gods, 575.
- Uttered knowledge, 34.
or unexpressed, 497.
- Uttering their meaning to the night,
851.
- Uttermost parts of the sea, 1016.
- Vacancies by death are few, 435.
by resignation none, 435.
- Vacancy, bend your eye on, 141.
gloomy calm of idle, 376.
- Vacant chair, one, 641.
garments, stuffs out his, 79.
interlunar cave, 241.
mind a mind distressed, 415.
mind and body filled, 92.
mind quite, 415.
mind, that spoke the, 396.
- Vacation, conscience have, 213.
- Vacuity of thought, 420.
- Vagrant worm, hackneyed phrase of,
720.
- Vagrom men, comprehend all, 52.
- Vague probabilities, between conflict-
ing, 663.
- Vain as the leaf upon the stream, 491.
beauty is, 1021.
both are fruitless and in, 761.
call it not, 488.
did she conjure me, in, 407.
fantasy, nothing but, 105.
his fine wings made him, 803.
I only know we loved in, 539.
in, I scowl and pout, 720.
in, I speak of urgent tasks, 720.
is the help of man, 1013.
makes not thy victory, 790.
my weary search, 395.
pomp and glory of this world, 99.
seals of love but sealed in, 49.
splendour dazzles in, 568.
the labor and the wounds are, 726.
time toiled after him in, 366.
to love in, 261.
to tell thee all I feel, 605.
true love tho' given in, 680.
was the chief's pride, 330.
wisdom all, 228.
wishes stilled, be my, 862.
- Vainly breaking, while the tired waves,
727.
- Vale in the land of Moab, in a, 726.
meanest floweret of the, 386.
of life, sequestered, 385, 425.
of pain, pleasures in the, 492.
of tears, beyond this, 497.
of years, declined into the, 153.
where bright waters meet, 520.
yon taper cheers the, 402.
- Vales, pyramids in, 309.
the Delphian, 562.
- Valentine's day, to-morrow is, 142.
- Valet, no one a hero to his, 926.
- Valet-de-chambre, my, is not aware,
926.
- Valiant, all the brothers were, 1044.
and cunning in fence, 76.
- Valiant but not too venturous, 32.
foe, in strife with many a, 803.
man and free, 676.
taste death but once, 112.
the reproof, 72.
thou little, great in villany, 79.
trencher-man, a very, 50.
- Valiantly with time, wrestle so, 665.
- Valley, darker grows the, 772.
lord of the, 520.
of death, all in the, 671.
of decision, 1027.
so sweet, 520.
- Valleys and rocks never heard, 416.
hills and, dales and fields, 40.
of dream, 837.
- Vallombrosa, brooks in, 224.
- Valour formed, for contemplation and,
232.
given, angel hands to, 574.
imperious mouth whose haughty,
613.
is certainly going, my, 441.
is oozing out, my, 441.
is sneaking off, my, 441.
the better part of, 87.
wins woman as well as, 681.
- Valuable houses, thought not to
destroy, 743.
what is, is not new, 532.
- Value, being lost we rack the, 53.
learning has its, 983.
on his votive lay, some, 653.
- Van, in the battle's, 716.
- Vandunck, Mynheer, 454.
- Vanilla of society, 460.
- Vanish like lightning, 606.
with the day, they, 685.
- Vanishes like a vapor, beauty, 798.
- Vanished, ah me the vision has, 746.
day, 993.
hand, touch of a, 670.
- Vanishing ghosts, 792.
- Vanishings blank misgivings, 478.
- Vanitas vanitatum has rung in, 750.
- Vanities of earth, fuming, 483.
of life forego, 492.
- Vanity, all is, 1021, 1022.
all others are but, 508.
and vexation of spirit, 1022.
dies hard, 830.
Fair, beareth the name of, 265.
Fair, simple or gentle from, 750.
in beauty, see naught but, 730.
in years, 85.
lighter than, 265, 1013.
man is altogether, 1012.
men of low degree are, 1013.
of this wicked world, 1042.
of vanities, 1021.
their voyaging is, 822.
- Vanquish ill, to, 846.
- Vanquished, e'en though, 397.
issues at, victor from, 678.
the demon that tempts us, 746.
- Vantage best have took, 47.
coign of, 117.
- Vantage-ground of truth, 164.

- Vapour at the best, 768.
 beauty vanishes like a, 798.
 melting in a tear, 346.
 of a dungeon, 154.
 sometime like a bear, 158.
- Vapours, congregation of, 134.
- Variable as the shade, 490.
 lest thy love prove, 106.
- Varied God, are but the, 357.
 year, to rule the, 356.
- Variety is the mother of enjoyment,
 626.
 is the spice of life, 419.
 men pleased with, 915.
 nor custom stale her infinite, 157.
 order in, 333.
 pleasure unseasoned by, 896.
 sumptuous, 796.
- Various, a man so, 268.
 and most mutable, woman is, 684.
 are the tastes of men, 391.
 bustle of resort, 244.
 earth was made so, 417.
 his employments, 420.
- Varying verse, to join the, 329.
- Vase, you may shatter the, 522.
- Vassal of my will, the, 775.
 tides, 677.
- Vast and middle of the night, 128.
 antres, and deserts idle, 150.
 expense, maintained at, 273.
 globe, o'er the, 776.
 is art, so, 323.
 Mississippi of falsehood, 755.
 river of unfailling source, 597.
 that is evil hastening to merge, 743.
 the unattained, how, 651.
- Vastness and age and memories, 655.
- Vasty deep, spirits from the, 85.
- Vault, deep damp, 308.
 fretted, the long-drawn aisle, 384.
 heaven's ebon, 568.
 makes this, a feasting presence, 109.
 mere lees is left this, 120.
 of all the Capulets, 412.
- Vaulted skies, from lowly earth to,
 730.
 with such ease, 86.
- Vaulting ambition, 118.
- Vaunted works of art, in the, 617.
- Vaward of our youth, 88.
- Veering gait, when his, 485.
- Vehemence of youth, fiery, 491.
- Vehement, a life that shall be, 745.
- Veil is unre-moved, whose, 485.
 no mortal ever took up my, 925.
 that lies between hell and paradise,
 855.
- Veils her sacred fires, 332.
 spirits clad in, 715.
- Veil'd melancholy has her sovran, 577.
- Veiling shadows thy garments gray,
 thy, 764.
- Vein, Cambyzes', 85.
 I am not in the, 97.
 it checks no, 357.
 this is Ercles', 57.
 when the hear's in a, 525.
- Venerable men from a former genera-
 tion, 530.
 trees, brotherhood of, 474.
- Veneration but no rest, 166.
- Vengeance, big with, 363.
 waits on wrong, 344.
- Vengeful blade, 459.
 stroke, strike with, 743.
- Veni vidi vici, 921.
- Venice, I stood in, 544.
 once was dear, 544.
 sate in state, where, 544.
- Venom, bubbling, 540.
 himself, all, 400.
- Venomous, toad ugly and, 67.
- Ventered life an' love an' youth, 737.
- Ventricle of memory, begot in the, 55.
- Vents in mangled forms, 68.
- Venture, nought, nought have, 15, 21.
- Ventures in one bottom, 59.
 of dreamland, 774.
 or lose our, 115.
- Venturous, not too, 32.
- Venus rise from out the sea, thus, 756.
 sets ere Mercury can rise, 336.
 the Grecian, 378.
- Ver, primrose first-born child of, 199.
- Veracity increases with old age, 982.
 the heart of morality, 762.
- Verb, most beautiful, in world, 868.
 to love, after the, 868.
- Verbs and nouns do more agree, 813.
- Verbosity, inebriated with exuberance
 of, 625.
 thread of his, 56.
- Verdicts mock our own, time whose,
 741.
- Verdure, spreads the fresh, 414.
- Vere de Vere, caste of, 666.
- Verge enough, ample room and, 383.
 enough for more, 277.
 of heaven, quite in the, 307.
 of her confine, 146.
 of the churchyard mould, 593.
 white sail upon the ocean, 802.
- Verging toward some climax, 839.
- Veriest school of peace, 777.
- Vermeil-tinctured lip, 246.
- Vernal bloom or summer's rose, 230.
 morn, suns that gild the, 424.
 seasons of the year, 254.
 wood, one impulse from a, 466.
- Versailles, dauphiness at, 409.
- Verse, accomplishment of, 479.
 cheered with ends of, 212.
 cursed be the, 327.
 happy who in his, 985.
 herself inspires, decorate the, 540.
 hitches in a rhyme slides into, 328.
 hoarse rough, 324.
 married to immortal, 249, 481.
 may find him, a, 204.
 my gentle, 162.
 octosyllabic, 550.
 one, for sense, 213.
 one, for the other's sake, 213.
 or two, to write a, 204.
 sweetens toil, 393.

- Verse, the subject of all, 179.
 the varying, 329.
 the, you grave for me, 830.
 thy rare gold ring of, 712.
 unpremeditated, 238.
 who says in, 329.
 whose prose is grand, 734.
 will seem prose, 280.
- Verses, false gallop of, 70.
 quire of bad, 603.
 rhyme the rudder is of, 211.
- Versed in books, deep, 241.
- Very energy of thought, 607.
 like a whale, 139.
 thing I should not know, 803.
- Vessel, one, unto honour, 1036.
 the gilded, goes, 383.
 wife the weaker, 1041.
- Vessels large may venture more, 300.
- Vestal modesty, pure and, 108.
- Vestal's lot, blameless, 333.
- Vesture of decay, this muddy, 65.
- Vesuvian Bay, far away sailing the, 751.
- Veteran, superfluous lags the, 365.
- Veterans rewards, the world its, 321.
- Vex not his ghost, 149.
 the brain, researches, 443.
- Vexation of spirit, 1022.
- Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man, 79.
- Viaticum of old age, 948.
- Vibrates in the memory, music, 567.
- Vibrations, to deaden its, 644.
- Vicar of the Almighty Lord, 6.
- Vice, amusements prevent, 371.
 by action dignified, 106.
 distinction between virtue and, 370.
 encourage no, 398.
 end in sight was a, 707.
 gathered every, 332.
 good old-gentlemanly, 556.
 is a monster, 317.
 is sold, almost every, 178.
 itself lost half its evil, 410.
 of fools, never-failing, 323.
 of old age, a common, 891.
 of republics, envy the, 642.
 pays to virtue, the homage, 981.
 prevails, when, 298.
 some tincture of, in the best virtue, 963.
 that reverend, 85.
 virtue itself turns, 106.
- Vices disguised, virtues are, 980.
 Hannibal had many, 186.
 ladder of our, 643.
 of the saints, virtues of society are, 620.
 our pleasant, 149.
 small, do appear, 148.
 wallets for our, 902.
- Vicious and virtuous, 318.
- Vicissitudes in all things, 889.
 man used to, 368.
 of fortune, 430.
 of sects and religions, 168.
 of things, the sad, 379, 393.
- Victim must be found, 801.
- Victims play, the little, 381.
 priests altars, 323.
- Victor exult, shall, 514.
 from vanquished issues, 678.
- Victors, to the, belong the spoils, 864.
- Victories, after a thousand, 161.
 go forward and give us, 661.
 of right, 786.
 peace hath her, 252.
- Victorious ill, the hate of, 785.
 o'er a' the ills o' life, 451.
 wreaths, bound with, 95.
- Victory, a Cadmean, 999.
 follows in its train, 460.
 grave where is thy, 335, 1038.
 if not, is yet revenge, 226.
 it was a famous, 507.
 made red by bloody, 634.
 of endurance born, 573.
 or death, resolved on, 990.
 or Westminster Abbey, 446.
 undone by another, 171.
 vain, makes not thy, 790.
 win, they only the, 746.
 won, life's, 757.
- Vienna, congress of, dances, 989.
 looker-on here in, 49.
- View, imagine so absurd a, 778.
 keep probability in, 349.
 landscape tire the, 358.
 me with a critic's eye, 459.
 morose or desponding, 603.
 not fair to outward, 586.
 order gave each thing, 98.
 that mocks me with the, 394.
 with extensive, 365.
- Views as fast as they appear true, 661.
 new, as fast as true views, 661.
 of Christian duty, men whose, 730.
 of happiness, distant, 181.
 of themselves, interested, 304.
- Viewless voiceless turner of the wheel, 816.
 winds, imprisoned in, 48.
- Vigil long, patient search and, 555.
- Vigils keep, poets painful, 331.
- Vigilance, eternal, 1047.
 go forward and give victories, 661.
- Vigilant, be sober be, 1041.
- Vigour, dies in youth and, 341.
 from the limb, 542.
 is in our immortal soul, 893.
 press with, on, 359.
 relents, my, 408.
- Vile, durance, 450.
 guns, but for these, 83.
 hold to stay him up, 79.
 ill-favoured faults, 46.
 man that mourns, 316.
 nought so, that on the earth doth
 live, 106.
 only man is, 536.
 squeaking of the fife, 62.
- Vilest deeds like poison-weeds, 836.
 sinner may return, 303.
- Village bells, music of those, 422.

- Village cock, early, 97.
 Hampden, some, 385.
 less than Islington, 261.
 maiden sings, 393.
 sweet Auburn loveliest, 395.
- Villain and he be miles asunder, 108.
 condemns me for a, 97.
 hungry lean-faced, 50.
 ne'er a, in all Denmark, 132.
 one murder made a, 425.
 smile and be a, 132.
 smiling damned, 132.
- Villains by necessity, 146.
 march wide, the, 87.
- Villainy, natural expression of, 796.
- Villanies, sum of all, 358.
- Villanous company, 86.
 low, foreheads, 43.
 saltpetre, 83.
 smell, rankest compound of, 46.
- Villany, clothe my naked, 96.
 great in, thou little valiant, 79.
 you teach me I will execute, 63.
- Villatic fowl, tame, 242.
- Vinchy, pronounce it, 796.
- Vinci, spell it, 796.
- Vindicate the ways of God, 315.
- Vindication against slander, best, 660.
- Vindictively made in His image, 657.
- Vine of song, 808.
 thanksgiving to the, 610.
 the gadding, 247.
 thou monarch of the, 158.
 under his, and fig-tree, 1028.
- Vines, bosomed deep in, 332.
 foxes that spoil the, 1024.
 the embracing, 784.
- Vinegar saltness and oil agree, 399.
- Vinegar-cruet, neck of a, 376.
- Vintage, He is trampling out the, 747.
 of Abi-ezer, 1006.
- Viol, on pipe and, 786.
- Violence, blown with restless, 48.
 perseverance more prevailing than, 912.
- Violent delights have violent ends, 107.
 over civil or over, 268.
- Violently if they must, 505.
- Violet by a mossy stone, 469.
 glowing, 248.
 here and there a, 428.
 in the youth of primy nature, 129.
 of his native land, 674.
 ox-lips and the nodding, 58.
 throw a perfume on the, 79.
- Violets blew, roses red and, 28.
 blue, daisies pied and, 56.
 breathes upon a bank of, 74.
 dim but sweeter than the lids of
 Juno's eyes, 77.
 Europe's, faintly sweet, 570.
 I would give you some, 142.
 plucked, 183, 405.
 roses lilies and, 588.
 sicken, when sweet, 567.
 spring from her fair flesh, 144.
- Violins, ripe age gives tone to, 768.
- Virgil, Rome can claim, 271.
- Virgil sings, you know what, 684.
- Virgin me no virgins, 1054.
 sword, flesh his, 346.
 thorn, withering on the, 57.
- Virgins are soft as the roses, 549.
- Virgin's sidelong looks, bashful, 396.
- Virginal shy lights, 817.
- Virginian, I am not a, 429.
- Virginity, power o'er true, 245.
- Virtue, admiration of, 254.
 all that are lovers of, 208.
 alone is happiness, 319.
 ambition the soldier's, 158.
 as wax to flaming youth, 140.
 assume a, if you have it not, 141.
 blushing is the colour of, 283.
 blushing is the complexion of, 950.
 could see to do what virtue would,
 244.
 crime called, 901.
 distinction between vice and, 370.
 feeble were, if, 246.
 first upgrowth of all, 729.
 foaming lips of inebriated, 808.
 for which all, now is sold, 178.
 forbearance ceases to be a, 407.
 fugitive and cloistered, 254.
 God gives to every man the, 421.
 grace and, are within, 215.
 has difficulties to wrestle with, 961.
 has its degrees, 197.
 heaven but tries our, 380.
 homage vice pays to, 981.
 humility is a, 195.
 in exchange for wealth, 922.
 in her shape how lovely, 234.
 is bold goodness never fearful, 49.
 is its own reward, 207.
 is like a rich stone, 167.
 is like precious odours, 165.
 is sufficient for happiness, 946.
 is the chief good in life, 948.
 itself 'scapes not, 129.
 itself turns vice, 106.
 linked with one, 551.
 lovers of, all that are, 208.
 makes the bliss, 320.
 men of most renowned, 255.
 more, than doth live, 178.
 most in request is conformity, 618.
 much, in If, 72.
 must go through, brake that, 98.
 no man's, nor sufficiency, 53.
 nobility is the only, 907.
 now is sold, 178.
 of a sacrament, 953.
 of humility, 207.
 of necessity, to make a, 3, 192, 959.
 of the soul, justice a, 948.
 only makes our bliss below, 320.
 only reward of, is virtue, 619.
 outbuilds the pyramids, 309.
 passes current over the world, 885.
 progressive, approving heaven, 355.
 requires a rough and stormy pas-
 sage, 961.
 royalty of, 795.
 seek, for its own sake, 950.

- Virtue she finds too painful, 321.
 some fall by, 47.
 some mark of, 63.
 successful crime called, 34.
 that possession would not show, 53.
 the first, if thou wilt here, 5.
 then we find the, 53.
 though in rags, 274.
 thousand crimes and one, 551.
 tincture of vice in the best, 963.
 true humility the highest, 680.
 truth is the secret of, 995.
 under heaven, every, 329.
 wars that make ambition, 154.
 with whom revenge is, 311.
- Virtues, all heavenly, shoot, 527.
 be to her, very kind, 287.
 but vices disguised, 980.
 curse all his, 298.
 did not go forth of us, if our, 46.
 friend to her, 377.
 Hannibal had mighty, 186.
 is it a world to hide, in, 74.
 nothing could surpass her in, 555.
 of society are the vices, 620.
 pearl chain of all, 182.
 powers dominations, 235.
 spring of, 35.
 to sustain good fortune, 980.
 waste thyself upon thy, 46.
 we write in water, 100.
 will plead like angels, 118.
- Virtue's ferme land, 267.
 guide, this maxim be my, 350.
 manly cheek, 424.
 side, his failings leaned to, 396.
- Virtuous actions, 858.
 all the sisters, 1044.
 and noble education, 253.
 and vicious every man, 318.
 because thou art, 75.
 deeds, blessings wait on, 294.
 deeds, matter for, 36.
 do, tell the mischief the, 698.
 if a man be, withal, 4.
 liberty, hour of, 298.
 life, walk of, 307.
 man, slumbers of the, 299.
 Marcia tovers above her sex, 298.
 outrageously, 297.
 soul, only a sweet and, 204.
 who that is most, 4.
 woman's counsel, 36.
 world to hide, 74.
- Virtuousest discreetest best, 238.
- Virtuously, many daughters have done,
 1021.
- Visage, devotion's, 135.
 in his mind, saw Othello's, 151.
 lean body and, 222.
 on his bold, 491.
- Visages do cream and mantle, 60.
- Visible for the uncertain, 952.
 no light but darkness, 223.
- Vision, a more delightful, 409.
 and the faculty divine, 479.
 baseless fabric of this, 43.
 beatific, enjoyed in, 225.
- Vision brightening in their eyes, 798.
 clear dream and solemn, 245.
 feminine, dazzles the, 606.
 golden hours of, 826.
 has vanished, ah me the, 746.
 his life is a, 805.
 I took it for a faery, 244.
 never dazzle the feminine, 606.
 of the powers, our misshaping, 682.
 of unfilled desire, 954.
 sensible to feeling, 119.
 thine was the prophet's, 647.
 where there is no, 1021.
 write the, make it plain, 1028.
 ye that follow the, 854.
 young men's, 268.
- Visions, I have multiplied, 1027.
 of glory, 383.
 of my youth, happy, 662.
 young men shall see, 1028.
- Visit her face too roughly, 128.
 my sad heart, 112.
 o'er the globe, our annual, 438.
- Visits like those of angels, 281, 355,
 514.
- Visitations daze the world, 606.
- Visiting acquaintance, 440.
- Visitations, compunctious, 117.
- Vistas, dark, of the reboatic norms,
 636.
- Visual nerve, 240.
- Vital in every part, 236.
 spark of heavenly flame, 334.
- Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona,
 555.
- Vocal spark instinct with music, 485.
 voices, singers with, 285.
- Vocation of men is to serve others,
 996.
 't is my, 83.
 to labour in his, 83.
- Vociferation, in sweet, 285.
- Vociferous, vocal voices most, 285.
- Voice and utterance, give them, 420.
 ascending high, my, 302.
 big manly, 69.
 bird shall carry the, 1023.
 but a wandering, 474.
 cry sleep no more, I heard a, 119.
 each a mighty, 478.
 give few thy, 130.
 I sing with mortal, 236.
 in autumn's hush, still small, 650.
 in every wind, 381.
 in my dreaming ear, 515.
 in the darkness, a distant, 644.
 in the street, uttereth her, 1016.
 is Jacob's voice, 1005.
 is still for war, my, 298.
 joy is the sweet, 502.
 like a prophet's word, 562.
 living, sways the soul, 934.
 lost with singing of anthems, 88.
 love's familiar, 566.
 methought I heard a, 119.
 monstrous little, 57.
 more safe I sing with mortal, 236.
 my spirit can cheer, 596.

- Voice of all the gods, 56.
 of charmers, 1013.
 of comfort, one, 791.
 of God, daughter of the, 475.
 of gratitude, still small, 383.
 of nature cries, 385.
 of one who goes before, 779.
 of sea and mountains, 478.
 of that wild horn, 490.
 of the great Creator, 716.
 of the hyena, 38.
 of the past, audible, 584.
 of the sluggard, 302.
 of the turtle is heard, 1024.
 of woe for a lover's loss, 725.
 only a look and a, 644.
 or hideous hum, 251.
 pleasing on their ear, his, 345.
 questioning, dissolves the spell, 646.
 seasoned with a gracious, 63.
 so charming left his, 237.
 sole daughter of his, 239.
 sounds like a prophet's, 562.
 spake unto me, still small, 666.
 still small, 1007.
 sweet, sweet lips, 577.
 sweeter thy, 673.
 that is still, sound of a, 670.
 that wakens the slumbering ages,
 606.
 the harmony of the world, 31.
 thrill of a happy, 723.
 was ever soft gentle and low, 149.
 watch-dog's, 396.
 without reply, 617.
 you cannot hear, I hear a, 314.
- Voices, ancestral, 500.
 earth with her thousand, 501.
 I am listening for the, 653.
 in the upper air, listen to, 647.
 keep tune and oars keep time, 518.
 lead, where airy, 574.
 most vociferous, 285.
 music when soft, die, 567.
 of the wandering wind, 783.
 thank you for your, 103.
 two, are there, 478.
 you that woo the, 683.
 your most sweet, 103.
- Voiceful of grief or glee, 776.
 sea, swelling of the, 503.
- Voiceless lips of the unreplying dead,
 784.
 turner of the wheel, 816.
- Void, left an aching, 422.
 rapture to the dreary, 549.
 yawning, of the future, 939.
- Volcano, dancing on a, 1003.
- Volscians in Corioli, I fluttered your,
 103.
 Volscians' ears, unmusical to, 103.
- Voltiger a painted vest had on, 871.
- Voluble is his discourse, sweet and, 55.
- Volume of forgotten lore, curious, 655.
 of my brain, book and, 132.
 small rare, 456.
 within that awful, 494.
- Volumes from mine own library, 42.
- Volumes, history with all her, 546.
 in folio, I am for whole, 55.
- Voluntarily, not to surrender it, 586.
- Voluptuous swell, music with its, 542.
- Voluptuously surfeit out, 102.
- Vomit, dog is turned to his, 1041.
- Votaress, imperial, passed on, 58.
- Votaries, how the world rewards its,
 988.
- Votarist, like a sad, 243.
- Vote away, fortunes and lives, 768.
 hand and heart to this, 530.
 that shakes the turrets of the land,
 689.
- Votive lay, set some value on his, 653.
- Vow and not pay, 1022.
 better thou shouldst not, 1022.
 me no vows, 1054.
 that binds too strictly snaps, 680.
- Vows, lovers', seem sweet, 551.
 our, are heard betimes, 269.
 soul lends the tongue, 130.
 with so much passion, 281.
- Vowels, open, tire the ear, 324.
- Voyage, dry as the biscuit after a, 68.
 life is a, 835.
 of their life, 115.
 one on an endless, gone, 765.
- Voyaging, their, is vanity, 822.
 through strange seas, 475.
- Vulcan's stithy, foul as, 138.
- Vulgar boil an egg, the, 330.
 deaths unknown to fame, 339.
 familiar but by no means, 129.
 flight of common souls, 393.
 the great, and the small, 262.
- Vulgarity, the Jacksonian, 795.
- Vulgarize the day of judgment, 612.
- Vulture, rage of the, 549.
- Vultures, protection of, to lambs, 442.
- Wad some power, oh, 448.
- Wade through slaughter, 385.
- Wades or creeps or flies, 230.
- Waded through the purple shadows,
 833.
- Waft a feather or to drown a fly, 306.
 me from distraction, 548.
 thy name beyond the sky, 539.
- Wafted by thy gentle gale, 455.
- Wafture of your hand, angry, 112.
- Wag all, in hall where beards, 21.
 let the world, 11.
- Wags, see how the world, 68.
- Wage an undying strife, 607.
 toil shall have its, 798.
- Wages of sin is death, 1036.
- Wager, opinions backed by a, 554.
- Wagers, fools use arguments for, 213.
 lay no, 398.
- Wagon, hitch your, to a star, 620.
- Wail in the wind is all I hear, 725.
 nothing to, 242.
 of the remorseful winds, 775.
 still is heard yet its notes, 750.
 with old woes, new, 161.
- Walls so in winter, perhaps the wind,
 729.

- Wailing cry, 784.
 winds and naked woods, 573.
 Wain, wheels of Phœbus', 243.
 Waist for an arm, what a, 751.
 lover's arm round her, 670.
 round the slight, 548.
 Wait a century for a reader, 858.
 a little longer, 718.
 for what will be exhibited by death,
 745.
 I witness and, 742.
 like a ghost that is speechless, 646.
 thou child of hope, 696.
 till you come to forty year, 697.
 to him who will but, 644.
 who only stand and, 252.
 with longing eyes I, 696.
 Waits, but labors and endures and,
 647.
 unformed, society, 745.
 Waiting for some one to come, of, 648.
 in his place, our champion, 650.
 Wake and call me early, 667.
 and sleep, still did, 163.
 and weep, here must I, 450.
 dream in joy and, in love, 578.
 dream of those who, 907.
 from my slumber, I, 715.
 if I should die before I, 873.
 in our breast the living, 689.
 or we sleep, whether we, 664.
 soldier wake thy war-horse, 623.
 thee, till angels, 367.
 to perish never, 478.
 tremble when I, 418.
 Wakes, at country, 274.
 the bitter memory, 231.
 Waked by the circling hours, 235.
 me too soon, you have, 302.
 she fled, I, 252.
 Wakeful nightingale, 233.
 stars, 775.
 Wakefulness, fail with, 600.
 Wakens the slumbering ages, 606.
 Waking bliss, certainty of, 244.
 man, dream of a, 947.
 morn of toil nor night of, 491.
 Wales a portion, 447.
 Walk about, foolery does, 76.
 beneath it steadfastly, 686.
 beneath the stars, 842.
 beyond the common, 307.
 by faith not by sight, 1038.
 by moon or glittering starlight, 234.
 free and own no superior, soul, 744.
 in fear and dread, 499.
 in silk attire, 861.
 into my parlour, 629.
 milky way or solar, 315.
 none durst, but he, 275.
 of art, every, 457.
 of virtuous life, 307.
 on wings, seem to, 339.
 our unchained feet, freely, 580.
 the earth unseen, 234.
 the public ways, 845.
 under his huge legs, 110.
 while ye have the light, 1035.
 Walk with God in the dark, 808.
 with, pretty to, 256.
 with stretched-forth necks, 1025.
 with you talk with you, 61.
 Walks abroad, take my, 301.
 among his peers unread, he, 749.
 and shades, these happy, 239.
 benighted under midday sun, 244.
 echoing, between, 239.
 eye nature's, 315.
 happy, and shades, 239.
 in beauty like the night, 551.
 in King's Bench, 297.
 in us, 996.
 o'er the dew, 127.
 onward in the way, 686.
 the waters like a thing of life, 550.
 to-morrow, already, 504.
 unavenged amongst us, 298.
 up and down with me, 19.
 Walked away with their clothes, 624.
 beside the evening sea, I, 758.
 in glory, him who, 470.
 in paradise, 694.
 in Thebes's streets, 517.
 round and regarded his critic, 723.
 straight out of the ark, 460.
 Walketh in darkness, 1014.
 Walking and mincing as they go, 1025.
 apart forever, two are, 749.
 in an air of glory, 263.
 shadow, life's but a, 125.
 Wall, bores through his castle, 82.
 close the, up with our English dead,
 91.
 feather bed betwixt a, 211.
 giant shadow on the, 767.
 in the office of a, 81.
 of partition, middle, 1039.
 the, is strong, 836.
 weakest goes to the, 104.
 whitewashed, 397.
 Walls around are bare, and the, 756.
 banners on the outward, 125.
 have ears, 2.
 have ears, woods have tongues as,
 678.
 I have my own four, 585.
 of Paradise, spirit lies under, 751.
 of time, working in these, 647.
 peace be within thy, 1016.
 stone, do not a prison make, 266.
 theatres porches, 438.
 these narrow, 776.
 wooden, of England, 1053.
 Wallace bled, Scots wha hae wi', 450.
 Waller was smooth, 329.
 Wallets for our vices, 902.
 Walnuts and the wine, 666.
 Walton's heavenly memory, 484.
 Wand, bright gold ring on her, 520.
 he walked with, 224.
 Wander away with death, 795.
 by the shore, 842.
 through eternity, 227.
 with me, come, 637.
 Wanders heaven-directed, 321.
 the wind that, 807.

- Wandered by the brook-side, 664.
 east I've wandered west, 587.
 idly, and my fingers, 761.
 long in fancy's maze, 328.
 Wanderers o'er eternity, 543.
 Wandering, as the bird by, 1020.
 by lone sea-breakers, 819.
 eyes, gladness and glory to, 623.
 mazes lost, in, 228.
 moon riding near, 250.
 on a foreign strand, 488.
 on as loth to die, 484.
 passenger, forlorn and, 243.
 steps and slow, 240.
 voice, but a, 474.
 wind, 783.
 winds, 776.
 Wanderings of thy thought, 497.
 Wane, moon will wax the moon will,
 647.
 Waned, moons waxed and, the lilacs,
 646.
 Waning, lights on the sleepy uplands,
 613.
 Want a hut of stone, I only, 689.
 as an armed man, 1017.
 exasperated into crime, 687.
 it is a hell, taste of fame to, 632.
 lonely, retired to die, 366.
 not what we wish but what we, 390.
 of a horse the rider was lost, 360.
 of a nail the shoe was lost, 360.
 of a shoe the horse was lost, 360.
 of decency is want of sense, 278.
 of heart, as well as, 592.
 of me world's course will not, 757.
 of persuasion on his tongue, 746.
 of thought, evil wrought by, 592.
 of thought, whistled for, 273.
 of towns, elephants for, 289.
 of wealth, rich from very, 337.
 peace the thing you've gut tu du,
 737.
 though much I, that most would
 have, 22.
 to be a fly, I do not, 843.
 to be undonne, to, 30.
 we do n't, to fight, 867.
 Wants are few, little I ask my, 689.
 but little, man, 308, 402.
 me, who is it that, 764.
 money means and content, 70.
 supply, his presence shall my, 3.
 that pinch the poor, 424.
 Wanted a good word, never, 400.
 many an idle song, 326.
 one immortal song, 267.
 Wanting, art found, 1027.
 is what summer redundant, 713.
 not, what is stolen, 154.
 the accomplishment of verse, 479.
 Wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 99.
 eyes, stretched-forth necks and,
 1025.
 stings and motions of the sense, 47.
 sweetness, witchingly instil a, 357.
 wiles, quips and cranks and, 248.
 Wanted with thy breakers, 548.
 Wantonness in clothes, 201.
 War, aid after the, 205.
 and all its deeds of carnage, 744.
 blast of, blows in our ears, 91.
 brazen throat of, 240.
 by nature in a state of, 290.
 cause of a long ten years', 280.
 Christ went agin, an' pillage, 735.
 circumstance of glorious, 154.
 corn is the sinews of, 957.
 delays are dangerous in, 276.
 even to the knife, 541.
 ez fer, I call it murder, 734.
 first in, first in peace, 445.
 first touch of liberty's, 525.
 flinty and steel couch of, 151.
 garland of the, 159.
 grim-visaged, 95.
 hand of, infection and the, 81.
 he sung is toil and trouble, 272.
 he who did well in, 709.
 in peace prepare for, 898.
 in time of peace thinks of, 191.
 is a game, 421.
 is still the cry, 541.
 its thousands slays, 425.
 law spoke too softly for, 911.
 let slip the dogs of, 113.
 magnificent but not, 1000.
 makes rattling good history, 816.
 man of peace and, 214.
 my sentence is for open, 226.
 my voice is still for, 298.
 neither learn, any more, 1024.
 never was a good, 361.
 no discharge in that, 1023.
 no room for second miscarriage in,
 919.
 not with the dead, I, 338.
 of elements, amidst the, 299.
 or battle's sound, 251.
 peace no less renowned than, 252.
 pestilence and, 229.
 pray this mighty scourge of, 661.
 seeks its victims in the young, 883.
 sinews of, 1002.
 spoils of, 569.
 squadrons and right form of, 112.
 storm of, was gone, 465.
 testament of bleeding, 82.
 the love of, for itself, 599.
 the red laugh of, 854.
 the state of nature, 407.
 the study of a prince, 407.
 this is, 648.
 to be prepared for, 425.
 tug of, then was the, 281.
 unjust peace before a just, 361.
 unsuccessful or successful, 418.
 voices prophesying, 500.
 was in his heart, 1013.
 weak defence in, 273.
 will die out late then, 683.
 will have its fascinations, 836.
 with honour as in, 103.
 Wars and rumours of wars, 1033.
 big, that make ambition virtue, 154.

- Wars, more pangs and fears than, 99.
 no sound of clashing, 699.
 noise of endless, 229.
 of kites or crows, 255.
 run red with other, 784.
 thousand, of old, 676.
 who does i' the, 158.
- War's alarms, used to, 594.
 glorious art, 311.
 red techstone, 737.
- Warble his native wood-notes, 249.
- Warbled to the string, 250.
- Warbler of poetic prose, 421.
- Warblers roam, where idle, 523.
- War-clubs, big words do not smite
 like, 645.
- Ward has no heart they say, 456.
 hast thou kept watch and, 749.
 thou knowest my old, 84.
- Warder of the brain, 119.
 the, is despair, 836.
- Ware, great bed at, 305.
- War-horse waits, soldier wake thy, 623.
- Warless men, who can fancy, 683.
 war will die out late then, 683.
- Warm and soft the day, how, 810.
 as ecstasy, 414.
 heart within, 422.
 lights are on the sleepy uplands, 613.
 the air was, 792.
 without heating, 312.
- Warm in the sun, 316.
- Warmed by the sun, 830.
 our sires, holy faith that, 689.
- Warmest welcome at an inn, 379.
- Warmth, a little light, a little, 789.
 dear as the vital, 280.
 lack of kindly, 109.
 no cheerfulness no healthful, 595.
 of its July, 608.
 soft ethereal, 228.
- Warn comfort and command, 475.
- Warning, at th' expected, 447.
 come without, 714.
 for a thoughtless man, 481.
 give little, 433.
 take from others, 889.
 wilderness of, 739.
- Warp, weave the, 383.
- Warrant, truth shall be thy, 25.
- Warres and faithful loves, 27.
- Warrior famed for fight, 161.
 intrepid and unselfish, 571.
 taking his rest, like a, 563.
 this was the truest, 726.
 to a crust, eats the giant, 762.
- Warriors feel, stern joy that, 419.
 fierce fiery, 112.
- Warsaw, order reigns in, 1001.
- Wary, must be watchful and, 588.
- Wash, dirty linen to, 986.
 her guilt away, 403.
 incessantly softly, soiled world, 744.
 me in thy pure flood, 821.
 me, where air might, 805.
- Washed with morning dew, 491.
- Washing ended with the day, her, 758.
 his hands with invisible soap, 593.
- Washington, America has furnished a,
 530.
 arms it, wisdom, 620.
 is in the clear upper sky, 531.
 name of, shall shed an eternal glory,
 572.
 never slopt over, G., 787.
- Washington's awful memory, 507.
- Washingtonian dignity, the, 795.
- Waste, affections run to, 546.
 arguments where they will be lost,
 634.
 haste maketh, 9.
 in the wide, is a tree, 552.
 its sweetness on the desert air, 385.
 long nights, 29.
 nor suffer one bright hour to, 696.
 not the remnant of thy life, 936.
 ocean's melancholy, 572.
 of feelings unemployed, 549.
 of hopes laid, 631.
 of thought, thinking is idle, 517.
 our elocution, 802.
 the gifts of freedom, 798.
 thyself upon thy virtues, 46.
- Wastes and withers there, 836.
 of the sea, 837.
 the plain, when he, 807.
- Wasted, affection never was, 643.
 affection, talk not of, 643.
 for tyrants, 525.
 half my day, 779.
 life, a tale of, 790.
 passion, sad as a, 729.
 some nine moons, 149.
- Wasteful and ridiculous excess, 79.
- Wasteth at noonday, 1014.
- Wasting in despair, 199.
- Watch a mouse, as a cat would, 293.
 an idler is a, 415.
 and ward, hast thou kept, 749.
 authentic, is shown, 256.
 call the rest of the, 52.
 care keeps his, 106.
 each believes his own, 323.
 his life is a, 805.
 in every old man's eye, 106.
 in the night, 1014.
 no eye to, no tongue to wound, 522.
 o'er man's mortality, 473.
 some must, while some sleep, 138.
 stars set their, in the sky, 515.
 that wants both hands, 415.
 the hour, do but, 555.
 to, and then to lose, 749.
 whispers of each other's, 91.
 with more advised, 60.
 your opportunity, 944.
- Watches, dictionaries are like, 375.
 judgments as our, 323
- Watched her breathing, 591.
 the moonbeams quiver, 778.
- Watch-dog's honest bark, 556.
 voice that bayed, 396.
- Watcher of the skies, 576.
- Watchful and wary, must be, 588.
 eye, guard me with a, 300.
 night, the, 508.

- Watching thee from hour to hour, 676.
 with eternal lids apart, 578.
 Watchman what of the night, 1025.
 Water and a crust, 574.
 at Lodore, 506.
 blood thicker than, 493.
 brooks, hart panteth after, 1012.
 brooks, the hart panteth for the, 814.
 but limns on, 170.
 but the desert, 546.
 conscious, saw its God, 258.
 continually dropping, 914.
 cup of, a little thing, 577.
 deeds writ in, 197.
 deepest in smoothest stream, 33.
 drink no longer, 1040.
 drops, women's weapons, 146.
 earth hath bubbles as the, 116.
 glass of brandy and, 457.
 horse to the, 14.
 imperceptible, 593.
 in the rough rude sea, 81.
 in water, indistinct as, 158.
 made his mouth to, 212.
 milk and, 554.
 miller sees not all the, 192.
 more, glideth by the mill, 104.
 much, goeth by the mill, 18.
 name was writ in, 578.
 nectar and rocks pure gold, 44.
 ne'er left man in the mire, 109.
 rats and land rats, 61.
 sipped brandy and, 454.
 smooth runs the, 93.
 spilt on the ground, 1007.
 the, is calm and still below, 580.
 thieves and land thieves, 61.
 this business will never hold, 296.
 travel by land or, 293.
 unstable as, 1005.
 virtues we write in, 100.
 water everywhere, 498.
 went by, instead of land, 911.
 whole stay of, 1025.
 Waters, beside the still, 1011.
 blood-dyed, 513.
 blue, fades o'er the, 540.
 cannot quench love, 1024.
 cast thy bread upon the, 1023.
 cold, to a thirsty soul, 1020.
 do business in great, 1015.
 dreadful noise of, in mine ears, 96.
 fish in troubled, 283.
 hell of, 545.
 meet, where the bright, 520.
 noise of many, 1014.
 o'er the glad, 550.
 of Life we sat together, by the, 599.
 of the Nile, 611.
 once more upon the, 542.
 rave, where the scattered, 714.
 returning back to their springs, 643.
 rising world of, 230.
 she walks the, 550.
 stilled at even, 769.
 stolen, are sweet, 1017.
 the glass the clouds, 847.
 the moving, at their priestlike, 578.
 Waters undreamed shores, unpathed,
 78.
 where the bright, meet, 520.
 wide as the, be, 484.
 winds and, 770.
 words writ in, 37.
 Watering last year's crops, little good,
 730.
 Waterloo, a fatal, 826.
 every man his, 699.
 John Bull was beat at, 609.
 Watermen look astern while they row,
 925.
 row one way and look another, 186.
 Water-plants, the slime on, 774.
 Watery deep, plough the, 337.
 Watt mechanizes it, wisdom, 620.
 Wattle, did you ever hear of Capt.,
 436.
 Wave, all sunk beneath the, 423.
 ambition is like the sea, 685.
 and flutter round my door, 613.
 break of the, 561.
 cool translucent, 246.
 fountain's murmuring, 428.
 life on the ocean, 714.
 long may it, 517.
 Munich all thy banners, 515.
 o' the sea, I wish you a, 78.
 of life kept heaving, 591.
 of the ocean, 867.
 on this side Jordan's, 726.
 so dies a, along the shore, 434.
 spangling the, 492.
 succeeds a wave, 202.
 their hands for a mute farewell, 749.
 while the sea rolls its, 863.
 winning, deserving note, 201.
 with dimpled face, 867.
 Waves, amidst a sea of, 345.
 are brightly glowing, 636.
 bound beneath me, 542.
 Britannia rules the, 358.
 can roll, wherever, 413.
 chime ever peacefully, silver, 700.
 come as the, come, 493.
 dashed high, the breaking, 569.
 freely as the, that beat, 580.
 lapsing, on quiet shores, 651.
 nothing save the, and I, 558.
 o'er the mountain, 514.
 proud, be stayed, 1009.
 red, of wretchedness, 591.
 sea rolls its, 863.
 that plunged along the shore, 758.
 vainly breaking, while the tired, 727.
 went high, when the, 267.
 were rough, when the, 526.
 what are the wild, saying, 715.
 whist, the wild, 42.
 winds and, are absent, 580.
 Wave-beat shore, and ocean's, 717.
 Waved her lily hand, 348.
 Wavelet on the ocean tost, each, 718.
 Wavering, more longing, 75.
 Wavers to a rose, 815.
 Waving here, she who spies thee,
 755.

- Wax, moon will, the moon will wane,
647.
my heart is, to be moulded, 978.
to flaming youth, virtue be as, 140.
to receive marble to retain, 554.
- Waxed and waned the lilacs, moons,
646.
- Way, adorns and cheers our, 399.
all along the pleasant, 795.
as birds I see my, 704.
built in such a logical, 691.
but how carve, 712.
dim and perilous, 465, 480.
eftest, 53.
face is like the milky, 256.
freed his soul the nearest, 367.
glory leads the, 281.
glory shows the, 281.
God moves in a mysterious, 423.
guide my lonely, 402.
heaven's wide pathless, 250.
home, the next, 204.
home, the shortest, 204.
homeward plods his weary, 384.
I am going a long, 681.
in such a solemn, 688.
let the wicked forsake his, 1026.
life's common, 472.
lion in the, there is a, 1020.
long is the, and hard, 227.
longest, round, 204.
madness lies that, 147.
man's heart deviseth his, 1018.
marshall'st me the, 119.
mind my compass and my, 354.
narrow, is the, 1031.
no t'other side the, 595.
noiseless tenor of their, 385.
of all flesh, 181.
of all the earth, 1006.
of bargain, in the, 85.
of kindness, save in the, 463.
of life, my, 124.
of the wind, 837.
of transgressors, 1018.
on their winding, 536.
one, possible of speaking truth, 712.
our, is where God knows, 805.
out of his wreck, 100.
parting of the, 1027.
permit nature to take her, 966.
pretty Fanny's, 305.
she dances such a, 256.
small to greater must give, 157.
solar walk or milky, 315.
something given that, 185.
sordid, he wends, 564.
steep and thorny, to heaven, 129.
tenor of his, 425.
that boys begin, this is the, 697.
that leads from darkness, 821.
that milky, which nightly, 236.
the worst, to improve the world, 721.
through Eden took their, 240.
through many a weary, 587.
to be deceived, 981.
to dusty death, 125.
to have a friend is to be one, 619.
- Way to heaven, all the, 259.
to heaven led the, 313.
to hit a woman's heart, 612.
to live, in teaching me the, 610.
to parish church, plain as, 68.
to simplify my, of life, 581.
trudgin' my weary, 825.
walks onward in the, 686.
we parted, the way we met, 806.
we will precede lead the, 441.
where is the good, 1027.
where prudence points the, 860.
which, I fly is hell, 231.
which, shall I fly, 231.
which, the wind is, 195.
which, they walk, 119.
wide is the gate broad the, 1031.
wisdom finds a, 444.
working out its, 267.
- Ways, amend your, 1027.
among the untrodden, 469.
appointed, 779.
are dewy wet, 766.
cheerful, of men, 230.
fortune hath divers, 35.
God fulfils himself in many, 681.
hundred and fifty, 71.
newest kind of, 90.
of glory, trod the, 100.
of God, just are the, 242.
of God to man, vindicate the, 315.
of God to men, justify the, 223.
of heaven, just are the, 344.
of her household, 1021.
of hoar antiquity, 403.
of honour, the perfect, 101.
of men, far from the, 345.
of pleasantness, 1017.
of the gods full of providence, 935.
shadow falls both, 240.
stand ye in the, 1027.
that are dark, 813.
the heart doth reveal, 502.
they know not well the subtle, 617.
to lengthen our days, 521.
torture ten thousand, 270.
travel on life's common, 472.
wandered all our, 26.
- Wayfaring men, 1027.
- Wayside ambushings, poisonous counsels, 678.
- Wayward and tetchy, 97.
sisters depart in peace, 864.
weak and blind, 994.
- We are men my liege, 121.
are ne'er like angels, 182.
are the music-makers, 819.
lack but open eye and ear, 650.
may live without poetry, 779.
must do the thing we must, 760.
never mention her, 588.
seemed to see our flag, 650.
the same as, 853.
- Weak against the strong, 717.
and beggarly elements, 1038.
and despised old man, 147.
and weary, while I pondered, 655.
ceaseless devouring of the, 773.

- Weak, concessions of the, 408.**
 fine by defect and delicately, 321.
 minds led captive, 240.
 overcome the strong, 882.
 protest of the, 717.
 the flesh is, 1033.
 to be a sinner, too, 109.
 to be, is miserable, 223.
 women went astray, if, 287.
Weaker vessel, as unto the, 1041.
Weakest bodies, strongest works in,
 141.
 goes to the wall, 104.
 kind of fruit, 64.
Weakness, amiable, 442.
 feeble wrong because of, 659.
 in fond caress, naught but, 730.
 is not in your word, 754.
 of intellect, 802.
 prevailin', of public men, 787.
 strength perfect in, 1038.
 stronger by, 221.
Weaknesses, amiable, 430.
 men's, 998.
Weal, prayer for others', 539.
 the public, 963.
Wealth, a great soul's, 775.
 accumulates, where, 396.
 and commerce, 726.
 and freedom reign, 394.
 bestowed on camps and courts, 645.
 boundless his, 488.
 by any means get, 329.
 e'er gave, all that, 384.
 excess of, is cause of covetousness,
 41.
 excludes but one evil, 373.
 genuine and less guilty, 257.
 get place and, 329.
 I ask not, 829.
 ignorance of, his best riches, 396.
 loss of, is loss of dirt, 8.
 of Ormus and of Ind, 226.
 of seas the spoils of war, 569.
 of the Indies, 373.
 piled up by the bondsman's, 661.
 preferring to eternal praise, 341.
 private credit is, 875.
 rich from want of, 387.
 shade that follows, 402.
 that sinews bought, 418.
 those that have, 588.
 took a flight, 785.
 virtue in exchange for, 922.
 what is, 794.
 wisdom and, I both have got, 834.
Wealthy and wise, healthy, 360.
 curled darlings, 149.
Weans in their bed, are the, 695.
Weapon, satire 's my, 328.
 still as snowflakes, 538.
 stronger, thought 's a, 718.
Weapons, women's, water-drops, 146.
Wear a crown, sweet to, 94.
 a face of joy, 471.
 a golden sorrow, 98.
 a lion's hide, 79.
 a noble face, hills of manhood, 664.
Wear, motley's the only, 68.
 not much the worse for, 417.
 out than rust out, better, 1045.
 really and truly I've nothing to, 763.
 what to eat and drink and, 603.
Wears a hood, drink with him that,
 22.
 a snowy beard, tradition, 650.
Wearers of rings and chains, 511.
Wearied of statesmen whom democ-
 racy, 628.
Weariest river, the, 806.
 worldly life, 49.
Weariness can snore, 160.
 may toss him, 205.
 no wisdom won with, 834.
 not on your brow, 754.
 of the flesh, 1024.
 the endless pain, the, 648.
Wearing, worse for the, 16.
Wearisome condition, 35.
Weary and old with service, 99.
 and worn, with fingers, 594.
 be at rest, there the, 1008.
 bones, come to lay his, 100.
 eyes grown, of the garish day, 764.
 hours, and joy for, 630.
 hymn of, and broken in heart, 746.
 I was, and ill at ease, 761.
 leagues two loving hearts divide,
 820.
 of breath, one more unfortunate,
 595.
 of conjectures, I am, 299.
 of mumbling Athanasian creeds,
 788.
 of toil and of tears, 783.
 pondered weak and, 655.
 stale flat and unprofitable, 128.
 way, trudgin' my, 825.
 with disasters, 121.
 year, many a, 766.
Weasel, it is like a, 139.
Weather, beautiful early summer, 599.
 bless you with the sunniest, 609.
 fair, out of the north, 1009.
 is always doing something, 796.
 many can brook the, 55.
 one hundred and thirty-six kinds of,
 797.
 sad thoughts and sunny, 741.
 't is always fair, 847.
 through pleasant and cloudy, 433.
 variety about the New England,
 796.
 will be fair for the sky is red, 1032.
 wind or, nought cared for, 503.
 without, little we fear, 697.
Weathercock on a steeple, 44.
Weathered every wrack, ship has, 744.
 the storm, 464.
Weave no more silks ye Lyons looms,
 748.
 the warp, 383.
Weaver's shuttle, swifter than a, 1008.
Weaving the web of days, 806.
Web from their own entrails spin, 274.
 in middle of her, 175.

- Web, like the stained, 526.
 of days, 806.
 of our life is of mingled yarn, 74.
 tangled, we weave, 490.
 that whitens in the sun, 526.
- Webster a steam-engine, 461.
- Wed at leisure, wooed in haste, 72.
 December when they, 71.
 itself with thought, speech, 674.
 with this ring I thee, 1043.
- Wedded love, hail, 234.
 maid and widowed wife, 494.
- Wedding bells, hear the mellow, 655.
 is destiny, 10.
- Weddings, fair weather, 847.
- Wedge, for a tough log a tough, 898.
- Wedges of gold, 96.
- Wedged in that timber, 278.
- Wedlock compared to public feasts, 176.
- Wee short hour, some, 446.
 thing, bonny, 450.
 thing, handsome, 450.
 wife of mine, sweet, 450.
 Willie Winkie, 695.
- Weed flung from the rock, 542.
 ill, groweth fast, 13.
 ill, grows apace, 35.
 in palmer's, 243.
 on Lethe wharf, 131.
 pernicious, 415.
 the people said a, 771.
 who art so lovely fair, 155.
- Weeds, bittern booming in the, 602.
 dank and dropping, 253.
 of glorious feature, 30.
 outworn, winter, 566.
 who in widow, appears, 449.
 wind-shaken, 807.
 wiped away the, 614.
- Weed's plain heart, 731.
- Weeded, rich soils often to be, 168.
- Week, argument for a, 84.
 divide the Sunday from the, 126.
 of all the days that's in the, 285.
- Weeks thegither, fou for, 451.
- Week's labour, good, 174.
- Weel, we luvit ilk ither, 587.
- Weep a people inurned, 602.
 and you weep alone, 835.
 away the life of care, 566.
 for me, do not, 742.
 here must I wake and, 450.
 in our darkness, let us, 723.
 laugh that I may not, 558.
 leaves the wretch to, 402.
 let the stricken deer go, 138.
 make the laughter, 163.
 might not, for thee, 563.
 might is the time to, 497.
 no more lady, 405.
 no more nor sigh, 183.
 no more — O weep, 577.
 not for him, 723.
 such tricks as make the angels, 48.
 tears such as angels, 225.
 that trust and that deceiving, 686.
 the more because in vain, 386.
- Weep to record, 513.
 whether we carol or, 664.
 while all around thee, 438.
 who would not, 327.
 women must, 727.
 words that, 262.
 yet scarce know why, 525.
- Weeper laugh, make the, 163.
- Weeping at the feet and head, 782.
 eyes, wipe my, 303.
 for the morrow, 989.
 rain, comes a mist and, 759.
 thou sat'st, 438.
 to heal sorrow by, 883.
 upon his bed has sate, 645.
- Weigh my eyelids down, 89.
 the man not his title, 282.
- Weighs mortality, heavily on me, 577.
 upon the heart, 125.
- Weighed in the balances, 1027.
- Weight, heavy and the weary, 467.
 if clay could think and mind were, 483.
 in gold, thrice their, 456.
 of centuries, 833.
 of learning, 677.
 of mightiest monarchies, 227.
 of seventy years, 479.
 of woe, bowed down by, 561.
 the enormous, 337.
- Weighty secrets, 824.
 sense flows in fit words, 268.
- Weird sisters, 123.
- Welcome at an inn, warmest, 379.
 deep-mouthed, 556.
 ever smiles, 102.
 friend, when it comes say, 258.
 in your eye your hand, 117.
 O, 790.
 peaceful evening in, 420.
 pure-eyed faith, 243.
 shade, more, 313.
 small cheer and great, 50.
 the coming guest, 328, 346.
 the sweet, more, 74.
- Welding blast of candid flame, 827.
- Welds, men together, error, 996.
- Welfare, devotes the national domain to, 606.
- Welkin dome, lit the, 574.
- Well, agree not, together, 741.
 all is well that ends, 13.
 bucket which hung in the, 537.
 but listen thou, 793.
 descended, desirable to be, 915.
 done is done soon enough, 967.
 done, life's work, 757.
 dressed, in good temper when, 702.
 God is and all is, 651.
 God reigneth all is, 691.
 good deed to say, 98.
 heart's deep, 869.
 here, if we do, 439.
 how meek, know right, 679.
 if the end be well all is, 988.
 know too, the poison and sting, 760.
 last drop in the, 553.
 life's race, run, 757.

- Well, live, what thou livest, 240.
 not so deep as a, 107.
 not wisely but too, 156.
 of English undefyled, 28.
 of love, a, 586.
 of true wit, 772.
 oft we mar what's, 146.
 paid that is well satisfied, 65.
 read, exceedingly, 86.
 said again, 98.
 shaken, when taken to be, 454.
 still forever fare thee, 552.
 stricken in age, 1005.
 that all is ordered, 715.
 they know not, the subtle, 617.
 to be honest and true, 875.
 to be merry and wise, 875.
 to be off with the old love, 875.
 to know her own, 238.
 to lie fallow for a while, 696.
 what will come will come, 783.
 worth doing, 352.
- Wells, buckets into empty, 419.
 from the bells, musically, 655.
- Well-a-day, ah, the sweetest melody,
 605.
- Well-attired woodbine, 248.
- Well-beloved, Hermes unsuspected
 dying, 742.
 souls, noble and, 804.
- Well-born boys, necessary for, 946.
- Well-bred man, sensible and, 415.
 whisper close the scene, 419.
- Well-conducted person, like a, 697.
- Well-established precedent, 840.
- Well-experienced archer, 161.
- Well-favoured man, to be a, 51.
- Well-graced actor, after a, 82.
- Wellington minister of immortal fame,
 627.
- Well-lingued Daniel, 201.
- Well-ordered mind, 937.
- Well-spring bubbling, 772.
 of pleasure, 695.
- Well-taught mind, 343.
- Well-timed silence hath more elo-
 quence, 696.
- Well-trod stage, then to the, 249.
- Weltering in his blood, 271.
- Wench's black eye, white, 106.
- Went a gallant band, we, 662.
 an' took, 853.
 on cutting bread and butter, 697.
 to making pies, and, 758.
 to pieces all at once, it, 691.
 to sea in a beautiful pea-green, 703.
 to sea in a sieve, they, 702, 703.
- Wept and died, the clouds have, 817.
 away in transient tears, 662.
 Cæsar hath, 113.
 each other's tears, 637.
 o'er his wounds, 396.
 we grieved we sighed we, 262.
 with delight at your smile, 747.
- Were, illusion that times that, 698.
- Werken wel and hastily, 3.
- Werkman, ther n' is no, 3.
- Werling, young man's, 19.
- Wert thou all that I wish, 522.
 thou more fickle, 791.
- Werther had a love for Charlotte, 697.
- West, blue eyes sought the, 487.
 moved so sweetly to the, 579.
 no South no North no East no, 517.
 North South East and, 798.
 topples round the dreary, 674.
 wind blow, I have heard the, 837.
- Western bars, behind the, 823.
 dome, him of the, 268.
 flower, a little, 58.
 sky in the night, drooped in, 744.
 star, lovers love the, 487.
- Westminster Abbey or victory, 446.
 we thrive at, 334, 986.
- Westward the course of empire, 312.
 the star of empire, 312.
- West-wind purr contented, 737.
- Wet by the dew, 830.
 damnation, 34.
 dewy, 766.
 guess what I should perform in the,
 973.
 sheet and flowing sea, 537.
 with unseen tears, 497.
- Wether, tainted, of the flock, 64.
- Wethers, return to our, 957.
- Whale, bobbed for, 217.
 throw a tub to the, 291.
 very like a, 139.
- Wharf, fat weed on Lethe, 131.
- What a fall was there, 114.
 a falling-off was there, 132.
 a monstrous tail our cat has, 285.
 a piece of work is a man, 134.
 a taking was he in, 46.
 a waist for an arm, 751.
 a world of happiness their, 655.
 an arm what a waist, 751.
 and where they be, 677.
 are the wild waves saying, 715.
 are these so withered, 116.
 boots it at one gate, 242.
 can an old man do but die, 592.
 can enoble sots, 319.
 care I how chaste she be, 26.
 care I how fair she be, 26.
 constitutes a State, 438.
 dire effects from civil discord, 299.
 do you read my lord, 133.
 God hath joined together, 1032,
 has been has been, 274.
 has posterity done for us, 439.
 he has he gives, 102.
 he knew what's, 8, 210, 972.
 if men take to following, 788.
 if some unshamed iconoclast, 788.
 in other mouths was rough, 732.
 is a lie, after all, 560.
 is a man profited, 1032.
 is and what must be, 231.
 is done is done, 121.
 is done we may compute, 448.
 is fair, seeing only, 617.
 is fame, 494.
 is gone and what's past help, 77.
 is Hecuba to him, 134.

- What is her history, 75.**
 is impossible can't be, 454.
 is in a name, 105.
 is knowledge but grieving, 780.
 is one man's poison, 199.
 is sweet, sipping only, 617.
 is the night, 123.
 is wealth, 794.
 is worth in anything, 213.
 is writ is writ, 548.
 is yours is mine, 50, 886.
 it can not find creates, or, 647.
 makes all doctrines plain, 215.
 makes his dawning glow, 611.
 man dare I dare, 122.
 may man within him hide, 49.
 men call treasure and the gods, 738.
 men daily do not knowing, 52.
 men dare do what men may do, 52.
 men have done, 828.
 mighty contests rise, 325.
 more felicitie can fall, 30.
 ne'er was nor is, 323.
 news on the Rialto, 61.
 none hath dared thou hast done, 26.
 oft was thought, 323.
 's that, and say, 838.
 seest thou else, 42.
 shall I do with all the days, 686.
 so rare as a day in June, 734.
 sought they thus afar, 569.
 strange stuff ambition feeds, on, 724.
 summer redundant, wanting is, 713.
 the dickens, 46.
 they would give, lawyers take, 691.
 they would take, doctors give, 691.
 thou liv'st live well, 240.
 thou wouldst highly, 117.
 though the field be lost, 223.
 use to brood this life of, 683.
 was good shall be good, 710.
 was shall live as before, 710.
 we anticipate seldom occurs, 628.
 we gave we have, 988.
 we have we prize not, 53.
 we least expected happens, 628.
 we left we lost, 988.
 we ought not we do, 754.
 we spent we had, 988.
 we would but what we must, not,
 763.
 will come and must come, 783.
 will Mrs. Grundy say, 457.
 you see, yet can not, 584.
- Whate'er we leave to God God does,**
 722.
- Whatever gods may be, 806.**
 is best administered, 318.
 is in its causes just, 276.
 is is not, 284.
 is is right, 316.
 is worth doing at all, 352.
 was great seemed to him little, 601.
 was or is or will be, 926.
- Whatsoever a man soweth, 1039.**
 state I am, in, 1039.
 thing is lost, 424.
 things are honest, 1039.
- Whatsoever things are just, 1039.**
 things are lovely, 1039.
 things are of good report, 1039.
 things are pure, 1039.
 things are true, 1039.
 thy hand findeth to do, 1023.
 ye would that men should do, 1031.
- Wheat, as two grains of, 60.**
 for this planting, 646.
- Wheedling arts, the, 348.**
- Wheel, as she turns the giddy, 393.**
 between the poles, that, 682.
 broken at the cistern, 1023.
 butterfly upon a, 328.
 in the midst of a wheel, 1027.
 noisy, was still, 664.
 shoulder to the, 189.
 the sofa round, 420.
 the world is a, 629.
 viewless voiceless turner of the, 815.
- Wheels of brazen chariots, 236.**
 of Phœbus' wain, 243.
 of weary life stood still, 276.
 run down, and all the, 728.
- Wheel-work, was man made a, 710.**
- Wheeson week, Wednesday in, 89.**
- Whelp and hound, mongrel, 400.**
 slander the foulest, of sin, 598.
- When all its work is done the lie, 757.**
 all the world is old lad, 728.
 another rock would crown, 704.
 awful darkness and silence, 703.
 faith is lost when honor dies, 649.
 found make a note of, 702.
 he made Old Hundred ring, 736.
 he would he shall have nay, 9.
 he 's laughed and said his say, 697.
 I ope my lips, 60.
 I put out to sea, 685.
 I was one-and-twenty, 842.
 in doubt win the trick, 1053.
 Israel of the Lord, 493.
 Israel was from bondage led, 261.
 last we heard the sweet bells, 597.
 like the rising day, 611.
 lilacs last in the door-yard, 744.
 love speaks, 56.
 lovely woman stoops to folly, 403.
 moment on moment, 631.
 nor, we will resign, 753.
 peace shall over all the, 695.
 Rudyards cease from Kipling, 867.
 seven long years had come, 868.
 shall we three meet again, 115.
 stars illumine the sky, 597.
 taken to be well shaken, 454.
 that which drew from out, 685.
 the age is in the wit is out, 52.
 the night-wind bewalleth, 715.
 the sea was roaring, 't was, 347.
 the sun in all its state, 758.
 we two parted, 539.
 will the morning break, 802.
 winds are raging o'er, 700.
 you sleep in your cloak, 750.
- Whence and what art thou, 229.**
 be the grapes of the wine-press, 605.
 can comfort spring, 479.

- Whence is thy learning, 348.
 Where doubt there truth is, 721.
 dwellst thou, 103.
 go, he will the wise man, 617.
 go the poet's lines, 689.
 go we know not, 48.
 good and ill together blent, 607.
 I would ever be, I am, 538.
 ignorance is bliss, 382.
 is my child, an echo answers, 550.
 is the blot, 713.
 law ends tyranny begins, 364.
 lives the man that has not tried,
 492.
 love and wisdom dwell, 715.
 Macgregor sits, 976.
 my Julia's lips do smile, 201.
 none admire, useless to excel, 377.
 nothing is had for nothing, world,
 727.
 scythes of truth had mown, 788.
 the bee sucks there suck I, 43.
 the Lord knows, 318.
 the many mansions be, 758.
 the shoe pinches, 910.
 the tree falleth, 1023.
 they that love are blest, 717.
 thou lodgest I will lodge, 1006.
 was Roderick then, 492.
 we lay our burdens down, 758.
 your treasure is, 1030.
 Whereabout, prate of my, 119.
 Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
 646.
 I am by shore by sea, 596.
 I roam, 394.
 is spoken a noble thought, 646.
 Wherefore are these things hid, 74.
 art thou Romeo, 105.
 doth your rout send forth, 605.
 for every why a, 50, 210.
 in all things, why and, 93.
 oh, come ye forth in triumph, 604.
 Whereon, the land, we tread, 580.
 Wheresoever whensoever, 436.
 Whereto the world beats time, 685.
 Whether in sea or fire, 126.
 pigs have wings, 782.
 we wake or we sleep, 664.
 Whets the appetite, coquetry, 774.
 Whetstone, the blunt, 32.
 Which I have loved long since, 607.
 Whigs bathing and walked away,
 caught, 624.
 While I nodded nearly napping, 655.
 I pondered weak and weary, 655.
 I was musing, 1011.
 stands the Coliseum, 546.
 the tired waves vainly breaking,
 727.
 thee I seek protecting Power, 862.
 there is life there's hope, 349.
 well to lie fallow for a, 696.
 we're Britons true, 867.
 you pursue, then be it yours, 696.
 Whimper of querulous reeds, 840.
 to snarl and, 808.
 Whining school-boy, 69.
 Whinstone, my, house my castle is,
 585.
 Whip, a hangman's, 448.
 in every honest hand a, 155.
 me such honest knaves, 149.
 Whips and scorns of time, 135.
 Whipped for o'erdoing termagant, 137.
 the offending Adam, 90.
 Whipping, who should 'scape, 134.
 Whipster, every puny, 156.
 Whirligig of time, 77.
 Whirls through the empty streets, 714.
 Whirlwind of passion, 137.
 reap the, 1027.
 rides in the, 299, 331.
 Whirlwind's roar, 394.
 sway, sweeping, 383.
 Whisper, accent of an angel's, 814.
 full well the busy, 397.
 hark they, 334.
 low, to, 803.
 of the southwind, 811.
 of the throne, shape the, 675.
 of vows, 817.
 softness in chambers, 254.
 well-bred, close the scene, 419.
 with far-heard, 498.
 with, of her mellowing grain, 788.
 Whispers low, when duty, 616.
 of each other's watch, 91.
 of fancy, 367.
 sweet as roses' breath, 821.
 the o'erfraught heart, 124.
 Whispered in heaven, 't was, 862.
 it to the woods, 238.
 song, my soul is full of, 748.
 then, every tale hope, 662.
 word, sweet in every, 551.
 Whispering, each heart is, Home, 594.
 humbleness, 61.
 I will ne'er consent, 556.
 lovers made, for, 395.
 tongues can poison truth, 500.
 wind, bayed the, 396.
 with white lips, 543.
 Whisperings around desolate shores,
 577.
 Whist, the wild waves, 42.
 Whist-club, his partners at the, said,
 609.
 Whistle and she will come to you, 198,
 449.
 and sing, still he'd, 436.
 clear as a, 351.
 free, the shrill winds, 718.
 her off and let her down, 153.
 paid dear for his, 361.
 shrill, Christmas is here winds, 697.
 them back, when he pleased, 399.
 wel ywette, 3.
 Whistles in his sound, pipes and, 69.
 Whistled for want of thought, 273.
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 354.
 of a name, 262, 319.
 to keep from being afraid, 277.
 White, a moment, then melts, 451.
 and midnight sky, 821.

- White and still, sech nights all, 736.
 as heaven, soul as, 197.
 as snow, beard was as, 142.
 as the thoughts of an angel, 857.
 black and gray, 231.
 bow thy head thou lily, 755.
 goddess, O liberty, 798.
 man, marry any sort of, 698.
 man's burden, 853.
 or a black stone, 975.
 pure celestial, 574.
 radiance of eternity, 565.
 sail upon the ocean verge, 802.
 shall not neutralize the black, 712.
 so very white, nor, 464.
 sunshine not so sweet and, 757.
 the window-panes are, 714.
 their, it stays forever, 815.
 throne, nearer the great, 758.
 throne, space for liberty's, 788.
 truth in simple nakedness, 678.
 wench's black eye, 106.
 will have its black, 404.
 wings lessening up the skies, 771.
 with snow, fairest meadow, 691.
 with the fear of the foe, 748.
 wonder of Juliet's hand, 108.
 Whited sepulchres, 1033.
 White-handed hope, 243.
 Whiteness, angel, 52.
 of his soul, 776.
 of his soul, he had kept the, 543.
 Whitens in the sun, web that, 526.
 Whiter grows the foam, 823.
 than driven snow, 380.
 Whitewashed wall, 397.
 White-winged reapers, 264.
 Whither, and how shall I go, 795.
 I am going O, 764.
 thou goest I will go, 1006.
 Who are you, 798.
 can wrestle against sleep, 696.
 doth not crave for rest, 717.
 dreads to the dust returning, 756.
 hath no fault at all, 679.
 have fought the good fight, 746.
 knows but on their sleep may rise,
 806.
 knows the thoughts of a child, 781.
 loves not wine woman and song, 697.
 never climbs as rarely falls, 650.
 never doubted never half believed,
 721.
 never wins can rarely lose, 650.
 nevermore would come again, 648.
 ran to help me when I fell, 535.
 shrinks from the sable shore, 756.
 sleep on glory's brightest, 580.
 that hath ever been, 497.
 think not God at all, 242.
 think too little, 268.
 thinks must mourn, 289.
 thought he was stuffed, 723.
 twain in faith in love, 651.
 would fardels bear, 136.
 would not be a boy, 541.
 would not seek the happy, 717.
 would not weep, 327.
 Whole duty of man, 1024.
 half was more than the, 944.
 head is sick, 1024.
 heart is faint, 1024.
 life long, a fool his, 697.
 new democratic world, 584.
 of it, let me taste the, 711.
 of life to live, 't is not the, 496.
 one stupendous, 316.
 part we see but not a, 315.
 range of imaginative literature, 699.
 sea's speech, 769.
 stay for bread, 1025.
 wide world, 821.
 wood-world is one full peal, 678.
 world, if he shall gain the, 1032.
 world kin, makes the, 102.
 world send back the song, 695.
 Wholesale borrowers, we are all, 699.
 Wholesome stars of love, 678.
 restraint, liberty is, 531.
 the nights are, 127.
 Wholesomest, old wine is, 181.
 Wholly consisted of lines like these,
 778.
 Whores were burnt alive, 287.
 Whose dog are you, 334.
 words are few and often funny, 720.
 Whoso loves believes the impossible,
 659.
 sheddeth man's blood, 1004.
 would be a man, 618.
 Why a wherefore, every, 50, 210.
 and I can't think, 800.
 and wherefore in all things, 93.
 ar' n't they all contented, 875.
 or whence, you can't imagine, 609.
 surely my Jenny, 750.
 the sea is boiling hot, 782.
 thus longing thus forever sighing,
 731.
 Wicked anyhow I can't help it, 700.
 are wicked no doubt, 698.
 cease from troubling, 1008.
 flee when no man pursueth, 1021.
 forsake his way, 1026.
 I is, I's, 700.
 little better than one of the, 83.
 man was never wise, 342.
 mercies of the, are cruel, 1018.
 must have done something, 949.
 no man all at once, 907.
 no peace unto the, 1026.
 or charitable, be thy intents, 130.
 something, this way comes, 123.
 war regarded as, has fascinations,
 836.
 will, 809.
 world, vanity of this, 1042.
 Wickedness, disgrace of, added to old
 age, 921.
 methods in man's, 197.
 one man's, 896.
 sweet in his mouth, 1009.
 tents of, dwell in the, 1013.
 Wicliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
 484.
 Victim of connubiality, the, 701.

- Wide, a world too, 69.
 and starry sky, 830.
 as a church door, 't is not so, 107.
 as his will extends, 342.
 as the waters be, 484.
 enough for thee and me, 378.
 is the gate, 1031.
 open stand our gates, 798.
 sea, alone on a, 498.
 sea-marshes of Glynn, 817.
 the villains march, 87.
 was his parish, 2.
 wide world, 821.
- Widening, ever, slowly silence all, 679.
- Wide-waving wings, 424.
- Widow and his orphan, for his, 662.
 of doubtful age will marry, 698.
 of fifty, here's to the, 442.
 some undone, 194.
 weeds appears, in, 449.
 woman, 1007.
- Widows, thousands of undone, 172.
- Widow's heart to sing, 1009.
- Widowed wife and wedded maid, 494.
- Wielded at will, 241.
- Wields a mighty scepter, he, 731.
- Wife, all the world and his, 293.
 and children hostages to fortune,
 165.
 and children impediments to great
 enterprises, 165.
 Cæsar's, free from suspicion, 913.
 dearer than the bride, 377.
 giving honour unto the, 1041.
 love your neighbour's, 601.
 man who tells his, all he knows, 222.
 mirror of an honest, 463.
 my particular plague is my, 916.
 not so much as suspected, 913.
 of mine, sweet wee, 450.
 of thy bosom, 1005.
 sympathetic, 884.
 than my sonne's, Elizabeth, 749.
 the shoemaker's, 15.
 the weaker vessel, 1041.
 true and honourable, 112.
 what would you with my, 977.
 who preaches in her gown, 594.
 whoso findeth a, 1019.
 widowed, and wedded maid, 494.
 with nine small children, 873.
- Wifly patience, flour of, 4.
- Wight borne to disastrous end, 30.
 if ever such, were, 151.
 O base Hungarian, 45.
 of high renown, 406.
- Wild and willowed shore, 487.
 but brings, no night so, 715.
 by starts 't was, 390.
 commotion, far down beneath the,
 700.
 contend with angry, billows, 700.
 drama means, what this, 683.
 emerald cucumber-tree, 635.
 in their attire, so, 116.
 in woods, when, 275.
 moor-sheep feeding everywhere, 725.
 on this world's shore, beat, 654.
- Wild passion-waves lulled to rest, 562.
 sea roars and lashes, the, 629.
 the garden was a, 513.
 thyme blows, bank where the, 58.
 waves saying, what are the, 715.
 with all regret, 673.
 words of doom, but colder those, 613.
- Wild-blazing grog-shop appears, 591.
- Wildered eyes, 771.
- Wilderness, choice grain into this, 266.
 had they been in the, 700.
 lodge in some vast, 418.
 lodging-place in the, 1025.
 love in such a, 516.
 of fools, better than a, 747.
 of single instances, 670.
 of sweets, 235.
 of warning, 739.
- Wildernesses, desert, 243.
- Wild-fowl, concerning, 77.
- Wild-geese chase, 972.
- Wild-raging, far on the, sea, 590.
- Wild-warbling measures, 447.
- Wile, children with endearing, 397.
- Wiles, cranks and wanton, 248.
 transient sorrows simple, 474.
- Will, a boundless beneficent, 785.
 and fate fix'd fate, 228.
 based upon her people's, 665.
 be there a, 444.
 boy's will is the wind's, 646.
 can neither when we, enjoy, 753.
 complies against his, 215.
 craft of, 163.
 current of a woman's, 858.
 executes a freeman's, 538.
 father thy, not mine be done, 630.
 for if she, she will, 313.
 for intellect or, 797.
 for the deed, 292, 297, 958.
 for the wicked, 809.
 glideth at his own sweet, 470.
 go where he, the wise man, 617.
 gods are we heroes if we, 754.
 good or evil, save in the, 932.
 good or ill lies in the, 930.
 good, toward men, 1030.
 had tongue at, 151.
 Honeycomb, 297.
 I laid me down with a, 830.
 I should have my, 974.
 is free strong is the soul, 754.
 it ever late or soon, 683.
 left free the human, 334.
 men who possess opinions and a, 730.
 my poverty but not my, 108.
 nor when we, resign, 753.
 not believe a man repents, 678.
 not look the same by day, 658.
 not when he may, 9.
 one man's, to live by, 31.
 or won't, a woman, 313.
 pay thy poverty not thy, 108.
 puzzles the, 136.
 reason firm the temperata 475.
 reason panders, 140.
 serveth not another's, 174.
 star of the unconquered, 639.

- Will, state's collected, 438.
 the vassal of my, 775.
 to do the soul to dare, 491.
 torrent of a woman's, 313.
 unconquerable, 223.
 when you, they won't, 889.
 wielded at, 241.
 work or lose the power to, 717.
- Wills and fates do so contrary run,
 138.
 fashioned as the artist, 691.
 to do or say, 238.
- William cook, tell, 90.
 you are old father, 506.
- Willie Winkie, wee, 695.
- Willing hands, true faith and, 730.
 hart, 11.
 the spirit indeed is, 1033.
 to wound, 327.
- Willingly let it die, not, 253.
- Willow, all a green, 9.
 lake where drooped the, 610.
 titwillow, 801.
 under the, the gray, 766.
 willow willow, oh, 406.
- Willows, dew-drooping, 623.
 harps upon the, 1016.
 the tearful, 784.
- Willowed shore, wild and, 487.
- Willowy brook, 455.
- Win a woman with his tongue, 44.
 all your wish is woman to, 697.
 and all I fail of win, 651.
 our battles by its aid, 718.
 the good we oft might, 47.
 the trick, when in doubt, 1053.
 they laugh that, 155.
 they only the victory, 746.
 us to our harm, 116.
 us with honest trifles, 116.
 with grace to, 616.
 wouldst wrongly, 117.
- Wins not more than honesty, 100.
 who never, can rarely lose, 650.
 woman as well as valor, courtesy,
 681.
- Wince, let the galled jade, 138.
- Wind, a fellow called the, 844.
 a wail in the, is all I hear, 725.
 and his nobility, betwixt the, 83.
 and tide, 10.
 argument against an east, 741.
 bayed the whispering, 396.
 beggared by the strumpet, 62.
 bitter, makes not thy victory vain,
 790.
 blew you hither, what, 90.
 blow, come wrack, 126.
 blow thou winter, 70.
 blows loudly, nor ever, 681.
 bloweth where it listeth, 1034.
 breathing of the common, 471.
 children of the, 837.
 cramnying, save to the, 543.
 died, at night the, 792.
 doth sigh, the midnight, 587.
 dry sun dry, 21.
 embraced by the strumpet, 62.
- Wind, fly upon the wings of the, 1010.
 God gives, by measure, 206.
 God tempers the, 379.
 he that observeth the, 1023.
 hears God in the, 315.
 him up for fourscore years, 276.
 hollow blasts of, 347.
 hope constancy in, 539.
 ill blows the, which profits nobody,
 90.
 ill, turns none to good, 20.
 ill, which blows no man good, 90.
 is, see which way the, 195.
 large a charter as the, 68.
 let her down the, 153.
 lovely sighing of the, 577.
 may the east, never blow when he
 goes a-fishing, 207.
 of criticism, 375.
 of night, by the, 790.
 or weather, nought cared for, 503.
 pass by me as the idle, 114.
 passeth over it, 1015.
 perhaps the, wails so in winter, 729.
 run before the, 393.
 sails filled with lusty, 37.
 sits the, in that corner, 51.
 sorrow's keenest, 482.
 stands as never it stood, 20.
 streaming to the, 224.
 tears shall drown the, 118.
 that follows fast, 537.
 that grand old harper, 775.
 that sighs before the dawn, 785.
 the, that wanders, 807.
 the wandering, 783.
 the way of the, 837.
 they have sown the, 1027.
 tho' thou wert scattered to the, 666.
 thunder-storm against the, 546.
 to keep the, away, 144.
 upon the wings of the, 1010.
 voice in every, 381.
 when she dances in the, 274.
- Winds and waters keep a hush, 770.
 and waves on the side of the ablest
 navigators, 430.
 are blowing, chilling, 823.
 are free, all the, 819.
 are raging o'er the upper, 700.
 blew great guns, though, 436.
 blow, crack your cheeks, 146.
 blow till they have wakened death,
 151.
 can blow, wherever, 413.
 certain, will make men's temper,
 729.
 come, come as the, 493.
 courted by all the, 242.
 dewy, 821.
 for the, and waves are, 580.
 four-square to all the, 671.
 happy, upon her played, 670.
 imprisoned in the viewless, 48.
 in their hands, 898.
 naked woods and wailing, 573.
 named of the four, 798.
 nor'-east to sou'-west, 797.

- Winds of doctrine were let loose, 255.
 of heaven visit her face, 128.
 of life, 835.
 of March with beauty, take the, 77.
 of winter cry, 822.
 on the wings of all the, 23.
 rides on the posting, 160.
 somewhere safe to sea, 806.
 stormy, do blow, 176, 515.
 swept the mountain-height, 568.
 that hold them play, 242.
 the remorseful, 775.
 their revels keep, 714
 wandering, 776.
 were love-sick, 157.
 whistle free, the shrill, 718.
 whistle shrill, Christmas is here, 697.
 Wind's, feet shine along the sea, 805.
 will, a boy's will is the, 646.
 Wind-beaten hill, 515.
 Winding bout, with many a, 249.
 Rhine, wide and, 543.
 up days with toil, 92.
 way, see them on their, 536.
 Winding-sheet of Edward's race, 383.
 snow shall be their, 515.
 Window, a face at the, 764.
 binding shoes, Hannah's at, 765.
 light through yonder, 105.
 like a pillory, each, 214.
 little, where the sun, 592.
 of the east, the golden, 104.
 tirlin' at the, cryin' at the lock, 695.
 Windows nor bars to their, 642.
 of the sky, 357.
 of the soul, 968.
 storied, richly dight, 250.
 that exclude the light, 386.
 Windowed raggedness, 147.
 Windowless palace of rest, 784.
 Window-panes are white, the, 714.
 Wind-shaken, the weeds, 807.
 Wind-swept space, 798.
 Windy adulation, 808.
 lights of autumn flare, 822.
 night a rainy morrow, 162.
 side of the law, keep on the, 76.
 Troy, ringing plains of, 668.
 world what's up, in our, 684.
 Wine, a cup of hot, 103.
 a new friend is as new, 1029.
 and I'll not look for, 179.
 and women dotages of human kind,
 188.
 and women, let us have, 557.
 come come good, 152.
 flown with insolence and, 224.
 for thy stomach's sake, 1040.
 good, needs no bush, 72.
 in toys in lusts or, 260.
 invisible spirit of, 152.
 is a good familiar creature, 152.
 is a mocker, 1019.
 is the mirror of the heart, 882.
 ivy-branch over the, 900.
 king can drink best of, 719.
 like the best, 1024.
 look not thou upon the, 1020.
 Wine of another, drink the, 950.
 of life is drawn, 120.
 of wits the wise beguile, 345.
 old books old, 401.
 old, to drink, 171.
 old, wholesomest, 181.
 our goblets gleam in, 633.
 outdid the frolic, 203.
 pernicious to mankind, 338.
 pour forth the cheering, 610.
 ripe age gives tone to, 768.
 sudden friendship springs from, 350.
 sweet poison of misused, 243.
 that maketh glad the heart, 1015.
 truth in, 905.
 walnuts and the, 666.
 woman and song, loves not, 697.
 women and, 1003.
 Wines, purple as their, 332.
 Wine-press alone, trodden the, 1026.
 whence be the grapes of the, 605.
 Wing, as a noiseless, 543.
 bird on the, 867.
 conquest's crimson, 383.
 damp my intended, 238.
 dropped from an angel's, 484.
 human soul take, 552.
 ne'er stoops to earth her, 523.
 oblivion stretch her, 347.
 quill from an angel's, 484.
 Wings, add speed to thy, 229.
 at heaven's gate she claps her, 32.
 chickens under her, 1033.
 clip an angel's, 574.
 flies with swallow's, 97.
 flung rose from their, 238.
 friendship is love without, 560.
 girt with golden, 243.
 golden hours on angel's, 450.
 healing in his, 1028.
 in tears, dip their, 675.
 lend your, 335.
 lends corruption lighter, 322.
 lessening up the skies, 771.
 like a dove, oh that I had, 1012.
 love without his, 560.
 of all the winds, 23.
 of an ostrich, 600.
 of borrowed wit, 200.
 of night, falls from the, 641.
 of silence, float upon the, 244.
 of the morning, 1016.
 of the wind, fly upon the, 1010.
 of winds came flying, on, 327.
 on wide-waving, 424.
 riches make themselves, 1020.
 sailing on obscene, 501.
 seem to walk on, 339.
 shadow of thy, 1010.
 spreads his light, 333.
 that which hath, 1023.
 Wing'd the shaft, 539.
 Wing'd chalice of the soul, 770.
 Cupid is painted blind, 57.
 his polished dart, laughter, 803.
 hope, 802.
 hours of bliss, 514.
 sea-girt citadel, 541.

- Winged spirits, like, 831.
 Wink and a sly normal lurch, with a, 723.
 I have not slept one, 160.
 they stretch and spread and, 807.
 Winkie, wee Willie, 695.
 Winking dam treacherous flatteries without, 730.
 Mary-buds, 159.
 Winners in this pastime, are, 680.
 Winning, glory of the, 772.
 wave, 201.
 world worth the, 272.
 Winsome wee thing, 450.
 Winter comes to rule, 356.
 has passed with its sad train, 786.
 I get up at night in, 829.
 in his bounty, no, 159.
 in thy year, no, 438.
 is past, for lo the, 1024.
 lingering chills the lap of May, 394.
 loves a dirge-like sound, 486.
 my age is as a lusty, 67.
 of our discontent, 95.
 of the Spring, the, 650.
 oh the lone and dreary, 646.
 perhaps the wind wails so in, 729.
 ruler of the inverted year, 420.
 slayer of the, 790.
 weeds outworn, her, 566.
 when the dismal rain, 775.
 wind, blow blow thou, 70.
 Wintery nights, through long long, 703.
 world, in this, 524.
 Wipe a bloody nose, 349.
 my weeping eyes, 303.
 Wiped away the weeds, 614.
 our eyes of drops, 69.
 with a little address, 416.
 Wisdom, all men's, 1053.
 and love, whence descended, 767.
 and wealth I both have got, 834.
 and wit are born with a man, 195.
 and wit are little seen, 312.
 apply our hearts unto, 1014.
 at one entrance, 230.
 beyond the rules of physic, 167.
 Columbus sails it, 620.
 crieth without, 1016.
 dwell, where love and, 715.
 earth sounds my, 344.
 finds a way, 444.
 from another's mishaps, 899.
 Handel sings it, 620.
 if God in his, have, 769.
 in the scorn of consequence, 666.
 is better than rubies, 1017.
 is humble, 422.
 is justified of her children, 1031.
 is rare in youth and beauty, 343.
 is the gray hair unto men, 1028.
- Wisdom is the principal thing, 1017.
 is the result of human, 375.
 lingers but knowledge comes, 669.
 Luther preaches it, 620.
 man of years, the man of, 309.
 married to immortal verse, 481.
 mounts her zenith, 433.
 nearer when we stoop, 479.
 never lies, 342.
 no, like frankness, 627.
 no, won with weariness, 834.
 not acquired by years, 886.
 of mankind creeps slowly, 622.
 of many, wit of one, 1053.
 of our ancestors, 407.
 overmatch for strength, 901.
 passing all, or its fairest flower, 622.
 Phidias carves it, 620.
 point of, to be silent, 915.
 pray for, 777.
 price of, is above rubies, 1007.
 Raphael paints, 620.
 seems the part of, 420.
 Shakespeare writes it, 620.
 shall die with you, 1008.
 short saying contains much, 883.
 sits alone topmost in heaven, 723.
 spirit of, 1025.
 staple of all, 409.
 the prime, 237.
 therefore get, 1017.
 through excess of, is made a fool, 620.
 vain, all and false philosophy, 228.
 wake, though, 231.
 Washington arms it, 620.
 Watt mechanizes it, 620.
 we learn, from failure, 721.
 will not enter, there, 606.
 with each studious year, 544.
 with mirth, who mixed, 399.
 world is governed with little, 195.
 Wren builds it, 620.
 Wisdom's aid, friend of pleasure, 390.
 armory, 771.
 gate, suspicion sleeps at, 231.
 part, this is, 362.
 school, saint in, 181.
 self oft seeks solitude, 244.
 Wise, a gentle priestess of the, 855.
 a man before, never was so, 646.
 above that which is written, 1037.
 all that men held, 217.
 amazed temperate and furious, 120.
 among fools, to be, 907.
 and beautiful seeds of godlike, 754.
 and good, 804.
 and masterly inactivity, 457.
 and salutary neglect, 408.
 as serpents, 1031.
 as the frogs, 352.
 be lowly, 237.
 be not worldly, 203.
 beacon of the, 102.
 coffee makes the politician, 326.
 consider her ways and be, 1017.
 convey the, it call, 45.
 defer not to be, 295.

- Wise do never live long, so, 97.
 dreams, fly with thy, 342.
 exceeding, fair spoken, 101.
 excel, arts in which the, 279.
 father knows his own child, 62.
 follies of the, 365.
 folly to be, 382.
 fool doth think he is, 71.
 for cure on exercise depend, 270.
 good to be merry and, 9, 37, 450.
 great men are not always, 1009.
 he bids fair to grow, 898.
 healthy wealthy and, 360.
 hearts better than wilderness of
 fools, 747.
 histories make men, 168.
 how cautious are the, 345.
 if you are wise, be, 887.
 I'm growing, 719.
 in his own conceit, 1020.
 in show, 252.
 in some, 790.
 in their own craftiness, 1008.
 in your own conceits, 1036.
 is he that can himself knowe, 4.
 little, the best fools be, 177.
 little too, 172.
 made lowly, 475.
 man is at home, the, 617.
 man is strong, 1020.
 man poor like a sacred book, 181.
 man, silence an answer to a, 916.
 man, to discover a, 951.
 man's son, every, 75.
 men avoid the faults of fools, 911.
 men fools, as maketh, 791.
 men, logical consequences beacons
 of, 762.
 men profit more by fools, 911.
 men's counters, words are, 200.
 no man is born, 976.
 passiveness in a, 466.
 person and a fool, difference be-
 tween, 888.
 pound foolish penny, 186.
 saws and modern instances, 69.
 so young never live long, so, 97.
 son maketh a glad father, 1017.
 spirits of the, sit in the clouds, 89.
 swift is less than to be, 341.
 teach a monarch to be, 387.
 the great and, decay, 810.
 the only wretched are the, 287.
 the reverend head, 303.
 through excess of wisdom, the, 620.
 through time, 337.
 to learn God-like to create, 720.
 to resolve patient to perform, 342.
 to talk with our past hours, 307.
 to-day, be, 306.
 type of the, 485.
 well to be merry and, 875.
 what is it to be, 319.
 wine can of their wits the, beguile,
 345.
 with speed be, 311.
 words of the, 1024.
 world of ours, and this, 678.
- Wisely, charming never so, 1013
 one that loved not, 156.
 whatever you do do, 988.
 who reasons, 320.
 worldly, be, 203.
- Wiser and better grow, 858.
 being good than bad, 711.
 for his learning, no man is, 195.
 in his own conceit, 1020.
 in their generation, 1034.
 second thoughts are ever, 885.
 than a daw, no, 93.
 than the children of light, 1034.
- Wisest brightest meanest of mankind,
 319.
 censure, mouths of, 152.
 man could ask no more, 738.
 man who is not wise, 472.
 may be perplexed, the, 408.
 men not the greatest clerks, 3, 17.
 men, relished by the, 389.
 of men, Socrates the, 241.
 to entrap the, 63.
 virtouesest best, 238.
- Wish and care, man whose, 334.
 and, that thou wert by, 597.
 faith I, you'd take, 590.
 her stay, who saw to, 237.
 his religion an anxious, 581.
 is like a prayer with God, 659.
 is woman to win, all your, 697.
 not what we, 390.
 now obey thy cherished secret, 745.
 that failed of act, my, 651.
 was father to that thought, 90.
- Wishes, all their country's, 389.
 in idle, fools supinely stay, 444.
 lengthen like our shadows, 309.
 never learned to stray, their sober,
 385.
 soon as granted fly, whose, 488.
 stilled, be my vain, 862.
- Wished devoutly to be, 135.
 she had not heard it, 150.
- Wishing, content myself with, 376.
 of all employments, 308.
- Wishings, good meanings and, 205.
- Wist, beware of had I, 9.
- Wit, a man in, 335.
 among lords, 369.
 and gay rhetoric, 246.
 and wisdom are little seen, 312.
 and wisdom born with a man, 195.
 brevity is the soul of, 133.
 brightens, how the, 324.
 cause that, is in other men, 88.
 dulness intuitive declares, dull, 729.
 eloquence and poetry, 260.
 enjoy your dear, 246.
 fault of a penetrating, 982.
 for so much room there is no, 222.
 hast so much, 300.
 her, was more than man, 270.
 high as metaphysic, 210.
 in a jest, whole, 196.
 in the combat, whose, 519.
 in the fountain of, 892.
 in the very first line, 399.

- Wit invites you, his, 415.
 is a feather, 319.
 is out when age is in, 52.
 men of, will condescend, 290.
 miracle instead of, 311.
 mouses, not worth a leke, 4.
 much, but shy of using it, 209.
 nature dressed is true, 323.
 ne'er beware of my own, 67.
 no fame that, could ever win, 834.
 no room for, heads so little, 222.
 of one, wisdom of many, 1053.
 one man's, all men's wisdom, 1053.
 piety nor, shall lure it back, 954.
 plentiful lack of, 133.
 put his whole, in a jest, 196.
 shines at the expense of his memory,
 986.
 skirmish of, there's a, 50.
 so narrow human, 323.
 sum of Shakespeare's, 616.
 that can creep, 328.
 the Scotch are void of, 389.
 the well of true, 772.
 to be witty, who can prove, 729.
 to mortify a, 329.
 too fine a point to your, 978.
 too proud for a, 399.
 will come, and fancy, 336.
 will shine, 270.
 wine beguile the wise of, 345.
 wings of borrowed, 200.
 with dunces, 331.
 Wits, dunce with, 331.
 encounter of our, 96.
 good, jump, 977.
 great, jump, 378.
 home-keeping youth have homely,
 44.
 lord among, 369.
 so many heads so many, 10.
 to madness near allied, 267.
 write pen devise, 55.
 Wit's end, at their, 12, 1015.
 Witch, a little, that looks like me, 803.
 hath power to charm, 127.
 the world with noble horsemanship,
 86.
 Witches steal young children, 187.
 Witchcraft, hell of, 163.
 this only is the, I have used, 151.
 Witchery of the soft blue sky, 468.
 Witching time of night, 139.
 Witheringly instil a sweetness, 357.
 With all the peoples great and, 682.
 hearts as light to loves as gay, 633.
 reasonable men I will reason, 634.
 thee, there's no living, 300.
 Wither her, age cannot, 157.
 his leaf also shall not, 1010.
 Withers are unwrung, our, 138.
 at another's joy, 355.
 wastes and, 836.
 Withered and shaken, 592.
 and so wild in their attire, 116.
 in their pride, 704.
 is the garland of the war, 159.
 when true hearts lie, 521.
 Withered, your joys are, like the grass,
 609.
 Withering and sere, leaves were, 656.
 fled, hope, 551.
 on the ground, 338.
 on the stalk, maidens, 477.
 on the virgin thorn, 57.
 Within a dream, is but a dream, 654.
 a little time, 790.
 demon that tempts us, 746.
 I have that, which passeth show,
 127.
 is good and fair, 503.
 it hardens a, 448.
 one of her, 297.
 our hearts of hearts, 763.
 ourselves, truth is, 704.
 that awful volume lies, 494.
 that's innocent, 329.
 the sober realm of leafless, 751.
 they that are, would fain go out, 176.
 us and without us, 763.
 Without a handle, one old jug, 703.
 any article of luxury, do, 586.
 little we fear weather, 697.
 or this or that, 322.
 the other, useless each, 645.
 the somber real, 763.
 thee I cannot live, 569.
 Thee we are poor, 421.
 they that are, would fain go in, 176.
 us, within us and, 763.
 Witness and wait, 1, 742.
 of a perfect faith, no perfect, 684.
 Witnesses, cloud of, 1040.
 Witty in myself, I am not only, 88.
 it shall be not long, 353.
 to talk with, 256.
 who can prove wit to be, 729.
 woman is a treasure, 772.
 words though ne'er so, 25.
 Wives and mothers, maids must be,
 686.
 are young men's mistresses, 165.
 men with mothers and, 594.
 strawberry, 171.
 Wiving and hanging go by destiny, 63.
 Wizard silence, 814.
 Wizards that peep and mutter, 1025.
 Wizard's glass of old, 815.
 Woe, a voice of, for a lover's loss, 725.
 aged in this world of, 542.
 Altama murmurs to their, 398.
 amid severest, 381.
 and sorrow, 783.
 awaits a country, 489.
 being not unacquainted with, 185.
 bowed down by weight of, 561.
 by some degree of, 377.
 changeless through joy and, 611.
 checkered paths of joy and, 362.
 day of, the watchful night, 508.
 deepest notes of, 452.
 doth tread upon another's heel, 143.
 each struggle lessens human, 718.
 every, a tear can claim, 548.
 fig for care fig for, 9.
 gave signs of, 239.

- Woe, here is, 799.
 heritage of, 551.
 is me through all my days, 834.
 is me to have seen what I have,
 136.
 Jove gave us, 339.
 life protracted is protracted, 365.
 luxury of, 518.
 man of, not always a, 487.
 mask of, 799.
 melt at others', 335, 346.
 mockery of, the, 335.
 not always a man of, 487.
 of years, knelled the, 707.
 pilot of my proper, 552.
 ponderous, though a, 289.
 raging impotence of, 341.
 rearward of a conquered, 162.
 sabler tints of, 386.
 silence in love bewrays more, 25.
 sleep the friend of, 508.
 smiles of joy the tears of, 524.
 source of my bliss and, 398.
 succeeds a woe, 202.
 teach me to feel another's, 334.
 that ever felt another's, 340.
 there's a hope for every, 596.
 to tell a tale of, 790.
 touch of joy or, 389.
 trappings and suits of, 127.
 truth denies all eloquence to, 551.
 winter's, 790.
- Woes cluster, 308.
 from woman rose, what mighty, 345.
 historian of my country's, 342.
 new wail with old, 161.
 rare are solitary, 308.
 shall serve for sweet discourses, 108.
 starry Galileo with his, 545.
 tear that flows for others', 424.
 unnumbered, 336.
- Woe-begone, so dead in look so, 88.
- Wolf dwell with the lamb, 1025.
 from the door, 8.
 howling of the, 38.
 on the fold, like the, 551.
- Wolves, silence ye, 331.
- Woman a contradiction at best, 322.
 a good, 772.
 a, of her gentle sex, 608.
 a sweeter, ne'er drew breath, 749.
 a witty, 772.
 among all those, not found a, 1022.
 and may be wooed, she's a, 104.
 and song, loves not wine, 697.
 as easy to marry a rich, 698.
 believe a, or an epitaph, 539.
 brawling, in a wide house, 1019.
 contentious, 1021.
 could play the, with mine eyes, 124.
 dare, what will not gentle, 507.
 destructive damnable deceitful, 280.
 died, the saint sustained it the, 335.
 every, may be won, 759.
 every, should marry and no man,
 628.
 excellent thing in, 149.
 fate of a, long to be patient, 646.
- Woman, for courtesy wins, 681.
 for thy more sweet understanding
 a, 54.
 frailty thy name is, 128.
 fury of a disappointed, 296.
 good name in man and, 153.
 great city has greatest man or, 742.
 hath nine lives like a cat, 16.
 hell contains no fouler fiend than,
 345.
 how divine a thing, may be made,
 475.
 I am a, 821.
 I hate a dumpy, 556.
 in God and, 775.
 in her first passion, 557.
 in our hours of ease, 490.
 in this humour won, 96.
 in this humour wooed, 96.
 in unwomanly rags, 594.
 is a wondrous creature, a good, 686.
 is at heart a rake, 321.
 is fair, die because a, 199.
 is only a woman, 853.
 is various and most mutable, 684.
 is woman's natural ally, 884.
 joins herself to man, 780.
 laborin' man and laborin', 735.
 laid old Troy in ashes, 280.
 lays his hand upon a, 463.
 light of a dark eye in, 544.
 like a dewdrop, 705.
 lost Mark Antony the world, 280.
 lovely woman, O, 280.
 loves her lover, 557.
 man delights not me no nor, 134.
 man that is born of, 1009.
 mist is dispelled by, 348.
 moved is like a fountain troubled,
 73.
 nature made thee to temper man,
 280.
 O woman perfect, 183.
 of her word, honest, 63.
 one hair of a, 191.
 one that was a, 143.
 perfect, nobly planned, 475.
 perfected, earth's noblest thing, 731.
 poor lone, 89.
 preaching, 371.
 scorned, no fury like a, 294.
 she is a, 93, 104.
 should be good for everything at
 home, 885.
 smiled, till, 513.
 so unto the man is, 645.
 still be a, to you, 305.
 still gentler sister, 448.
 stoops to folly, when lovely, 403.
 stranger thing is, 559.
 such duty, oweth to her husband,
 73.
 supper with such a, 561.
 take an elder, let the, 75.
 take some savage, 669.
 that deliberates is lost, 298.
 that seduces all mankind, 348.
 the public is an old, 583.

- Woman therefore may be won, 104.
 therefore may be wooed, 104.
 therefore to be won, 93.
 thou large-brain'd, 658.
 to win, all your wish is, 697.
 trusted a secret to a, 911.
 what mighty ills done by, 280.
 what mighty woes from, 345.
 who did not care, 852.
 widow, 1007.
 will or won't depend on 't, 313.
 with fair opportunities, a, 698.
 yet think him an angel, 698.
- Woman's being, holiest end of, 686.
 breast his favourite seat, 482.
 counsel, a virtuous, 36.
 eye, black is a pearl in a, 35.
 eye, such beauty as a, 55.
 eyes, light that lies in, 522.
 faith and woman's trust, 494.
 heart, the way to hit a, 612.
 looks, my only books were, 522.
 love, brief my lord as, 138.
 love, paths to a, 198.
 mood, fantastic as a, 492.
 nay stands for naught, 163.
 nursing, lack of, 653.
 praise, sweeter sound of, 604.
 reason, no other but a, 44.
 tears, there was dearth of, 653.
 whole existence, love is, 556.
 will, current of a, 858.
 will, torrent of a, 313.
 work is never done, 874.
- Woman-country wooed not wed, 708.
- Womanhood and childhood, 640.
- Womankind, best of, 346.
 faith in, 673.
- Womb of morning dew, 28.
 of nature, wild abyss the, 229.
 of pia mater, in the, 55.
 of the morning, 1015, 1043.
 of uncreated night, 227.
- Women, alas the love of, 557.
 an' I learned about, 853.
 and brave men, 542.
 and song, wine, 1003.
 bevy of fair, 240.
 comes natural to, 736.
 England is a paradise for, 192.
 eyes of pure, 678.
 faded for ages, 709.
 fair as she, 813.
 find few real friends, 377.
 framed to make, false, 151.
 have no character, most, 321.
 hear these tell-tale, 97.
 in faces of, I see God, 742.
 in their first passion, 982.
 Italy is a hell for, 192.
 lamps shone o'er fair, 542.
 men and, merely players, 69.
 must weep, 727.
 pardoned all except her face, 559.
 passing the love of, 1007.
 pleasing punishment of, 50.
 seven, take hold of one man, 1025.
 sweet is revenge to, 556.
- Women wear the breeches, 186.
 went astray, if weak, 287.
 when Achilles hid himself among,
 219.
 wine and, 188, 557.
 wish to be who love their lords, 392.
 with, the heart argues, 754.
 won't, when you will, 889.
 words are, deeds are men, 206.
 worst and best as heaven, 679.
- Women's eyes, from, 56.
 rum cattle, 827.
 weapons water-drops, 146.
- Won a noble fame, 793.
 every woman may be, 759.
 grace that, 237.
 life's victory, 757.
 nor lost, neither, 860.
 not unsought be, 237.
 prize we sought is, 744.
 she is a woman therefore to be, 93.
 showed how fields were, 396.
 the man who hath mightily, 818.
 though baffled off is ever, 548.
 was ever woman in this humour,
 96.
 when the battle's lost and, 145.
- Wonder, all mankind's, 279.
 grew, still the, 397.
 how the devil they got there, 327.
 last but nine daies, 6.
 nine days', 6, 16.
 of an hour, 541.
 of Juliet's hand, white, 108.
 of our stage, the, 179.
 what I was begun for, 875.
 where you stole 'em, 290.
 without our special, 122.
- Wonders, hair on end at his own, 420.
 that I yet have heard, 112.
 to perform, his, 423.
- Wonderful is death, how, 567.
 most wonderful, 70.
 one-hoss shay, 691.
 the way, 821.
 their unanimity is, 441.
 thy love to me was, 1007.
 yet again, 70.
- Wonderfully and fearfully made, 1016.
- Wondering fearing, long I stood there,
 656.
 for his bread, 420.
- Wonder-land, in summer's, 854.
- Wondrous creature, a good woman
 is a, 686.
 excellence, 163.
 kind, makes one, 387.
 most, book bright candle, 597.
 pitiful, 't was, 150.
 strange, this is, 133.
 strong yet lovely in your strength,
 544.
 sweet and fair, so, 220.
- Won't, if she, she won't, 313.
- Wanted fires, e'en in our ashes, 385.
- Woo her, and that would, 151.
 her as the lion woos his brides, 392.
 men are April when they, 71.

- Woo the voices, you that, 683.
 Wood, born in a, 202.
 deep and gloomy, 467.
 drudgery at the desk's dead, 509.
 land to plant a, 289.
 not stones nor, make a state, 437.
 old, burns brightest, 181.
 one impulse from a vernal, 466.
 sighs to find them in the, 573.
 till Birnam, do come, 125.
 till Birnam, remove, 124.
 to burn, old, 171.
 what, a cudgel's by the blow, 213.
 yon maple, the burning bush, 650.
 Woods against a stormy sky, 569.
 and glades, 817.
 and pastures new, fresh, 248.
 are full of them, 1052.
 Greta, are green, 492.
 have eares, 17.
 have tongues as walls, 678.
 I will get me away to the, 847.
 in the middle of the, 703.
 or steepy mountains, 40.
 pleasure in the pathless, 547.
 senators of mighty, 575.
 stoic of the, 516.
 the dim sweet, the dear dark, 817.
 to the sleeping, singeth, 499.
 wailing winds and naked, 573.
 when wild in, 275.
 whispered it to the, 238.
 Woodbine, luscious, 58.
 well-attired, 248.
 Woodcocks, springs to catch, 130.
 Wooden shoe, sailed off in a, 831.
 shoes, round-heads and, 300.
 walls of England, 1053.
 Woodman spare that tree, 609.
 spare the beechen tree, 516.
 Woodman's axe lies free, 570.
 Wood-notes wild, native, 249.
 Wood-pigeons breed, where the, 380.
 Wood-world is one full peal of praise,
 678.
 Wooed, beautiful therefore to be, 93.
 in haste to wed at leisure, 72.
 woman in this humour, 96.
 woman therefore may be, 104.
 would be, not unsought be won, 237.
 Wooser, was a thriving, 295.
 Woof, spun out of Iris', 243.
 there run, but through its, 715.
 weave the warp weave the, 383.
 Wooing in my boys, I'll go, 406.
 the caress, 555.
 Wooingly, heaven's breath smells, 117.
 Wool, all cry and no, 211.
 go for, come home shorn, 977.
 moche crye and no, 7.
 of bat and tongue of dog, 123.
 tease the huswife's, 246.
 Wool-gathering, thoughts ran a, 978.
 wits from, 173.
 Woollen, odious in, 321.
 Word, accoutred as I was upon the,
 110.
 Alone, knells in that, 631.
 Word Alone, that worn out, 631.
 and a blow, 107, 277.
 and deed, each crisis brings its, 650.
 and measured phrase, 470.
 and task, it is an irksome, 697.
 answer me in one, 70.
 as fail, no such, 631.
 as good as his bond, 976.
 at random spoken, 492.
 changed for a worse one, 343.
 character dead at every, 442.
 choleric, in the captain, 48.
 damned use that, in hell, 108.
 dropped a tear upon the, 379.
 everich, he most reherse, 2.
 every whispered, 551.
 farewell a, that must be, 548.
 farewell that fatal, 551.
 fitly spoken, 1020.
 flirtation that significant, 353.
 flowering in a lonely, 682.
 for teaching me that, 65.
 God in his works and, 304.
 hardly a, to say, 770.
 He speeds, still the fitting, 650.
 He was the, that spake it, 177.
 honest woman of her, 63.
 honour, what is that, 87.
 in season spoken, 637.
 it was bilbow, the, 351.
 light dies before thy uncreating, 332.
 never break thy, 936.
 never wanted a good, 400.
 no man relies on, 279.
 of Cæsar might have stood, 113.
 of onset gave, 474.
 of promise to our ear, 126.
 of righteousness, 1040.
 once familiar, 588.
 remember that hard, 684.
 reputation dies at every, 326.
 shall a light, part us, 653.
 so idly spoken, 631.
 spoken in due season, 1018.
 suit the action to the, 137.
 sweet in every whispered, 551.
 tears wash out a, 954.
 that ever breathed a, 726.
 that must be, 548.
 think not thy, alone is right, 878.
 to scorn, laughed his, 415.
 to the action, suit the, 137.
 to throw at a dog, 66.
 too large, tempted her with, 52.
 torture one poor, 270.
 voice like a prophet's, 562.
 wash out a, of it, 954.
 weakness is not in your, 754.
 whose lightest, 131.
 with her sharp is the, 294.
 with this learned Theban, 147.
 Words all ears took captive, whose,
 74.
 all heaviest, 790.
 all the power of, 330.
 and actions, from all her, 238.
 and courtliness, amiable, 681.
 apt and gracious, delivers in, 55.

Words are but empty thanks, 296.
 are faint, all, 437.
 are few and often funny, 720.
 are like leaves, 323.
 are men's daughters, 368.
 are no deuls, 98.
 are the daughters of earth, 368.
 are the physician of a mind dis-
 eased, 881.
 are things, 558.
 are wise men's counters, 200.
 are women deeds are men, 206.
 as in fashions, in, 324.
 at random flung, 437.
 be few, let thy, 1022.
 be not confused in, 941.
 bethumped with, 78.
 brave Raleigh spoke, 330.
 charm agony with, 53.
 congealed by cold, 924.
 could never utter, such as, 697.
 darkeneth counsel by, 1009.
 deceiving, in, 251.
 deeds are better things than, are, 645.
 deeds not, 185.
 do not smite like war-clubs, 645.
 dwells ever in her, 608.
 Emerson whose rich, 734.
 fair, never hurt the tongue, 38.
 familiar as household, 92.
 filled her mouth with lying, 598.
 finden, newe, 2.
 fine, wonder where you stole 'em,
 290.
 flows in fit, 268.
 fly up, my, 140.
 forcible are right, 1008.
 give sorrow, 124.
 have suffered corruption, 174.
 he multiplieth, 1009.
 I understand a fury in your, 155.
 irumodest, admit of no defence, 278.
 in their best order, 505.
 intellectual power through, 480.
 joys of sense lie in three, 319.
 large divine and comfortable, 677.
 like airy servitors, 253.
 like perfect music unto nobler, 685.
 long-tailed, in osity, 462.
 men of few, are the best men, 91.
 move slow, the, 324.
 multitude of, 944.
 Narcissa's last, 321.
 no, can paint, 437.
 no, suffice the secret soul, 551.
 of all sad, of tongue or pen, 649.
 of doom, colder those wild, 613.
 of learned length, 397.
 of love, sweet are the, 793.
 of love then spoken, 523.
 of Marmion, the last, 490.
 of Mercury are harsh, 57.
 of the wise as goads, 1024.
 of truth and soberness, 1035.
 repeats his, 79.
 report thy, how he may, 242.
 rhapsody of, 140.
 smell of the apron, 918.

Words smelt of the lamp, 914.
 smoother than butter, 1013.
 sounding on through, 465.
 spareth his, 1019.
 sweet as honey, 337.
 ten low, in one dull line, 324.
 that Bacon or Raleigh spoke, 330.
 that burn, 382.
 that have been so nimble, 196.
 that weep and tears that speak, 262.
 the shadows of actions, 915.
 the unpleasantest, 64.
 things not made for, 945.
 thou hast spoken, 868.
 though ne'er so witty, 25.
 to give fair, 12.
 to them, wut's, 737.
 two narrow, *hic jacet*, 27.
 two, to that bargain, 294.
 unpack my heart with, 135.
 weighty sense flows in fit, 268.
 were few, looks were fond, 537.
 were now written, that my, 1009.
 were simple words enough, his, 732.
 with heavenly, 36.
 with these dark, 479.
 with, we govern men, 627.
 without knowledge, 1009.
 without thoughts, 140.
 words words, 133.
 worst of thoughts the worst of, 153.
 writ in waters, 37.
 Wordless prayer, the impulse to a, 819.
 Wordsworth's healing power, 753.
 Wordy, be not, 936.
 Wore a wreath of roses, 588.
 Work a little, a little play, 789.
 and move, all things, 717.
 and thou wilt bless, 717.
 and tools, there is always, 732.
 another rock would crown the, 704.
 books or, or healthful play, 302.
 born with him, man's, 732.
 but just begun, 779.
 creature's at his dirty, again, 327.
 first and then rest, 747.
 for all, say there's bread and, 638.
 for man to mend, 270.
 goes bravely on, the, 295.
 grows fair through dreaming, 761.
 his day's work and his night's, 805.
 huddle up their, 419.
 in our stations, abide and, 727.
 instant he sets himself to, 583.
 is done, the reaper's, 570.
 life's, well done, 757.
 made manifest, 1037.
 man goeth forth unto his, 1015.
 many hands make light, 17.
 material comes before the, 792.
 men must, 727.
 nature's noblest, 446.
 night cometh when no man can,
 1035.
 noblest, she classes O, 446.
 not, they that, 717.
 nothing to do but, 838.
 of a moment, 971.

- Work of God, the noblest, 319.
 of love to do, some noble, 696.
 of our hands, 1014.
 of polished idleness, 457.
 of the world, 846.
 of their own hearts, 566.
 or lose the power to will, 717.
 rising to a man's, 939.
 silent part is best of every noble,
 746.
 to sport as tedious as to, 83.
 together for good, 1036.
 together in harmony, 826.
 under our labour grows, 238.
 we are in, strive to finish the, 662.
 what a piece of, is a man, 134.
 when all its, is done the lie, 757.
 who first invented, 509.
 woman's, is never done, 874.
 workman known by the, 983.
- Works done least rapidly, 707.**
 each natural agent, 36.
 embodied in, greatest ideas, 746.
 find righteous or unrighteous judg-
 ment, 807.
 follows God in his, 304.
 full of good, 1035.
 he that, and does, 583.
 in science read the newest, 632.
 in, subdued to what it, 163.
 most authors steal their, 325.
 nature sighing through all hell, 239.
 of art, in the vaunted, 617.
 of nature, lord of all, 30.
 rich in good, 1040.
 son of his own, 971.
 these are thy glorious, 235.
 universal, blank of nature's, 230.
- Workers, men the, 669.**
- Working in these walls of time, 647.**
 our salvation, tools of, 215.
 out a pure intent, 482.
 out its way, fiery soul, 267.
 spells, 816.
 still, God is living, 717.
- Workings, hum of mighty, 576.**
- Working-day world, full of briers, 66.**
- Workman known by the work, 983.**
 not to be ashamed, 1040.
- World, a, has passed away, 809.**
 a maniac, 775.
 ah, happy, 797.
 all corners of the, 160.
 all is right with the, 705.
 all the beauty of the, 262.
 all the countries in the, 693.
 all the, must see the world, 759.
 all the uses of this, 128.
 along its path advances, 523.
 always morn somewhere in the, 622.
 an idler too, busy, 420.
 and his wife, all the, 293.
 and its dread laugh, 356.
 and love, 793.
 and worldlings base, 90.
 another and a better, 991.
 applaud the hollow ghost, 753.
 as good be out of the, 296.
- World, as the, the world hath seen, 759.**
 bade the, farewell, 513.
 balance of the old, 464.
 banish all the, 85.
 bank-note, 563.
 barbaric yawp over roofs of, 742.
 beats time, whereto the, 685.
 before the whole, 984.
 bestride the narrow, 110.
 better than all heads in the, 632.
 better, than this, 66.
 bite my thumb at the, 778.
 blows and buffets of the, 121.
 books a substantial, 477.
 borrow the name of the, 166.
 breathers of this, 162.
 breathes out contagion to this, 139.
 brought death into the, 223.
 but as a stage, 970.
 but had not force, made the, 681.
 called the new, into existence, 464.
 calls idle, whom the, 420.
 came up stairs into the, 294.
 can give, not a joy the, 553.
 can never fill, void the, 422.
 cankers of a calm, 86.
 cast out of the, and despised, 27.
 children of this, 1034.
 citizen of the, 633, 925, 950.
 commandress of the, 35.
 creation's heir the, 394.
 daffed the, aside, 86.
 dead, 802.
 death undulate round the, 744.
 destruction of our, 663.
 dissolves, when all the, 41.
 doth but two nations bear, 263.
 dreams books are each a, 477.
 drowsy syrups of the, 154.
 enchants the, 356.
 envy of the, 408.
 equal hope in the, 661.
 ere the, be past, 396.
 falls when Rome falls, 546.
 far from ours, some, 567.
 fashion of this, passeth away, 1037.
 fever of the, 467.
 filled with things to enjoy, 746.
 fleets beyond this iron, 685.
 flesh and the devil, 1042.
 for all the, he was, 90.
 for the last battle of the, 650.
 foremost man of all this, 114.
 forgetting by the world forgot, 333.
 four corners of the, 967.
 gain the whole, 1032.
 gifts of the, 66.
 girdle round about the, 36.
 give the, the lie, 25.
 glide in the gaze of the, 623.
 go dine and dress, let the, 611.
 God and the, 793.
 goes, honest as this, 133.
 goes up the world goes down, 728.
 goes with no eyes, 148.
 good bye proud, 615.
 good deed in a naughty, 66.
 grew pale, name at which the, 365.

- World had wanted many an idle song, 326.
 half of the, knoweth not how the other half liveth, 957.
 half-brother of the, America, 721.
 harmoniously confused, 333.
 harmony of the, 31.
 has no tyrant like intemperance, 634.
 has nothing to bestow, 362.
 hath flattered all the, 26.
 he gave his honours to the, 100.
 he pleases all the, 986.
 he that knows not the, 941.
 he was for all the, 90.
 him who bore the, 483.
 his heart was as great as the, 621.
 how little wisdom governs the, 195.
 how this, goes with no eyes, 148.
 I have not loved the, 544.
 I hold the, but as the world, 60.
 I never have sought the, 374.
 if all the, were young, 68.
 if God hath made this, so fair, 497.
 impossible to please all the, 983.
 in arms, against a, 603.
 in arms, come the, 80.
 in charity with the, 292.
 in love with night, 107.
 in that new, 670.
 in the morning of the, 705.
 in the universal, 93
 in this canting, 378.
 in this fool's, to, earn his nuts, 729.
 in this wintry, 524.
 in vain had tried, 526.
 in which I moved alone, 564.
 incessantly wash this soiled, 744.
 inhabit this bleak, alone, 521.
 into this breathing, 95.
 is a bubble, 170.
 is a comedy, 389.
 is a nettle, 780.
 is a stage, all the, 69, 173, 966.
 is a strange affair, 983.
 is a theatre the earth a stage, 194.
 is a tragedy to those who feel, 389.
 is a wheel, the, 629.
 is all a fleeting show, this, 524.
 is ancient, when the, 169.
 is filled with folly, 779.
 is given to lying, how this, 88.
 is good and the people are good, 861.
 is growing old, the, 718.
 is grown so bad, 96.
 is large when leagues divide, 820.
 is mine oyster, 45.
 is not thy friend, 108.
 is old lad, when all the, 728.
 is the hand that rules the, 731.
 is this wide, not large enough, 844.
 is too much with us, 476.
 is turned memorial, 844.
 is wearied of statesmen, 628.
 is wide enough for both, 378.
 it were better for the, 759.
 its veterans rewards, 321.
 jest and riddle of the, 317.
- World knows me in my book, 964.
 knows nothing of its greatest men, 606.
 knows only two, 178.
 let any man show the, 780.
 light of the, ye are the, 1030.
 lights of the, 414.
 limited by ourselves, 997.
 little foolery governs the, 195.
 little of this great, can I speak, 150.
 look round the habitable, 274.
 made to be lost, 790.
 man is one, and hath another, 205.
 man of letters amongst men of the, 601.
 man of the, amongst men of letters, 601.
 man's ingress into the, 439.
 most beautiful verb in, 868.
 must be peopled, 51.
 my country is the, 633.
 naked through the, 155.
 natural and political, 409.
 naught in, or church or state, 738.
 ne'er saw, monster the, 279.
 no copy, leave the, 74.
 nourish all the, 56.
 now a bubble burst and now a, 315.
 of clouding cares, 771.
 of death, back to a, 500.
 of fire and dew, 849.
 of folke, 6.
 of fools, my lord it is a, 684.
 of happiness their harmony, 655.
 of happy days, to buy a, 96.
 of one religion, the, 622.
 of ours, and this wise, 678.
 of pleurisy and people, curest the, 199.
 of sighs, for my pains a, 150.
 of startling possibilities, 826.
 of the powers behind the, 682.
 of vile ill-favoured faults, 46.
 of waters, the rising, 230.
 of woe, aged in this, 542.
 one good custom corrupt the, 681.
 out of fashion out of the, 296.
 peace to be found in the, 518.
 pendant hanging in a golden chain, 230.
 pomp and glory of this, 99.
 prevailed and its dread laugh, 356
 prize the, holds high, 746.
 proclaim, to all the sensual, 493.
 puritans gave action to the, 699.
 queen of the, 862.
 quiet limit of the, 668.
 rack of this tough, 149.
 reckless what I do to spite the, 121.
 rewards its votaries, 988.
 round about the pendent, 48.
 rub, let the, 972.
 secrets of the nether, 935.
 secure amidst a falling, 300.
 send back the song, whole, 695.
 service of the antique, 67.
 shall mourn her, all the, 101.

- World she followed him, through all the, 670.
 shot heard round the, 615.
 sink, let the, 205.
 slide, let the, 9, 72, 198.
 slumbering, o'er a, 306.
 smooch its way through the, 353.
 snug farm of the, 507.
 so fair, God hath made this, 497.
 so runs the, away, 138.
 solitary monk who shook the, 635.
 soul of this, 928.
 spin forever, let the great, 669.
 spring in the, 846.
 stand up and say to all the, 115.
 start of the majestic, 110.
 statue that enchants the, 356.
 steal from the, 334.
 still needs its champion, 786.
 stood against the, 113.
 sweetest flowers in all the, 807.
 syllables govern the, 196.
 ten hours to the, 438.
 that few is all the, 39.
 that nourish all the, 56.
 that the, had never been, 759.
 the, blooms with statues, 792.
 the burden of the, 833.
 the fever of the, 467.
 the flesh and the devil, 1042.
 the, is full of a number of things, 829.
 the, is lovely, 816.
 the, laughs with you, 835.
 the lie, give the, 25.
 the moon, as yon dead, 683.
 the rolling, 775.
 the whole, kin, 102.
 the whole wide, 821.
 there is not in the wide, 520.
 this great roundabout, 424.
 this gross hard-seeming, 682.
 this is my, 776.
 this little, 81.
 this pendent, 230.
 this unintelligible, 467.
 thou art the whole wide, 821.
 three corners of the, 80.
 tired of wandering o'er the, 606.
 to curtain her sleeping, 568.
 to darkness, leaves the, 384.
 to do, with nothing in the, 611.
 to give the, assurance, 140.
 to hide virtues in, 74.
 to live in, very good, 279.
 to open for the, 725.
 to peep at such a, 420.
 to see, a, 33.
 too glad and free, 622.
 too much respect upon the, 59.
 too noble for the, 103.
 too wide for his shrunk shank, 69.
 truth throughout the, 483.
 two nations bear, the, 263.
 uncertain comes and goes, 618.
 unheard by the, 524.
 unknown, into a, 646.
 up stairs into the, I came, 294.
- World, upon the rack of this tough, 149.
 uses of this, all the, 128.
 vanity of this wicked, 1042.
 virtue passes current over the, 885.
 visitations daze the, 606.
 wag, let the, 11.
 wags, how the, 68.
 was all before them, 240.
 was guilty of a ballad, 54.
 was heard the, around, 251.
 was not to seek me, 374.
 was not worthy, of whom the, 1040.
 was sad till woman smiled, 513.
 was worthy such men, 657.
 we do not see, a, 700.
 were young, if all the, 25.
 what a dark, 848.
 what I may appear to the, 278.
 what's up, in our windy, 684.
 when all the, dissolves, 41.
 where is any author in the, 55.
 where nothing is had for nothing, 727.
 who lost Mark Antony the, 280.
 who would inhabit alone this bleak, 521.
 whole new democratic, 584.
 wide enough for thee and me, 378.
 will come round to him, 617.
 will disagree in faith and hope, 318.
 will not believe a man, 678.
 witch the, with noble horsemanship, 86.
 with all its motley rout, 424.
 with starry dome, 841.
 with terror, fills the, 645.
 without a sun, 513.
 work of the, 846.
 working-day, full of briers, 66.
 worship of the, but no repose, 565.
 worst, that ever was known, 279.
 worst way to improve the, 721.
 worth the winning, 272.
 would grow mouldy, or the, 684.
- Worlds, allured to brighter, 396.
 best of all possible, 987.
 exhausted, imagined new, 366.
 in the yet unformed accident, 39.
 not realized, in, 478.
 should conquer twenty, 181.
 so many, so much to do, 675.
 two, in which we dwell, 763.
 wandering between two, 753.
 whose course is equable, 482.
 wrecks of matter and crush of, 299.
- World's altar-stairs, 675.
 as ugly as sin, the, 751.
 course will not fail, 757.
 creation, most ancient since the, 169.
 delight, 776.
 dread laugh, 356.
 great age begins anew, 566.
 great men, the, 692.
 law, nor the, 108.
 new fashion planted, 54.
 Shakespeare is not our poet but the, 511.

- World's shore, beat wild on this, 654.
soil in cycles past, cast in, 788.
tired denizen, the, 541.
- World-forsakers, world-losers and,
820.
- Worldlings do, testament as, 67.
world and, 90.
- World-losers and world-forsakers, 820.
- Worldly ends, thus neglecting, 42.
goods, were all his, 703.
goods, with all my, 1043.
life, the weariest, 49.
wise, be not, 203.
- World-wide fluctuation, 677.
- Worm, bit with an envious, 104.
by early songster caught, vagrant,
720.
darkness and the, 308.
dieth not, where their, 1033.
i' the bud, concealment like a, 75.
I want to be a, 843.
in your little inside, 802.
is in the bud of youth, 423.
man cannot make a, 962.
needlessly sets foot upon a, 422.
no god dare wrong a, 616.
only a, again, 803.
that hath eat of a king, 141.
the canker and the grief, 555.
the smallest, will turn, 95.
was punished sir, the, 720.
- Worms and epitaphs, let's talk of, 81.
devils at, 956.
have eaten men, 71.
of Nile, outvenoms all the, 160.
- Worn out with eating time, 276.
sick and tired and faint and, 783.
- Worn-out plan, man made on a, 738.
word Alone, 631.
- Worse deed, better day the, 282.
for better for, 1042.
for the excuse, 80.
for the wearing, 16.
for wear, not much the, 417.
further and fared, 17.
greater feeling to the, 81.
is boundless better boundless, 666.
make the, appear the better reason,
226, 945.
one word changed for a, 343.
pray God they change for, 25.
remains behind, 141.
than a crime, it is, 991.
than a man, little, 61.
that which makes man no, 937.
things waiting than death, 805.
truth put to the, 255.
- Worser ills to face, there are, 847.
- Worship God he says, 447.
mystery constitutes the essence of,
995.
of the great of old, silent, 554.
of the world, they have the, 565.
stated calls to, 369.
still to the star of its, 524.
the gods of the place, 193.
the sun, a duty to, 812.
to the garish sun, pay no, 107.
- Worship, too divine to love too fair to,
564.
- Worshipped stocks and stones, 252.
sun, hour before the, 104.
the rising than the setting sun, 912.
- Worshipper, nature mourns her, 488.
- Worst and best as heaven and hell,
679.
bottom of the, 102.
comes to the worst, 172, 971.
inn's worst room, 322.
of slaves, corrupted freemen, 387.
of thoughts the worst of words, 153.
speak something good, the, 205.
that man can feel, 341.
the best and the, 806.
things present seem, 89.
this is the, 148.
to-morrow do thy, 273.
treason has done his, 121.
way to improve the world, the, 721.
what began best can't end, 711.
world that ever was known, 279.
- Worst-humored muse, 400.
- Worst-natured muse, 279.
- Worth a month in town, 777.
a thousand men, 492.
a whole eternity, 298.
account it, 794.
by poverty depressed, 366.
conscience of her, 237.
doing well, 352.
in anything, what is, 213.
makes the man, 319.
man is, as he esteems himself, 957.
mastered what was not, knowing,
734.
of everything, 899.
promise of celestial, 311.
sad relic of departed, 541.
showed, on foot rascals in coach, 732.
slow rises, 366.
stones of, like, 162.
takes away, half his, 346.
the candle, not, 206.
the search, not, 60.
the winning, 272.
this coil that's made for me, 78.
two of that, I know a trick, 84.
what we have we prize not to the, 53.
- Worthier, would it were, 548.
- Worthily, life spent, 443.
- Worthless pomp of homage, 571.
- Worthy of all acception, 284.
of the name of poet, 583.
of their steel, 491.
of your love, 471.
to be sought, 816.
world was not, of whom the, 1040.
- Wot, as by lot God, 404.
not what they are, 54.
- Would and we would not, 49.
he shall have nay when he, 9.
I, fain, but I dare not, 25.
I had met my dearest foe, 128.
I that cowl'd churchman be, 614.
I were a boy again, 662.
I were dead now, 592.

- Would it were bedtime, 87.
 letting I dare not wait upon I, 118.
 not if I could be gay, 456.
 not live always, I, 587.
 not what we, but what we must, 763.
 not when he might, 405.
 should do when we, 142.
 that I could know again, 662.
 that I were low laid in my grave, 78.
 that we two were lying, 728.
 that we were young again, 747.
 to be as be we, 38.
 you know how first, 697.
 Wouldst highly, what thou, 117.
 not play false, 117.
 thou holily, that, 117.
 wrongly win, 117.
 Wound, earth felt the, 239.
 felt a stain like a, 410.
 grief of a, take away the, 87.
 her very shoe has power to, 378.
 of Cæsar, tongue in every, 114.
 purple with love's, 58.
 that never felt a, 105.
 tongue in every, 114.
 up and going, reading-machine, 734.
 up every morning, clock, 762.
 us, no tongue to, 522.
 willing to, 327.
 with a touch, 350.
 Wounds are vain, the labor and the,
 726.
 bind up my, 97.
 bind up the nation's, 662.
 of a friend, faithful are the, 1021.
 wept o'er his, 396.
 which smarted and bled, 824.
 Wounded hearts, here bring your, 524.
 hymn of the, the beaten, 745.
 in the house of my friends, 1028.
 snake, like a, 324.
 spirit who can bear, 1019.
 the spirit that loved thee, 869.
 Wove your doom, days that, 806.
 Woven sounds, 851.
 Wrack, blow wind come, 126.
 ship has weathered every, 744.
 Wranglers, imprisoned, 420.
 Wrangling lawyers, our, 186.
 Wrapping all, light silently, 742.
 Wraps the present hour, 380.
 their clay, turf that, 390.
 Wrath, Achilles', 336.
 allay, no twilight dews his, 493.
 and greed, not struggles of, 748.
 be slow to, 1041.
 infinite, and infinite despair, 231.
 measure of my, not within the, 44.
 nursing her, 451.
 of heaven, 464.
 soft answer turneth away, 1018.
 sun go down upon your, 1039.
 where grapes of, are stored, 747.
 Wrath of roses, she wore a, 588.
 Wreaths are made of earthly, hope's,
 653.
 bound with victorious, 95.
 sumptuous, to the dead, 843.
 Wreaths that endure affliction's
 heaviest shower, 482.
 Wreathe every door with voices, 786.
 Wreathed horn, Triton with his, 477.
 smiles, becks and, 248.
 Wreck, have done on rafts of, 685.
 of power, lay down the, 571.
 way out of his, 100.
 Wrecks, I saw a thousand fearful, 96.
 of matter, 299.
 of time, 810.
 Wrecked argosy, like a, 775.
 greatest men oftest, 240.
 on shore, 793.
 Wren builds it, wisdom, 620.
 four larks and a, 703.
 Wrens make prey, 96.
 Wrist from darkling death, 799.
 Wrestle against sleep, who can, 696.
 oh glory that we, 665.
 with, virtue has difficulties to, 961.
 Wrestles with us, he that, 411.
 Wrestled with him, 208.
 Wrestling, more like, than dancing,
 940.
 Wretch concentrated all in self, 488.
 condemned with life to part, 398.
 excellent, 153.
 hollow-eyed sharp-looking, 50.
 in order, to haud the, 448.
 leaves the, to weep, 402.
 on hope relies, the, 398.
 thou slave thou coward, 79.
 to live like a, 188.
 tremble thou, 147.
 Wretches feel, feel what, 147.
 hang that jurymen may dine, 326.
 poor naked, 147.
 such as I, weary road to, 448.
 Wretched are the wise, the only, 287.
 he, if happy I and, 719.
 orb, 775.
 soul bruised with adversity, 50.
 souls of those that lived, 955.
 to relieve the, was his pride, 396.
 unidea'd girls, 369.
 Wretchedness, red waves of, 591.
 Wring his bosom, 403.
 under the load of sorrow, 53.
 your heart, let me, 140.
 Wrinkle, time writes no, 547.
 Wrinkles won't flatter, 559.
 Wrinkled care derides, 248.
 front of war, 95.
 Writ by God's own hand, 310.
 in blossoms, 770.
 in choice Italian, 138.
 in remembrance, 81.
 in sour misfortune's book, 108.
 in water, deeds, 197.
 in water, whose name was, 578.
 in water, words, 37.
 proofs of holy, 154.
 stolen out of holy, 96.
 what is, is writ, 548.
 within the leaf of pity, 109.
 your annals true, 103.
 Write a verse or two, 204.

- Write about it goddess, 332.
 and cipher too, 397.
 and read comes by nature, to, 51.
 as funny as I can, 689.
 at any time, a man may, 371.
 fair, hold it baseness to, 145.
 finely upon a broomstick, 294.
 force them to, 211.
 he who would, heroic, 580.
 his single day, none truly, 685.
 in rhyme, those that, 213.
 in water, their virtues we, 100,
 it before them in a table, 1026.
 it for him upon earth, none, 685.
 look in thy heart and, 34.
 me down an ass, 53.
 nothing to, about, 934.
 pen devise wit, 55.
 the characters in dust, 494.
 the evangel-poem of comrades, 741.
 the vision and make it plain, 1028.
 though an angel should, 520.
 upon the sky, 817.
 well hereafter, hope to, 253.
 with a goose pen, 76.
 with ease, you, 443.
- Writes, it, Shakespeare, 620.
 the moving finger, 954.
- Writer, one, excels at a plan, 403.
 pen of a ready, 1012.
- Writers against religion, 407.
- Writhing, reeling and, 782.
- Writing, easy, is curst hard reading,
 443.
 maketh an exact man, 168.
 scarcely any style of, 367.
 true ease in, 324.
 well, nature's masterpiece is, 279.
- Written a book, that mine adver-
 sary, 1009.
 as he could have, Hamlet, 585.
 out of reputation by himself, 284.
 that my words were now, 1009.
 to after times, 253.
 troubles of the brain, 125.
 wise above that which is, 1037.
 with a pen of iron, 1027.
- Wrong, always in the, 268.
 because of weakness, feeble, 659.
 cradled into poetry by, 566.
 day of, I have seen the, 56.
 dread of all who, 649.
 engaged in opposing, 693.
 follow the king, right, 677.
 forever on the throne, 732.
 fust gits mad 's 'most ollers, 737.
 great right of an excessive, 712.
 him who treasures up a, 555.
 his argument, 399.
 his can't be, whose life is right, 318.
 how easily things go, 759.
 in some nice tenets might be, 260.
 majorities have been, 773.
 multitude is always in the, 278.
 no room to hold memory of a, 621.
 nothing marred to do you, 849.
 only one idea and that was, 371, 627.
 oppressor's, 135.
- Wrong, others shall right the, 651.
 our country right or, 863.
 pursue yet condemn the, 295.
 side of thirty, 292.
 sow by the ear, 19, 971.
 that does no harm, 500.
 the burning hate of, 786.
 they may gang a kennin', 448.
 they ne'er pardon who have done
 the, 275.
 through present, the eternal right,
 649.
 to dally with, 500.
 to right, 797.
 vengeance waits on, 344.
 was to beget, to do him any, 684.
 way seems the more reasonable, 835.
 we are both in the, 348.
- Wrongs in marble, some write their,
 314.
 of base mankind, 345.
 of night, 203.
 unredressed, 480.
- Wrongdoer has left something undone,
 941.
- Wronged orphans' tears, 194.
- Wrongly win, wouldst, 117.
- Wrote down for men, as he, 726.
 like an angel, 388.
 reading what they never, 419.
 them in the dust, 314.
 with ease, gentlemen who, 329.
- Wroth with one we love, 500.
- Wrought and afterwards he taught, 2.
 brain too finely, 413.
 by want of thought, 592.
 in a sad sincerity, 614.
 its ghost upon the floor, 655.
 lies close at home, beauty, 650.
 not into evil, 809.
 of the leaves, 817.
 where'er a noble deed is, 646.
- Wry-necked life, squeaking of the, 62.
- Wun, w'en he fine, a, 828.
- Wust, on which one he felt the, 736.
- Wut 's words to them, 737.
- Wynken Blynken and Nod, 831.
- Xanadu, Kubla Khan in, 500.
- Xanthophyl, chlorophyl to, 851.
- Xarifa, rise up, 865.
- Xerxes did die and so must I, 873.
- Yaller pines, under the, 737.
- Yarn, is of a mingled, 74.
- Yawcob Strauss, mine leedle, 818.
- Yawn confess, everlasting, 332.
 when churchyards, 139.
- Yawp, I sound my barbaric, 742.
- Ye are better than all the ballads, 647.
 distant spires, 381.
 gentlemen of England, 176.
 gods it doth amaze me, 110.
 mariners of England, 514.
 quenchless stars so eloquently, 635.
 that, will seek hereafter, 579.
- Yea-forsooth knave, 88.
- Year, a, whose days are long, 836.

- Year, almanacs of the last, 258.
 and a day, sailed away for, 703.
 bewaileth the fall of the, 715.
 by year we lose friends, 569.
 Christmas comes but once a, 20.
 days saddest of the, 573.
 each day is like a, 836.
 happiest of the glad new, 667.
 heaven's eternal, is thine, 270.
 I tread on another, 808.
 if I preach a whole, 439.
 is all but done, to think the, 728.
 mellowing, 246.
 memory outlive life half a, 138.
 moments make the, 311.
 no winter in thy, 438.
 of my most immemorial, 656.
 old, never read book that is not, 620.
 rich with forty pounds a, 396.
 rolling, is full of Thee, 357.
 russet, inhaled the dreamy air, 751.
 seasons return with the, 230.
 since what unnumbered, 749.
 starry girdle of the, 513.
 the, I met with Rose, 785.
 three hundred pounds a, 46.
 through many a weary, 766.
 vernal seasons of the, 254.
 wait till you come to forty, 697.
 were playing holidays, 83.
 where are the snows of last, 955.
 will bloom another, 577.
 winter comes to rule the varied, 536.
 winter ruler of the inverted, 420.
 wisdom with each studious, 544.
- Years, ah happy, 541.
 and years together, 609.
 days of our, 1014.
 declined into the vale of, 153.
 dim with the mist of, 541.
 edge of tempestuous, 591.
 eternal, of God are hers, 573.
 fate seemed to wind him up for four-score, 276.
 flag has braved a thousand, 514.
 flight of, unmeasured by the, 497.
 following years, 330.
 fourteen hundred, ago, 82.
 full of honor and, 723.
 had come and fled, seven long, 868.
 hopes of all the, 792.
 if by reason of strength they be four-score, 1014.
 knelled the woe of, 707.
 laden with unhonoured, 449.
 life seemed formed of sunny, 662.
 love of life increased with, 432.
 man of wisdom is the man of, 309.
 measured by deeds not, 443.
 nature sink in, 299.
 none would live past, again, 276.
 O tide of the, 783.
 of Europe, better fifty, 670.
 of love have been forgot, 654.
 of man, the first, 368.
 of peace, thousand, 676.
 outweighs, whole, 319.
 return, the golden, 566.
- Years, rung in ears for thousands of, 750.
 sad presage of his future, 427.
 slow, sailed by and ceased, 646.
 steal fire from the mind, 542.
 tears of boyhood's, 523.
 that bring the philosophic mind, 478.
 that perished to make us men, 809.
 that shall be, gleam on the, 631.
 that shall live for unnumbered, 726.
 thought of our past, 478.
 thousand, in thy sight, 1014.
 thousand, to form a state, 541.
 three thousand, ago, 517.
 threescore, and ten, 1014.
 through endless, 526.
 through many changing, 637.
 time who steals our, 518.
 to a day, ran a hundred, 691.
 to be let for life or, 204.
 untold millions of, 774.
 vanity in, 85.
 we do not count a man's, 620.
 we live in deeds not, 721.
 we spend our, as a tale, 1014.
 weight of seventy, 479.
 when with the ever-circling, 695.
 where sleep the joys of other, 497.
 wisdom not acquired by, 886.
 with all the hopes of future, 641.
 young, seventy, 692.
- Year's crops, little good watering last, 730.
- Years' pith, seven, 149.
- Yearning cry, the spirit's, 819.
 of the soul can sting, 756.
- Yellow candle-light, 829.
 leaf, my days are in the, 555.
 leaf, sere the, 124.
 melancholy, green and, 76.
 primrose was to him, 468.
 sands, come unto these, 42.
 to the jaundiced eye, 325.
- Yells, know the rage that, above, 578
- Yemen sword, with his, 1003.
- Yeoman's service, it did me, 145.
- Yes an' say no, mebbly to mean, 736.
- Yesterday and to-day, 1040.
 great families of, 286.
 in embryo, man, 939.
 O call back, bid time return, 81.
 sweet sleep which thou owedst, 154.
 the word of Cæsar, 113.
 when it is past, but as, 1014.
- Yesterdays, cheerful, 481.
 have lighted fools, 125.
 look backwards with a smile, 307.
- Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover, 824.
 sneer and frown, 728.
 wounds, 824.
- Yestreen, I saw the moon late, 404.
- Yet love, 790.
 not for all his faith can see, 614.
- Yew, hails me to yonder, 180.
 never a spray of, 753.
- Yielded, by her, by him received, 232.

- Yielded with coy submission, 232.
 Yielding marble of her snowy breast,
 219.
 Yoke, Flanders hath received our, 220.
 of bullocks at Stamford fair, 89.
 Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo, lived the, 703.
 Yore, we have been glad of, 471.
 Yorick, alas poor, I knew him, 144.
 York, this sun of, 95.
 't is on the Tweed, 318.
 You can fool some of the people, 662.
 never, mind, 800.
 Young and fair, ladies, 68.
 and so fair, 595.
 as beautiful and soft as young, 308.
 body with so old a head, 64.
 both were, and one was beautiful,
 552.
 buds sleep in the root's, 577.
 desire, nurse of, 427.
 disease, the, 317.
 ever fair and ever, 271.
 face you loved when all was, 729.
 fellows will be young, 428.
 I have been, and now am old, 1011.
 idea how to shoot, teach the, 355.
 idle wild and, 864.
 if all the world and love were, 25.
 if he be caught, 371.
 if ladies be but, and fair, 68.
 ladies making nets, 291.
 man's fancy lightly turns, 668.
 man's heart within, she tied, 781.
 men are fools, old men know, 36.
 men mad, as maketh, 791.
 men think old men fools, 36.
 men's vision, the, 268.
 my Love and I were, 791.
 Obadiah David Josias, 872.
 old and, 792.
 romance is always, 650.
 seventy years, 692.
 so wise so, never live long, 97.
 spurned by the, 593.
 though I am, I scorn to flit, 200.
 till forty, look, 275.
 Timothy learnt sin to fly, 873.
 to be, was very heaven, 476.
 voices sing, 786.
 war seeks its victims in the, 883.
 when my bosom was, 515.
 which always find us, 615.
 whom the gods love die, 558.
 would that we were, again, 747.
 Younger than thyself, let thy love be,
 75.
 Youngest critic has died, 853.
 Young-eyed cherubins, 65.
 Younker or a prodigal, how like a, 62.
 Your hands your feet and your rai-
 ment, 604.
 Yours, what's mine is, 50, 886.
 Yourselfs, seek hereafter in, 579.
 Youth, a happy, 471.
 against time and age, 24.
 age 'twixt boy and, 489.
 and health, joy of, 444.
 and home, the music tells of, 523.
 Youth and I lived in 't together, 508.
 and love, kiss of, 557.
 and pleasure meet, 542.
 and vigour dies, 341.
 as lord of my fate, 774.
 begin in gladness in our, 470.
 bounds of freakish, 419.
 crabbed age and, 163.
 delight, gives his, 318.
 delusion of, 626.
 dew of thy, 1015.
 did dress themselves, 89.
 distressful stroke of my, 150.
 eagle mewing her mighty, 255.
 everything great been done by, 628.
 examples for the instruction of, 411.
 fiery vehemence of, 491.
 flourish in immortal, 299.
 flower of, 889.
 follies may cease with their, 376.
 friends of my, where are they, 550.
 full of grace force fascination, 743.
 glass wherein the noble, 89.
 happy visions of my, 662.
 have they no mercy for, 728.
 home-keeping, 44.
 illusions of, 791.
 in my hot, 556.
 in the bloom of, 888.
 in the lexicon of, 631.
 is a blunder, 628.
 is more than a, 50.
 is vain and life is thorny, 500.
 is wholly experimental, 830.
 large lusty loving, 743.
 learning in the freshness of its, 881.
 love gold and pleasure, 662.
 morn and liquid dew of, 129.
 morning like the spirit of, 158.
 now flees on feathered foot, 829.
 now green in, 338.
 of a nation trustees of posterity,
 628.
 of frolics an old age of cards, 321.
 of labour with an age of ease, 396.
 of our immortal, 814.
 of pleasure wasteful, was your, 713.
 of primy nature, violet in the, 129.
 of the realm, corrupted the, 94.
 on the prow, 383.
 our joys our, 26.
 our, we can have but to-day, 312.
 plaything gives his, delight, 318.
 promises of, 368.
 rebellious liquors in my, 67.
 rejoice in thy, 1023.
 remember thy Creator in, 1023.
 replies I can, 616.
 riband in the cap of, 142.
 sheltered me in, 609.
 so sinks the, 338.
 some salt of our, 45.
 spirit of, in everything, 163.
 that fired the Ephesian dome, 296.
 that means to be of note, 158.
 they had been friends in, 500.
 thoughts of, are long long, 646.
 time that takes in trust our, 26.

- Youth, 't is now the summer of your,
 378.
 to fame unknown, 386.
 to many a, and many a maid, 248.
 to whom was given, 472.
 virtue be as wax to flaming, 140.
 waneth by encreasing, 24.
 we poets in our, 470.
 wears the rose of, upon him, 158.
 wh^a he steals from her, 378.
 whom the gods favour dies in, 886.
 whose fond heart, 550.
 whoso neglects learning in his, 885.
 wisdom is rare in, 343.
 with swift feet walks, 686.
 worm is in the bud of, 423.
- Youthful comeliness, lovely in, 686.
 follies o'er, count their, 492.
 hart, fly like a, 302.
 hose well saved, 69.
 jollity, jest and, 248.
 poets dream, such sights as, 249.
 poets fancy when they love, 301.
 sports, my joy of, 547.
 than old, I'd rather be, 327.
- Yreken, ashen cold is fire, 3.
- Yuba, played on the banks of the, 636.
- Ywette, joly whistle wel, 3.
- Zaccheus he did climb the tree, 873.
- Zeal, heavenly race demands thy,
 359.
 of God, 1036.
 served God with half the, 100.
 with commutual, 342.
- Zealand, traveller from New, 601.
- Zealots fight, let graceless, 318.
- Zealous for nothing, 373.
 yet modest, 428.
- Zealously affected, good to be, 1038.
- Zekle crep' up quite unbeknow'd, 736.
- Zembla or the Lord knows where,
 318.
- Zenith, dropped from the, 225.
 wisdom mounts her, 433.
- Zephyr gently blows, when the, 324.
 soft the, blows, 383.
- Zeus, impossible to escape the will of,
 879.
 the dice of, fall ever luckily, 883.
- Zigzag manuscript, 419.
- Zion the city of the great king, 1012.
- Zone, as a circling, 236.
 best gem upon her, 614.
- Zurich's daughters, fairest of fair, 865.
 waters, margin of fair, 865.
- Zuyder Zee, traveller on the, 602.



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